

The Maiden's Delight



1. What's that whack-ing, that re-gu-lar beat? That wild, rau-cous laugh-ter, the



stam-ping of feet, The drumm-ing that e-choes a-long e-very street? It's the

to coda (last verse)



Mai-den's De-light, sir, the Mai-den's De-light! Crash! Bash! Ash a-gainst

Chorus:



ash, A ri-out-ous rum-pus, right on through the night. Whack! Crack! You'll



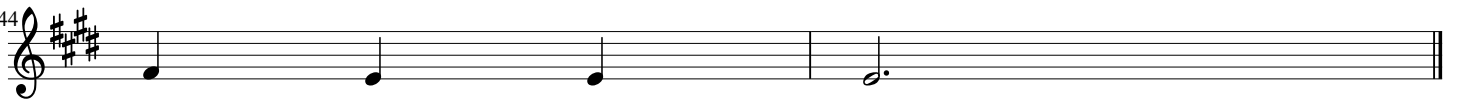
soon get the knack: Ev-ery-one's do-ing the Mai-den's De-light.



(5)do: They'll bran-dish their staves and bash their way through, with the



Mai-den's De-light, sir, the Mai-den's De-light! The Mai-den's De-light, sir, the



Mai - den's De - light! (finish with a double chorus)