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When Bessie and I Went Fishing.

BY

R.S. AMBROSE.

40c

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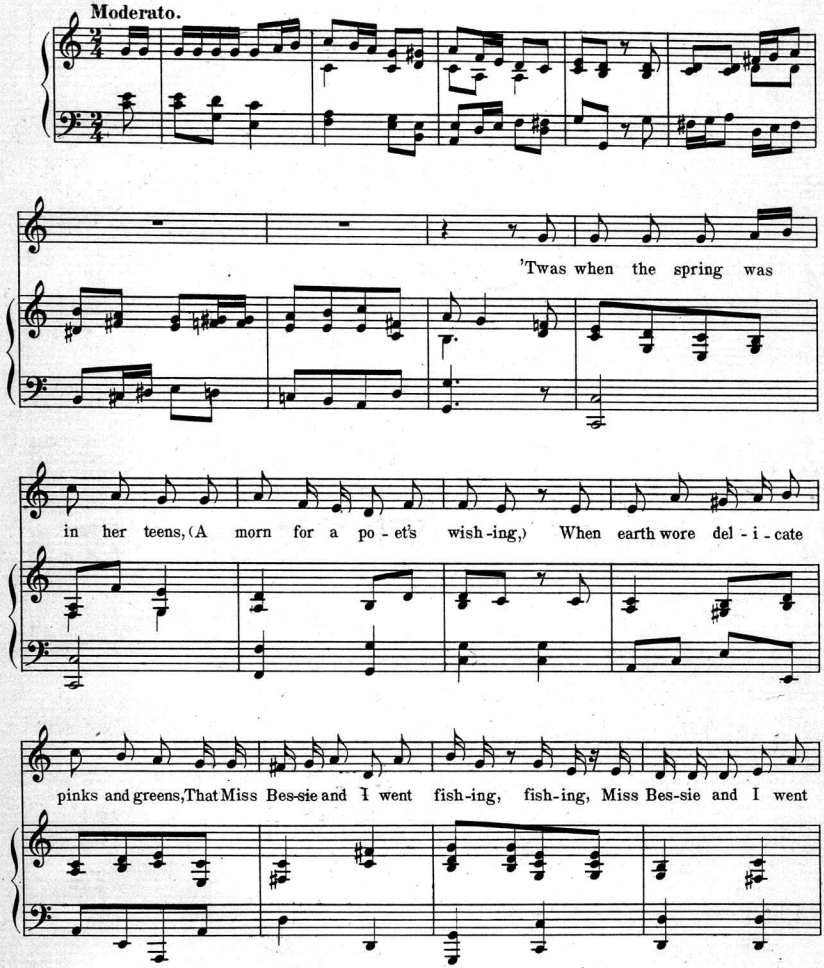
52-54 LAFAYETTE PLACE.

WHEN BESSIE AND I WENT FISHING.

Song for Baritone.

R. S. AMBROSE.



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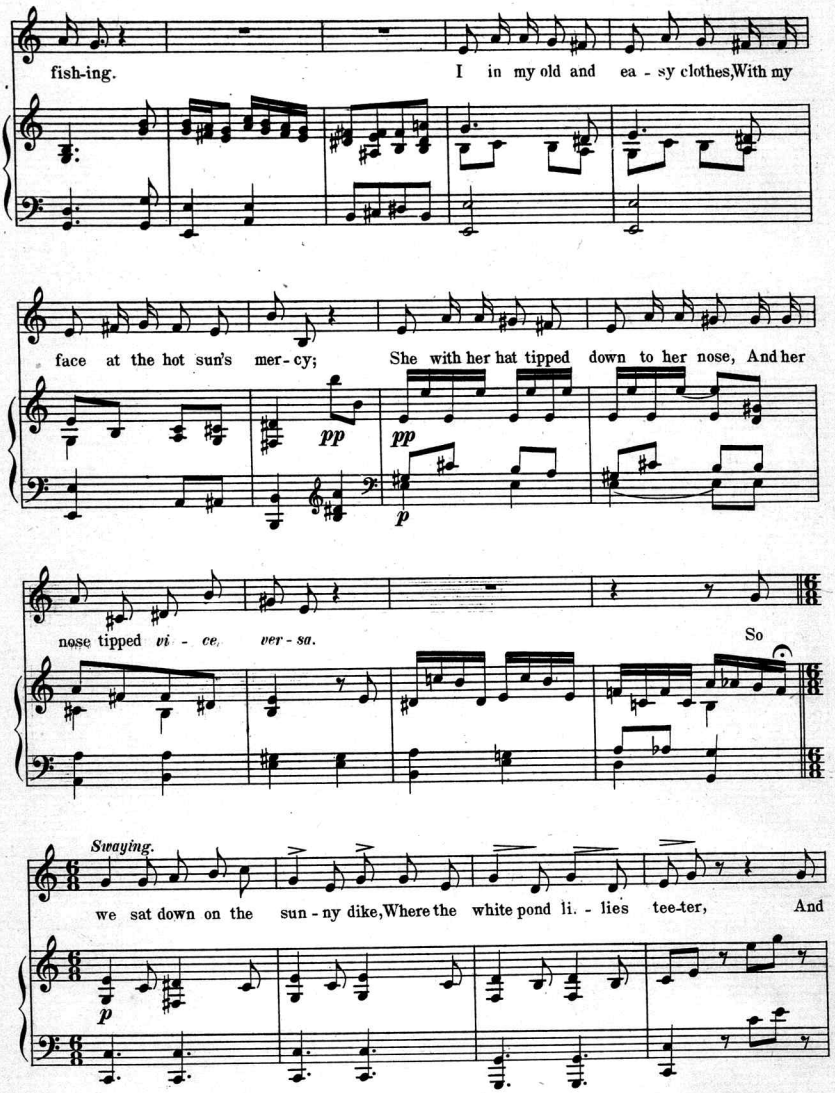
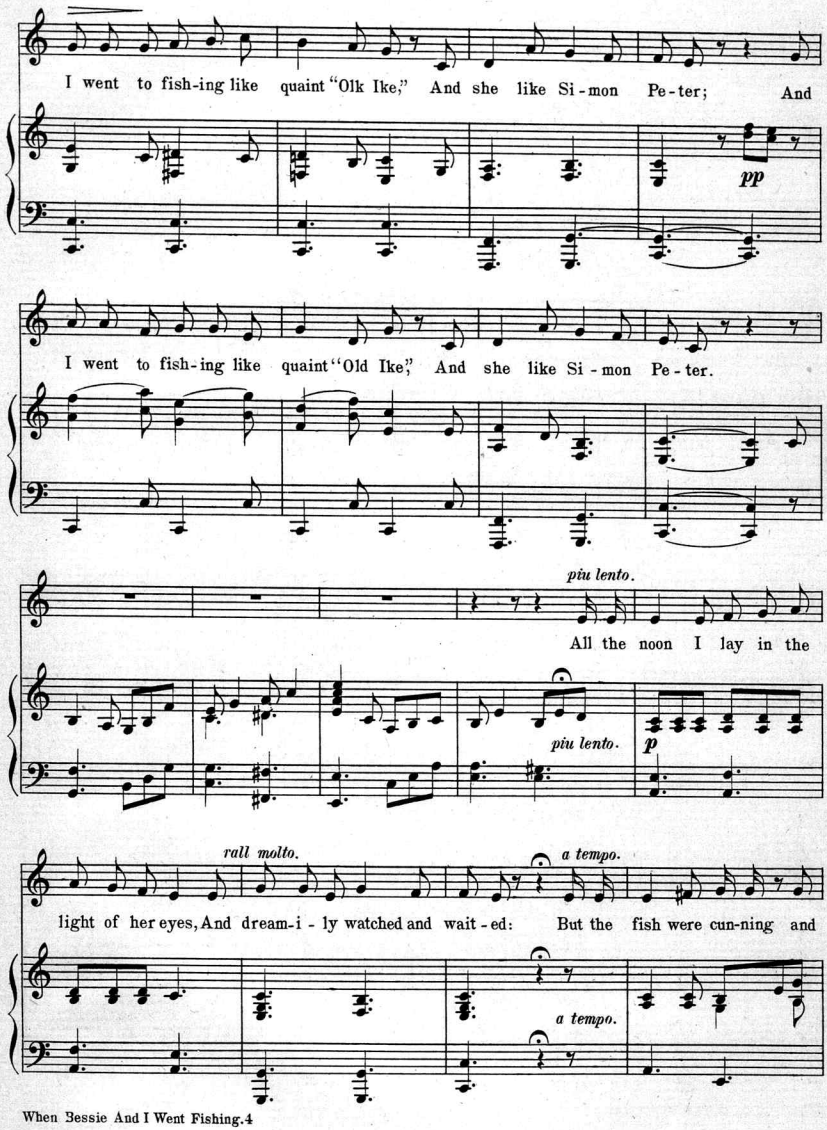
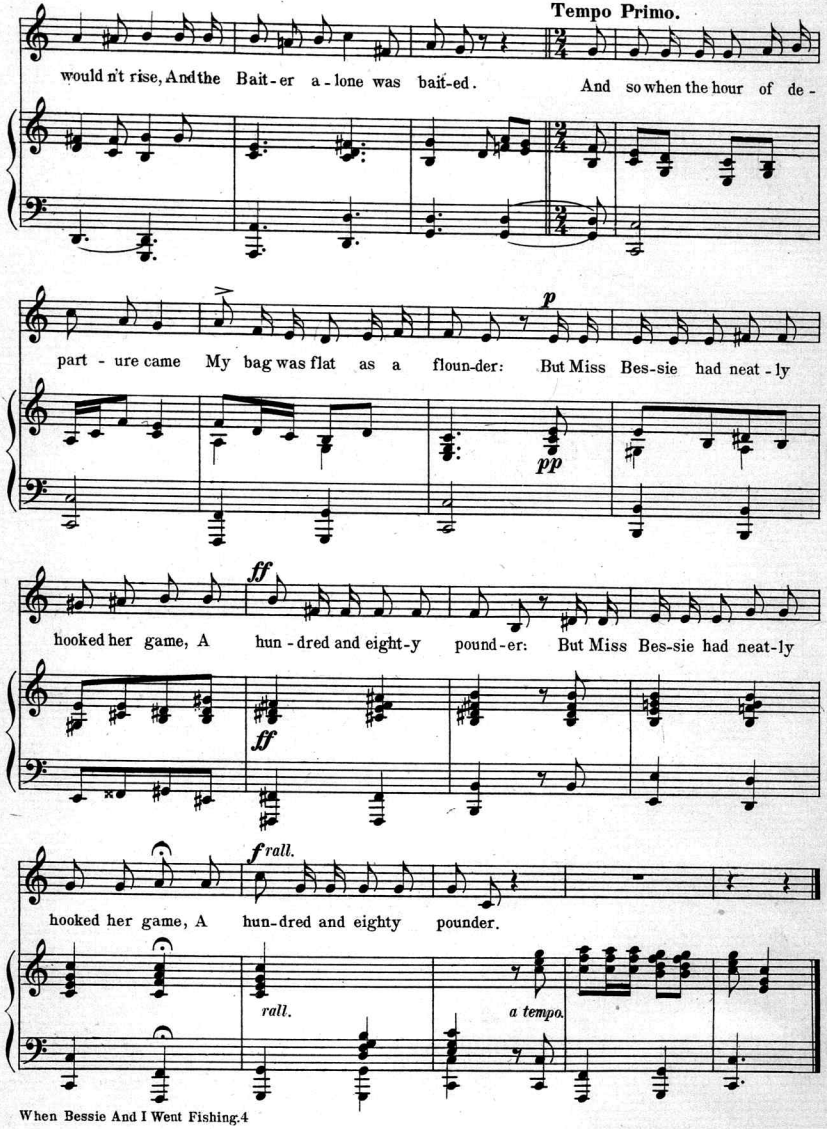

fish-ing.
I in my old and ea - sy clothes, With my
face at the hot sun's mer - cy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose, And her
pp
pp
p
nose tipped vi - ce ver - sa.
So
Swaying.
we sat down on the sun - ny dike, Where the white pond li. - lies tee-ter,
And
p

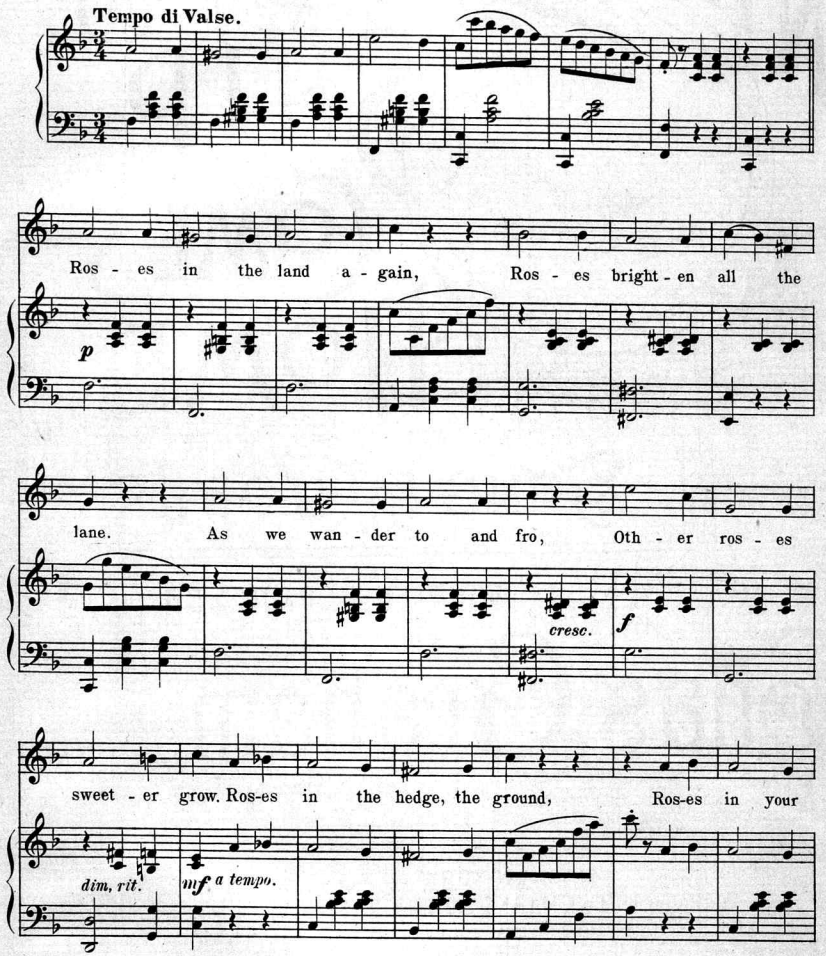

I went to fish-ing like quaint "Olk Ike," And she like Si-mon Pe-ter; And
pp
I went to fish-ing like quaint "Old Ike," And she like Si-mon Pe-ter.
piu lento.
All the noon I lay in the
piu lento.
p
rall molto.
a tempo.
light of her eyes, And dream-i-ly watched and wait-ed: But the fish were cun-ning and
a tempo.


Tempo Primo.
would n't rise, And the Bait-er a-lone was bait-ed.
And so when the hour of de-
part-ure came My bag was flat as a floun-der:
But Miss Bes-sie had neat-ly
hooked her game, A hun-dred and eight-y pound-er:
But Miss Bes-sie had neat-ly
hooked her game, A hun-dred and eighty pounder.
rall.
a tempo.

MY BLUSHING ROSE.

Words by E. S. SEERY.

Music by EDUARD HOLST.



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Edison Sheet Music

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