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NICKLEBURY BROWN

HUMOROUS SONG,

Written, Composed & Sung

BY

CORNEY GRAIN.

IN HIS NEW MUSICAL SKETCH

"AMATEUR THEATRICALS"

ENT. STA. HALL.

MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENCE

PRICE 4/-

London.
J. BATH, 23, BERNERS STREET, W.

KICKLEBURY BROWN.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY CORNEY CRAIN.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Now

ben marcato.

once up - on a time in Cam - den Town, There

liv'd a lit - tle man call'd Kic - kle - bu - ry Brown; He

was - n't ve - ry big, and he was - n't ve - ry small, And he

was - n't ve - ry short, and he was - n't ve - ry tall; But the

one thing that dis - tin - guish'd him from most o - ther folk, Was the



fond_ness he dis - play'd for a prac - ti - cal joke, For he

play'd the fool from morn - ing till night, Till

ritard.
ev - 'ry - bo - dy shriek'd, and roar'd with de - light - "Oh!"
ritard.

a tempo.

Kic - kle - bu - ry Brown! Oh! Kic - kle - bu - ry Brown! What a

a tempo.

fun - ny lit - tle man you are! Oh!

ritard.

a tempo.

Kic - kle - bu - ry Brown of Cam - den Town! What a

ritard.

a tempo.

fun - ny lit - tle man you are!

D.C.

f

ff



Now once upon a time in Camden Town,
There liv'd. a little man call'd Kicklebury Brown.
He wasn't very big, and he wasn't very small,
And he wasn't very short, and he wasn't very tall:
But the one thing that distinguish'd him from most other folk,
Was the fondness he display'd for a practical joke,
For he play'd the fool from morning till night,
Till ev'rybody shriek'd, and roar'd with delight.

Oh! Kicklebury Brown! Oh! Kicklebury Brown!

What a funny little man you are!

Oh! Kicklebury Brown! Oh! Kicklebury Brown!

What a funny little man you are!

When ask'd out to dinner he'd tumble on the floor,
And pretend to knock his nose against the drawing-room door,
He'd hide the table spoons in his neighbour's dress-coat,
And he'd put a little jelly in the melted-butter boat.
Then he'd make all the waiters explode and guffaw,
By tickling the butler's bald head with a straw.
And he thought it was quite the most exquisite jest,
To throw a bread pill at the most honoured guest.

CHORUS.— Oh! &c.

He'd make old ladies turn as white as a sheet,
By calling out Hi! when they cross'd the street.
And he'd cause little babies most horrible alarms,
By making faces at them in their nurses' arms!
Then the p'liceman at the crossing to madness he'd goad,
By pretending to faint in the middle of the road.
And he thought the most humorous joke he could play
Was to ring a door-bell, and then to run away.

CHORUS.— Oh! &c.

Till one sad day he began to play the fool,
On a surly old fisherman who was fishing in a pool;
Now this surly old man had no idea of fun,
For no sooner had Kicklebury Brown begun—
Than he took him by the neck, and he took him by the heels,
And he chuck'd him in the river all among the little eels.
And this epitaph after his body he hurl'd—

"He was much *too* funny for this sad world!"

Oh! Kicklebury Brown! Oh! Kicklebury Brown!

Was a funny little man! ha! ha!

Oh! Kicklebury Brown of Camden Town!

Oh! Kicklebury Brown! Ta! ta!!