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# THE EVACUATION



adapted and arranged by  
**Father Reed**

and sung with great success by  
**Brother Jonathan**

AT  
**Father Reed's Old Folk's Concerts.**

NEW-YORK.  
HAMILTON S. GORDON. 139 FIFTH AVE.

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## THE EVACUATION.

Adapted and Arranged by Father Reed.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I Si - mon Greenhorn, went to town, A - looking fine and gay sirs, Of

The vocal line continues with the melody, and the piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and bass notes in the left hand.

New York Ci - ty that great re - nown, I'd of - ten heard folks say sirs; My

The vocal line concludes with the melody, and the piano accompaniment continues with chords and bass notes.

Dad-dy's leave I got 'tis true, My Mam-my's ap-pro-ba-tion, So

I went down to New York town To see the E-vac-u-a-tion Ri-

-tu, ri-tu, ri-tu, ri-a, Ri-tu, ri-tu, ro-li do, Ri-

-tu, ri-tu, ri-tu, ri-tu, And Yan-kee Doo-dle a-tion!

\* Pronounced Ewacuation.



2

When in the City I first arrived,  
 I felt myself quite fluster'd,  
 To see all round that great big town  
 So many people muster'd;  
 But howsoever in a crowd  
 I got myself a station,  
 And then awaited patiently  
 To see the Evacuation.  
 Ri tu, etc.  
 Hurrah! for this great nation!

3

At length a soldier's scampering horse  
 Got frightend at a dandy—  
 He pelted in among the crowd  
 Quite frolicsome and handy;  
 He tilted me slap off my soles,  
 I popped on an elevation,  
 And got a seat for nothing at all,  
 To see the Evacuation.  
 Ri tu, etc.  
 Oh! what a happy station!

4

I sat myself down quietly,  
 Nobody seemed to rout me;  
 I gently cast my eyes upon  
 The ladies round about me;  
 They all did look quite weary worn  
 And in a perspiration;  
 It melted all the red and white,  
 On this famous Evacuation.  
 Ri tu, etc.  
 Ever of them.

5

"Now thinks," says I unto myself,  
 "I've seen all that I can see;"  
 But to find out my great mistake,  
 I paid dearly for my fancy—  
 Ten dollars and my pocket-book,  
 Upon examination;  
 My watch, that never went before,  
 Went on Evacuation!  
 Ri tu, etc.  
 I'd like a police-station!

## THE LITTLE RED HAT.

Words by GENEVIEVE McLOUD. Music by ANDREW LE ROC.

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Complete Copy, 35 cents.

1. I met a little maid one day,  
With hat of red and gown of gray;  
So true she seemed, so blithe and gay,  
I lost my heart completely,  
She scarce looked up as I passed by,  
And yet, a bright flash from her eye,  
Told me in language sweet and shy,  
She'd meet my suit discreetly.

### Chorus.

Oh, the little hat of red,  
On the saucy, curly head,  
Sweetest maid, I'm not afraid  
My heart to give to you,  
Through the crooked road of life,  
With its pleasure and its strife,  
Here my vow I promise now,  
That I'll be ever true.

2. One windy day we met at last,  
And as the little maid I passed,  
The red hat blew off in the blast,  
I rescued it politely,  
The soft look deep within her eyes,  
At once so merry and so wise,  
Assured me that I'd win the prize,  
I pressed her hand so lightly.—*Chorus.*

## LITTLE NELLY LOOKS AFTER THEM ALL.

By CHARLES GRAHAM.

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Complete copy, 40 cents.

1. There's a girl in our street 'tis a pleasure to meet,  
She's just about sixteen years old,  
While some girls look for fun,  
Not that sort of a one,  
Is this girl with a heart pure as gold,  
On a fine holiday  
When the folks are away,  
She will care for the young ones alone,  
And the neighbors know well,  
That with sweet little Nell,  
The children are safe while they're gone.

### Refrain.

By, lo, High low,  
Softly she sings to the baby,  
By, lo, High low,  
Little ones come at her call,  
By, lo, High low,  
She don't want to be a fine lady,  
She always will stay with the children to play  
Little Nelly looks after them all.

2. To a dance she will go, and she is not so slow,  
And marry she could if she would.  
She's a fancy for me  
What a treasure she'd be,  
So faithful, so honest and good,  
But she says you must wait,  
I'm sorry to state,  
There are others I like just as well,  
So I'm waiting each day,  
Just to hear what she'll say,  
The children's dear friend, little Nell.—*Refrain.*

Complete copy of any song or piano piece in this songster mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Any three pieces, your choice, 65 cents. Any five pieces, your choice, \$1.00.

Play it and your friends will applaud.

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## MOTHER IS MY BEST GIRL.

Words and Music by CHARLES HARVEY.

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Complete copy, 40 cents.

1. I've never lacked for sweethearts yet and may I pardoned be,  
For saying that the lassies all seem somewhat fond of me,  
My heart rebounds with pleasure when it happens that I meet,  
A captivating, little maid, whose charms are fresh and sweet,  
But when there are so many how is any man to know,  
On which fair maid his most sincere affections to bestow?  
I've solved the question easily and yet I am no dandy,  
There's one I love above them all, 'tis Mother, my best girl.

### Chorus.

There's Maggie and Kitty and Jenny and Mammie and Annie and Maud,  
Although their attractions are many, by me they are never adored,  
You think I'm in love with each maiden, that each sets my heart in a whirl,  
I flirt with them all, but not one has the call, for Mother is my best girl.

2. I never have a quarrel with the girl I love the best,  
And that's wherein I find that she is different from the rest,  
She's ever thinking what to do to give me greatest joy,  
But I am always happiest when she calls me her best boy,  
She greets me in the hallway with affection's sweetest kiss,  
And words of loving welcome that I'd sorely grieve to miss,  
When we walk out together I am prouder than an earl,  
And feeling like telling every one my Mother's my best girl.—*Cho.*
3. There was a time when my poor heart was broken quite in two,  
A girl I loved had jilted me, I knew not what to do,  
I sat and brooded day and night, but mother'd gently smile,  
And tell me not to fret that way; it wasn't worth the while,  
And then she healed my wounded heart with words of love and cheer,  
And that is why, of all the girls, she is the most dear,  
Although I flirt with all the rest and call each one a pearl,  
Yet all the time I know full well that Mother's my best girl.—*Cho.*

## WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS.

Words and Music by EDGAR SELDEN.

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Complete copy, 40 cents.

1. When nightfall settles o'er the town,  
And lights begin to glow,  
The weary workers of the day  
Seek rest and homeward go;  
But in the guided haunts of crime,  
The sound of revel leep,  
And vice and virtue struggle on,  
While the city sleeps!

### Refrain.

While the city sleeps,  
Its mighty pulse throbs slow,  
Still the strife of life goes on,  
Among the high and low,  
Many eyes with tears are dimmed,  
Ere the gray dawn peeps;  
Hearts are broken, homes are wrecked,  
While the city sleeps!

2. Up in a dingy attic room  
A starving woman weeps,  
Beside a cradle where her babe,  
In endless slumber sleeps;  
Alone, uncared for, cast aside,  
By him she loved, betrayed;  
While he, the guilty one, goes free  
To boast of conquests made!—*Refrain.*
3. As midnight chimes upon the air,  
A murderer runs by,  
Police pursue him, bid him halt,  
Yet he heeds not their cry;  
He dashes on, a pistol shot,  
A scream of wild despair,  
He falls, they find him there, stone dead!  
Beneath the lamplight's glare.—*Refrain.*

Buy it for your friend, it brings good luck.

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