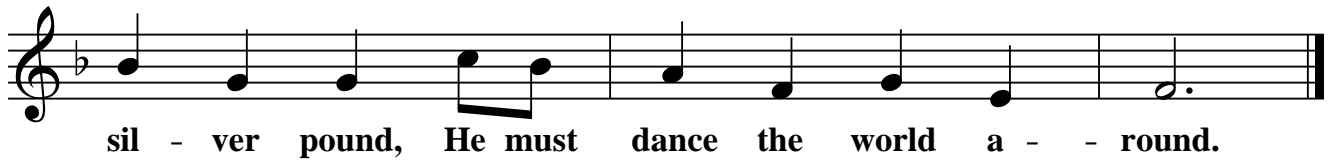


Bill Bones' Hornpipe

On a har - - bour wall, in a
sail - or hat, Is an old, old man with an old — grey — cat;
And he dreams all day of the
time he twirled In a sail - or's horn - pipe round the world.
It was ma - ny a wea - ry year a - - go When he
start - - ed off on nim - - ble toe For to
win the prize of a



sil - ver pound, He must dance the world a - - round.

On a harbour wall, in a sailor hat,
Is an old, old man with an old grey cat;
And he dreams all day of the time he twirled
In a sailor's hornpipe round the world.
It was many a weary year ago
When he started off on nimble toe
For to win the prize of a silver pound,
He must dance the world around.

From the harbour wall he began his dance,
And he took the road on the way to France,
And his old grey cat, for she loved him so,
Did a hornpipe to on tail and toe:
They danced to the deck of a sailing brig
With a hornpipe first and then a jig
For to win that prize of a silver pound
They must dance the world around.

Then the weeks went by, and the months grew long,
And he danced the native tribes among,
And the ju-ju men ran away in fear
As the twirling man and his cat drew near.
To the sandy wastes of Timbuctoo
They had sped along in a year or two,
For to win that prize of a silver pound
They must dance the world around.

But the years went by on the harbour wall
And there came no news of the pair at all.
And the people sighed, and they said "That's that!"
And forgot Bill Bones and his faithful cat.
But when twenty years had passed away
Came an old, old man and a cat so grey
For to win that prize of a silver pound
They must dance the world around.

Then the Mayor got up, and the Council too,
And they quickly asked, "Now who are you,
With your ragged clothes and your old black hat
And your tarred pig-tail and your dancing cat?"
"I'm Billy Bones and my feet are sore
And I never want to dance no more,
But I've come to claim that silver pound,
For I've danced the world around."