

GALLOPIN' JOE.

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Allegretto. (Not too fast).

Voice.

Piano.

In a somewhat casual style.

mf

Gal - lop - in' Joe be the

dim.

fan - cy name us calls him in the Port,..... Tho'

cresc.

'tis-n' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hur-ry-in'

cresc.

sort;..... He'm last - est out an' last - est home when

dim.

us do launch an' haul,..... Ex - cep - tin' when he

dim.

rall. *rit.*

be so last he does-n' start at all!.....

rall. *rit.*

mp *Steadily.*

"Steady and slow be the way to go,

mp

cresc.

All the clever - est folk do know,

cresc.

f That's my mot - to" sez Gal - lop - in' *senza rall.*

f *senza rall.*

Joe.

mf

dim

GALLOPIN' JOE.

.....

GALLOPIN' Joe be the fancy name us calls him in the Port,
Tho' 'tisu' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hurryin' sort ;
He'm lastest out an' lastest home when us do launch an' haul,
Exceptin' when he be so last he doesn' start at all.

“Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.

His jersey be a packet of holes, but that don't worrit Joe,
For he allays goes with his jumper on so his jersey shouldn' show :
An' he wears a rope around the place where his waist belongs to be,
For buttons don't go 'longside o' Joe, an' “ Braces be danged,” sez he.

“Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.

Now, years ago, when Joe was young, an' maids was aisy to get,
He used to walk with a vitty maid, but they baint married yet,
For money were scarce an' housen scarce, but still Joe didn' worry,
An' tho' the maid had saved her clo'es, Joe said “ An' what's the hurry ?”

“Steady and slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.

Gallopin' Joe don't worry hisself what people sez an' thinks ;
When plaguey varmints calls him names he awnly smiles an' winks,
For “Steady an' slow,” sez Gallopin' Joe, “ be a handy motto to keep,”
An' “ If'ee looks for long enuff, there baint no need to leap.”

“Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.

The following are not set to music.

Now, maids don't count to wait too long when they'm been walkin' out ;
An' Joe's maid sees the rocks ahead an' puts her hellum about ;
An' off her goes to Hendra's Farm, an' afore a month was done,
Her'd stood in front o' Passun Geake an' married old Hendra's son.

“Steady an' slow be the way to go,
That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.

'Tis years ago. Young Hendra does exactly as he'm told ;
He doesn' drink, he dursn' smoke, he'm awnly growin' old ;
While Gallopin' Joe strawls round the Port an' tells what he do know.
There isn' a motto that's half so good as his'n “Steady an' slow”

Steady an' slow be the way to go,
“That's my motto,” sez Gallopin' Joe.