



"OH! WHAT FUN!"

New Comic Song,

Written by

C. PAGE,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROYAL PRESENTS," &c.

Sung with the greatest applause by

MR. GLINDON,

MR. MOODY,
&c. &c.

MR. WILD.

Arranged by

J. MONRO.

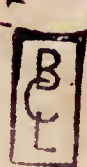
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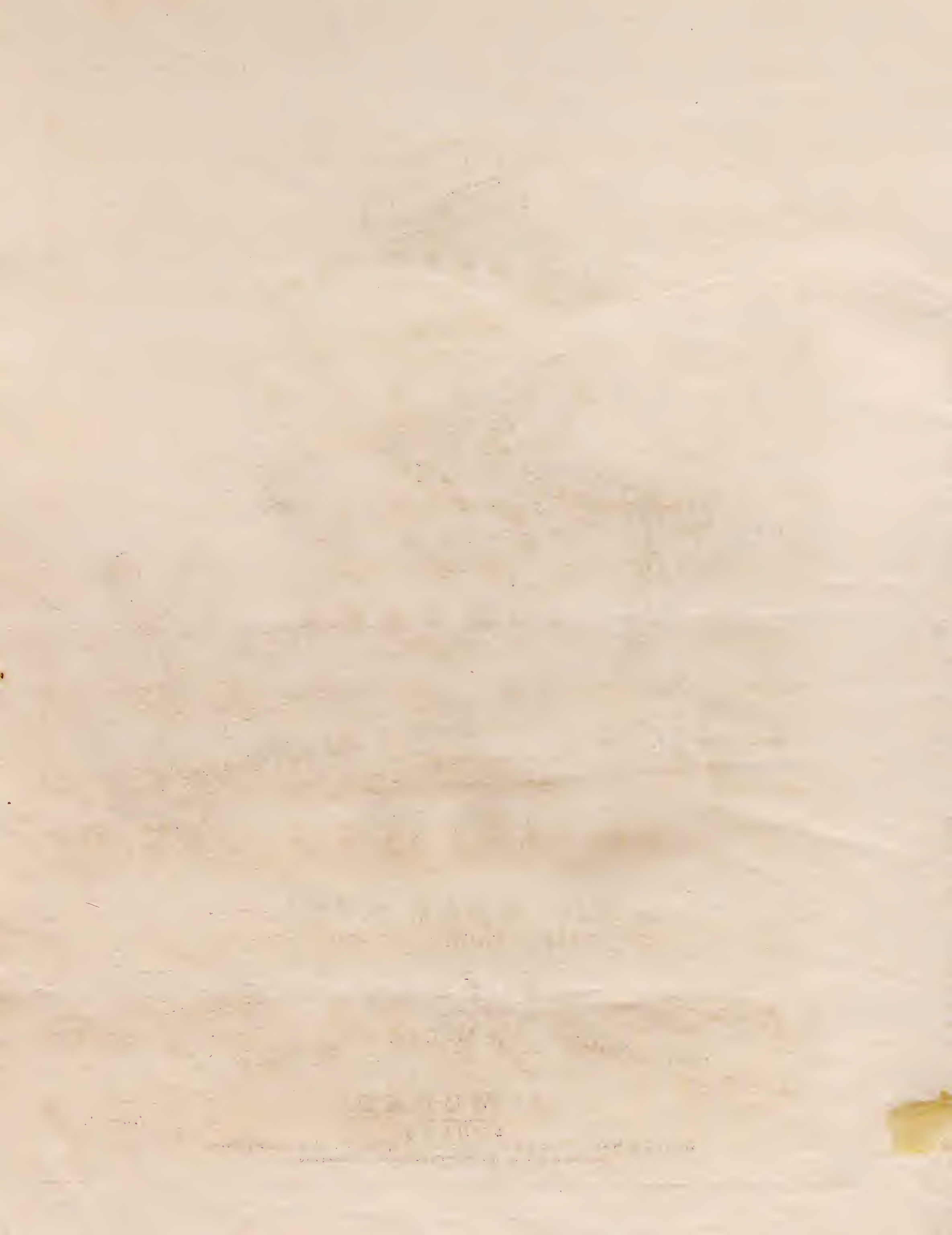
LONDON.

MONRO & MAY, Western City Musical Repository, 11, Holborn Bars.

And may be had of Wood & Co. Waterloo Place, Edinburgh.

Price 2⁹/₁₂





OH! WHAT FUN!

Written by

C . P A G E ,

Sung with great applause by

MR. CLINDON,

MR. MOODY,

MR. WILD,

&c. &c.

Arranged by

J . M O N R O .

VOCE

NON TROPPO PRESTO

PIANO

FORTE

mf

f

fff

This world will soon be at an end, Or else I am mis - ta - ken; At

mp

least I fancy 'twill ere long, Be total - ly for - sa - ken; The surface, on - ly,

'tis I mean, But that and nothing shorter, In Air one half will soon be seen, The

other under Wa - ter. Oh! what fun - Well, I never! Did you e - ver

know such fun.

ff *fff*

Oh! what fun.

Verse 2.

We're quite amphibious grown of late, And all thro' one great Brunel— We

mp

now can under water live, He's shewn us by the tun-nel: Tho' many can't well

live on land, The times so hard are getting; The river's depths they now can sound, And

that without a wetting. Oh! what fun— Well I never! Did you ever

know such fun.

ff *fff*

Oh! what fun.

Verse 3.

All those who are not water-proof, Have no cause for despair - -ing, For

mp

Mister Henson's carriage can, soon, take them out an air-ing - I do not mean a -

long the road, of horses he's no team, sirs, No, no, he'll fly right thro' the clouds, and

all by force of steam, sirs! Oh! what fun - Well, I ne-ver! Did you ever

know such fun?

ff *fff*

Oh! what fun.

4

The very skies are brightening up—
 The anxious clouds are clearing,
 To cheer brave Henson, as he through
 The milky way is steering.
 The twinkling stars appear to think
 The sight will prove a treasure,
 And the *Comet* seems delighted,
 For he—*wags his tail* with pleasure!!

Oh! what fun! &c.

5

The Lady Moon too's all alive—
 The news above's so catching,
 And so, to be in readiness,
 Her man she makes keep watching:
 When first she heard the subject broached,
 Her raptures were extatic;
 In fact she laughed to that degree,
 'Twas perfectly *lu-nat-ic*.

Oh! what fun! &c.

6

No more shall Earthquakes make us quake,
 When they're prognosticated;
 They've only now to "name the day,"
 And England's soon vacated.
 By Henson's skill we save ourselves—
 With courage not diminished;
 We mount above in quiet,
 And there watch—*until it's finished!*

Oh! what fun! &c.

7

Our Parks will soon deserted be,
 The Queen will not be there, Sirs!
 And fashionables all you'll see
 Swift gliding through the air, Sirs!
 They'll start off on an afternoon,
 Or else I am a sinner—
 Take one turn round Vesuvius,
 And back again to dinner.

Oh! what fun! &c.

8

Great China's Emperor too, must now
 Behave his best 'tis said, Sirs!
 Or else, some day he'll find an army
 Floating o'er his head, Sirs!
 And if he does not keep one *Peace*,
 He may have cause to grieve it—
 They'll his Empire crush to *pieces*,
 And as *broken China* leave it.

Oh! what fun! &c.

9

Then wish success to Henson,
 And to all his *lofty notions*,
 And soon may he exhibit
 To the World his Aerial motions;
 And may he reap pure English gold,
 As well as foreign dollars;
 And finish for his trouble,
 With a host of *flying colors!*

Oh! what fun! &c.

