

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!"

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

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