

for N.O.  
**Don't pull my hair**

S.W. Black

18th Century French Melody

tune of *The First Nowell*

$\text{♩} = 90$   
*mf*



1. I\_\_\_ won - der if you knew how I ate my left shoe. It is  
2. E-ven-tu - al - ly we all know\_ what it will hold but by  
3. And\_ with that beard too long peo-ple pulled it right and left and they  
4. But\_ you know that the skin is so flex - i - ble you can



al-ways the left one that I will eat, too. The\_\_\_ right one it's a  
then it will be the past, I\_\_\_\_\_ sup - pose. I thought I might sing a  
tied it 'round my back a-round my right breast. But\_\_\_ you would think that  
pull it and tug it al-most to your toes. So my hair, it held on



turd, and I give it to birds. They don't eat my shoe, ei - ther, but  
song this\_ eve - ning and night, and\_\_\_ when I was through I did  
would be the end of it there, but they could not stop for they had  
tight right through the harsh night and\_\_\_ when it was through, I let



I guess they could. I thought per - haps you might sing a song a - bout  
give such a fright. For my beard it grew three feet and I won - der'd  
stuck to my hair and my hair it pulled so tight that I laid a  
out such a sigh. For e - ven - tu - al - ly they let go of my



tonight. But I guess you don't know the fu - ture, yet.  
who was me. It was not me, for my beard was too long.  
scream of fright. I thought per - haps they would rip it right there.  
mane and I was free from their hands for a while.