no 17 77

BARON BÖHMBIG,

or the

Rival Jumpers!

Comic Song.

Composed by

J. BLEWITT.

Entd Sta. Hall.

London:

Lenas T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

Price 2/-

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BARON BÖHMBIG,
or
THE RIVAL JUMPERS.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

Sung by Mr W.H. Williams, at Vauxhall.

PIANO FORTE.

ALLEGRETTO, POMPOSO.

8va

Loco

In Turkey there liv'd such a mighty Bashaw, That what-

e-ver he did or said it was law And he vow'd that his daughter should

Lento.

give her fair hand, In marriage to one of a fam'd foreign land. So he

2

caused to be printed a cer - tain de - cree, In - vi - ting the Nobles of

p *f* *p*

A Tempo.

ev' ry de gree, Stating he who jump't high'est to set a - side strife Should

ff *p* *f*

win his fair daughter, and make her his wife. Jump high. Oh O.

8va

jumping we go.

Loco *ff* *8va* *Loco*

SECOND VERSE.

The rivals all met, such a rum looking throng, Of all kindreds, and tongues; some

f

short and some long; Some had shoes with cork soles, and some channel pumps; To

p

Lento

try the effect of their won-der-ful jumps! 'Mong the guests was a German, *VON*

ff

A Tempo

BARON BÖHMBIG, Who in Holland had purchased his shoes for this rig, Which in

82

speed should out vie e-ven Mer - cu - ry's wings, And of In-di-an rubber were

p *f*

made, and with springs. Jump high. Oh O. Jumping we go.

gva Loco

THIRD VERSE.

The day being fix'd, to the Palace they hied, Where this mighty Bashaw their

fate should decide, Each had used his endeavour the La-dy to earn, But the

BARON, who thought that he'd have the last turn, So having now lac'd Mynheer's

patent shoes on, And fancied the prize he had all-rea-dy won He

just gave a spring to put them to proof, And a-way went the Baron, right

bang through the roof. Jump high. Oh. O. Jumping we go.

BARON BÖHMBIG,

OR

THE RIVAL JUMPERS.

I.

In Turkey there dwelt such a mighty Bashaw,
That whatever he did, or said, it was law;
And he vow'd that his daughter should give her fair hand
In marriage, to one of a famed foreign land.
So he caused to be printed a certain decree,
Inviting the noble of every degree—
Stating he who jump'd highest, to set aside strife,
Should win his fair daughter, and make her his wife.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

II.

The rivals all met, such a rum looking throng,
Of all kindreds, and tongues; some short and some long;
Some had shoes with cork soles, and some channel pumps,
To try the effect of their wonderful jumps.
'Mong the guests was a German, Von Baron Bohmbig,
Who in Holland had purchased his shoes for this rig,
Which in speed should outvie even Mercury's wings,
And of Indian Rubber were made, and with springs.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

III.

The day being fix'd to the Palace they hied,
Where this mighty Bashaw their fate should decide;
Each had used his endeavour the Lady to earn,
But the Baron—who thought that he'd have the last turn.
So having now laced Mynheer's patent shoes on,
And fancied the prize he had already won;
He just gave a spring, to put them to proof,
And away went the Baron right bang through the roof.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

IV.

The folks all amazed ran into the street,
Where they saw the poor Baron come down on his feet,
But the springs were so strong, that in two or three falls
He was carried just ten times as high as St. Pauls.
The Baron not liking this jumpeting berth,
Cursed the Dutch and their shoes as he came down to Earth,
And he call'd out for aid with stentorian might,
But bounced up again, and went clean out of sight.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

V

He now had become such an ariel sprite
That he did not reach Turkey until the next night,
And though daily the people were gazing to seek,
He appear'd not again for more than a week:
The next time he came down, poor Baron Bohmbig,
His body was stiff, and without hat or wig,
The crows of his face had began to make carr'on,
And the people all said, " that can't be the Baron."
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

VI.

When Philosophers wish to examine the Moon,
They use the poor Baron instead of balloon;
And strange though the tale is, the Turks they do say,
His skeleton's jumping to this very day:—
Should the weather prove fine, and the sky very clear,
If you go you may see him come down once a year;
And believe it or not, for prove it I can,
'Twas this which gave *rise* to the flying Dutch-man.
Jump high, jump low, jumping we go.

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