

Grand Opening Chorus

BY THE WHOLE COMPANY



THE PATRIOT'S FAREWELL.

They're going now to plant us,
No more we'll spend the taxes;
They say they do not want us
To grind our little axes.
Of office we're not weary;
But yet we're getting leary.
They're going now to plant us,
And—we—must—go.

We're going out o' business,
We're going out o' business;
We're going where the chilly winds do blow,
Oh the other chaps are calling,
We can hear the ballots falling,
We're going out o' business,
And—we—must—go.

We skinned them out o' timber;
We took a surplus over—
We made our pledges limber
And lived in office clover.
But now the funds are busted,
We feel we won't be trusted;
They'll put us out o' business,
And—we—must—go.