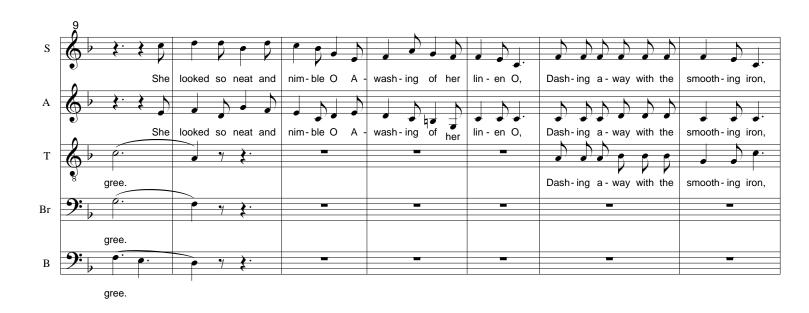
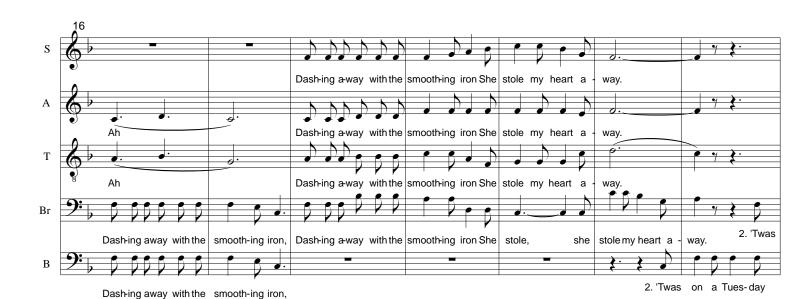
Dashing Away With the Smoothing Iron

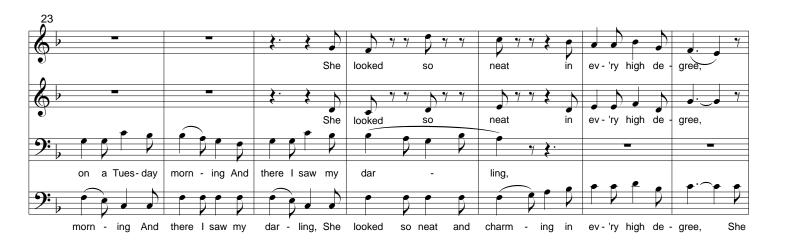
Traditional; arr. John Rutter

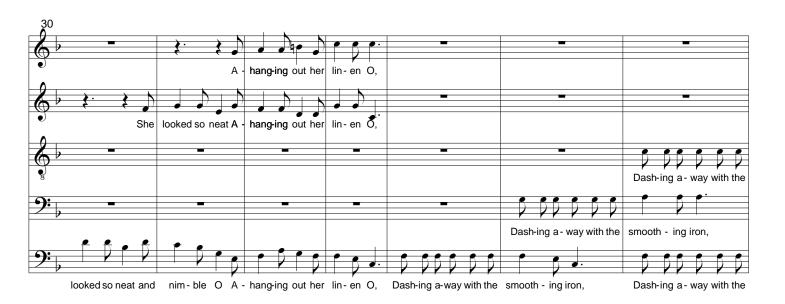


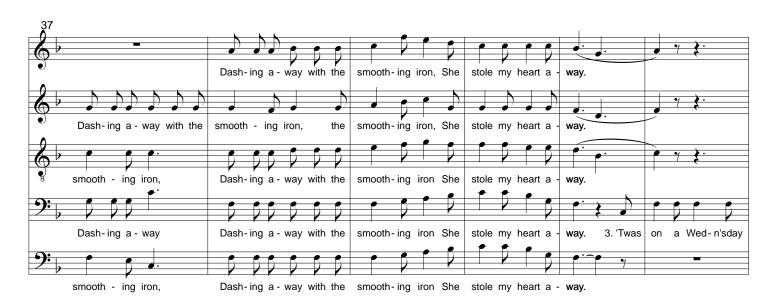
1. Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing And there I saw my dar - ling, She looked so neat and charm - ing in ev-'ry high de-

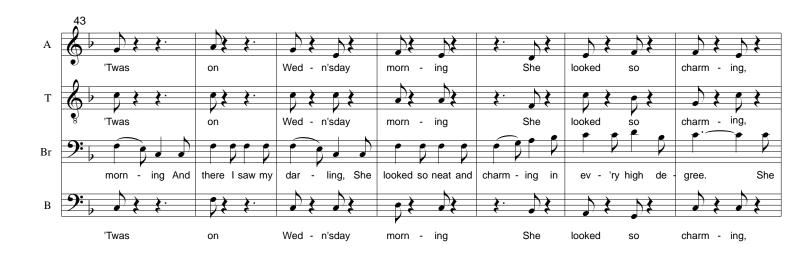


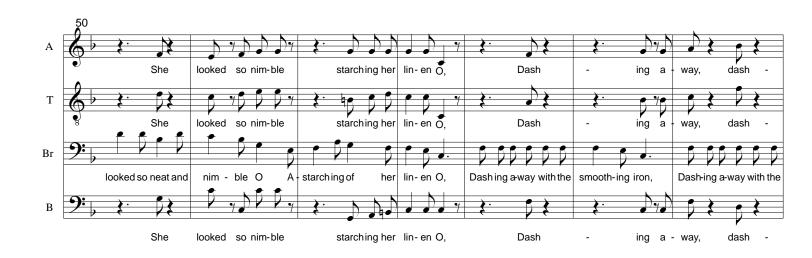


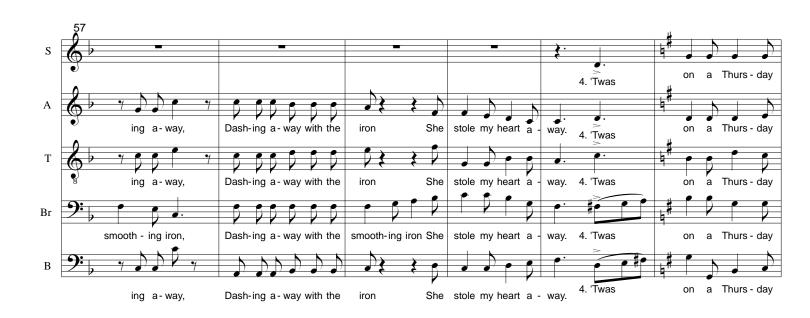


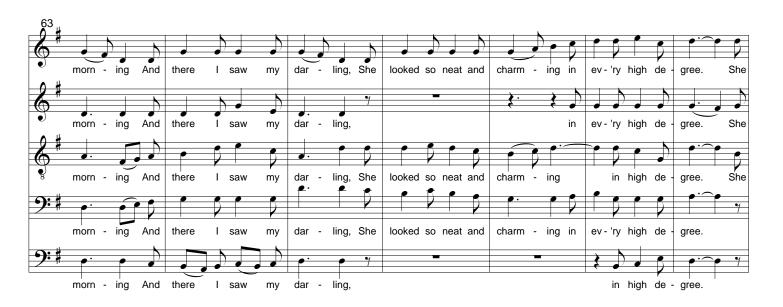


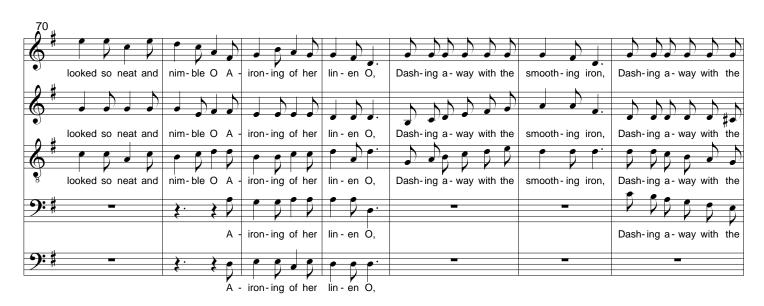


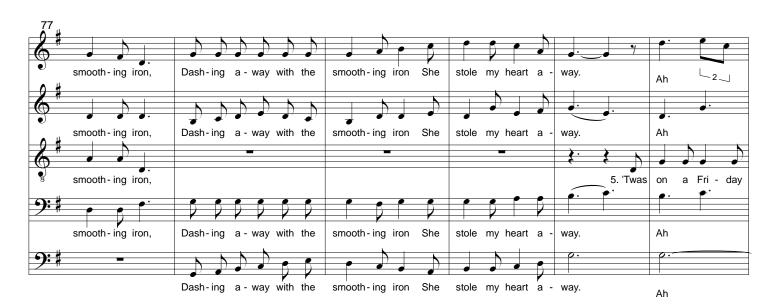


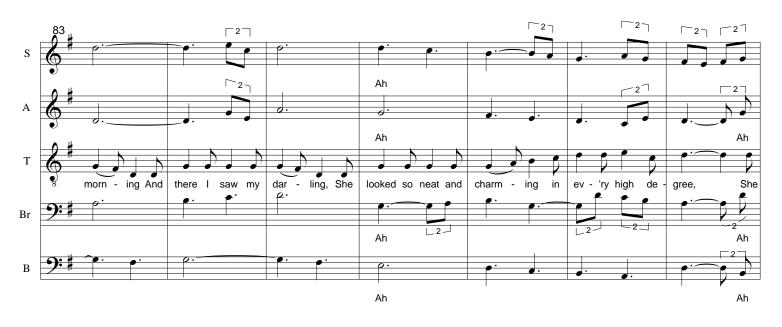


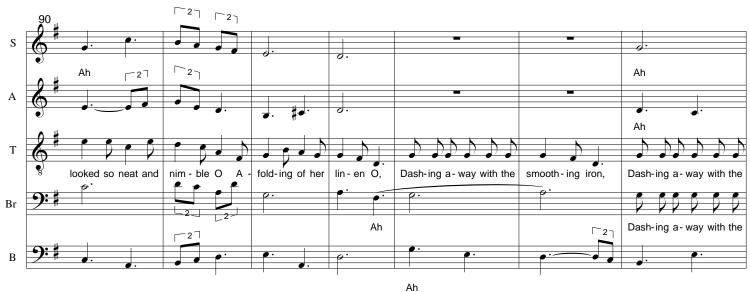


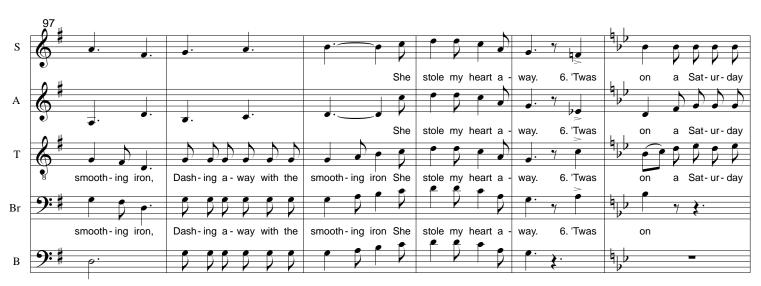












Dash-ing a-way with the smooth-ing iron She stole my heart a - way.

