

Ben. Lawrs
82 Castellain Mansions, W.

THE VILLAGE PUMP.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

ARCHIE NAISH

Syn
Come Ladies & Lads

VOICE.



Steadily, and Well Marked.

PIANO.



There's a pret - ty lit - tle vil - lage far a - - way, Where they

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "There's a pret - ty lit - tle vil - lage far a - - way, Where they".

grows new po - ta - ters, corn and 'ay, There's a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "grows new po - ta - ters, corn and 'ay, There's a".

track - lin' lit - tle rill, That works a lit - tle mill, And the

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "track - lin' lit - tle rill, That works a lit - tle mill, And the".

mill it keeps a - work - in' all the day. There's a

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "mill it keeps a - work - in' all the day. There's a".

lot of lit - tle 'ous - es in a lump, And a

p

pub call'd the Mag - pie and — Stump, But you

make no mis - take, The thing that takes the cake, Is the

pride of all the place, the Vill - age Pump.

REFRAIN.

The Vil.lage Pump, The Vil.lage Pump, The Vil.lage
Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump. The Vil.lage Pump, The Vil.lage
Pump, The Vil.lage Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump.

mf *rall.* *fz* *mf*

Red. *

mf

rall. *fz*

mf

mf

THE VILLAGE PUMP.

1

There's a pretty little village far away,
Where they grows new potatoes, corn and 'ay,
There's a tricklin' little rill,
That works a little mill,
And the mill it keeps a-workin' all the day.
There's a lot of little 'ouses in a lump,
And a pub call'd the Magpie and Stump,
But you make no mistake,
The thing that takes the cake,
Is the pride of all the place, the Village Pump.

The Village Pump, The Village Pump,
The Village Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump.
The Village Pump, The Village Pump,
The Village Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump.

2

'Equire 'e likes a bit of fun,
When his boy was twenty-one
'E give us all a treat,
There was nuts and things to eat,
And the kids got an orange and a bun.
There was candy for the boys and gals to crump,
And races where you 'op, skip and jump,
But to celebrate the day
In a proper sort of way,
We shoved another 'andle on the Pump.
On the Pump, &c.

4

One night the rummiest chap we'd ever seen,
Give a temperance lecture on the green,
'E said us fellers 'ere
Was much too fond of beer,
And 'e spouted like a penny Magazine.
'E run down the Magpie and Stump,
Till we all began to get the bloomin' 'ump,
'E says "Water - that's for me."
We all says - "Right you be!"
So we took 'im out and ducked 'im at the pump.
At the Pump, &c.

3

We 'ad a new policeman,
A sloppy-lookin' feller,
One that thought he was a
But by gum I do declare
He was what you'd call a
The neighbours say as 'ow 'e's off 'is chump,
For one night he came across a biggish lump,
He says, "Move on, you're tight!"
But when 'e showed a light,
He found out he was talkin' to the Pump!
To the Pump, &c.

5

Our milkman's bin a-gettin' in a fuss,
We noticed that 'is milk was gettin' wuss,
He'd got a kind of scheme
Where 'e collared all the cream,
And it used to make the women sort of
So one night we found 'im out fair and pi
We followed up the milkman in a lump,
We kept 'im well in sight,
Where 'e went you know all right,
For there was a lively meetin' round the pump
Round the Pump, &c.

THE VILLAGE PUMP.

There's a pretty little village far away,
Where they grows new potatoes corn and hay,
There's a tricklin' little rill,
That works a little mill,
And the mill it keeps a-workin' all the day,
There's a lot of little 'ouses in a lump,
And a pub Call'd the Magpie and Stump,
But you make no mistake,
The think that takes the cake,
Is the pride of all the place, the Village Pump.

Chorus. The Village Pump, the Village Pump,
The Village Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump,
The Village Pump, The Village Pump,
The Village Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump, Pump.

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Chorus. At the Pump

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We followed up the milkman in a lump,
We kept 'im well in sight,
Where 'e went you know all right,
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Chorus. Round the pump.

THE VILLAGE PUMP.

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2

Our Squire 'e likes a bit of fun,
So when 'is boy was twenty-one
'E give us all a treat,
There was nuts and things to eat,
And the kids got an orange and a bun.
There was candy for the boys and gals to crump,
And races where you 'op, skip and jump,
But to celebrate the day
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At the Pump, &c.

3

We 'ad a new policeman 'other week,
A sloppy-lockin' feller so to speak,
One that thought he was all there,
But by gum I do declare
He was what you'd call a sort of livin' freak.
The neighbours say as 'ow 'e's off 'is chump,
For one night he came across a biggish lump
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