SUNG BY

MISS MARGARET COOPER.

YOU'LL GIT HEAPS O' LICKIN'S

SONG

WORDS BY

F. L. STANTON

MUSIC BY

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE

PRICE 2/- NET

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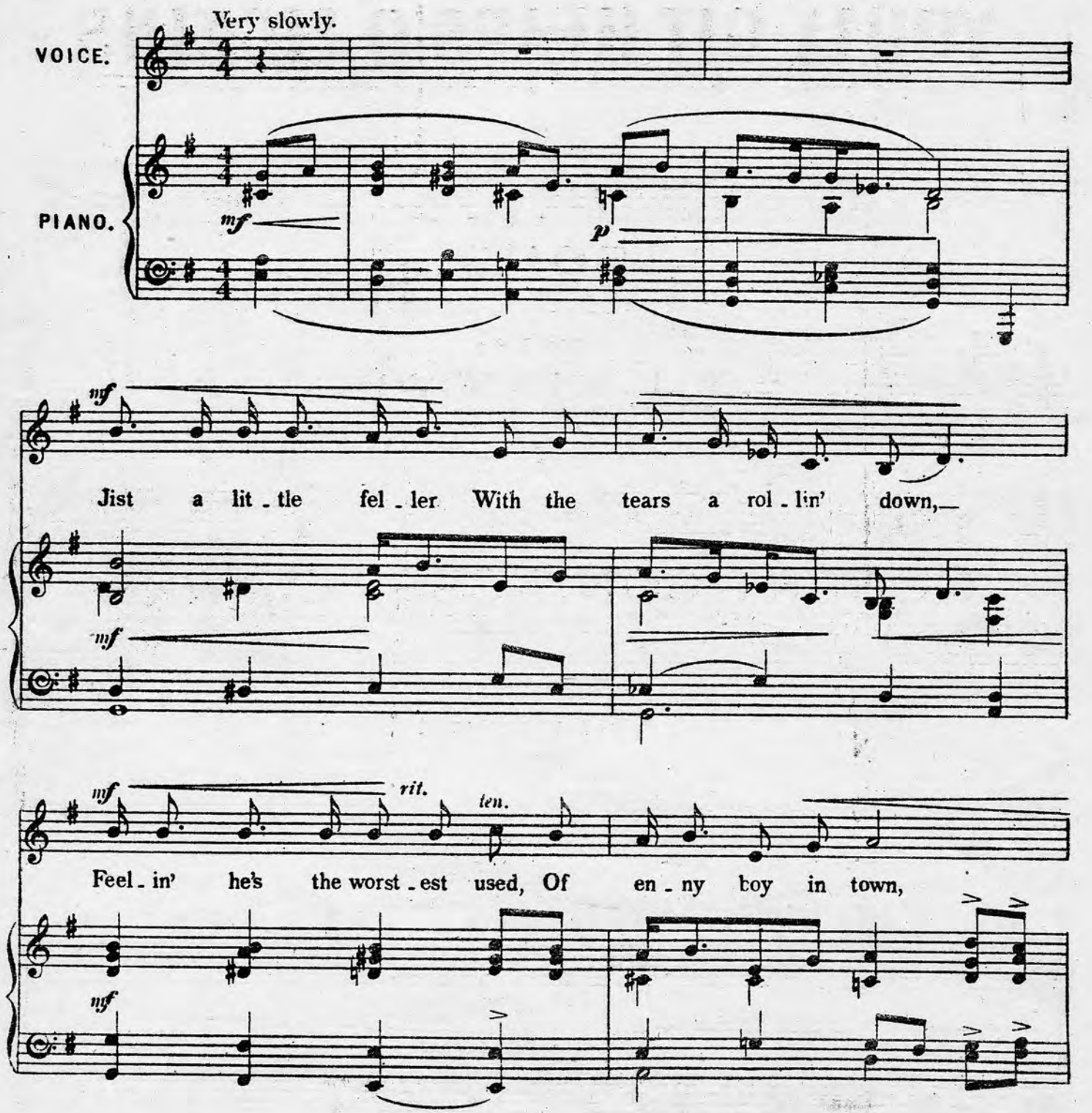
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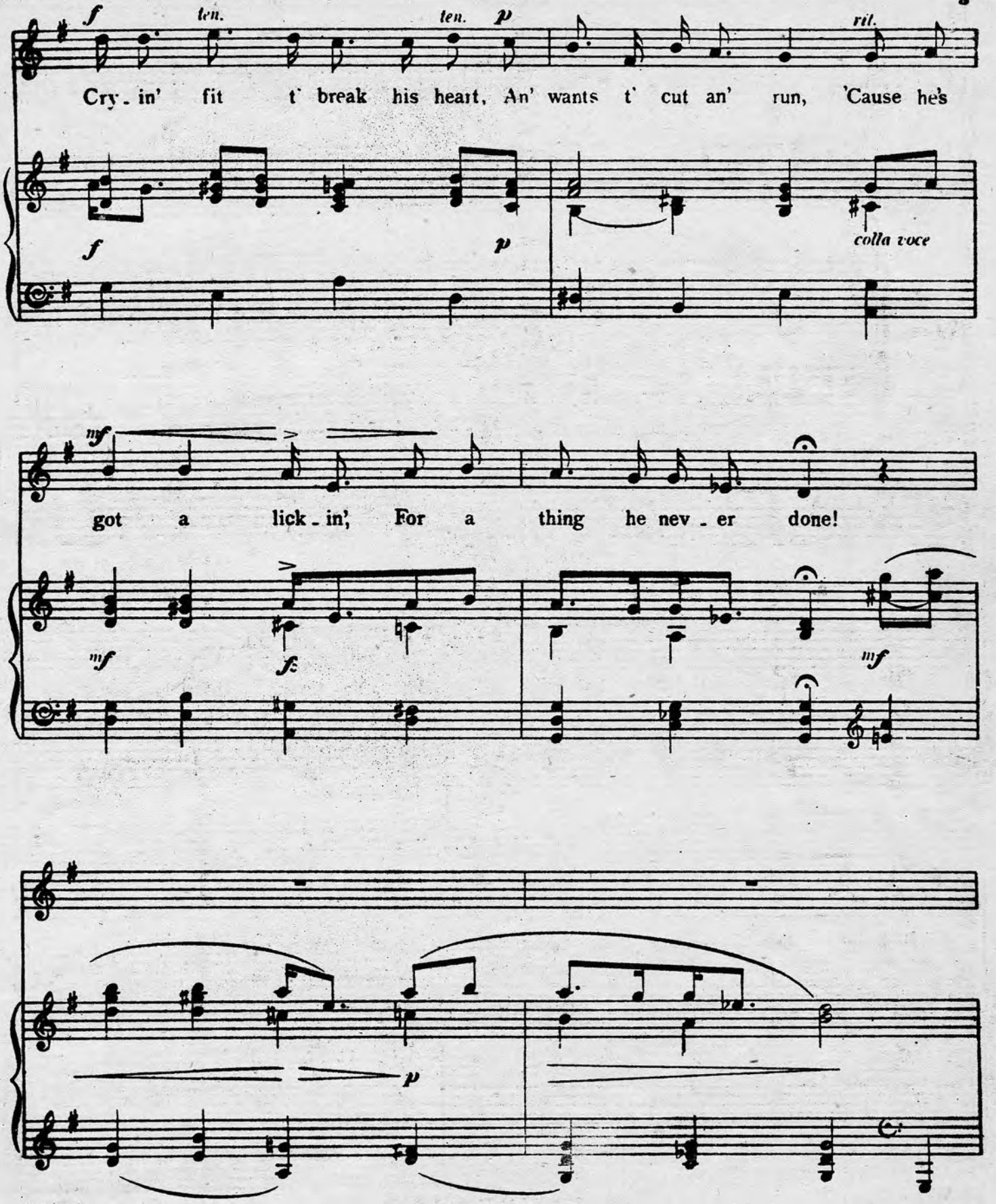
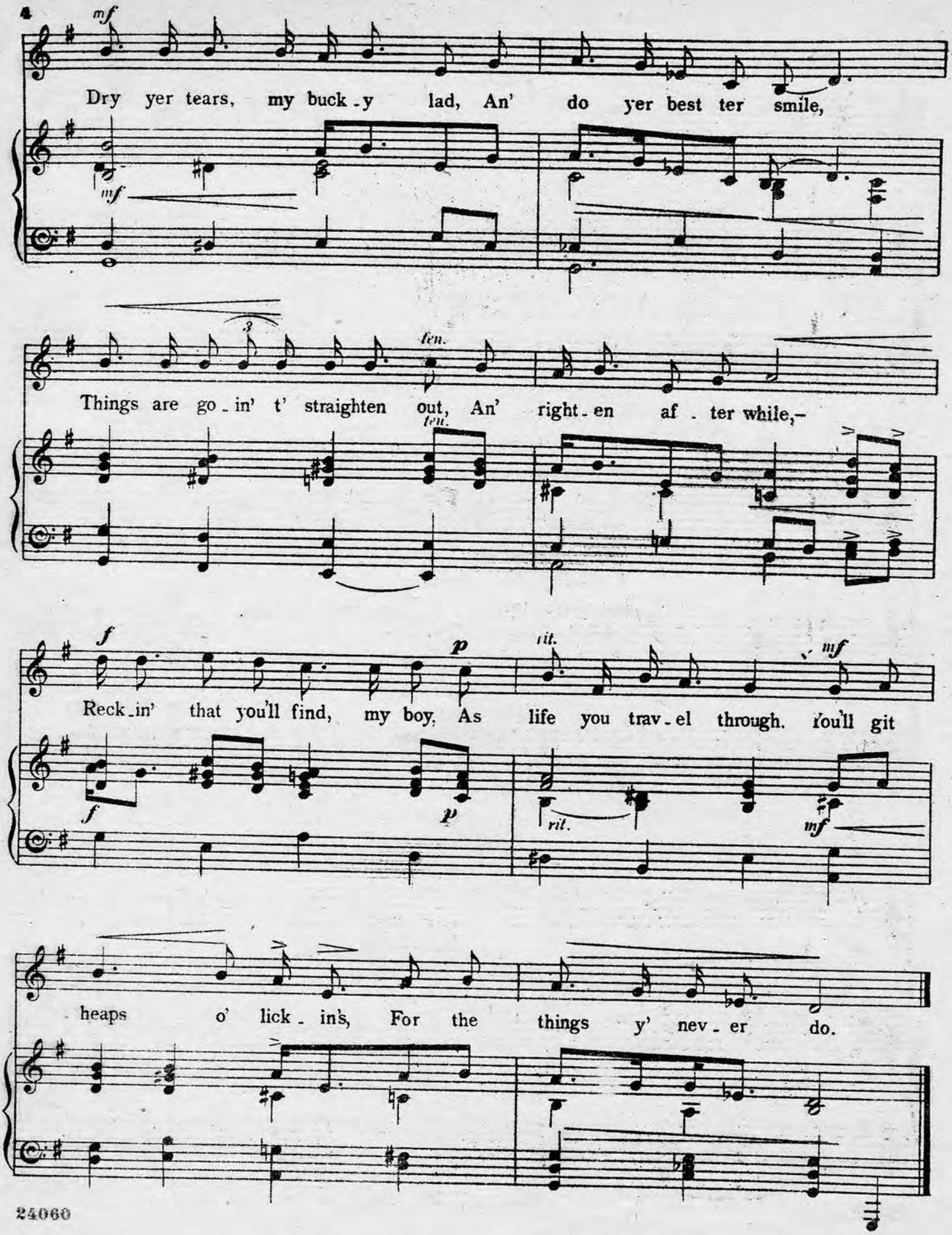

f
ten.
ten.
p
ril.
Cry - in' fit t' break his heart, An' wants t' cut an' run, 'Cause he's
f
p
colla voce
mf
got a lick - in', For a thing he nev - er done!
mf
fz
mf
p

mf
Dry yer tears, my buck - y lad, An' do yer best ter smile,
mf
3
ten.
Things are go - in' t' straighten out, An' right - en af - ter while,-
ten.
f
p
rit.
mf
Reck - in' that you'll find, my boy, As life you trav - el through. You'll git
f
p
rit.
mf
heaps o' lick - in's, For the things y' nev - er do.

YOU'LL GIT HEAPS O' LICKIN'S.

Jist a little feller
With the tears a rollin'down,
Feelin' he's the worstest used
Of enny boy in town,
Cryin' fit t' break his heart,
An' wants t' cut an' run,
Cause he's got a lickin'
For a thing he never done.

Dry yer tears, my bucky lad,
An' do yer best ter smile,
Things are goin' t' straighten out
An' righten after while,–
Reckin' that you'll find, my boy,
As life you travel through,
You'll git heaps o' lickin's
For the things y' never do.

F. L. Stanton.

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