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Public Department

THE COCKNEY'S TRAVELS.

Written by EDGAR BATEMAN.

Composed by GEO. LE BRUNN.

Sung by ALEC HURLEY.

Key G.

1. To get a-way from Lon-don lots o' peo-ple nev-er try, They're sat-is-fied with 'En-don or a trip to Peckham Rye, An'
 some will go to 'Amp-steed if they wants to 'ave a spree, Or talk like Cap-tain Nan-sen if they gets to Bat-ter-sea.
 feels a sort o' pi-ty when I see 'em make a start To a place like Ep-pin' For-est just like 'er-rings in a cart- But
 if I went a-long with 'em I'd choke for want of air, So I takes a trip to Scot-land-well, as far as Eus-ton Square!

f.g. CHORUS.
 I rides up-on the Un-der-ground as far as Eus-ton Square, An' tho' I don't see Glas-gow or the Tay, Still it
 does me good to know That's the road you'd 'ave to go, An' I've been a lit-tle dis-tance on the way!

2.
 I 'aven't patience with a man wot 'Ampton Court explores,
 An' makes as much of Regent's Park as if it was the moors;
 An' boatin' on the Serpentine may be a treat to some,
 But if I wants a puddle I can find 'em nearer 'ome.
 And as for draggin' little kids to places sich as Kew—
 Well, flower-pots is plentiful and window-boxes too!
 I chuckles when I sees 'em start, an' then I does a 'odge,
 An' gets right out to Brighton—well, as far as London Bridge!

CHORUS.
 I rides inside a omnibus as far as London Bridge,
 An' I 'angs about the platform all the day;
 Though I cannot sniff the brine,
 Which is further down the line,
 Still I've been a little distance on the way!

3.
 The folks wot never gets about unless it's close to 'and
 Will tell you 'Ighgate's beautiful and Barnet Fair is grand;
 I often tells 'em with a sneer indoors I'd sooner stay
 An' empty out the mattresses an' kid myself it's 'ay.
 The County Council gravel-pit they call the Vale of 'Ealth—
 With some cinders on the earth-rug I could make one for myself;
 An' Primrose 'Ill's a pimple, so, it climbs I wants to do,
 I 'ooks it off to 'Amphshire—well, as far as Waterloo!

CHORUS.
 I 'as a penn'orth in a tram as far as Waterloo,
 Where the train it goes to Portsmouth, so they say;
 Though the place I doesn't see,
 You must one an' all agree
 That I've been a little distance on the way!

4.
 I see 'em fishin' in the Lea an' always gets the spike,
 For ten to one their only catch will be a drowned tyke;
 An' some will go for blackberries across by Kensal Green—
 There's burying up there I know, but not the sort they mean.
 An' when the racing comes along they think it grand to go
 To Epsom or to Kempton—round the 'ouses like, you know;
 But I must go to Cambridgeshire where'er I back a 'orse,
 An' often goes to Newmarket—as far as, well, King's Cross!

CHORUS.
 I tramps it to St. Pancras, which is just against the "Cross,"
 An' I watch the racing "specials," an' I say,
 "This ain't Newmarket 'Eath,
 To the best of my belief,
 But I've been a little distance on the way!"

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