

THE  
POLKA and the CHOIR BOY!

HUMOROUS SONG,

WRITTEN, COMPOSED & SUNG

BY

CORNEY GRAIN.

in his new Musical Sketch  
"MY AUNTS' IN TOWN."

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# THE POLKA AND THE CHOIRBOY.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY CORNEY CRAIN.

*IN POLKA TIME.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*very lively.*

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a voice staff and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in grand staff notation, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system includes the tempo instruction 'IN POLKA TIME.' and the performance instruction 'very lively.' for the piano part. The voice part begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a half rest in the second measure, and then a series of notes in the third and fourth measures. The piano accompaniment starts with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the piano part, including a fermata over the final notes.

I once composed a pol\_ka And I thought it full of go, Sure to

set the heads a nod - ding And to please the nim\_ble toe. But my

pub\_lish\_ers said "No! dear boy, The pol\_ka's had its day. The

pub\_liés got a serious turn, Dance mu\_sic does\_n't pay. But

there don't be down\_heart\_ed, The tune's too good to waste, So

take it home and al\_ter it. To suit the pub\_lic taste; We

want a song with sen\_ti\_ment, To make the wo\_men cry, The

pia\_no not too dif\_fi\_cult, The voice part not too high. -boy. And

Verses 1,2,& 3. DC. Last Verse. DC.

when I get my lit - tle cheque, I -----

*very lively.*

chor - tle in my joy, And I bless that lit - tle

Pol - ka, That be - came the Choir - boy. That be -

*slower.* *f* *very slow and majestic.*

- came the Choir - boy. ----- FINE.

*f* *ff* *ff* *ff*

## 1

I once composed a polka  
 And I thought it full of go,  
 Sure to set the heads a-nodding  
 And to please the nimble toe.  
 But my publishers said, "No, dear boy,  
 The polka's had its day,  
 The public's got a serious turn  
 Dance music doesn't pay.  
 But there, don't be down-hearted,  
 The tune's too good to waste,  
 Just take it home and alter it  
 To suit the Public taste.  
 We want a song with sentiment,  
 To make the Public cry,  
 The piano not too difficult,  
 The voice part not too high."

## 3

Then I wrote a set of verses  
 Of a sickly sort of kind,  
 About a little choir-boy,  
 Of a morbid turn of mind;  
 Of course his eyes were large and blue,  
 He'd golden hair, that boy,  
 And of course he sang divinely  
 Did that mother's only joy.  
 And when he sang in choruses,  
 His voice o'er-topped the rest,—  
 Which was very in-artistic  
 But the public like that best;  
 Of course he soon grew pale and wan,  
 And faded, day by day,  
 And just about the third verse  
 He faded quite away.

- POLKA AND THE CHOIR-BOY.

## 2

Then I took my little Polka  
 And turned it inside out,  
 And added subtle harmonies,  
 And twisted it about;  
 I played it very slowly,  
 With harmonium here and there,  
 It's wonderful the pathos,  
 The harmonium lends an air.  
 Then I added chords and triplets,  
 O lovely chords they were,  
 With rippling soft arpeggios,  
 Like harps, borne on the air;  
 Then fainter grew the music,  
 Then softly died away,  
 Like ling'ring gleams of sunshine  
 In the fast declining day.

## 4

And now at Penny Readings,  
 Young curates sing that song,  
 Until there's not a dry eye left,  
 In all the solemn throng.  
 And when the mothers hear it,  
 They softly sob and weep,  
 And the fathers snore approval  
 In their after-dinner sleep;  
 It's played on barrel-organs,  
 And on every German Band,  
 And it's selling now by thousands  
 Far and wide throughout the land;  
 And when I get my little cheque,  
 I chortle in my joy,  
 And I bless that little Polka,  
 That became the Choir-boy.

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Oh! take me away!  
I am tired of the Moon, my Love, and  
Myself.  
I am not in the Vein to-night, my Love.  
Duke and Duchess of Brickwall Town.  
The Mother and her Child were there.  
The Lords and, the Commons are getting  
mixed.  
The Noisy Johnnie.  
An Awful Little Scrub.  
Bus Conductor's Song, The  
Do not Spoil Your Children.  
Duke of Seven Dials, The  
Eighteen and Three.  
Gay Photographer, The  
He was a Careful Man.

He was a Careless Man.  
He went to a Party.  
How I became an Actor.  
I am a Respectable Spectre.  
The Lost Key.  
The Shortsighted Man.  
French Verbs.  
An Awkward Attack of Nervousness.  
The Happy Fatherland.  
Tinkle-Tootle-Tum.  
Juvenile Party, A (*Sketch*).  
My Nancy Loves Me Truly.  
Parrot and the Cat, The  
Peculiar Man, A  
Peculiar Cases.  
See Me Reverse.  
Silver Wedding, The (*Sketch*).  
That Summer Quarter's Rent.

Too Slow.  
When You were Six and I was Three. [*Duet*]  
Yeo Heave Ho! to Sea We'll Go.  
The Great Tay-kins.  
A Very Queer Crew.  
\*Wait till de Sun am Hot upon de Head.  
See Me Dance the Polka.  
A Little Yachting, (*Sketch*).  
Keep the Baby warm, Mother.  
My Janet (English Ballad gone wrong.)  
Oh! I wish I were some other Fella!  
Whack! Whack!! Whack!!! or the  
Wonderful Irish Stick.  
Thou, of my Thou (a fashionable love song).  
The Autocratic Gardener.  
The Truth, or something near it.  
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I cannot sing the new Songs.  
The Moan of the Muzzled.  
A Fiddle Faddle Fal-lal-lay.  
A Recipe for Comic Songs.  
Our Daughters.  
The 'Ole Black 'Oss.  
Be Always Kind to Animals.

Jarge's Jubilee.  
Amateur Yachtsman, The  
He Did and He Didn't Know Why.  
I'm a Chappie.  
Old Gown, The; or, the Lost Figure.  
Old Pilot Jim.  
The Masher King of Piccadilly.  
I Bean't such a Fool as I Looks.  
Kicklebury Brown.  
The Owls and the Mice.  
Mr. Justice Dimple.  
Society Smith.  
Oh! Jamais en Angleterre.

Three Anglers, The  
Pepita!  
The Children's Voices.  
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The Old Couple's Polka.  
The Polka and the Choir Boy.

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\*I Lub a Lubly Gal, I Do.  
\*Sing Along Sambo!  
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## JAMES PARTRIDGE.

Blackbird Gay, The  
Mistaken Vocation, A  
Simple Minded Man, That

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Her Mother!

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Eighteen Eighty Nine.  
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