

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY  
J. W. ROWLEY.

# THEY ALL BELONG TO MARY.



*There are Bulls and Cows, and Pigs and Sows,  
Ducks and Drakes, and Shovels and Rakes,  
Sheep in their Pens, and Cocks and Hens,  
And they all belong to Mary:*

ENT. STA. HALL.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED  
BY

PRICE, 3/-

## G · W · HUNT ·

LONDON: MOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND ST. W.

T. PACKER, DEL. BY IMP.



# THE BULLS, AND COWS, AND PIGS, AND SOWS.

THEY ALL BELONG TO MARY.

Written and Composed by  
G.W. HUNT.

Arranged by  
WILLIAM SIM.

*ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.*

VOICE.

*gives ad lib:*

PIANO.

*f*

H & C. 2138.

There's a neat lit - tle cot - tage on top of a hill,

*p*

Close by the side of an old wind - mill, And

in it the girl I love best re - sides, There's a

*rall ad lib.*

farm and an or - chard, and al - - so be - sides.

*colla voce.*

**CHORUS. 2<sup>nd</sup> time in 8<sup>ves</sup> *ff***

There are bulls and cows and pigs and sows

*mf*

Ducks and drakes and shovels and rakes Sheep in their pens and

cocks and hens And they all be long to Ma - - - ry.

*f*

There's a neat little cottage on top of a hill,  
Close by the side of an old wind-mill,  
And in it the girl I love best resides,  
There's a farm and an orchard and also besides.

**CHORUS.**

There are bulls, and cows, and pigs, and sows,  
Ducks, and drakes, and shovels, and rakes,  
Sheep in their pens, and cocks and hens,  
And they all belong to Mary.

**2**

Her dad the old farmer's turned four score,  
He sits in the shade by the old cottage door,  
A friend is as welcome as flowers in May,  
And sweet Mary she has to see each day.  
*Chorus.* To the bulls, and cows, &c.

**3**

I asked the old man for his daughter's hand,  
I told him I loved her the best in the land,  
Said he she is yours and I feel right glad,  
And I tell you what you shall have my lad.  
*Chorus.* All the bulls, and cows, &c.

**4**

So on Sunday next the bells will ring,  
And I'll happier be than the greatest king,  
To claim the hand of my fair young bride,  
Away to the church I'll gaily ride.  
*Chorus.* With the bulls, and cows, &c.

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## ON THE SLY. 3/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

But we all have our fun - ny lit - tle ways, Which we  
don't show when a - ny - bo - dy's nigh; Or, good-ness gra - cious me, What  
fun - ny things we'd see, Such fun - ny things are done up - on the sly.

## THAT'S WHEN YOU FEEL IT. 3/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS. *Tempo di Valse.*

And that's when you feel it, that's when you feel it, Don't you be -  
lieve it! Try it, and see! That's when you feel it,  
that's when you feel it, Don't you be - lieve it! Try it, and see!

## WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT? 4/-

Written and Composed by JOHN STAMFORD.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

Where was Mo - ses when the light went out?  
Where was Mo - ses? what was he a - bout? Now my lit - tle man,  
tell me if you can, Where was Mo - ses when the light went out?

## WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, JANE? 3/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

What are you up to, Jane? what are you up to, Jane? I  
ne - ver knew such a girl in my life, you're up to your mis - chief a - gain;  
What are you up to, Jane? now, what are you up to, Jane? I  
ne - ver knew such a girl in my life, you're up to your mischief a - gain.

## RUN FOR THE DOCTOR. 4/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

Run for the Doc - tor, Char - lie dear, Mo - ther's ta - ken aw - ful - ly queer,  
Run for your life for Doc - tor Crup. If you fall down don't stop to get up;  
Tell him she's got the old at - tack, "Thing - a - my" up and down her back;  
Make haste, dear, or else I fear She'll ne - ver live till the morn - ing.

## REAL JAM. 4/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

She's real jam, all jam, Sweeter than "Cham," ni - cer than Lamb, Real  
jam, jam - my, jam, jam, Sweet - er than mar - ma - lade... - lade...

## HI COCKALORUM. 4/-

Written and Composed by JOHN STAMFORD.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

Hi Cock - a - lor - um, jig, jig, jig, Jig, jig, jig, jig, jig,  
Clas - si - cal lan - guage, don't you twig, Hi Cock - a - lor - um, jig, jig, jig.

## JACOB SCHMIDT, VERE VOS YOU? 4/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Sym. and Accompts. by M. HOBSON.

CHORUS.

O Ja - cob Schmidt, vere vos you? Vere vos you, Ja - cob Schmidt? I'll ne - ver eat a  
lee - dle drop, nor drink a lee - dle bit, I ne - ver sal - tor - get. Not so  
long as I re - member, Dan - cing in De - cem - ber with mine Ja - cob Schmidt

## TURN OFF THE GAS AT THE METER. 4/-

Written and Composed by J. STAMFORD.

Arranged by FREDERICK CHARLES.

CHORUS.

He'd turn off the gas at the me - ter, He'd turn off the  
gas at the me - ter, Ev - ry night he would go to the  
re - gions be - low, To turn off the gas at the me - ter.

## I'LL BEAT YOU MORE FOR THAT THAN ANYTHING. 3/-

Written by T. S. LONSDALE.

Composed by W. G. EATON.

CHORUS.

I'll beat you more for that than a - ny - thing, Hang the boy, He'll  
drive me mad; I'll beat you more for that than a - ny - thing,  
Is - n't it dread - ful, is - n't it sad? I'll is - n't it sad?

## STOP AS LONG AS YOU USED TO. 3/-

Written by T. DODSWORTH.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS.

Does your mo - ther take in wash - ing, Has she sold her man - gle?  
What's be - come of the old pi - a - no your sis - ter us'd to stran - gle?  
Has your fa - ther plen - ty of work, Does he still get booz'd, too?  
Tell me all the par - ti - cu - lars, And stop as long as you us'd to.

## I'M NOT SUCH A SAINT AS I LOOK. 3/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

CHORUS.

Al - though I look sol - emn my heart's full of glee, It's so  
nice to be "good," but, be - tween you and me, I'm aw - ful - ly  
naugh - ty up - on the Q. T. I'm not such a saint as I look..

## POOR PILL GARLIC. 4/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, poor Pill Gar - lie, Such an o - thei mar - tyr you  
ne - ver did see, Ev - ry - bo - dy's down on poor Pill Gar - lie, It  
does - n't mat - ter what it is they put it on to me.

## THE NAUTICAL SWELL. 4/-

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by WILLIAM SIM.

CHORUS. *Tempo di valse.*

It's all ve - ry well for a nau - ti - cal swell To talk of the sea so grand,  
... But somehow the sea with me don't a - gree, I feel so much sa - fer on land.

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