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Old bachelor.

Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 1797-1839

Philadelphia: Fiot, Meignonand Co. (264 Market St. (near S. 8th)),
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2^d Edition

35 +



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THE OLD BACHELOR,

Written by

Thomas H. Bayly, Esq.

and Dedicated to

The Author

of

THE OLD MAID

Price { with Piano acc. 50 Cts.
with Guitar acc 37 1/2

PHILADELPHIA

Published by Fiol, Meignen & Co. 217 Chestnut Street Near 7th Street

THE OLD BACHELOR
Written and Dedicated

TO THE
Author of the Old Maid

By
T. BAYLY.

Pub^d by Fiot, Meignen & Co. 264 Market St. near So. 8th.

Andantino

un poco

vivace.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing several whole rests. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (p) dynamic marking and containing a series of chords and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a series of eighth notes.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing several whole rests. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a series of eighth notes with triplets (marked with a '3') and a forte (f) dynamic marking. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a series of eighth notes.

When I was a schoolboy aged ten, Oh! mighty little greek I knew; With my

pp

short strip'd trowsers and now and then, With stripes upon my jacket too! When I


saw other boys to the playground run, I threw my old gra — dus by, And I

left the task I had scarce be—gun, "There'll be time enough for that" said I. "There'll be

pp *mf* *pp* *cres:*

time enough for that" said I.

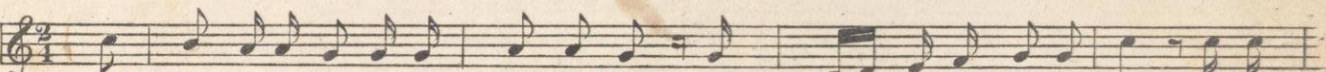
cres: *mf*

2nd VERSE. 


When I was at college my pride was dress, And my groom and my bit of blood; But
 as for my study, I must confess, That I was content with my stud: I was deep in my tradesmen's
 books, I'm afraid; Tho' not in my own, by the bye; And when rascally tailors came to be paid, "There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

3^d VERSE. 


I was just nineteen when I first fell in love, And I scribb'd a deal of rhyme, And I
 talk'd to myself in a shady grove, And I thought I was quite sub_lime: I was torn from my love! 'twas a
 dreadful blow, And the La_d_y she wiped her eye; But I didn't die of grief Oh dear me no, "There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

4th VERSE. 

The next was a lady of rank, a Dame, With blood in her veins you see; With the
 leaves of the Peerage she fann'd the flame, That now was consum_ing me: But tho' of her great de_
 -scent she spoke, I found she was still very high; And I thought looking up to a wife no joke, "There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

5th VERSE. 

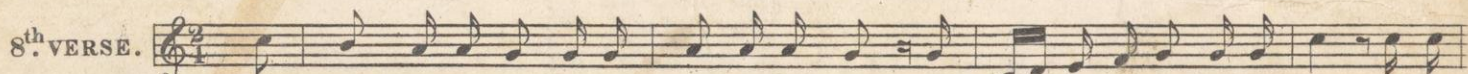
My next penchant was for one whose face, Was her for_tune, she was so fair! Oh! she
 spoke with an air of en_chanting grace, But a man cannot live upon air; And when po_verty enters the
 door, young love, Will out of the case_ment fly; The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove, "There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

6th VERSE. 


My next was a La-dy who lov'd romance, And wrote ve-ry splendid things; And she
 said with a sneer when I ask'd her to dance, "Sir I ride upon a horse with wings" There was ink on her thumb when I
 kissed her hand, And she whisper'd "If you should die, I will write you an e-pitaph gloomy and grand, There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

7th VERSE. 

I left her and sported my figure and face, At O-pe-ra par-ty and ball; I
 met pretty girls at ev'ry place, But I found a de-fect in all! The first did not suit me I
 cannot tell how, The se-cond I cannot say why; And the third, bless me I will not marry now, "There'll be
 time enough for that" said I. "There'll be time enough for that" said I.

8th VERSE. 

I look'd in the glass, and I thought I could trace, A sort of a wrinkle or two; So I
 made up my mind that I'd make up my face, And come out as good as new. To my hair I imparted a
 little more jet, And I scarce could suppress a sigh, But I cannot be quite an old Bachelor yet, "No there's
 time enough for that" said I. "No there's time enough for that" said I.

9th VERSE. 

I was now fifty one, yet I still did adopt, All the airs of a ju-venile beau, But
 some-how when-ever a question I popp'd, The girls with a laugh said "No." I am sixty to day not a
 very young man, And a bache-lor doom'd to die; So youths be advised and marry while you can, There's no
 time to be lost say I. There's no time to be lost say I.