

## The Tarpaulin Jacket.

A tall stalwart lancer lay dying,  
And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay, To his  
friends who around him were sighing,  
These last dying words he did say:  
Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,  
jacket, And say a poor buff-er lies low, lies low, And  
six stalwart Lan-cers shall carry me,  
carry me, With steps so-lemn, mourn-ful and slow.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Tarpaulin Jacket'. It consists of eight staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music is 'A tall stalwart lancer lay dying,'. The second line is 'And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay, To his'. The third line is 'friends who around him were sighing,'. The fourth line is 'These last dying words he did say:'. The fifth line is 'Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,'. The sixth line is 'jacket, And say a poor buff-er lies low, lies low, And'. The seventh line is 'six stalwart Lan-cers shall carry me,'. The eighth line is 'carry me, With steps so-lemn, mourn-ful and slow.'.

A tall stalwart Lancer lay dying,  
And as on his deathbed he lay, he lay,  
To his friends who around him were sighing,  
These last dying words he did say:

Chorus.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket,  
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low,  
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me, carry me,  
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow.

Had I the wings of a little dove,  
Far, far away would I fly, I'd fly,  
Straight for the arms of my true love,  
And there would I lay me and die.  
Chorus: Wrap me up, etc.

Then get you two little white tombstones,  
Put them one at my head and my toe, my toe,  
And get you a penknife and scratch there:  
"Here lies a por buffer below"  
Chorus: Wrap me up, etc.

Ang get you six brandies and sodas,  
And set them all out in a row, a row,  
And get you six jolly good fellows,  
To drink to this buffer below.  
Chorus: Wrap me up, etc.

And then in the calm of the twilight,  
When the soft winds are whispering low, so low,  
And the darkening shadows are falling,  
Sometimes think of this buffer below.  
Chorus: Wrap me up, etc.