

MUSIC FOR MANDOLINE AND PIANO

OR

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

IN SHILLING BOOKS.

SOUSA'S & OTHER FAMOUS MARCHES.

For Mandoline or Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniments

(Pianoforte Accompaniments separate.)

The Washington Post March - Sousa
The Liberty Bell March - - Sousa

The Manhattan Beach March - Sousa

The High School Cadets March Sousa

The Honeymoon March - George Rosey

Dr. Jim's Ride March - Alfred Les

The Yale March - - VON BARR
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EIGHT QUAINT and POPULAR DANCES

For Mandoline or Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniments.

(Pianoforte Accompaniments separate.)

Flemish Dance - - Theo. Bonheur Dance of the Marionettes Alfred Lee Dance of the Dumpies - Alfred Lee

Sabot Dance - - ALFRED LER

The Continental Waltz Theo. Bowheur Love's Serenade Waltz R. Starz Confetti Polka - - Henreich Bauer

Hungarian Dance - ALFRED LES

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Sheard's 7th Banjo Album.

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WHAT OH, SHE BUMPS.

THE ORIGINAL"WHAT HO, SHE BUMPS!"







The other day I took a girl as far as Regent's Park,
To see the animals was her delight. She rode upon an Elephant,
And after that said she "upon a camel I could ride all right,"
I said, you'll find it awk ward but of course, do as you please,
So up she got without the slightest fear,
But, when the camel started off, it gave her such a shock,
When all at once these words fell on my ear.

CHORUS.

What ho she bumps! what ho she bumps!

She said, I cannot sit between the humps between the humps; And when that poor girl fell she gave such a yell!—

As I picked her up I said, what ho, she bumps!

3.

Now at the "Pig and Whistle" where I used to take my beer,
One day I mashed the barmaid pretty Meg,
I married her and found out to my great surprise,
She wasn't perfect, she had a wooden leg,
And when I walk out with her it makes me feel ashamed,
To hear her with her dot and carry one, and all the boys shout out
There's half a girl and half a tree, and others follow up and join the fun.

CHORUS.

What ho, she bumps! what ho, she bumps!
Hey! Mister your old woman's got the jumps! she's got the jumps,
And when at night I'm dreaming, with a kick she'll start screaming
It's then you'll hear me shout, what ho, she bumps!

7th BANJO ALBUM.

THE DUTY OF A WIFE.



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Think of all the trouble and care — the misery and the strife!

Can't you see the cause of it all? It's only through the wife.

Man will stop away half the night a-doing in all his "tin";

Wife complains — that's just the way that all the rows begin.

Never ask him where he's been when he's out till five or so;

I'm sure it's better for all concerned that you should never know.

For wives to be in quisitive in nothing clee but check!

You ought to be delighted if he comes home once a week.

Chorus. Oh, Ladies! Ladies! Ladies, &c.

Ladies all, I want you to try and study your husbands more; If you don't, well, what in the world do you get married for? Men want every care, so pray do all that's in your power. To comfort them, or else they'll droop just like a little flower, allways think of them, my girls in every shape or form; Keep their "tuppennies" nice and cool their tootsies nice and warm. It only needs experience to prove to you, my dears, That if you treat them as you should they last you sev'ral years Chorus. Oh. Ludies! Ladies! Ladies, &c.

W. P. KEEN'S BURLESQUE

ON

WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER.





'Way down upon the Swanee River,
That's the place to give you inflamation of the liver,
That's where the crocodiles chew your legs,
And the swans on the Swanee lay hard boiled eggs.
'Way down upon the Swanee River,
No more I wish to roam,
All de coons, dey say, amglad to get away,
Far from de old folks at home.

3. There are great big mosquitoes on the Swanee River, They've got a tooth as sharp as any pin; And they like to stick it in the tender parts of your anatomy, That's why you have your trousers made of tin.
When you wake up in the morning all your boots are full of snakes; It's a lively place for living in, begosh!
For half-a-dozen times a year the folk are flooded out ____
That's the only time they ever have a wash!

'Way down upon the Swanee River,
That's the place to give you inflamation of the liver,
That's where the nanny-goats sing their song,
And the frogs play at leap frog all day long.
'Way down upon the Swanee River,
No more I wishto roam,
All decoons, dey say, am glad to get away,
Far from de old folks at home.

IT WAS JUST ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE.

Sung by MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.





2. I had a sit. as the manager once of a London West Hotel, And knowing the game, for some few months the thing went well, quite well. My foot I put in it one fine day when a Mister D. came down to stay, He brought a lady, said to me, "let me introduce you Mrs.D."

It was just on the tip of my tongue
To sav, "this is a game!"
It was just on the tip of my tongue
To say "she's not the same!"
But I avoided causing strife,
Though I gently murmured, "on my life,
Last time you came with a different —"
It was just on the tip of my tongue!

3. When I was married a short time back and went on the honeymoon, We didn't want folks to know you know we'd just commenced to spoon; At hotel breakfast — morn the first, we sat and scowled and looked our worst, So's not to give the game away, that we'd been married but one day.

But 'twas just on the tip of my tongue
To say, "do you take tea?"

It was just on the tip of my tongue
To say, "two lumps or three?"

But in front of the waiters, three or four,
I said to my sweet bride at the door,
When you sleep, my dear, do you always — "
It was just on the tip of my tongue!

4. My old friend Jones took a six months' trip, and left his wife behind; As Jones' young wife was a pretty wife of course I didn't mind, Then Jones returned and said." by Gad, Impleased to be back home mylad, To kiss and cuddle my sweet pearl, you see she's such a loving girl!"

It was just on the tip of my tongue
To say, "yes, that is so"
It was just on the tip of my tongue
To murmur, "don't I know!"
Said the husband, "she'll have missed my chat,
And the kissing and squeezing we're alwaysat,
I said, "that's all right I've been doing —"
It was just on the tip of my tongue!

5. A lady friend who has been wed twice, got spliced again last week To a sable Africander, with dark and swarthy cheek, And though her friends came sneering soon, and said, "I see you've wed a coon," The girl spoke up in great delight, said, "he's as good as any white."

It was just on the tip of my tongue
To say, "My dear, just so,"
It was just on the tip of my tongue
To say, "you ought to know!"
She said, "it's only his face, I vow,
He's not all black, you must allow,"
I said, "my dear, you should know by—"
It was just on the tip of my tongue!

For Pantomime Rights, apply to Mr. Leno. I'LL MARRY HIM. (MRS. KELLY.)

Sung with Enormous Succes by DAN LENO.



7th BANJO ALBUM.

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Patter. Just to call my attention. You know we've been courting a long time at least, I've done the courting, Jim's so slow. You see I do very well in my business, I'm a dressmaker's labourer. I think Jim's awfully fond of me. I'm very fond of Jim, but I can't stand his sister she is so mean. Oh! she is a mean women. She's so mean that when she'll buy half-a-dozen oysters, she'll eat'em in front of a looking-glass to make'em look like a dozen. But she shan't turn me against Jim.



2.

It really is strange how we first came to meet;
I was riding one day on a 'bus,
I tried to alight without paying my fare,
The conductor kicked up such a fuss __
I went to step on to the kerb, just like this,
When the horses dashed off to my grief,
I fell, and I'm sure I'd have broken my neck,
Only Jim, he was there underneath.

Patter. __ It was very kind of Jim to wait for me. But, there! he's so kind __ so different from my first husband. Oh, I've been married before, girls. Yes, I'm a twicer. My first husband was a Spaniard, and told me he used to kill bulls. I found out afterwards that he used to work in a slaughter house. When he was cross, oh! the way he used to look at me with his black eyes and dark olive skin. Oh, girls, beware of olive skinners.

CHORUS. __ My minds made up, &c.

3.

If I thought with me he was having a lark,
Things wouldn't be healthy for him;
There'd be a small stone in a little churchyard,
And on it the sweet name of Jim,
But how can I doubt him? for when we are out
For ev'rything he lets me pay,
And borrows half-crowns at the end of the week
In, oh! such a nice sort of way.

Patter. — He had such a nice way of borrowing — he'd never ask you for the money, he'd yustcome and take it. You see we had a row once, and it was all through Mrs. Kelly. You know Mrs. Kelly, of course—Mrs. Kelly — Mrs. Kelly? You know Mrs. Kelly? You must know Mrs. Kelly. Good life-a-mighty!don't look so simple. She's a cousin of Mrs. Nipletts, and her husband keeps the little what-not shop at the — oh, you must know Mrs. Kelly everybody knows Mrs. Kelly. Well, Jim and I had a row thro' her, but we made it up; and one day when I was very ill, suffering from gathering of the clans, he came to my bed-side with a nice basin of gruel, with a little drop of rum in it to take off the acidity. I thanked him with a look — I couldn't speak so I had to talk thro' my ear. I shall never forget how he brought in the gruel; smiledatme, and drank it all himself.

CHORUS. __ My minds made up, &c.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

Sung by



Copyright 1895,by WILL ROSSITER, in the United States of America.



THEY'RE BEGINNING TO NOTICE ME.

Sung by GEORGE ROBEY.

MURRAY & LEIGH. Written & Composed by Moderato. VOICE. Key D. .s :m .de | r .de :r .f | 1 never care to mingle with The vulgar throng not me! Nature I'm in tended for Re-fin'd so-ci make a point of dressing in The :-.m | s .fe :m .r | de .r :m .fe | t.r :1 .t | s And ramble thre' those places Where the titled people go. - est style, you know, CHORUS. 1st p, 2nd ff | :m :r | d:m:s | 1:-:m | s:-:-| -:m:d | r:m:f | t:-:f | 1:-:-| -:-:1 They're be-ginning to notice | me! They're be-ginning to no-tice |s:--:| |t :| :s | r':-:t || :-:t || s:-:m || s :| :m || s :| :m || r :m :r rais'd my hat to the Duke to-day, His grace was looking the op-po-site way, So I

7th BANJO ALBUM.





I'm awf'ly fond of ballet girls! I think they're bally fine!
They've got some up in town just now__ I wish each one was mine.
Each night I go to watch them from my own particular stall;
But, ah! I fear my fatal features fascinate them all. For__

CHORUS.

They're beginning to notice me! They're beginning to notice me!
They come on the stage and at me they point,
And say to each other, "Ah, that's the joint!"
And when I go round to the stage-door they're as nice as they can be.
They borrow my bobs and half-a-crowns!—They're beginning to notice me!

3.

You all know Lady Tiptop's house; I'm often there to dine.
The housemaid and the cook, you see, are dear old friends of mine.
Before they took to feeding me, my ribs were sticking out.
They hardly knew when I was there; but now I've grown so stout. For...

CHORUS. They're beginning to notice me! They're beginning to notice me!

My clothes were awfully loose at first;
But the seams have lately begun to burst.
The cook and Matilda, the housemaid, they giggle and laugh with glee.
They've kindly offered to patch me up! __ They're beginning to notice me!

Z.

I've tried to clear our yard of cats, but, hang me, if I can! Though lately I've been working on a somewhat novel plan. Concealed within the fowl-house, I've been waiting every night; But somehow both the husband birds, they hardly think it right!

OHORUS.

They're beginning to notice me! They're beginning to notice me!
Their glances go through me like daggers and knives;
They think I've designs on their various wives.
And the way they look at the ladies — well, it's perfectly plain to see
I've sort of upset their domestic peace! — They're beginning to notice me!

DRAWING IT A BIT TOO FINE.

Sung by GEORGE ROBEY.

Written & Composed by

MURRAY & LEIGH.





We've got a young man lodger in, we've had him for a week, And, 'pon my word, I never knew a fellow with such cheek. You'd think he'd been with us for years, the missis calls him Jim; So him or me has got to go! I'm afraid it won't be him.

CHORUS.

He's drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-i-ne! He don't know, where to draw the li-i-i-i-ne! He wants tucking up in bed, Shilling butter on his bread. Well, that's drawing it a bit too fine! He's drawing it a bit too fine!

3

The old tom-cat we've got at home's a marvel, no mistake!
You ought to see the pals he's got, it fairly takes the cake!
By all the local lady-cats his praises have been sung;
They call to see him every night; we have named him "Brigham Young."

CHORUS.

He's drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-ne!
He don't know where to draw the li-i-i-ne!
I don't mind much what they thieve,
It's the kittens what they leave.
Oh, they're drawing it a bit too fine!
They're drawing it a bit too fine!

4

My old girl's mad on boxing now, we sometimes "have a go,"
And when she punches me it's like a baker punching dough.
Her "upper cuts" and "short-arm hooks" are really something grand;
Last night we had three rounds for love, and she took me on "one hand."

CHORUS.

She's drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-ne!
She don't know where to draw the li-i-i-i-ne!
'Twas a nice three rounds for love,
She'd a flatiron in her glove,
Well,that's drawing it a bit too fine!
That's drawing it a bit too fine!

5.

A man of fine physique am I! there's no disputing that; Whilemy old girl's first husband was a puny little brat. My wife is economical, and seems a bit inclined To make me wear out all the clothes the first one left behind.

CHORUS.

She's drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-ne!
She don't know where to draw the li-i-i-i-ne!
There's my shirt..... the bare idea!
Only reaches down to here.
Well, that's drawing it a bit too fine!
That's drawing it a bit too fine!

6

Beneath my window ev'ry night, from half-past ten till two, Two lovers tear themselves apart, wich takes some time to do. It's "Charlie don't!" and "do leave off!" and "one more Mary Ann!" It takes me back to days when I was a happy single man.

CHORUS.

They're drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-ne!
They don't know where to draw the li-i-i-i-ne!
I don't mind how long they stay,
It's the things I hear them say.
Oh, they're drawing it a bit too fine!
They're drawing it a bit too fine!

7.

My wife's a trifle ong-bong-pong, that's Portuguese for fat, She's ninety inches round the waist, or, may be, more than that. When we go down to Margate, oh! there are such awful scenes; She wears the selfsame bathing dress that she wore when in her teens.

CHORUS.

She's drawing it a bit too fi-i-i-i-ne!
She don't know where to draw the li-i-i-ne!
When its on she swells with pride;
It's a case of full inside.
But she's drawing it a bit too fine!
She's drawing it a bit too fine!

THOSE MORAL SENTIMENTAL SONGS.

Sung by DAN CONROY.

Written by Composed by ALBERT HALL. GEO. EVERARD. Moderato. Key D. VOICE. friend of mine who never goes to naughty music halls, Just at his door, one day I chanc'd to He said, come round on Sunday night, if you've no o - ther calls, We're Mu-sic Hal - ly lay," Said he, "a-bout such wicked things please hush:



2. When I got round to Scroggers' all the goody-goody's there
Looked on me as an awful wicked thing,
And as I moved about I heard loud whispers in the air,
"I hope the wretch will never DARE to sing,
I'm sure our ears would all be shocked at anything he bawls."
I heard the vicar say he thought so,too,
"He's sure to give some awful thing, he's heard in Music Halls,
As sung by serio comics and called 'Blue.'"

But at my friend Scroggers' Sunday at Home
A guileless young girl in red
Sang to the man at the piano,
"Put me in my little bed."
I thought that's a job her mamma should do,
But perhaps there is nothing wrong,
Still it sounds rather "blue" — to ask a young man to do —
In a moral sentimental song!

8. They talked about the wickedness of people on the stage,
About the naughty things they say and do,
The curate spoke most strongly and nigh got into a rage
On songs the County Council should taboo,
And then he sang a song, "My love is but a lassie yet,"
I said, well you are hor, I must allow,
If your "love is but a lassie," well your wife is sixty-three,
What will she say if you go kidnapping now.

Then at my friend Scroggers' Sunday at Home
A youth by the name of Claude,
Sang out in a squeaky tenor,
"Come into the garden, Maud,"
Why couldn't he court her inside the house,
Were the old people's eyes too strong?
Well it seems a queer lark to take girls in the dark
In a moral sentimental song!

4. My old friend Scroggers then announced that Miss Letitia Spott Will sing, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," "Accompanied by the curate," I said, "that's rather hot, I hope to goodness she will let him sleep!" A meek and inoffensive gent then warbled most sedate, There's "only one girl in this world for me," I thought to sing that ballad was most inappropriate Whilst his wife was sat on someone else's knee.

At my friend Scroggers' Sunday at Home
A man made a great display,
Sang, "Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the hours away!"
There's no harm asking people to visit your girl,
But I'd ask young men along,
At another time instead of when she's in bed,
In a moral sentimental song!

THERE WAS A FUNNY REMARK TO MAKE.





2.

My first engagement on the stage was very, very short, I sang a song and danced a jig — the good old-fashioned sort. "I am enjoying myself!" said I, while going through my "biz." A rude voice up above said, "You're the only one that is!"

There was a funny remark to make! there was a funny remark!

I afterwards went to the boss of the show,

And said, "What do you think of me? How do I go?"
"How do you go?" said he, and gave me a kind of bark,

"You go out here as quick as you like!" now there was a funny remark!

3

While meditating in the street a day or two ago,
A little girl and her mamma approached me, don't you know.
The youngster stood and stared at me, I thought her quite a gem,
Until she cried, "Oh, mamma, dear! do buy me one of them!"

There was a funny remark to make! there was a funny remark!

The mother said, "Darling, he isn't for sale,
Besides, you will notice he hasn't a tail,
They cut it off years ago when Noah was in the ark.
I'll buy you a beauty that climbs up a stick," now there was a funny remark!

4

My fav'rite barmaid said to-day, as I stood drinking rum,
"The Fancy Dress Ball's on to-night, I'm going won't you come?
I make up as a ballet girl, the tights I mean to don,
I'd like to see you there, old chap, If you've got nothing on!"

There was a funny remark to make! there was a funny remark!
Said I, "My dear girl, I shall be at the ball
Made up as a Zulu with weapons and all,
I've got to wear something there, but just for a lively lark,
I'll go there as Adam if you'll go as Eve!" now there was a funny remark!

5.

I had to go to "Bedlam" on business in the rain,
Of course I mean the well-known place for people who're insane.
I stopped a 'bus __ the driver stared and acted like a goose,
"Do you know Bedlam?" I enquired; said he, "Who let you loose?"

There was a funny remark to make! there was a funny remark!

I jumped on the 'bus, and looked for a seat,

'Twas chockful of ladies, they did look a treat!

Just then the conductor-chap __a bit of a lively spark __

Said, "Close up there, ladies!" Then all of 'em blushed at his awfully funny remark!

7th BANJO ALBUM.

THEY DO TAKE UP A LOT OF ROOM.

Sung by FLORRIE FORDE.

Written and Composed by

CASTLING & LEIGH.





2. A lady friend of mine has got a charming little boy;

Yesterday she took him out,

He enjoyed himself no doubt.

She showed him all the sights — he thought them quite a treat;
Then they went in a nice refreshment room, and Willy began to eat,

He fed on cakes from seven o'clock till nine;

When his ma said, "How d'ye like them," he said, "Fine!"

"But they do take up a lot of room! Oh, they do take up a lot of room! Twelve halfpenny currant buns and five-and-twenty banb'rys, Oh, they do take up a lot of room!

3. Our neighbour, Mr. Brown, is now a proud and happy pa,

Just a month ago, you see, Wife presented him with three.

Some men at such a time would feel inclined to frown,

They would think it was truly awful luck __it isn't that way with Brown, Those babies seem to fill him with delight,

But he says that when he goes to bed at night_

Oh, they do take up a lot of room!

Oh, they do take up a lot of room!
What with the missis, and the triplets, and the bottles —

Oh, they do take up a lot of room!

4. They talk about the strength of certain European Powers,

Though they boast of armies big, England doesn't care a fig!

Our little army may indeed be very small,

But no matter how strong our foes may be, we're ready to meet them all.

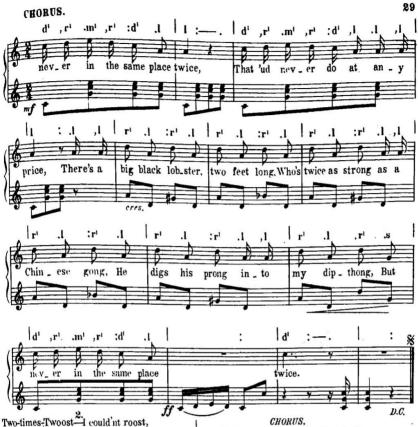
Let jealous nations all their strength unite; Twenty million men may make a splendid sight!

For they do take up a lot of room!

Yes, they do take up a lot of room!
But John Bull can find the lads to face them and to beat them! Though they do take up a lot of room!

NEVER IN THE SAME PLACE TWICE.





So queer I felt, just round the belt, I sought an Apoth-e-care-e-ah, Told him about the affair-e-ah, Those terrible pains in my are-e-ah, Were more than I knew how to bear-e-ah, And worser than the choler-e-ere-e-ah, They tickled me every where-e-ah. CHORUS.

But never in the same place twice That'ud never do at any price, They go as you please like a boy with a truck Those aches and pains are the worst I've stuck

But the worst of it is, oh, lor' love a duck! They're never in the same place TWICE.

Three times Threece-I've broke the peace, Told on my hearth I need a bath; Why, every summer in our subbub We hold our Annual Cleaning Club, We get together and hire a tub, "Pinch" some soap from the nearest pub Borrow a threepenny-ha'penny scrub And I go in for a rub-a-dub-dub.

CHORUS.

But never in the same place twice, That'ud never do at any price, I strip my clothes off and my"tosh," I buy some emery cloth, be gosh, . And then go in for a downright wash, But never in the same place TWICE.

Four-times-Fource-I've stood the sauce, Of land-la-dees they're hard to please, They"pop"your clothes at the poppetty shop, They carve the coke with your razor strop, Shift your whiskey every drop, Break your jaw with a 'marble chop," Wash their necks with a stable mop, Yet down at Mudhole I always stop.

CHORUS. But never in the same place twice, That'ud never do at any price, I've heard of landladies who keep pigs, And nod to a squad of thingamy jigs, Well I've had darned good seaside "digs," But never in the same place TWICE.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

WHAT DID THE OTHER FELLOW SAY.

Sung by

Miss ALMA CURZON.

Written by
Miss ALMA CURZON & WILL ATKINS.

Composed by WILL ATKINS.





Young Tom Jones and his lady-love,

Came to live in London town;

He dressed her like a Princess-money seemed to fly, Till it made him swear and frown,

He began to grumble-she began to nag,

All he could do was sigh,

Then commenced the strife and the other fellow's wife

Gave Tommy such a beautiful black eye.

CHORUS.

Now-what did the other fellow say,

What did the other fellow do,

Did he take the proper course-did he sue for a divorce,

Did he beat her black and blue?

No!-He did not swear nor tear his hair,

But he laughed and shook his head,

And he hummed that song-"Now we shant be long,"

Was all that the other fellow said.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

Young Tom Jones so disgusted grew, And he found that love's young dream,

Was a little bit expensive, and he found out, too,

Thing are not exactly what they seem,

They now were always fighting from morn till night, His face she'd often smack,

So Tom in great distress - found the other man's address, Offered him a thousand pounds to take her back.

CHORUS.

Now what did the other fellow say,

What did the other fellow do,

Did he take the proper course-did he sue for a divorce, Did he beat Tom black and blue?

No!-He did not swear nor tear his hair,

But he laughed and shook his head.

Don't take me for a dunce-I've had some once,"

Was all that the other fellow said,

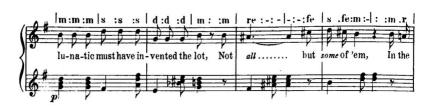
NOT ALL-BUT SOME OF 'EM.

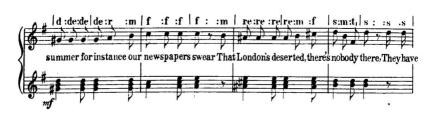
Sung by WILL E. EDWARDS.

Written & Composed by CHARLES OSBORNE. Arranged by JAMES JEFFERSON











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- 2. A Parson, while shaving, disfigured his nose,

 Not all but part of it,

 So he stuck on some plaister to soften his woes,

 Not all but some of 'em,

 Then he went off to church, but dignity fled,

 For a cotton-reellabel he'd stuck on instead,

 "This is warranted fifty yards long," so it read,

 Well, not all but bits of it.
- 3. True compliments flatter the Sage and the Dunce,
 Not all but some of 'em.
 An audience paid me a compliment once,
 Not all but some of 'em,
 For some "gallery friends" who were pleased with my rhyme
 Expressed their approval in mannersublime,
 Yes, they gave me a mansion (a brick at a time.)
 Not all but lumps of it.
- 4. Our Railway Time Tables we all understand,

 Well, not all—but a few of us,

 To grasp them's as easy as kissing your hand,

 Not all—but some of 'em;

 But as for the trains—to be late is a crime,

 Their exact punctuality's simply sublime,

 Well, take the South Eastern, they always keep time,

 Not all—but here and there.
- 5. We're bound to acknowledge we all live and learn,

 Well, not all —but some of us,

 We earn all we get and we get all we earn,

 Not all —but we'd like to;

 Still, if charity's really a sign of true worth,

 My name shall not fade in the land of my birth,

 For I've made up my mind, I will leave the whole earth,

 Not part —but all of it.
- 6. Now chickens are things that will pay you to keep,

 Not all—but some of 'em,

 They'll provide you with dinners and eggs on the cheap,

 Not all—but some of 'em,

 Well, I bought a few dozen of one of my friends

 And I fed them on barley, old boots and quill pens,

 But they haven't laid yet, though I know they're all hens,

 Well, not all—but one of 'em is.
- 7. Up to date invitations are strangely expressed,

 Not all—but some of 'em,

 Especially when given to a feminine guest,

 Not all—but some of 'em,

 For you answer the visitor's bell when it rings

 And you say to the "angel without any wings,"

 "So delighted yeu've come, may I take off your things?"

 Well, er, not all, just a few of 'em.

WHO'S GOING TO HAVE A BIT OF MINE.

Sung by GEORGE BEAUCHAMP.

Written & Composed by

MURRAY & LEIGH.





7th BANJO ALBUM.

One day with a lot of pals of mine, I went for a picnic-it was fine! Packed inside our waggonette Was a hamper stuffed with grub, you bet Dinner-time came, we all felt thirsty. Stopped at a certain pub; But oh! what a scene - we got into a fight, And we scrambled for the grub. A lot of my pals got chunks of bacon, Some of them were left with bread -I did well - got a chicken to myself So I looked round and said -

CHORUS. Who's going to have a bit of mine? Who's going to have a bit of mine? The part that I want to give attention to Is the tailpiece of that cock-a-doodle-do llis parson's nose, lor lummy, don't the grease look fine! Now's your opportuni - opportuni - oppitty - who's going to have a bit of mine?

> I like riding on a fine gee-gee-That's the kind of game that just suits me. Thought I'd buy some nice fat cob, Say for one pound ten, or thirty bob,

Soon as I started advertising, Up came the gee-gee men,

And I bought a handsome pair of thoroughbreds

For the sum of two pounds ten. The fellow in charge said,"I say, boss, Be careful of their appetite! All they want is a little bit of corn!" Said I,"Oh, that's all right"

CHORUS.

Who's going to have a bit of mine? Who's going to have a bit of mine? I've just got the very thing they want, by gad! It's the finest corn I'ever, ever had -

On my big toe - oh, it's big enough for eight or nine!

Now's your opportuni-opportuni-oppitty-who's going to have a bit of mine? 4.

All you fellows who are tired of life, Get to work at once and take a wife. No excuse, for though you're poor, You can easily get your furniture. Hurry up all you spoony lovers! I'm selling up my sticks;

A rush-bottomed chair, with the bottom rushing out,

You can have for two and six. If anyone wants to marry quick,

You havn't got to wait for months;

Now's your chance if you want to buy the home, But don't speak all at once.

CHORUS.

Who's going to have a bit of mine? Who's going to have a bit of mine? The jug and the basin you will have, no doubt

And another little thing you shouldn't be without, That's our big cradle — the happy little home looks fine.

Now's your opportuni-opportuni-oppitty-who's going to have a bit of mine?

THE VERY BEST CASE I EVER HAD!

Sung by GEORGE LASHWOOD.

Written & Composed by

HARRINGTON, MURRAY & LEIGH.



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2. I was sitting in my office tother day.

She'd got something else on, but never mind that,

What she wanted to see me about

It wouldn't do for me to tell;

But while she was there, I'm ready to declare,

That we got along together very well.

Said she, as she sat upon my lap,

And gave a sigh,

"D'ye think my case'll have a chance?"

"By Jove!" said I, "It's the very best case I ever had!

My very best case I'm sure,

If your husband says you've been untrue, I'll get very heavy damages for you.

One more kiss! don't be shy!

One more sweet embrace!"

And I didn't care a button if we lost or won ___

I'd got a very good case!

3. I invited half-a-dozen friends of mine

To a certain little restaurant to dine.

I orderd a dinner that was all sublime,

And thought we were in for a jolly good time.

I turned up at the place on the night,

But talk about a "sell," by gum!

You'll think it absurd _ each man, upon my word!

Sent a telegram to say he couldn't come.

The boss of the restaurant arrived

And cried, "Oh, dear!

It's the worst case you were ever in!"

Said I, "No fear!"

"It's the very best case I ever had!

My very best case I'm sure." For the spread looked grand __ I had one taste;

I got through the lot without a bit of waste,

Five long hours I sat there,

Feeding my fat face, And the waiters couldn't get me in a four-wheeled cab,

For I'd got a very good case!

4. I remember just a year or two ago,

Shortly after I was married, don't you know,

I packed up my luggage in a cardboard box,

A shirt and a tie and a pair of old socks,

"Biz" was quisby, and funds very low,

And so I had to travel "third,

But when I got out and began to look about,

Why, I couldn't find my luggage, 'pon my word!

"I must collar something," I remarked,

"To take its place."

So I put four fingers and a thumb

On a dressing case.

'Twas the very best case I ever had!

My very best case I'm sure.

When I looked inside it, I saw there

Lots of pretty little things that ladies wear,

Dainty skirts, fal-de-rals,

Trimmed with bits of lace,

Then I thought about the missis _ they were just her size! I'd got a very good case!

7th BANJO ALBUM.

In a temper not particularly gay,

When in came a lady in a white straw hat,

THE SLOAN-BROKE BOOKIE.





And not a word on me reflected,
But now somehow with frown all on me look,
The Punters say they wouldn't trust me,
My own heads even swear to bust me,
If I, should try, to make a ha'penny book!
I've lost my oof and my name is Undone,
I've got to 'pad the oof'' to London,
My brief some thief has collared for his own,
But I'll wire to my fat a unt at Briefol

My brief some thief has collared for his own,
But I'll wire to my fat aunt at Bristol
To send the money to buy a pistol,
And then I'll shoot, I'll execute,
That jockey called Toddy Sloan.

CHORUS. Oh! Mister Tod, Tod, &c.

And gone and hoppedit with a "Punter,"
Who backs, the crack's, the mounts that make me groan,
My coachman says, just to annoy me,
If I could drive he would employ me,
For he, you see's, been backing Toddy Sloan.
My name is Mud, and I ain't a "stiver,"
The only trade I know is coal heaver,
But wait, like fate, I back shall get my own,
Take my word if there won't be trouble,
Upon them all I shall do the double,
If he ain't fire-proof, I'll get back my oof
When, 've "slewed" and I've "slewn" that Sloan!
CHORUS.Oh! Mister Tod. Tod. &c.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

I'LL SHEW 'EM THE WAY. Or, SEND 'EM ROUND TO ME.



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At Eastbourne there's a friend of mine who keeps a ladies' school, She's well up in the classics, and in fact nigh every rule; Last summer she was married tho; her scholars had a whim, They said the sea looked nice and cool, they'd like to have a swim, I dont know what to do, said she, no teacher can I find, I whispered in her ear, and said, my dear, well never mind. CHORUS.

I'll shew 'em the way, you can leave it to me, If they want to float on their back, and don't know how to get into the knack; Send 'em round to me, I'm in every day, Those dear little girls, with beautiful curls,

I'll shew'em the way.

One day another friend of mine, whose name is Mr. Page, Said he'd got three jolly fine girls, who'd a fancy for the stage, They'd bought a lot of lovely clothes, but didn't know which to choose, Or, speaking confidentially, they didn't know how to use. Said he now as a "pro" of course, you know a thing or two You'll do your best to put 'em right, if I send 'em to you.

I'll shew 'em the way, you can leave it to me, If they're coming before the lights, and don't know how to get into their tights: Send 'em round to me, I'm in every day, If they've got the stuff, and they don't know enough,

I'll shew'em the way.

Two young fellows that I know, are anxious to get wed, They're in love with two maidens, who a simple life have led, They can't make up their minds at all, to be those fellows wives, The reason is they fail to grasp the joys of married lives. They've asked me if I'll see those girls and give the some advice I said, all right, my boys, I will and tell them all that's nice. CHORUS.

I'll shew'em the way, you can leave it to me, If they want to be good little wives, I can teach 'em, bless their lives; Send 'em round to me, I'm in every day, I'm older than you, and I know what to do, I'll shew 'em the way.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

OUT SIDE.

Sung by HARRY ROSE.



7th BANJO ALBUM.

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9

I kissed my hand to a lady at the gate ____ Outside __ Outside,

"Come in," said she "you're a Juggins if you wait ...
Outside ... Outside."

So I popped in, like a monkey on a stick, When right upstairs came her brother in a tick, Said he, "Clear off, or your body I shall kick

Outside - Outside"

Then he hit me such a thud, I went wallop in the mud, And I tried to "chew the cud"- Outside.

3.

A barmaid once very nearly made me "bust,"—
Outside—Outside,
Some fat sausage rolls she was giving them a dust

Outside—Outside, So I bought one which I fancied looked a treat, But that sweet roll I'll be hanged if I could eat,

It broke my jaw, so I left it on a seat
Outside — Outside.

It was collared by a "Jay,"
Who put the lot away,
And his funeral's to-day. — Outside.

4.

I bought some "bags" that were hanging at a shop ____ Outside — Outside ...

I slipped them on, then I gaily did a hop ____ Outside __ Outside __

It didn't strike me that the stuff was very thin,
Till two girls passed and they did a quiet grin,
I then felt a hint that a draught was blowing in ____
Outside — Outside.

Said a gentleman in blue, "Why your 'dicky's' looking through, And it's shouting 'How d'you do'-Outside."

5

Old England always has lent a helping hand ____ Outside — Outside ,

Her shores are free to the scum of any land ___

Outside-Outside,

Our Labour Market is flooded, so they say, Yet swarms of paupers are landed every day, And old John Bull hasn't pluck enough to say ____

Outside - Outside.

But if I was on the spot I would show them"what was what," For I'd keep the blessed lot — Outside.

TOO FULL FOR WORDS. On, I DID'NT SAY MUCH, BUT I THOUGHT A LOT.





I remember once hearing the atmosphere burst,
Through a cabdriver blessed with a blotting pad thirst.
The cause of the row was myself I'll admit,
Or rather a solitary threepenny bit,
He had driven me about from nine thirty till five.
And I'd only that THREEPENCE to pay for the drive.
I did'nt mind my eye—I could cure that with bandaging,
But when Mr Cabby tried flowery languaging.
CHORUS.

Well I did'nt say much, but I THOUGHTA lot,
And my heart began to flutter like a bird's,
But the way that he footballed me
And the Christian names he called me,
Well, I felt TOO FULL for words.

В.

I remember—I should say with pain"I recall,"
The first visit I paid to a sweet Music Hall,
I had sold a few bottles, some boots and a bag,
And spent the proceeds on a seat in the scrag,"
I had simply "Bodbarder" the gents with "What Ho's"
Andchastely saluted the sweet Serios,
But the Tableaux knocked me off my perpendicular.
For the ladies were all dressed in —nothing particular.
CHORUS.

Well, I did'nt say much, but I THOUGHT a lot,
And my heart began to flutter like a bird's,
As I watched those pictures—really—
Well I seemed to "see thing" clearly,
But I felt TOO FULL for words.

I remember once soiling the ocean, by gosh,
I had "moulted" my clothes and gone in for a wash,
I was buzzing about like a bee in a coach,
When I noticed a crowd of young ladies approach,
Well, they started to pelt me with knoblets of rocks,
Then they threw in my hat—and my boots and my socks,
But still I forgave them for playing up"lots of games,"
Until they commenced analysing my "what's a names."

CHORUS

Well, I did'nt say much, but I THOUGHT a lot,
And my heart began to flutter like a bird's,
When I saw the cheeky charmers
Playing touch with my "pyjamas,"
Well, I felt TOO FULL for words.

I WONDER WHY?

Sung with the utmost success by TOM WOOTTWELL (BILLY BUTTORS) in the Pantomime at Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and at all the principal Music Hulls.

Written by Composed by JESE OHALLORAN & TOM WOOTTWELL. GEO. H. WIDER & TOM WOOTTWELL. Moderato. Key D. VOICE. ,s :m ,f | s ,l :s ,m | d ,r :m ,f | s :a lodger and he's very fond of Ma, I wonder why!.... I wonder why!. :s, ., m | d ., r :m ., m .,m :fe.,r Pa does-n't like him and he does-n't like l'a-pa, I won-der why!.. .,ta 1 .,l :m says he wish-es that the | fel - lowd go why!..... But the :l .,t | d' .,l :t .,d | t .,fe|s:.s|d'.,d':d'.,s|1 room would then be empty and of course that wouldn't pay; So mother she insisted that the cresc. d .,r:m .,f ., m I won-der sin - gle man should stay, I won - der why! why!...

7th BANJO ALBUM.

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Ah, me! Oh, my! I shall know more about it by and by, When I creep in the lodger gives me twopence as a rule, I don't know why I get it, I m such a silly fool, Ah, me! Oh, my! I shall know more about it by and by.

Ah, me! Oh, my! Ishall know more about it by and by, Oh, she didn't mind the ditch or the way the fellows laughed, But she kept on complaining of a fearful draught, Ah, me! Oh, my! Ishall know more about it by and by.

4. Mother payed a visit to our Uncle at the top,
I wonder why! I wonder why!
She took my father's trousers and she left them in the shop,
I wonder why! I wonder why!
She came home very boozy, and her nose was fiery red,
Father had no pants so he had to stay in bed,
When he can get a rhubarb leaf hell make some kilts he said,
I wonder why! I wonder why!

Ah, me! Oh, my! I shall know more about it by and by, Now he's wearing his kilts they're making such a fuss, The conductors have stopped him riding on a bus, Ah, me! Oh, my! I shall know more about it by and by.

7th BANJO ALBUM.

THE UNION JACK OF OLD ENGLAND.

CHARLES WILLIAMS. Written & Composed by Moderato marcia. % Voice. m .r raging all a round, Filling hearts with grave fear and dis t .fe the dread car_nage may end, not how soon r a_gain hold the But our dear lit_tle is_land can m :r .d r :d spite of all for_ces our foes may pro_cure, There's a still feel se_cure, For in ;m .f flag lads, that al-ways can float safe and sure, The U nion Jack of Old Eng land

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Old Kruger set his back up fine and large,
And dared to defy us once more,
But he very soon found that he would not get off
As cheap as he got off before.
The Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen there,

Soon sent the old Boers double-quick to the rear, And carried the day with a rush, and a cheer

For the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS. The flag that lights, &c.

3

The victory's theirs, where Anglo-Saxons go,
There is not a doubt about that;
And where won't they go to get at a foe?
Let anyone who dare tell us that!
They'll hand down the duty from father to son,
To fight and to conquer till all the world's won,
And the Stars and Stripes wave wide in the sun
With the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS. The flag that lights, &c.

4

Our brothers and sons in lands across the sea
Shall never by us be denied,
For if they're oppressed and must fight for their right,
Why then we will fight by their side!
The Army, the Navy, the brave Volunteers,
From our Colonies loyal will gladden their ears
With shouts of revenge, and brave British cheers
For the Union Jack of Old England.

CHORUS. The flag that lights, &c.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG. PATRIOTIC SONG.

Written by J. VERNON. Composed by FRED COYNE.





2

When war trumpets are sounded we are first to leave the land,
We bid good-bye to all that's dear with a kiss and a shake of the hand,
Then off to meet and fight the foe, upon some foreign shore,
To gain a vict'ry for the land, we never may see more.

CHORUS. Under the British Flag, &c.

3

When fortune on our forces frowns and the foe may hold the field. Like Britons we do charge and charge until we make them yield, But midst the dying and the dead, the carnage and the slaughter We're first to help a dying foe and give the enmy quarter.

CHORUS. Under the British Flag. &c.

HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

Sung by ARTHUR REECE.

Written & Composed by

MURRAY & LEIGH.



7th BANJO ALBUM.

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2. The servant girls are quite enough to make me sling my hook, Their goings on are awful, but the worst of all's the cook; They never give me any peace, they treat me shamefullee, And if there's any dirty work they leave it all to me. Last night we orders in a dozen tons of coal, And to see that they were right I had to go; The men began to shoot them, but they turns to me and says, Ain't that someone shouting 'Murder!' down below?"

How was I to know? How was I to know?
Our old cook was in despair...
She'd gone and hidden a peeler there;
Every time a dollop went down below,
The copper was dodging the lumps of coal, but how was I to know?

3. The scullery-maid at this hotel is rather gone on me, I wanted to surprise her on her birthday recently; So I made out a list of things that lovers give to gals, And took it to a shop where they sell ladies' falderals. Up came a parasol and lots of other things

That would fill my sweet Jemima with surprise;
At last the shopman pointed to the last thing on the list, And he asked me, "Did I know the lady's size?"

How was I to know? How was I to know?

I knew the girl was short and fat,
But very little more than that;
I was sure of everything else, but, oh!
I'd forgotten to measure Jemima's feet, so how was I to know?

4. A nice old maid drove up to our hotel the other night,
Of course, I went outside at once to help her to alight;
Said she, "Young man, now tell the truth, for lies I cannot bear!
Is this hotel respectable? If not, I'll go elsewhere."
I told the lady that she needn't be afraid,
She could thoroughly depend on what I said;
Then she asked if I thought the boss would care to guarantee
That she'd find no naughty menbeneath her bed.

How was I to know? How was I to know?
Then I up and told her straight
We'd found one once in N? 8.
"Lor!" she said, "to N? 8 I must go
D'ye think he'll be under the bed to-night?" Well, how was I to know?

5. One day I had to find a man, but couldn't, though I tried,
I quite forgot the number of the room he occupied;
Says I, "I'll look in every room I find in this hotel,"
But when & went in 29 I heard an awfull yell.
I stood inside the room __ I tried, but couldn't move,
Oh! there's no mistake, I did feel jolly queer;
I saw a lady in her bath __ at least, I saw her face __
And she said to me, "Pray, what's your business her?"

How was I to know? How was I to know?

There I stood just like a goose,
And tried to think of some excuse;

"Oh!" says I "I'm willing at once to go,
But I thought you might want me to cut your corns!" Well, how was I to know?

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