

Dedicated to JOSEPH CLEGG, ESQ^R Liverpool.

W. G. B. Lewis



OF THE



MEN OF GARLIC

⁴⁹ By
JOHN F. MC ARDLE.

AUTHOR OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS
"WICKED WELSHMAN."

Ent. Sta. Hall.

LONDON · HOPWOOD & CREW · 42 · NEW · BOND · ST. · W.

6 PACKETS, Lith & Imp.



Price 4/-

MARCH OF THE MEN OF GARLIC.

BY

JOHN F. MC ARDLE.

Arranged by

H. ROUND.

TEMPO DI MARCIA.

PIANO. *f*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a common time signature 'C', and a dynamic marking 'f'. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat). The score features various musical notations including notes, rests, slurs, and accents. The second system continues the piece with similar notation. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs.

1. Wass you see the con_gre_ga_tion Of the Camprian pop_u_la_tion
 2. March'd the Ri_ces and the Pri_ces, Wi_ring in_to pen_ny i_ces,

For Eistedd_fod ce_le_pra_tion Held at Pir_ken_head?
 WithWelsh rap_pits cut in sli_ces, Wrex_ham pit_ter peer

Taf_fy came, the wick_ed Welsher, Who for theft once got a squelcher,
 March'd they on, spite corns and pun_ions, Wear ing leeks or young spring onions,

Munching still by way of relsh_er, Mut_ton peef and pread.
 Oh! you nef_fer saw such funny'uns, They wass look so queer.

Jones_es march'd in mil_lions, Ow_ens_es in
 Men from Llan_fair_fe_chan Ban_gor, Flint, and

ff, 2nd time.

bil - lions Wynnes and Hughes - es, Ev - an - ses and Pughs - es
Bre - con Con - way, Den - high, Car - - - diff men by

Jer - ry - pil - ters, sol - diers, and ci - vilians; Some on foot and
Thir - ty, for - ty, thousand you might reck - on; Came by cheap trips

some on pil - lions, March - ing to the grand pa - vil - ions,
trains and steam - ers, Each cheap trip - per way - ing streamers,

Repeat for CHO:

Sing - ing na - tion - al pen - nil - lions - Pless the Prince of Wales!
Still this An - them sang the screamers - Pless the Prince of Wales!

ff



3. When they reach'd the grand Eistedd-fod, Which was held at Pir-ken-head-fod,
4. There's a prize for stocking knit-ting, And a prize for pig slate split-ting,

mf

They peg-an the great Gorsedd-fod In the an-cient way.
Old John Tho-mas there wass sit-ting Judge of flats and sharps.

f

Pards and Tru-ids, tress'd so fun-ny, First commenced the ce-re-mo-ny,
Pri-zes, too, for plankets, quilt-ing, And a prize for jer-ry-pil-ting

mf

Sing-ing songs so sweet as ho-ney, And the harps wass play.
While the Pards wass loud-ly lilt-ing, On their na-tive harps.

ff

Then wass come the pri-zes, Po-ems of all
Oh! it was so grand-o, As each pig prass

ff 2nd time.

si - zes
pand - o,

Mu - sic, speech - es, cho - ral screech - es,
Played "Sweet Jen - ny Jones" "The Pells of

Ef - fry kind of gib - ber - ish a - ri - ses;
A - ber - do - vey" Hob - by der - ry dan - do,

Prin - ley Richards,
"Men of Gar - lic"

E - dith Wynne, too, And Sir Wat - kyn swell the din, too,
sang each cho - rus, In that march none can out roar us,

Ef - fry - po - dy pursting in - to "Pless the Prince of Wales."
Wind - ing up in tones so - no - rous "Pless the Prince of Wales."

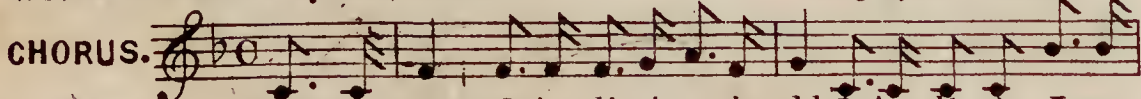
Repeat for CHO^s

ff

HOPWOOD & CREW'S NEW COMIC SONGS (HALF PRICE & POST FREE.)

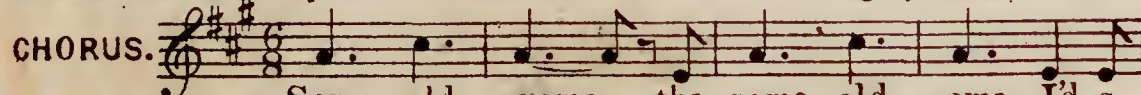
THE TWO OBADIAHS. 4/-

Words and Music by H.P. LYTE. Sung by J.L. TOOLE.

CHORUS. 
 Said the young O-ba-di-ah to the old O-ba-di-ah, I am
 dry, O-ba-di-ah, I am dry, I am dry, Said the old O-ba-di-ah, to the
 young O-ba-di-ah So-am I O-ba-di-ah, so am I, so am I.


THE SAME OLD GAME. 3/-

Words and Music by J.B. GEOGHEGAN. Sung by SAM. TORR.

CHORUS. 
 Same old game, the same old game, I'd a
 spirit that the old one couldn't tame.... For it matter'd not to
 me how I suffer'd for the spree I would carry on the same old game.

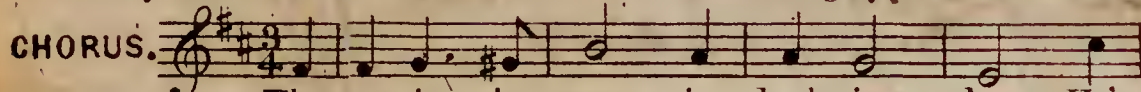
OLD ADAM WAS FATHER OF ALL. 3/-

Words and Music by J.B. GEOGHEGAN. Sung by SAM. TORR.

CHORUS. 
 Then ne-ver despair tho' ye have not a share Of the
 riches that round you may fall.. But be to each other like
 sis-ter and brother For A-dam was fa--ther of all.

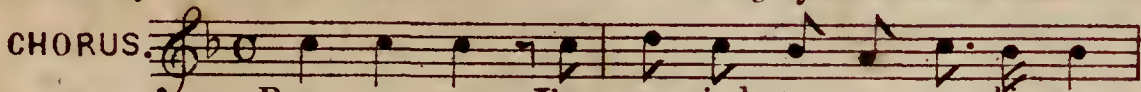
THE MAN IN THE MOON IS LOOKING, LOVE. 3/-

Words by T.S. LONSDALE. Sung by G. LEYBOURNE.

CHORUS. 
 The man in the moon is look-ing, love, He's
 winking, love, he's blinking, love, And each lit-tle star can
 tell where you are, The man in the moon is look-ing...

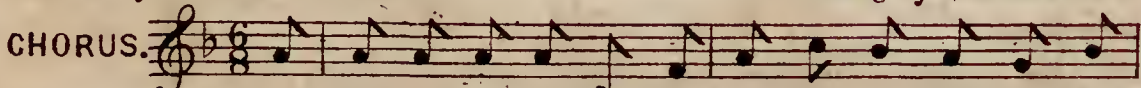
RAP, RAP, RAP, I'M MARRIED TO A MEDIUM. 3/-

Music by VINCENT DAVIES. Sung by G.H. MACDERMOTT.

CHORUS. 
 Rap, rap, rap, I'm mar-ried to a me-di-um
 Rap, rap, rap, the spirits ne-ver cease, Rap, rap, rap, my
 wife's a spirit medium And tho' ne'er out of spirits, I don't know a moments peace.

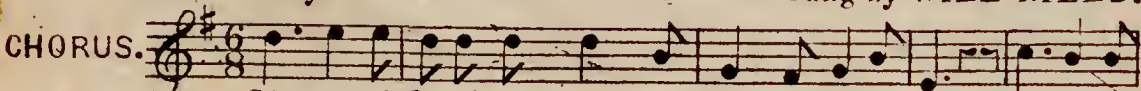
DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE, IT ONLY THE BOY. 3/-

Words by T.S. LONSDALE. Sung by A. ROBERTS.

CHORUS. 
 Don't take a-ny notice it's on-ly my Nephew, Don't
 take a-ny notice he's in my employ, Don't take a-ny notice it's
 on-ly the Nevvy, Don't take a-ny notice it's on-ly the boy.


OH, YOU RIDICULOUS MAN. 3/-

Words and Music by P. SCHUTER. Sung by WILL RILEY.

CHORUS. 
 Oh, you ri-diculous man, how can you be so shy, Oh, you ri-
 diculous man you know as well as I, Oh, my you tickle me so I
 really shall laugh out, Oh, my, you innocent man not to know your way about.


DON'T MAKE A NOISE OR ELSE YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY. 3/-

Music by G.W. HUNT. Sung by G. LEYBOURNE.

CHORUS. 
 Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the ba-by,
 Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the child, Don't make a row... or
 you'll disturb the infant, I feel so awfully, awfully jolly I think I shall go wild.


IF I WAS ONLY LONG ENOUGH. 3/-

Words by T.S. LONSDALE. Sung by A. ROBERTS.

CHORUS. 
 If I was on-ly long enough a soldier I would be... To
 fight for my country and be reveng'd on she Then if a war broke out she would
 never see me more But a-way yes a-way I'd go off to the war..


DID YOU EVER, NO I NEVER. 3/-

Words by J.F. MCARDLE. Music by CHARLES COOTE Jun.

CHORUS. 
 Did you e--ver, e--ver know
 Things so ve--ry rum?..... No, I ne--ver,
 ne-ver did Since in the world I've come....

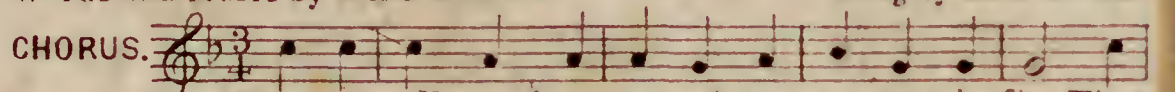
WHEN I WAS PRINCE OF PARADISE. 3/-

Words and Music by G.W. HUNT. Sung by G. LEYBOURNE.

CHORUS. 
 And I was the Prince of Pa--ra--dise,
 I was the Prince of Pa--ra--dise, Ev'-ry-one love-ly,
 ev'-ry-thing nice, Just the place for me.....


YOU'RE MORE THAN SEVEN. 3/-

Words and Music by J.H. LESTER. Sung by SAM. TORR.

CHORUS. 
 You can tell me how many beans go to make five That
 one from twelve leaves just e-le-ven... But it's useless to try and de-
 ceive me old boy For I know that you're more than se-ven...


WHY DID SHE LEAVE HER JEREMIAH? 3/-

Words and Music by G.W. HUNT. Sung by G. LEYBOURNE.

CHORUS. 
 O why did she leave her Je--re-mi-ah?
 Why did she go without say-ing "a-dieu?" When trouble came she
 look'd much high-er Is-nt it fun-ny what mo-ney will do?

I DON'T KNOW YOU. 3/-

Words and Music by G.W. HUNT. Sung by FRED COYNE.

CHORUS. 
 I don't know you, I don't know you, I
 know a lot of fellows But I don't know you, I don't know you, I
 don't know you, I know a heap of fel-lows But I don't know you.