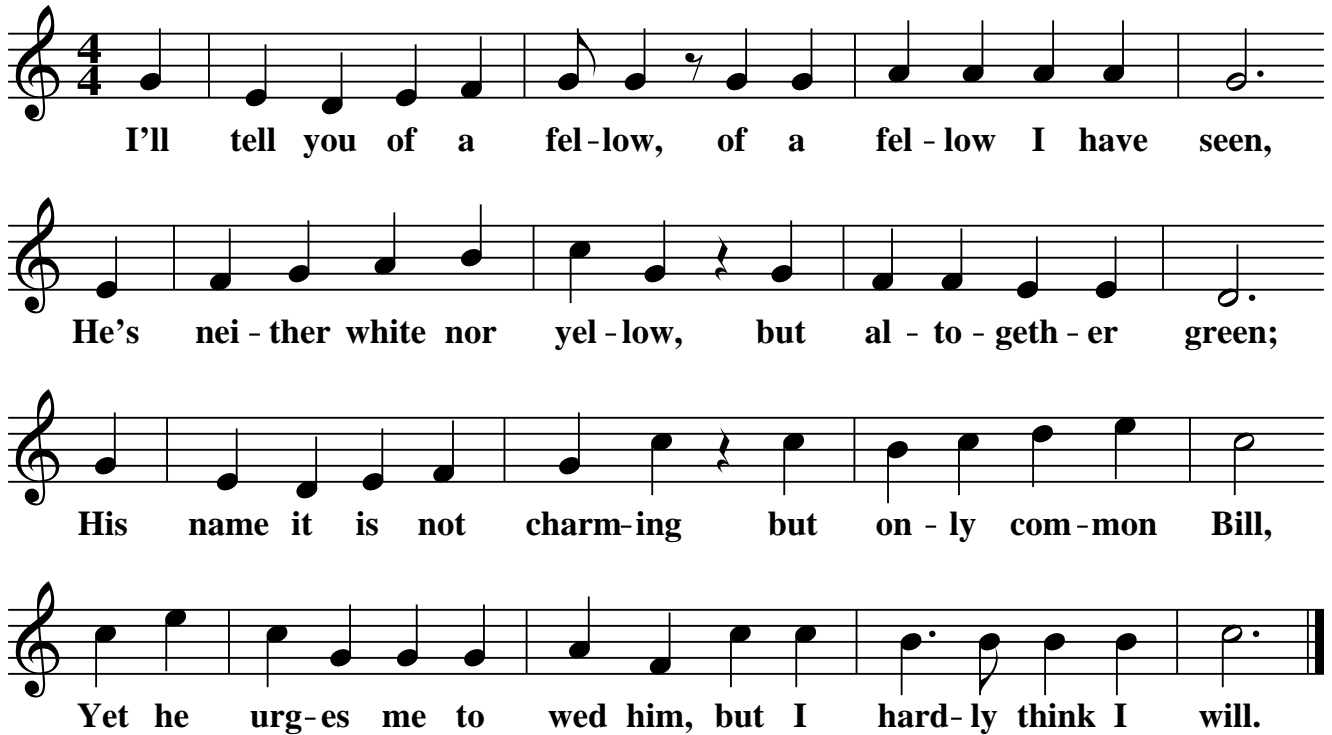


I'll Tell You of a Fellow



I'll tell you of a fel-low, of a fel-low I have seen,
He's nei-ther white nor yel-low, but al-to-geth-er green;
His name it is not charm-ing but on-ly com-mon Bill,
Yet he urg-es me to wed him, but I hard-ly think I will.

I'll tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen,
He's neither white nor yellow, but altogether green;
His name it is not charming but only common Bill,
Yet he urges me to wed him, but I hardly think I will.

Last night he came to see me, he made so long a stay,
That I really thought the blockhead would never go away;
He said it would be jolly as we journey up the hill
To go hand in hand together, but I hardly think I will.

He talk-ed of devotion, devotion pure and deep,
To me it seemed so silly, I nearly fell asleep,
The tears the creature wasted was enough to turn a mill,
Yet he urges me to have him, but I hardly think I will.

He told me of a cottage, of a cottage in the trees,
And don't you think this fellow fell down upon his knees?
He said we should be happy as we journey up the hill
To be always with each other, but I hardly think I will.

You know I would not choose him, but that I'm fairly in it,
For he says if I refuse him he could not live a minute;
And there are the commandments which say you must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over, and I really think I will.

