

TO *All the Elapsed Single.*

THE BACHELORS' SONG

BY

ONE OF THE SQUAD

Music by

A Spinster.

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Troy, J. W. KINNICUTT.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG

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Moderato e con Spirito.

VOICE.

Oh a Bache - lor's life is merry and gay, He

PIANO

FORTE.

sips from each flower he meets in his way, The.

nee - tar he quaffs while em - bra - cing the thorn, He.

leaves the poor Be - ne - dick hang - ing for - lorn.

Chorus. (after
each verse.)

4th VERSE. (A little slower.)

3

Go ask the poor hen - peek'd un - for - tu - nate wight, If

aught in the wide world can give him de - light; He

con molto espres.
sad - ly re - - verts to the days of his bliss, And

slow. *p* *f*
sighs that his birth - right was sold for a kiss!

ritard.

528 Chorus. Subito.

CHORUS. Allegro e molto staccato.

1st Verse. *pp* Hush brothers! that's the way, Talking on day by day

TENOR 1.

2nd v. *pp* Hush brothers! they're a-sleep, While we our vi-gils keep

TENOR 2.

3rd v. *pp* Hush brothers! ne-ver tell, Sure 'twill be quite as well

BASS 1.

4th v. *pp* Hush brothers! ne-ver mind Although our fate's un-kind

BASS 2.

5th v. *pp* Hush brothers! ne-ver fear, Some aunt or sis-ter dear

PIANO

FORTE.

f We'll thus de-ceive them *pp* Then by our rea-dy arts

In- to the mor-ning *pp* Patch-ing our an-cient clothes,

Not to dis-co-ver *pp* Men, 'reft of home de-lights,

Not yet to match us *pp* Per-haps some gen-tle maid,

Shall for us pray *pp* While some old hired nurse,

Of their fond honest hearts *f* We can re---lieve them.
 Darning our tatter'd hose For our a---dor---ning!
 Shivering these wintry nights, Un---der the co---ver!
 Not of gray hairs a-fraid Sly---ly may snatch us!
 Maketh our ills the worse For so much per day!

2

As pleasantly o'er the bright world he goes,
 Beloved by his friends, caring not for his foes
 Through each passing moment some happiness gleams,
 Which night but recalleth in pleasanter dreams.
 Hush brothers! they're asleep, &c.

3

Then reckon the joys of a Bachelor's life,
 Ye recreant sons who are "seeking a wife"
 And ask yourselves then if there's aught can repay,
 The wild joyous freedom ye thus throw away.
 Hush brothers! never tell, &c.

5

Then brothers be firm, to the rescue advance,
 A sigh is perdition—there's death in a glance:
 Yield not to the blast—but be true to the last,
 And revel in age o'er the joys of the past.
 Hush brothers! never fear, &c.