

PUNCHINELLO

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

James Lynam Molloy (1837–1909)

1. He was a Pun - chin - el - lo, Sweet Col - um - bine was she,
 2. Bright was the day she mar - ried, And there a - mong the rest,
 4. But when the play was o - ver, Forth to her grave he crept,
Sing 4th verse slowly and with feeling.

He loved the ground she danced on, She laughed his love to see,
 Came poor old Pun - chin - el - lo, He was the blith - est guest,
 Laid one white rose up - on it, Then sat him down and wept;

Till he laughed him - self as gai - ly, Danc - ing, jok - ing ev - 'ry night;
 Had they seen his tears at mid - night, In his gar - ret near the sky,
 But the peo - ple, had they seen him Gaz - ing to the moon - lit sky,

1, 3. "He's the mad - dest, mer - riest fel - low!" Cried the peo - ple with de - light.
 2, 4. "He's the mad - dest, quaint - est fel - low!" That would still have been their cry.

rall.
 "Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Pun-chin-el-lo! Bra-vo, Pun-chin-el - lo!"

23 *p* More slowly, with feeling 77

3. One win-ter morn they told him Sweet Col-um-bine was dead; He nev-er joked so gai - ly

29 *poco rall.*

As that night, the people said, Nev-er sang and laughed so mad-ly, Ah! for his heart that night!