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Bom Bom Bom

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BOM, BOM, BOM,

OR, PRETTY

POLLY

PRINGLE.

MANCHESTER:

T. Pearson, Machine Printer, 4 and 6,
Chadderton Street, Oldham Road.

Sung by George Leybourne.

I'LL sing a tale, and tell a song,
About a party who went wrong;
And all through naughty Cupid's dart
Which shot her bang clear through the heart.
She had been courted by a bobby,
But gave him up for a chap more nobby;
Who's gorgeous appearance struck her dumb,
As he marched, and kept banging at a great big
drum'

Chorus.

For his bom! bom! bom! and tingle, tingle, tingle
Bom! bom! bom! and jingle, jingle, jingle;
Won the heart of pretty Polly Prindle,
Pretty Polly Prindle liked the bom! bom! bom

She saw this drummer in the Park,
She often met him in the dark;
Her Bobby love, with his carrotty hair,
She gave him "turnips!" then and there.
She scorned his bull's eye, and his staff,
Preferred her soldier's love by half,
The Bobby looked always blue and glum,
Besides—he hadn't got a bom! bom! bom;

One day while walking arm in arm,
The Bobby saw them with alarm;
He felt as he never felt before,
And a horrible revenge he swore.
"As she for me cares not a rap,"
Said he "I'll settle her bom! bom! chap;
So he collared the soldier on the march,
And charged him with stealing a railway arch!

The soldier got seven years for life,
So Polly never became his wife;
The bobby made sure she'd be his bride,
But she preferred a "sweet suicide."
And now that Bobby walks his beat,
In sadness—not even cold meat;
Delights his gaze, he feels so glum,
And nightly he dreams of the bom! bom! bom!

Now sad to me the morn and evening,
Joyless to me the world has grown,
Since my dear Nelly's gone to heaven,
And left me weeping here alone.

Nelly's gone.