300

(11)

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No 5.

AWAY DOWN EAST

Comic Song

Composed and sung by the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

THE SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

F. L. White

Words by

ARTHUR MORRELL.

25¢ net

BOSTON
Published by OLIVER DITSON *115 Washington St*

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.
RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.
THE LITTLE MAID.
THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.
THE OLD GRANITE STATE.
THE SNOW STORM.
KING ALCOHOL.

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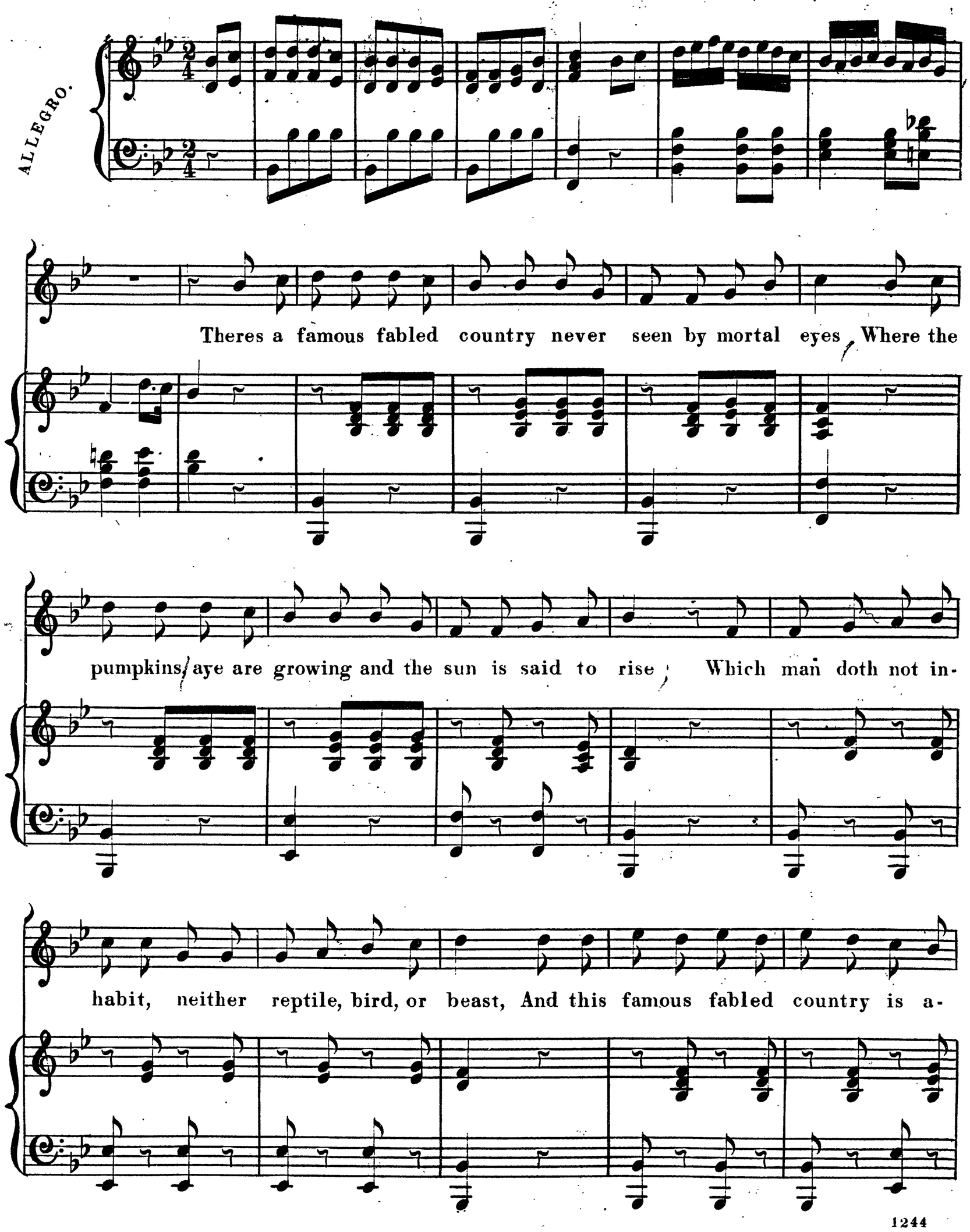
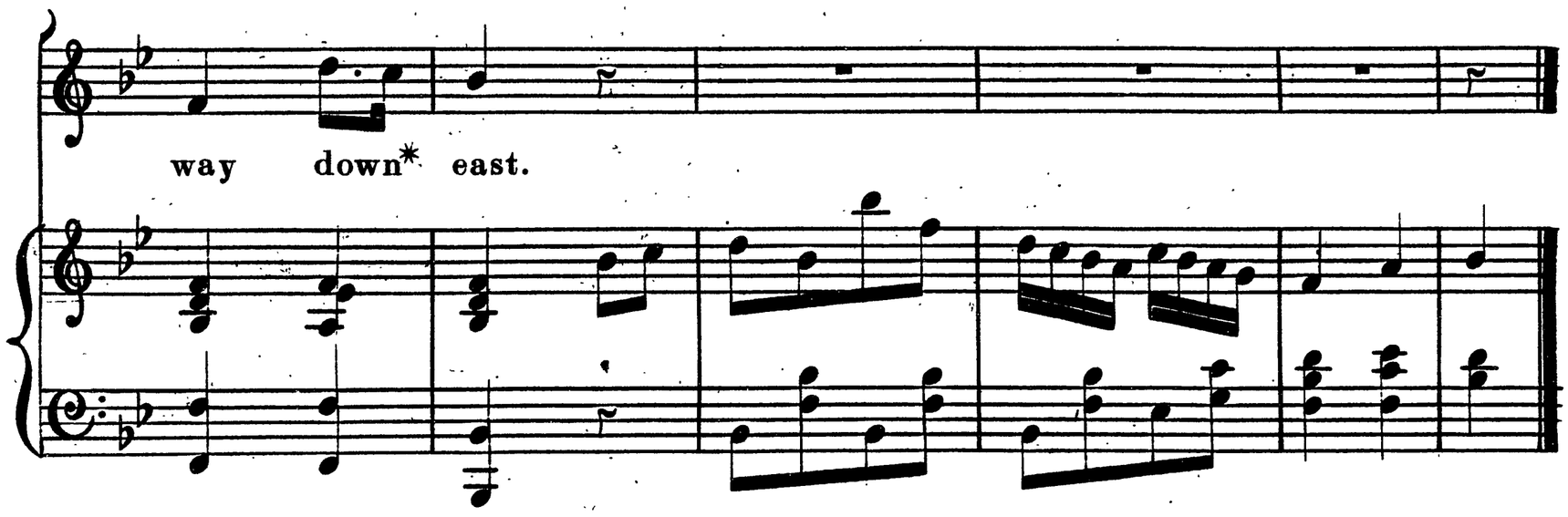
AWAY DOWN EAST.





2

It is called a land of notions of apple sauce and greens,
A paradise of pumpkin pies, a land of pork and beans;
But where it is, who knoweth! neither mortal man nor beast,
But one thing we're assured of 'tis away down east.

3

Once a man in Indiana took his bundle in his hand,
And he came to New York city to seek this fabled land;
But how he stares on learning what is new to him at least
That this famous fabled country is farther down east.

4

Then away he posts for Boston with all his main and might,
And he puts up at the Tremont house, quite sure that all is right;
But they tell him in the morning a curious fact at least,
That he has'nt yet began to get away down east.

5

Then he hurries off to Portland with his bundle in his hand,
And he sees Mount-joy, great joy for him for this must be the land;
Poh: nonsense man your crazy, for doubt not in the least,
You'll go a long chalk farther e'er you find down east.

6

Then away through mud to Bangor, by which he soils his drabs,
The first that greets his vision is a pyramid of slabs;
Why this, says he is Egypt here's a pyramid at least,
And he thought that with a vengeance he has found down east.

7

My gracious yes he's found it, see how he cuts his pranks,
He's sure he cant get farther for the piles of boards and planks;
So pompously he questions a Pat of humble caste
Who tells him he was never yet away down east.

*Sometimes pronounced daown.

EIGHTH VERSE.

But soon he spies a native who was up to snuff I wean, Who

pointing o'er a precipice says don't you see something green. Then off he jump'd to

rise no more ex-cept he lives on yeast, And this I think should be his drink a-

way down east.

NINTH VERSE.

And now his anxious mother whose tears will ever run Is

ever on the look-out to see her rising son But she may strain her

eyes in vain I calculate at least Her son has set in regions

wet a - way down east.