

Simon the Cellarer

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1. Old Si-mon the Cell-ar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi - sie . . . And
 2. Dame Mar-ger-y sits in her own stillroom, And a ma - tron sage is she. . . From
 3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks about tak-ing a wife; . . . And

Cyp - rus, and who can say how man-y more! For a char - y old soul is he. . . A
 thence oft at cur - few is waft - ed a fume; She says it is Rose - ma - rie, . . . She
 Mar - ger - y of - ten is heard to de - clare She ought to be settled in life, . . . She

char-y old soul is he. . . Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
 says it is Rose - ma - rie. . . But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the
 ought to be set-tled in life. . . But Mar-ger-y has (so the maids say) a tongue And she's

ad lib.

all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er ail-eth, he
 maids say they of-ten see Mar-ger - y there, Now Mar-ger-y says that she
 not ver - y hand-some, and not ver - y young, So somehow it ends with a

8va

leggiere *col voce*

sosten.

a tempo

quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six flag - ons a day ;
 grows ver - y old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold !
 shake of the head, And Si - mon he brews him a tank - ard in - stead,

a tempo

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But ho! ho! ho! His nose doth show How off the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 But ho! ho! ho! Old Si-mon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
 While ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ger-y no, no, no!

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