

Bonapo
 A Medley
 by Philip Paul Bliss
 (Pro Phundo Basso)

[1.]
 By the darkly flowing river,
 Where the leaves in silence quiver,
 In a cold forboding shiver,
 See the exile Bonapo.
 Dark and damp the ivy clinging
 To the branches o'er him swinging,
 Mournfully and low he's singing,

Nor for Joe, not for Joe, not for Joe is

The farm, the farm, the dear old farm,
 We'll have to mortgage the farm,
 We'll have to mortgage the

"Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"

Now fare-thee-well my
 Tin-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka,
 Fath-thee-well, said Bonapo.

[2.]
 See, where bat and owl are flitting,
 Moodily his dark brows knitting,
 Bonapo in silence sitting,

Under the beautiful stars,
 Under the beautiful stars.

[Recitando]
 Then a rustle was heard in the ivy
 tree. And the Watcher Gray thus
 answered me,

[Fast]
 Now I'll whistle,
 Now I'll sing;
 Now I'll caper,
 Now I'll fling;
 Now the chairs about I'll swing,
 For know you sir, I'm married, So

Hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
 Whe the sleep shall be broken by

[Lively]
 Jolly Old Roger the tinmaker man
 Who lived in a garret in New Amsterdam,

[Slower]
 With his Sons of brave Sires, born of forefathers free,
 Mid the

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the tin,
 In the dining room, the kitchen hall,

All the Golden prime of May,
 All in the Golden prime of Bonapo.

[3.]
 Now the purple twilight failing,
 Now his tear-wet cheek is paling,

Now I seem to hear him wailing,

Send me some money home,
Send me some money home,
For I wont go home until morning,
I wont go home until morning,
I wont go home until

Grass grows green above me,
And a sweet, sad voice will say:

High, diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,
They all ran up to the farmer's wife
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As poor Old Bonapo.