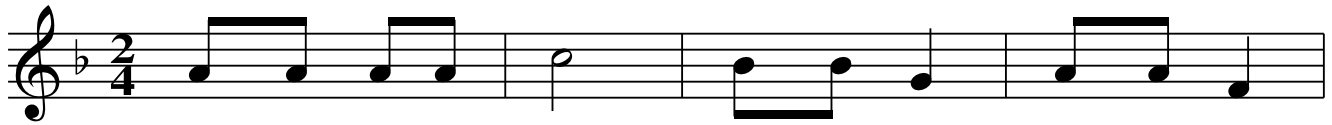


# Some Folks Do



Some folks like to sigh, Some folks do, some folks do,



Some folks like to die, But that's not me nor you.



Long live the mer-ry, mer-ry heart That laughs by night and day,



Like the Queen of mirth, No mat-ter what some folks say.

Some folks like to sigh,  
Some folks do, some folks do,  
Some folks like to die, But that's not me nor you.

(Chorus)

Long live the merry, merry heart  
That laughs by night and day,  
Like the Queen of mirth,  
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fret and scold,  
Some folks do, some folks do,  
Soon be dead and cold,  
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks get grey hairs,  
Some folks do, some folks do,  
Brooding over cares,  
But that's not me nor you.