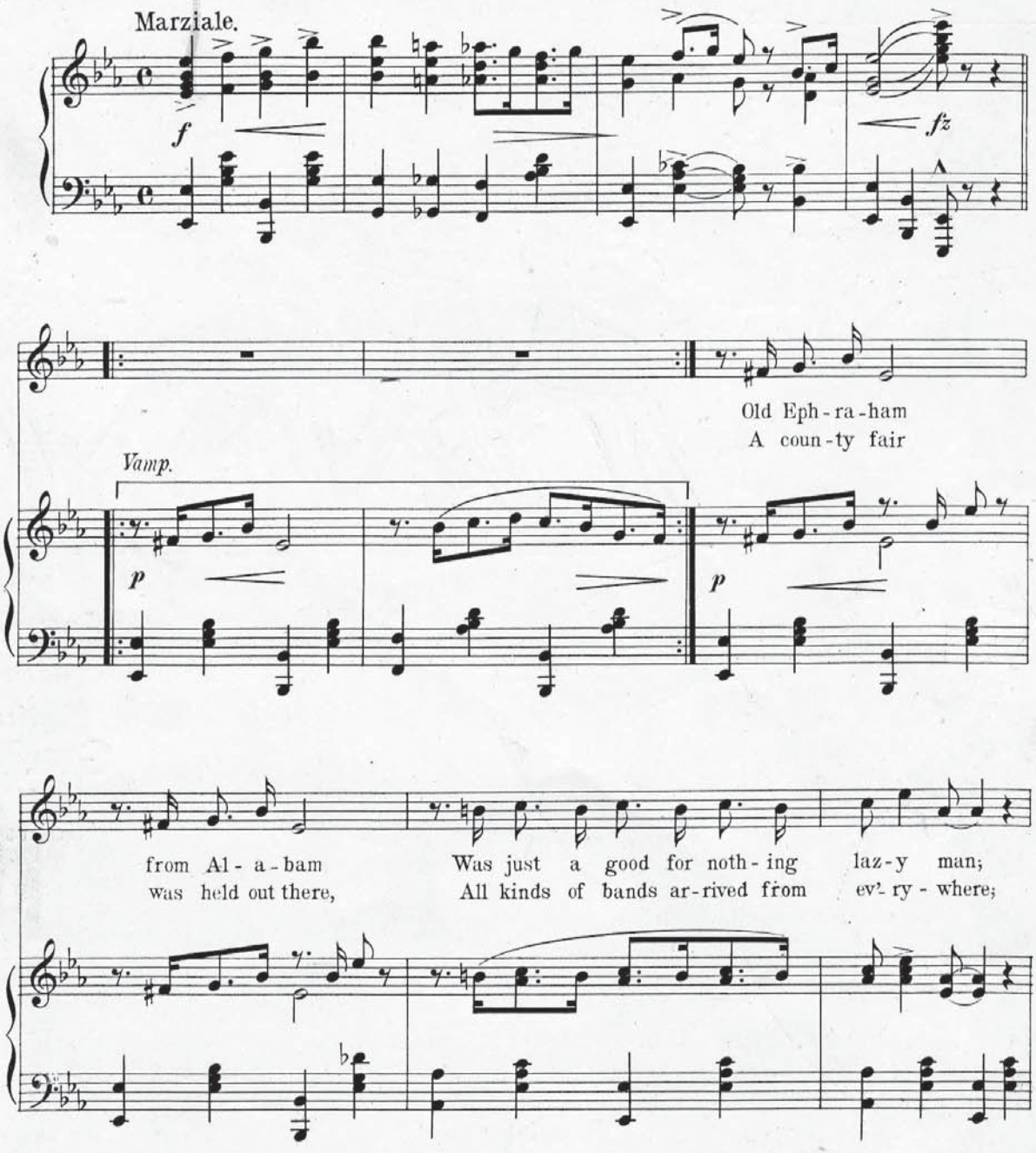
 SM 1744

Brass Band Ephraham Jones.

Words by
JOE GOODWIN.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.



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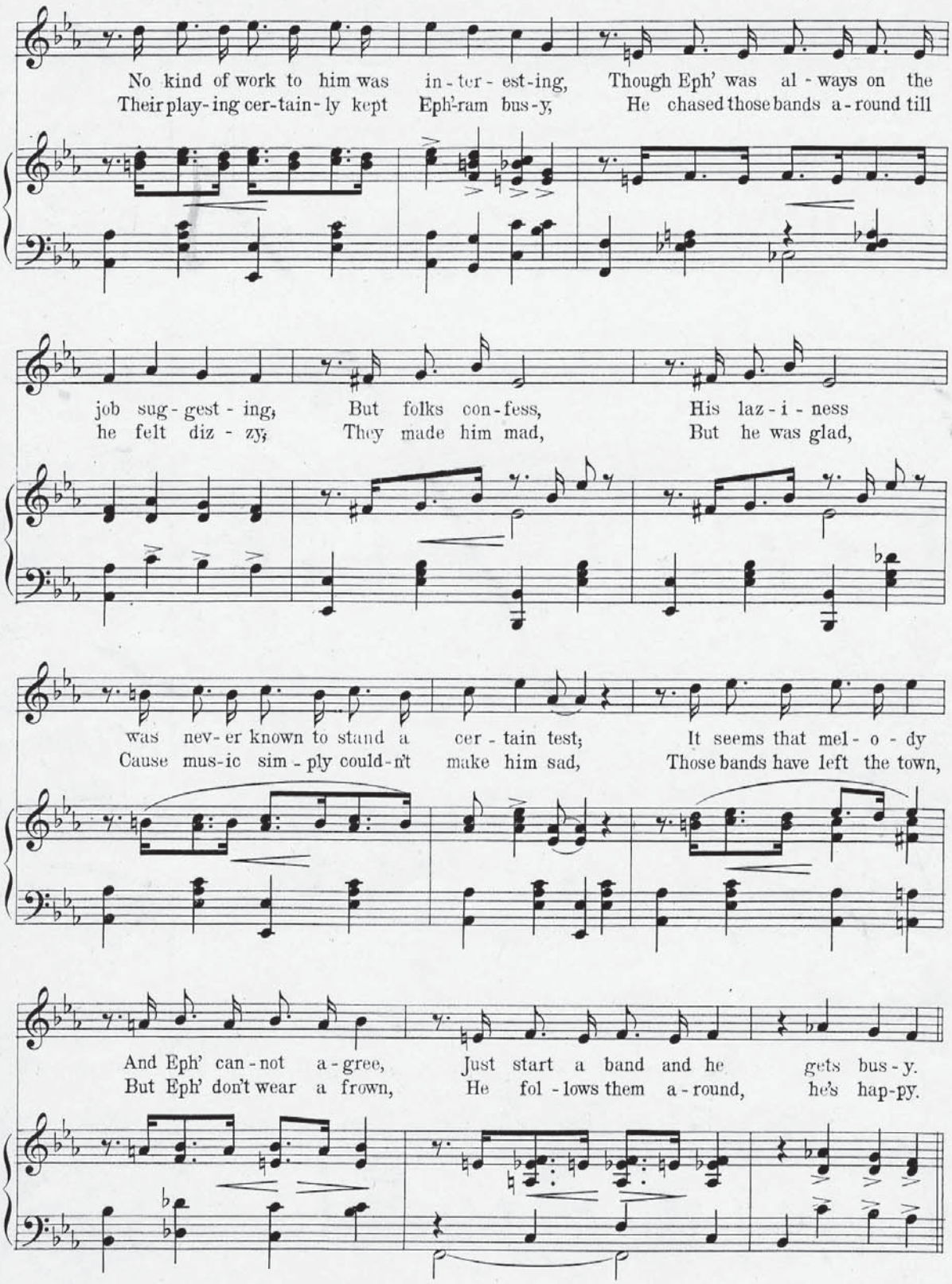
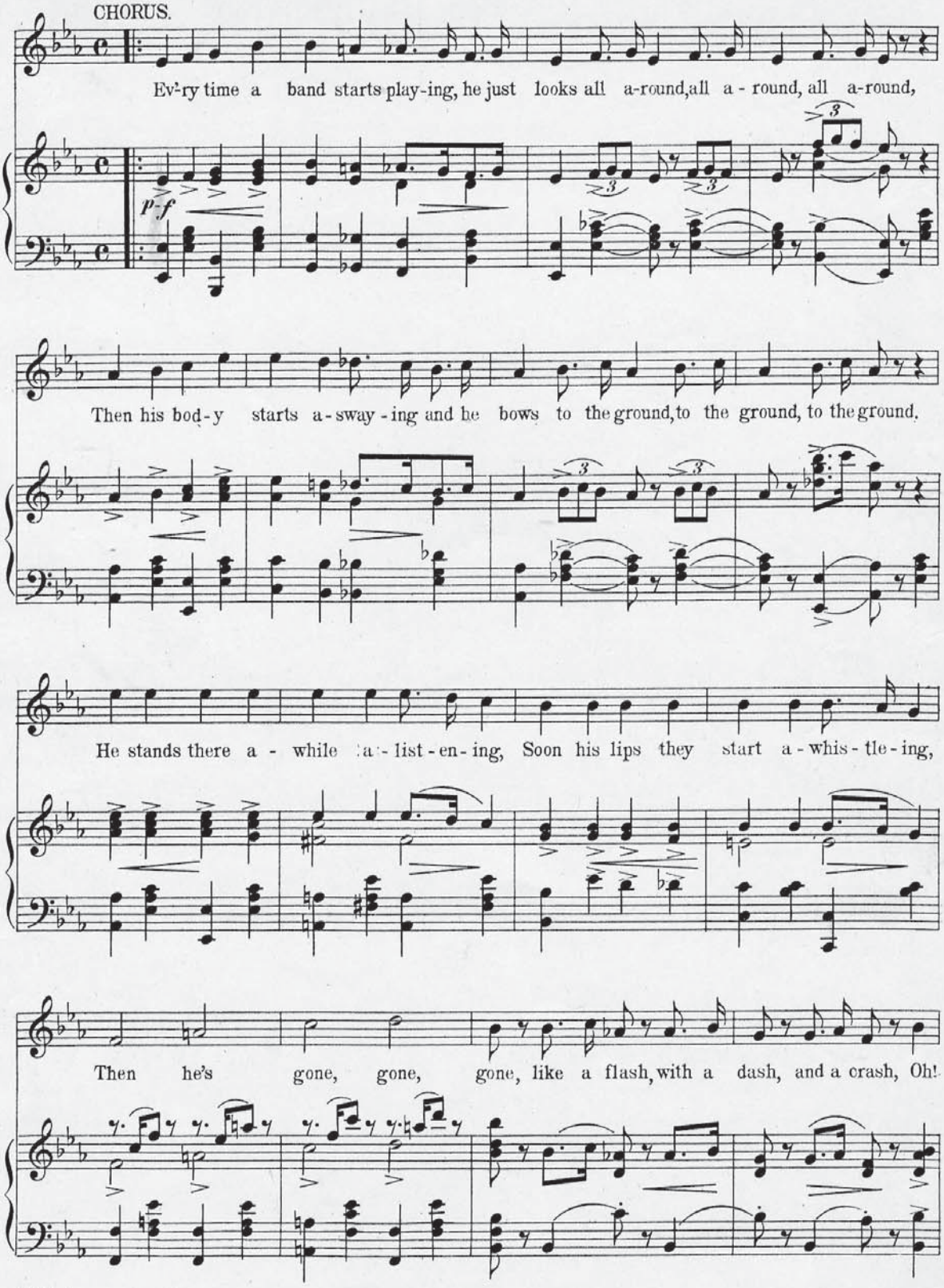
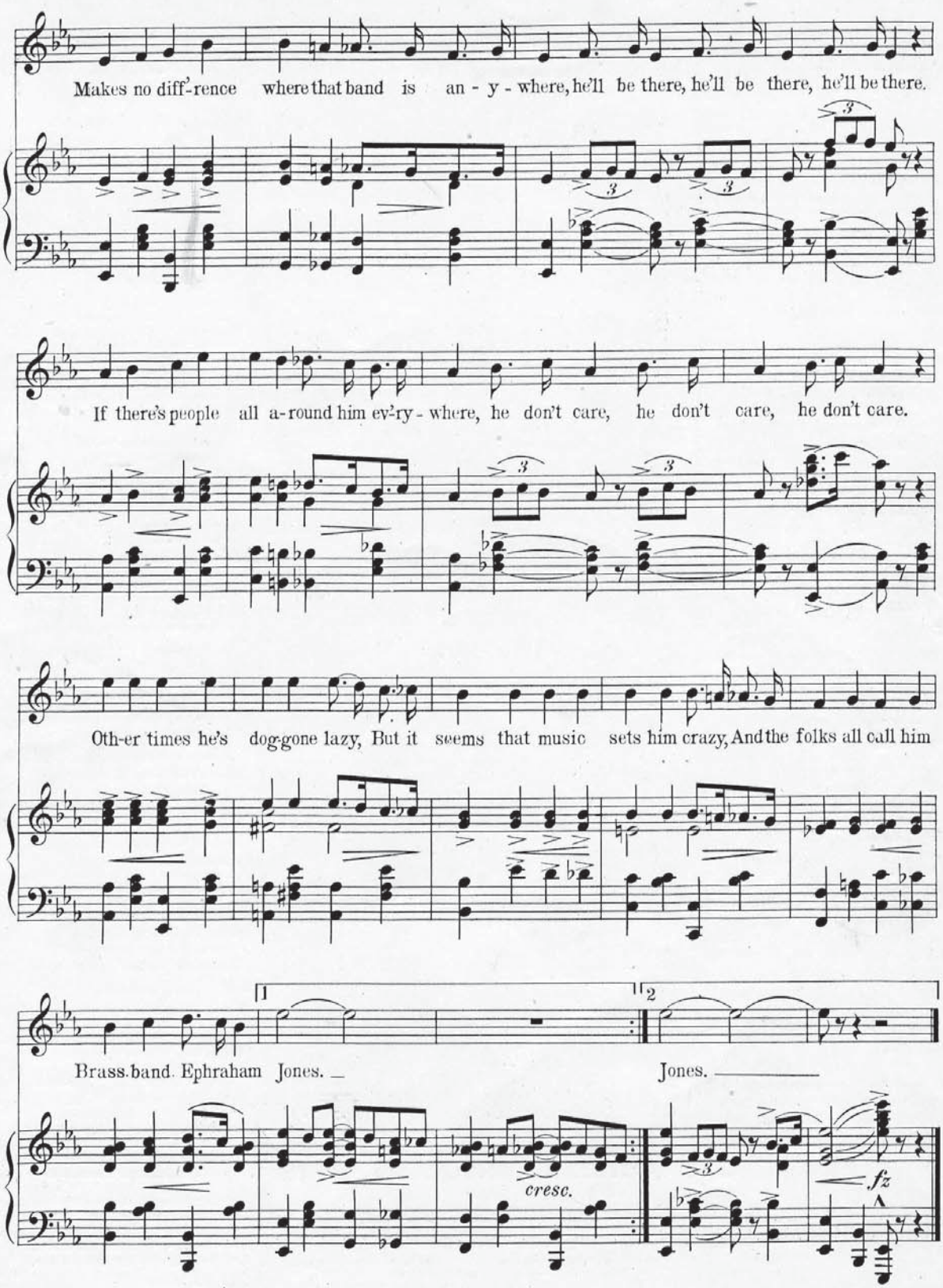

No kind of work to him was in - ter - est - ing, Though Eph' was al - ways on the
Their play - ing cer - tain - ly kept Eph'-ram bus - y, He chased those bands a - round till
job sug - gest - ing, But folks con - fess, His laz - i - ness
he felt diz - zy; They made him mad, But he was glad,
was nev - er known to stand a cer - tain test; It seems that mel - o - dy
Cause mus - ic sim - ply could - n't make him sad, Those bands have left the town,
And Eph' can - not a - gree, Just start a band and he gets bus - y.
But Eph' don't wear a frown, He fol - lows them a - round, he's hap - py.

CHORUS.


Ev'-ry time a band starts play-ing, he just looks all a-round, all a - round, all a-round,
p-f
Then his bod-y starts a-sway-ing and he bows to the ground, to the ground, to the ground.
He stands there a - while lis-ten-ing, Soon his lips they start a-whis-tle-ing,
Then he's gone, gone, gone, like a flash, with a dash, and a crash, Oh!



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