NO

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SONGS & BALLADS

SHELLS OF OCEAN	J.W. Cherry	2
WIDOW MACHREE	S. Lover	2
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LITTLE BLOSSOM	S. GLOVER	3½
SLAYING THE DEER	LOVER	5

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE	Geo. Barker	2
LONG AND WEARY DAY	German Ballady	2½
DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME	W.T. Wrighton	2½
MY LAST CIGAR	J.H. Hubbard	2½
IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH	Donizetti	2
I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW ANNIE	Geo. Barker	2
COME TO THE WOODS	S. Glover	3
HOME SWEET HOME	Bishop	2½
THE MURMER OF THE SHELL	MRS NORTON	2
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME	C.H. Glover	3
THE GOT WHERE WE WERE BOR'N	HUTCHINGTON	3½
WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE		3½
EXCELSIOR		4
EXILE		4

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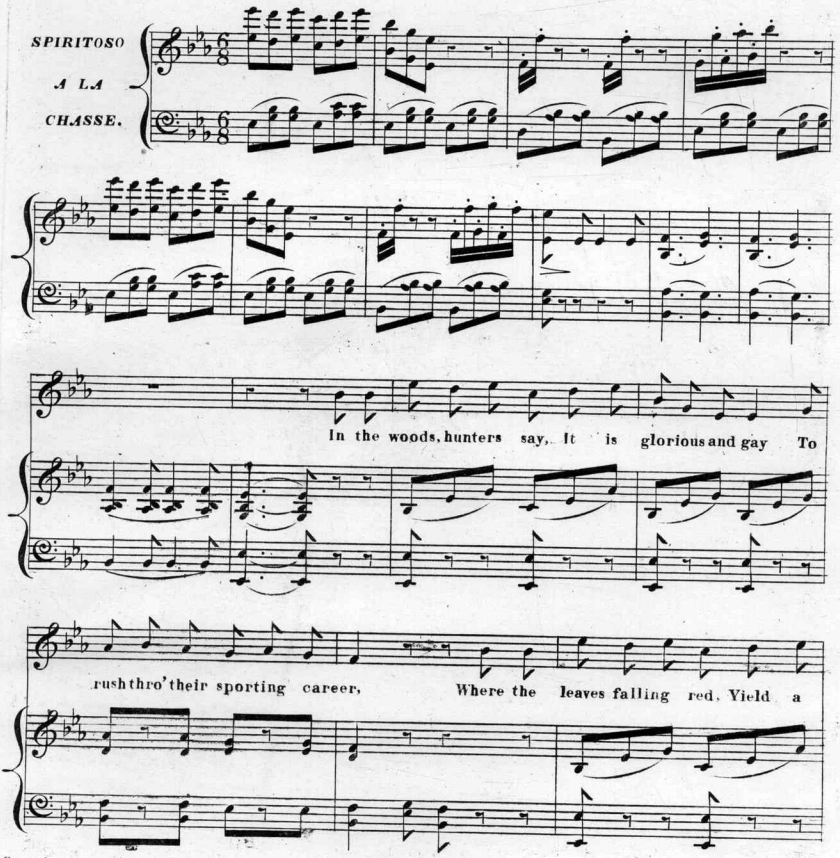
SLAYING THE DEER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAMUEL LOVER.



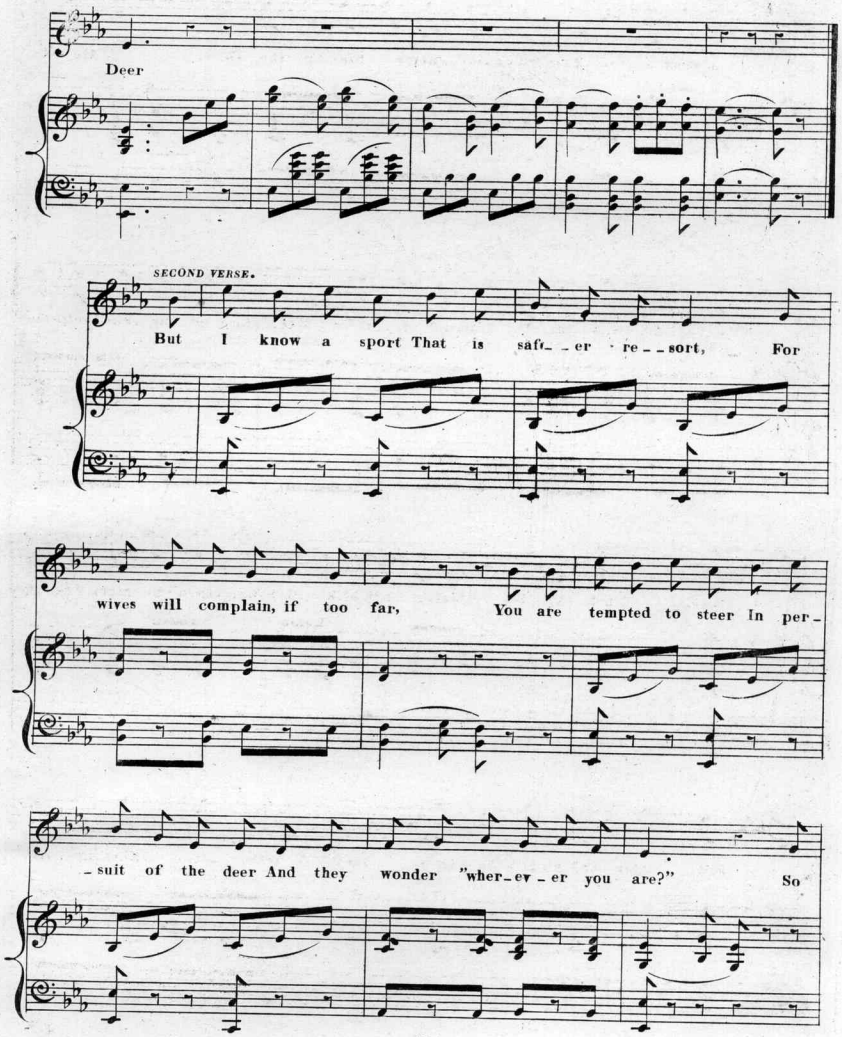
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847 by Firth & Hall in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the South^ern Dist. of N.Y.

ready=made bed, Where they rest after Slaying the Deer. On the

ve_ni_son steak jovial feasting they make And the flask go_ing round helps the

cheer. While the logs blazing bright, keep them warm thro' the night, When they

rest after Slaying the Deer. they rest after Slaying the


Deer
SECOND VERSE.
But I know a sport That is safe_ _er · re_ _sort, For
wives will complain, if too far, You are tempted to steer In per-
-suit of the deer And they wonder "wher_ev_er you are?" So

give me the sleigh On the white fro_zen way With wo_man beside me, to

cheer, Who is nev_er complaining How long you're re_main_ing, When

thus, you are Sleighing the Dear When thus you are Sleighing the

Dear

THIRD VERSE.

While we gal - lop full speed As we run we may read She re - - - joi - ces how fast we have got on, While the proud lit - tle minx, wrapp'd in bear skin or lynx, Just looks like a diamond in cotton, Her cheek, red as rose, (We won't speak of the nose) Oh, beauty's a del - i - cate

thing— Of a bloom on the cheek Any po-et can speak But,

(blow it!) a nose we can't sing. But (blow it!) a nose we can't

sing.

Wakelin, Engraver.

But never did I
In a sleigh hear a sigh,
In fact there's no time there for fretting;
As fast as the wind
We leave sorrow behind,
While the cold is our appetite whetting;
When the stomach's in order,
No mental disorder
Upon any mortal can prey,
If your dear's temper's crost,
Pray, at once for the frost,
And fix her right into a sleigh!

If she would, she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all,
In vain would she cry——
For the tears in her eye
Would be frozen before they could fall;
Then hurra! for the snow
As we merrily go
The bells my fleet horses can cheer,
While the belle by my side
Is my joy and my pride,
Oh, there's nothing like Sleighing the Dear.

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Edison Sheet Music

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