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# More Work for the Undertaker

Charles Bignell

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# More Work for the Undertaker.

Sung by CHAS. BIGNELL.

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Listen to the song I'm going to sing you—  
You'll laugh till you haven't any breath—  
People, as a rule, now seem to think it funny  
When they hear of a violent death.  
Poor little Solomon Snoozer,  
He behav'd like an ass—  
He search'd round the house with a candle t'other night,  
To find a big escape of gas.

*Chorus :*

More work for the undertaker—  
Another little job for the tombstone maker—  
At the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a brand new grave—  
Snoozer's snuffed it!

Billy Buck by nature was a "moucher"—  
Hard work did'nt suit him it appears—  
He had never done one single bit of "graft"  
For nine-and-thirty years.  
Lately he had a bad nightmare,  
Bill at once got the "knock,"  
He dreamt he had been out looking for a job—  
He could'nt stand the terrible shock.

More work for the undertaker—  
Another little job for the tombstone maker—  
At the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a brand-new grave—  
Billiams "blewed it"!

Sammy Shuter laboured on the railway—  
His work he was very clever at—  
Sam, the other day, was polishing the metals  
With a lump of mouldy fat.  
Up came a runaway engine,  
Sam stood upon the track—  
He held up his hands, for he thoroughly believed  
He could push the locomotive back.

More work for the undertaker—  
Another little job for the tombstone maker—  
At the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a brand-new grave—  
Shuter's "shunted"!

Peter Piper visited a circus,  
He saw what he never could forget—  
One of the performers jumped from the ceiling  
Of the house into a net.  
Peter, a day or two after,  
Tried a similar drop—  
He leapt from a housetop fifty-seven feet,  
And fell upon a big, fat "slop."

More work for the undertaker—  
Another little job for the tombstone maker—  
At the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a brand-new grave—  
(For) Peter, and the P'liceman.

Little Freddie Figgleton, the fat boy,  
Last week called upon his Uncle Brown;  
Just before he left, young Freddie was presented  
With a bright, naw half-a-crown.  
Then, as he felt a bit thirsty,  
He went into a shop—  
Drank ten lemonades, a dozen ginger-beers,  
And then there was a big, loud pop!

More work for the undertaker—  
Another little job for the tombstone maker—  
At the local cemetery they've  
Been very, very busy on a brand-new grave—  
(For) Frederick's fragments!