

S. G. Sellers

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A NICE QUIET DAY;

OR,
THE POSTMAN'S

OLIDAY.

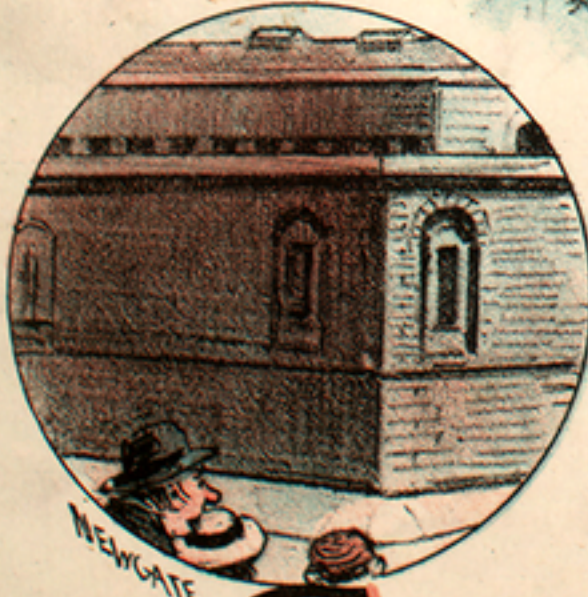
Written by
**EUSTACE
BAYNES,
AND
EDGAR
BATEMAN,**

Composed
by
**MAURICE
SCOTT.**



CHORUS.

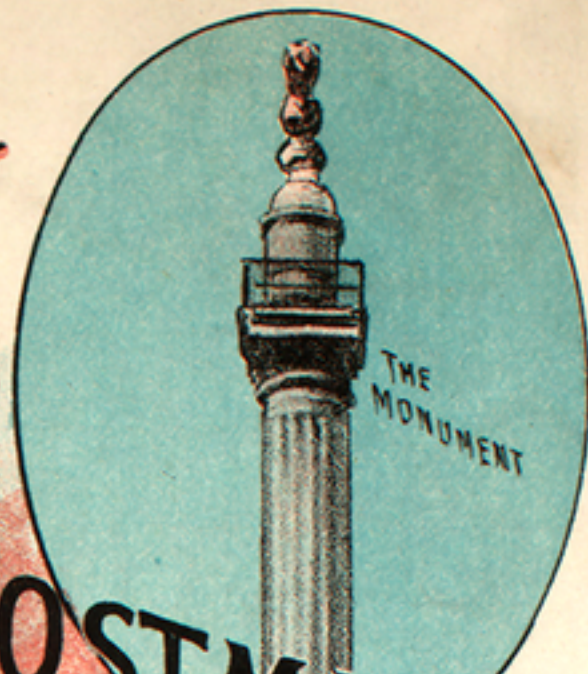
There was me and the Missus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids,
Starting in the morning for the Zoo.
'Twas a precious way, you know, but we made our minds
to go.
And we took the lot to Eppin' Forest too.
Highgate, Barnet, 'Ampstead, Peckham Rye,
At the Crystal Palace made a stay.
We got weary on our pins, and we lost the blooming twins,
But I'm glad we 'ad a nice quiet day.



SUNG
BY

GUS ELEN.

SIDNEY KEIT



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ARPEGGIO LONDON.

A Nice Quiet Day; or, The Postman's 'Oliday.

Written by
EUSTACE BAYNES & EDGAR BATEMAN.

Composed by
MAURICE SCOTT.

Moderato.

INTRO.

The musical score is for a piano introduction. It is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to fortissimo (ff). The score is divided into four systems. The first system is marked 'INTRO.' and 'mf'. The second system is marked 'ff'. The third system is marked 'ff'. The fourth system is marked 'ff' and features triplets in the right hand. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves joined by a brace.

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F. & D. 6943

♩

I — works just like a nig - ger, and I is - nt o - ver strong, And I'm

p

most - ly on my trot - ters all the time; So I'm

glad when Eas - ter Mon - day or a Whit - sun comes a - long, 'Cause a

day of puf - fick rest is real - ly prime. So I

late - ly took it ea - sy cause I 'ad a day to spare, Wiv the

wife and kid - dies in their Sun - day clothes; 'Twas a

treat to make my mind up for a lit - tle coun - try air, And the

plea - sures of a qui - et day's re - pose.

CHORUS.

2nd time *f*

There was me and the Mis.sus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids, Starting in the morning for the Zoo. 'Twas a

precious way, you know, but we made our minds to go, And we took the lot to Eppin' Forest too.

High-gate, Bar-net, 'Ampstead, Peckham Rye, At the Crystal Palace made a stay; We got

weary on our pins, and we lost the blooming twins, But I'm glad we 'ad a nice quiet day. There was day.

ff *Fine.* *D.C.*

A NICE QUIET DAY; or, THE POSTMAN'S 'OLIDAY.

Written by EUSTACE BAYNES and EDGAR BATEMAN.

Composed by MAURICE SCOTT.

Sung by GUS ELEN.

KEY G.

1. I works just like a nig-gen, and I is - n't o-ver strong, And I'm most-ly on my trot-ter's all the time; So I'm glad when Eas-ter Mon-day or a Whit-sun comes a-long, 'Cause a day of puf-fick rest is real-ly prime. So I late-ly took it ea-sy 'cause I 'ad a day to spare, Wiv the wife and kid-dies in their Sun-day clothes; 'Twas a treat to make my mind up for a lit-tle coun-try air, And the plea-sures of a qui-et day's re-pose.

CHORUS.

There was me and the Mis-sus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids, Start-ing in the morn-ing for the Zoo. 'Twas a pre-cious way, you know, but we made our minds to go, And we took the lot to Ep-pin' For-est too. High-gate, Bar-net, 'Amp-stead, Peck-ham Bye, At the Crys-tal Pal-ace made a stay; We got wea-ry on our pins, and we lost the bloom-ing twins, But I'm glad we 'ad a nice quiet day. There was day.

2.
The night before none of us thought o' getting into bed,
'Cause we'd got all day to-morrow for the rest;
And 'arf the night was taken up in cutting meat and bread,
And in getting all the youngsters ready dressed.
I felt a bit lop-sided 'cause I carried all the grub,
It's surprising wot a lot the kids can peck;
And I got a gallon bottle full of porter from the pub,
'Cause it balanced all the grub around my neck.

CHORUS.

There was me and the Missus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids,
Climbing up the Monument so 'igh;
Then we played at Jack and Jill when we samp'ed Greenwich Hill,
And we 'ad a run to Chiswick bye-and-bye.
Acton, 'Endon, Kilburn, Kensal Green,
Loaded wiv the lilac and the may;
There was blisters on my heel, from an 'arf an inch o' steel,
But I'm glad we 'ad a nice quiet day.

3.
'Twas grand to see the London smoke from the Monument,
When I dragged the pram-ber-looter to the top;
As soon as I got up there to the bottom I was sent,
'Cause the Missus let a beef-steak pudden drop.
And when we reached the Ser-pin-tine, the nipper tumbles in,
We 'eld 'im upside down a bit to drain;
And soon as we 'ad scraped the mud from off his nose and chin,
Well, blow me, if he don't fall in again.

CHORUS.

There was me and the Missus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids,
Wiv nuffink in the bottle but the bung;
But I gave the kids a treat when we got to Newgate Street,
'Cause I showed 'em where their uncle 'e was 'ung.
West Ham, Wanstead, Woolwich, Walthamstow,
Reached a spot they called St. Mary's Cray;
And then I sez to Ma, "Now we mustn't go too far,
'Cause I finks we've had a nice quiet day."

EXTRA VERSE.

When I takes the Missus out to have a row just arter tea,
The nippers let a moocher pinch my coat;
And the owner of the wessel 'e was nasty like with me,
Becos I lost the bottom of 'is boat.
When we got home at closin' time, I 'adn't got a sou,
Except the shilling on the gallon jar;
And when we totters in the pub, for half-a-pint or two,
I smashes it against the blessed bar.

CHORUS.

There was me and the Missus, and the 'arf-a-dozen kids,
Limping back to London froo the rain;
Sez a chap to me, "Oh, no, that ain't the way to Bow,
Go on a dozing miles, and ask again."
Lightning, thunder, 'ailing cats and dogs,
Water streamin' off me all the way;
And to finish up the night, well, the Missus 'as a fight,
But I'm glad we 'ad a nice quiet day.

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