at all his Engagements
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE ORIGINAL

COUNTRY CURATE.

Humorous Song.

Written, Composed and Sung

By

RONALD BAGNALL.

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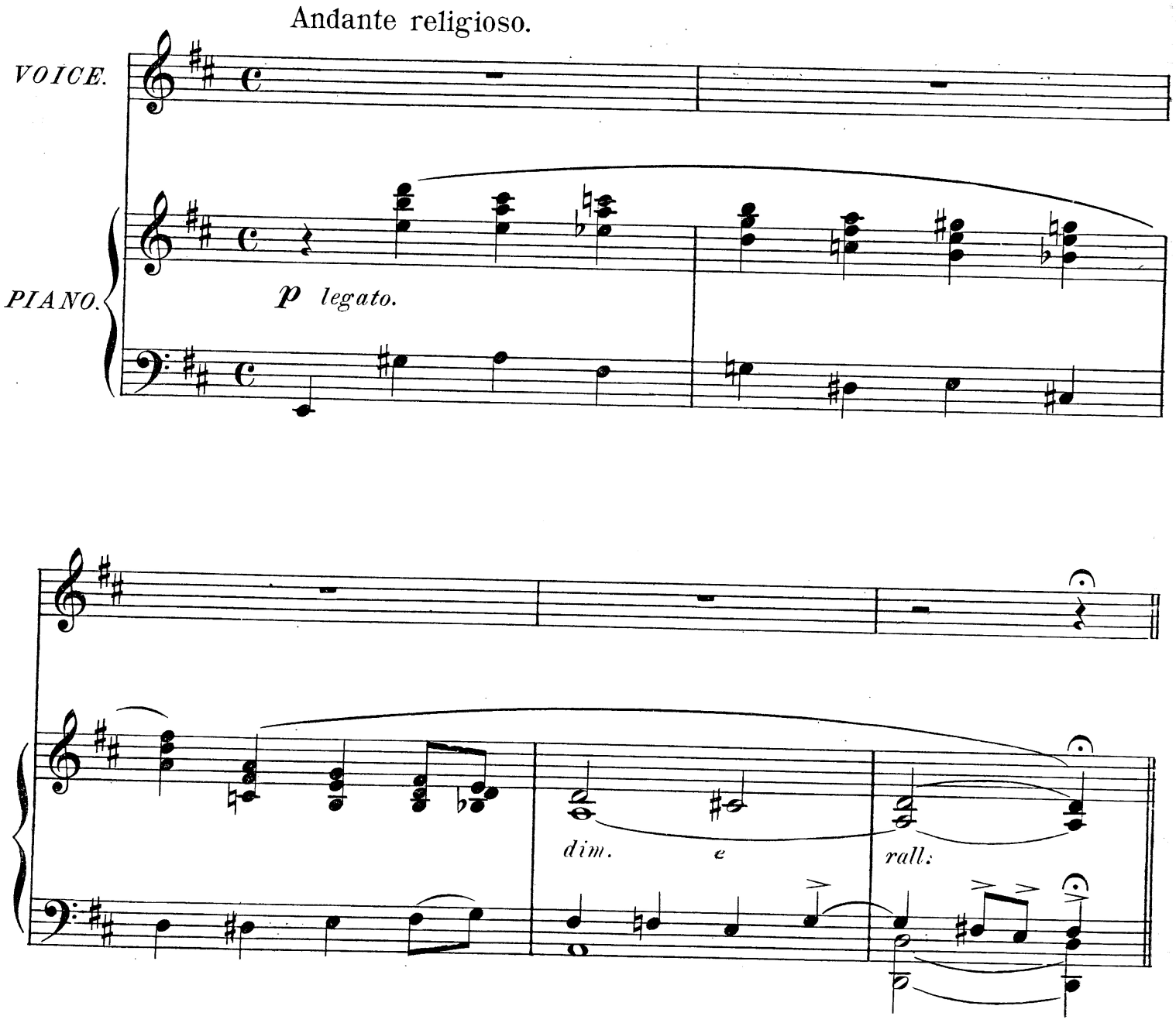

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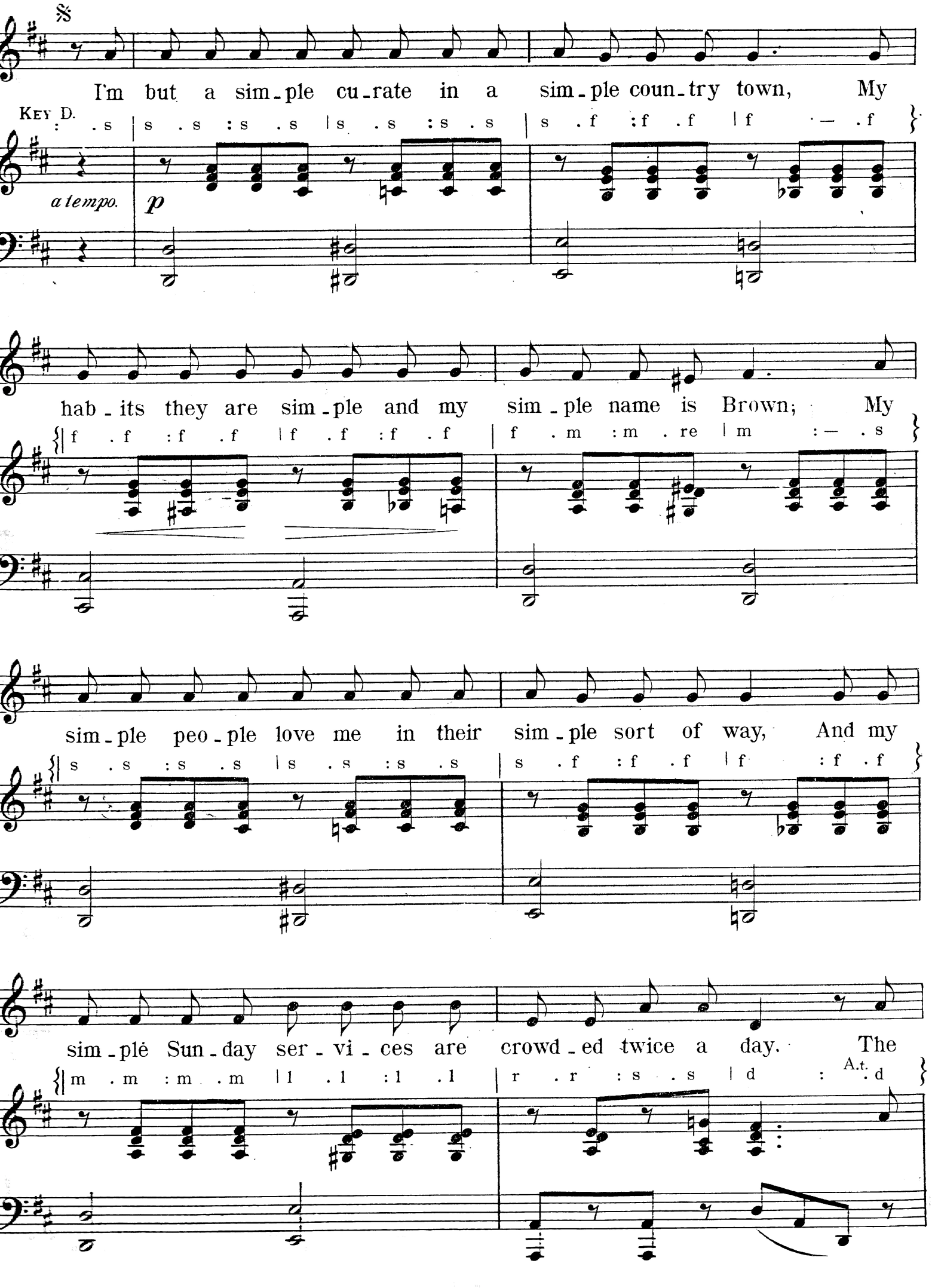
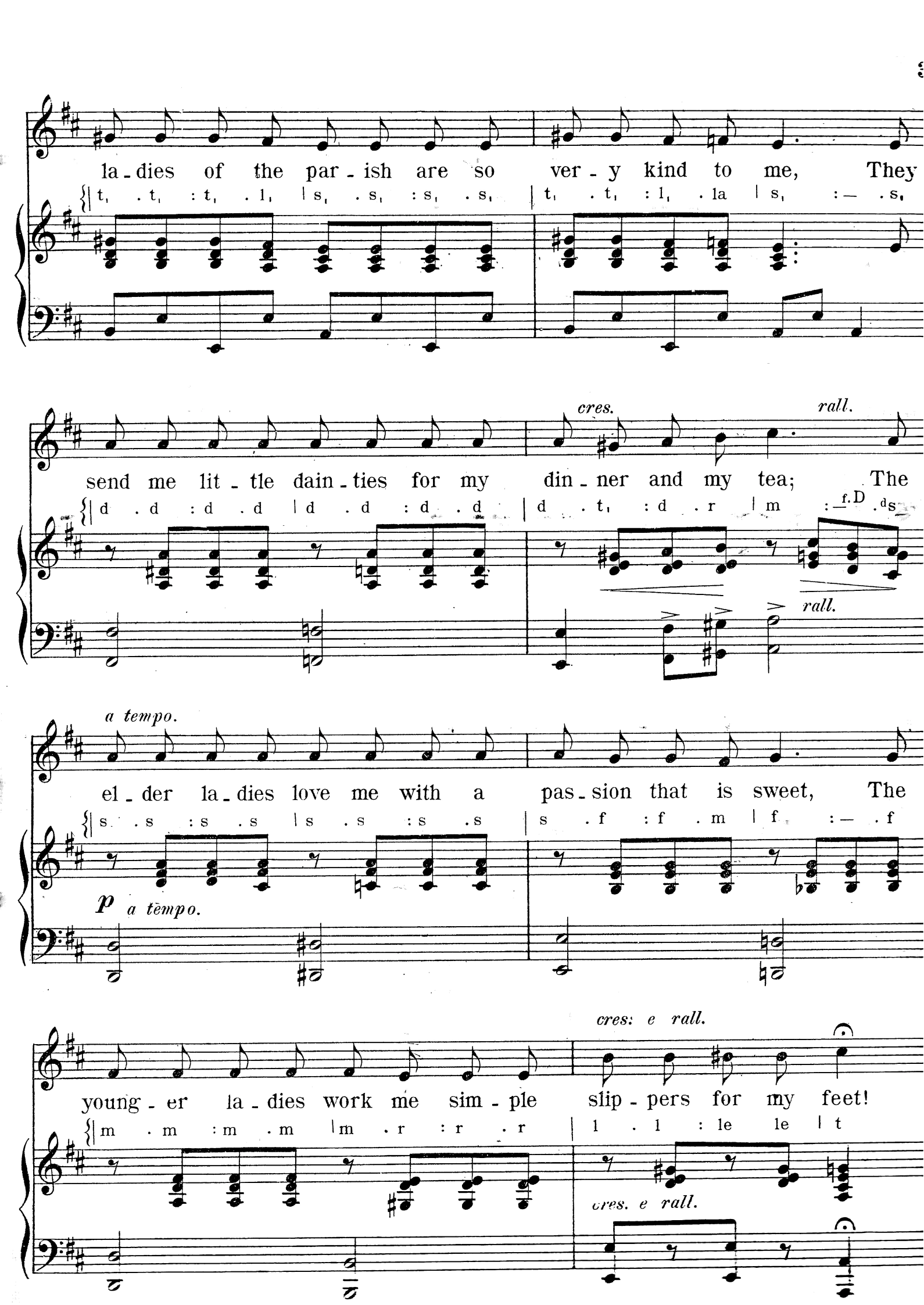
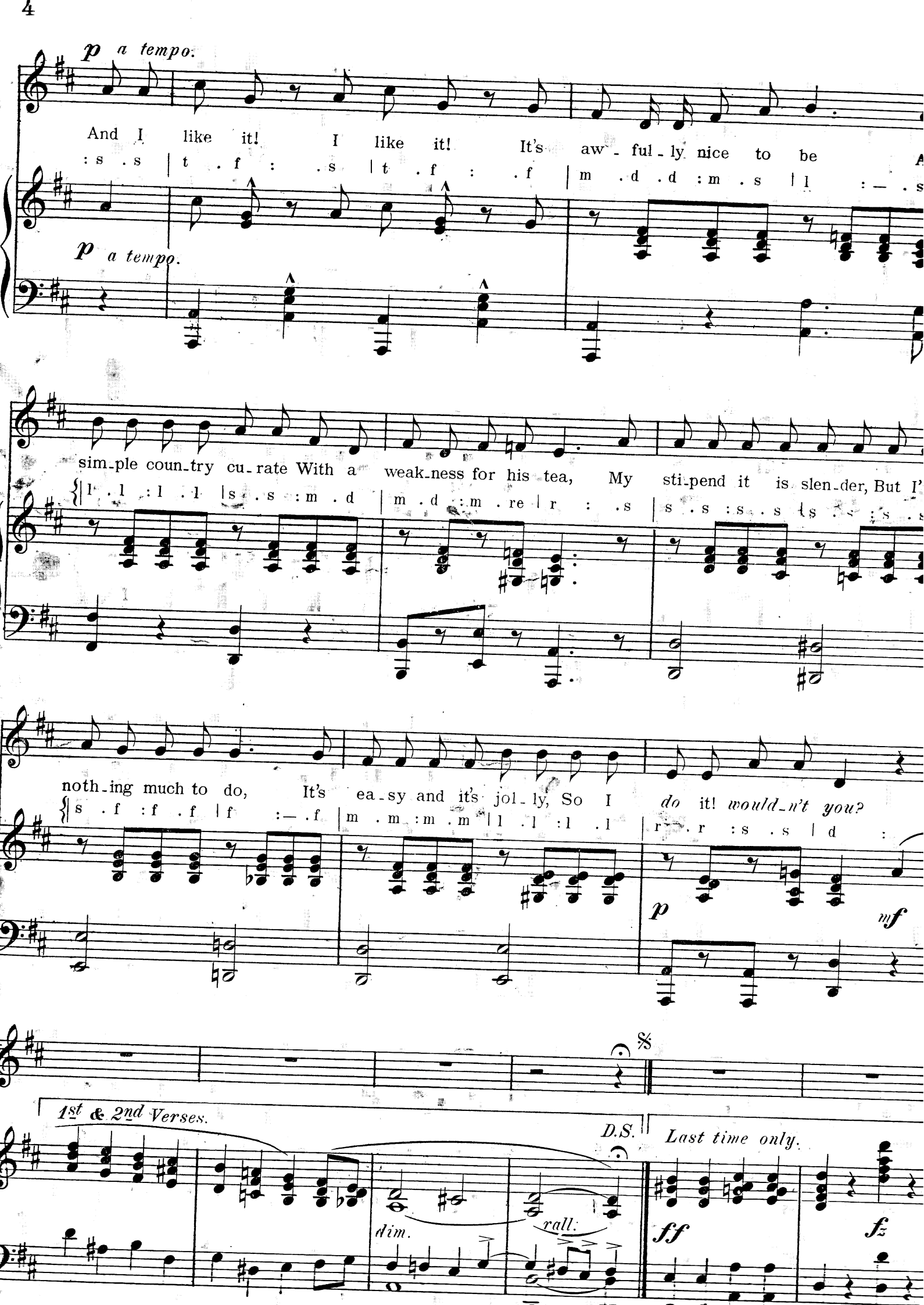

I'm but a sim-ple cu-rate in a sim-ple coun-try town, My
KEY D.
a tempo.
p
hab-its they are sim-ple and my sim-ple name is Brown; My
sim-ple peo-ple love me in their sim-ple sort of way, And my
sim-plé Sun-day ser-vi-ces are crowd-ed twice a day. The
A.t.


la - dies of the par - ish are so ver - y kind to me, They
send me lit - tle dain - ties for my din - ner and my tea; The
cres.
rall.
rall.
f.D
el - der la - dies love me with a pas - sion that is sweet, The
a tempo.
p
a tempo.
young - er la - dies work me sim - ple slip - pers for my feet!
cres: e rall.
cres. e rall.


p a tempo.
And I like it! I like it! It's aw - ful - ly nice to be
: s . s | t . f : . s | t . f : . f | m . d . d : m . s | l : — . s
p a tempo.
sim_ple coun_try cu_rate With a weak_ness for his tea, My sti_pend it is slen_der, But I'
| l . l : l . l | s . s : m . d | m . d : m . re | r : . s | s . s : s . s | s . s : s . s
noth_ing much to do, It's ea_sy and it's jol_ly, So I do it! would_n't you?
| s . f : f . f | f : — . f | m . m : m . m | l . l : l . l | r . r : s . s | d :
p
mf
1st & 2nd Verses.
D.S.
Last time only.
dim.
rall.
ff
fz

1

I'm but a simple curate in a simple country town,
My habits they are simple and my simple name is Brown;
My simple people love me in their simple sort of way,
And my simple Sunday services are crowded twice a day.
The ladies of the parish are so very kind to me,
They send me little dainties for my dinner and my tea;
The elder ladies love me with a passion that is sweet,
The younger ladies work me simple slippers for my feet!

And I like it! I like it!!
It's awfully nice to be
A simple country curate
With a weakness for his tea.
My stipend it is slender,
But I've nothing much to do,
It's easy and it's jolly,
So I *do* it! wouldn't *you?*

2

I'm quite a leading planet at our charity bazaars,
I sip from little tea-cups, with the up-to-date mammas;
I talk about my flowers, my greenhouse or my rose!
They chatter of their babies, their measles and their clothes.
We sometimes have a concert, what you call a "Monday 'pop'"
I sing "The Death of Nelson" and "A little bit off the top."
And when the concert's over I am sometimes asked to 'sup,'
They put something in my soda and they call it "Pick-me-up!!"

And I like it! I like it!!
It's awfully nice to be
A simple country curate
With a weakness for his tea.
I raise a strong objection,
But what are you to *do?*
If they make it you may stake it,
That I *take* it! wouldn't *you?*

(PATTER) On Monday evening next, at a quarter before eight, the young men of the Guild will hold their soda-and-milk smoking Concert— I shall *not* be there! On Tuesday evening next, the young ladies of the Guild will hold their annual Entertainment in the school-room. I *shall* be there! Let them all arrive. On Wednesday the Vicar will be here once more— you will all be very sorry to hear— to hear he is not looking well. He will deliver a short address entitled "Can Curates catch chicken-pox," after which I shall deliver a short address entitled *(any catch-phrase that may be going or occur to the singer)* There will be *no* collection, a thing which has not occured for years and years and years. On Thursday the school children will hold their annual picnic. I must ask all the little boys to come in clean white collars and all the little girls to come in clean white dresses. They will be conveyed to the fields in coal-carts. On Friday Mrs Blobs' latest arrival will be christened, "Horatio Wellington Winston Honest John Bob Blobs." I must ask Mrs Blobs not to be late— as she was last year, and has been now for years and years and years. On Saturday I leave for my annual holiday, and on Sunday there is a treat in store for you all—a *new* sermon by the Vicar. Subsequently I return to tennis and tea-meetings and a series of Lectures entitled "What ho! she vibrates!" a thing she has not done for years and years and years!

Repeat 1st Chorus for finish