

Sammy Slap, The Bill Sticker - song lyrics

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Sammy Slap, the Bill Sticker.

I'm Sammy Slap, the bill sticker, and you must all agree, sirs,
I sticks to business like a trump, and business sticks to me, sirs;
The low folks call me plasterer, but they deserve a banging,
Because, genteelly speaking, why my trade is paper-hanging.

CHORUS.

With my paste, paste, paste,
Oh, all the world is puffing.
So I paste, paste, paste.

All 'round about the city now, when anything's the go, sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a sticking up the posters;
I've hung Ned Forrest twelve feet high, and did it, sirs, quite easy,
And I've been engaged, too, lately, both by Mario and Grisi.-Chorus.

I'm not like some in our trade, they deserve their jackets laced, sirs.
They stick up half their bosses bills, and sell the rest for waste, sirs;
Now honesty's best policy, with a good name to retire with,
So what I doesn't use myself my old girl lights the fire with.-Chorus

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the church, with charitable sermons.
And sometimes for the theatre, the English and the Germane;
To me, of course, no odds it is, as long as I'm a winner.
Whether I slicks up for a saint or hangs up for a sinner.- Chorus.

There's Jenny Lind, I'm proud to say, sweet music's great adorer,
I've had the honour of posting her in every hole And corner;
Albani, too, so nice and plump, I've stuck her up, that's certain,
And I've plastered Mrs. Mowatt right on top of Billy Burton.-Chorus.

Well, now, before I say good-bye, permit me to remind ye.
That 'round about the city here, you're always sure to find me,
And if ever you shall have a job, to show how I deserve ye,
About the town, through thick and thin, I'll brush along to serve ye.-Chorus.