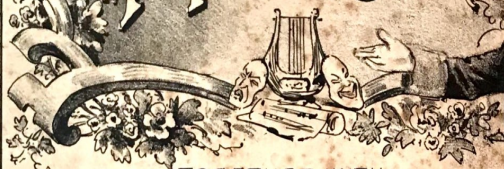


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by **RICHARD MORTON.**



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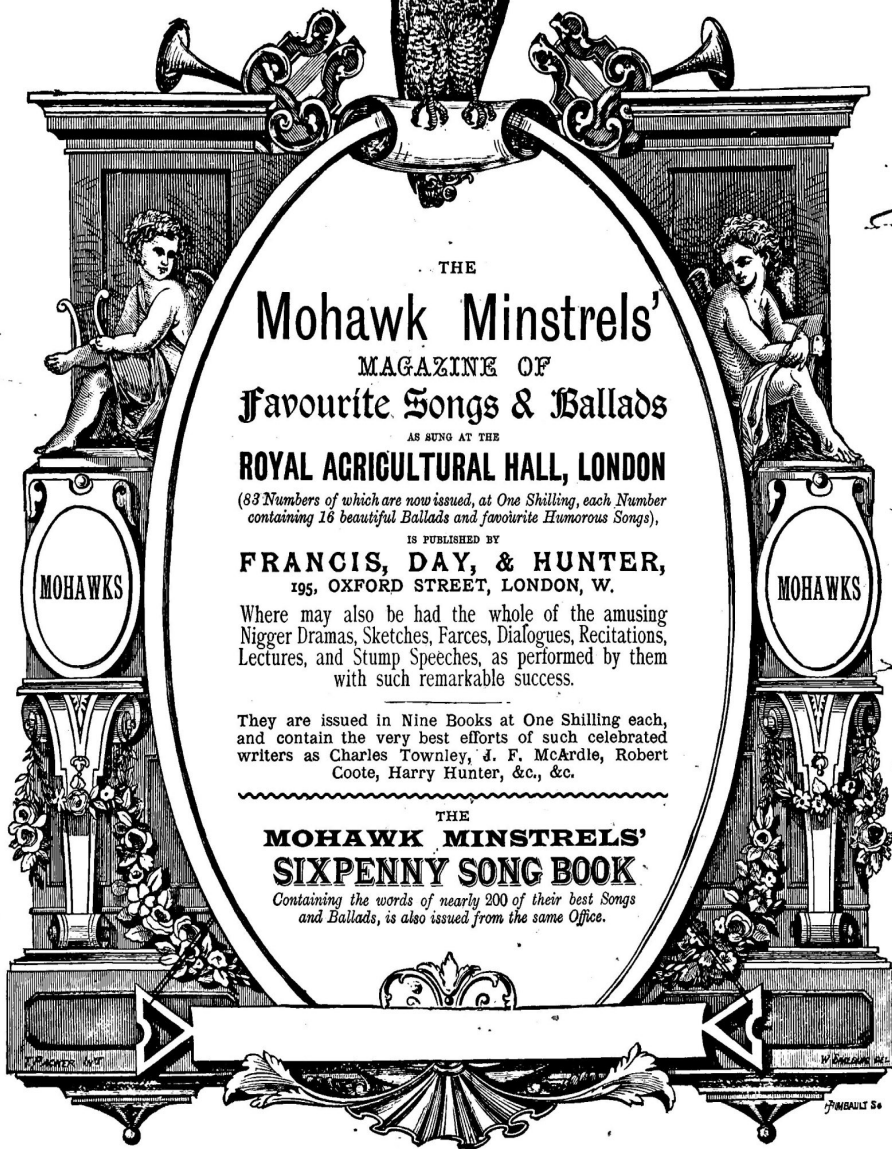
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# FRANCIS & DAY'S

## ALBUM OF CHARLES GODFREY'S SONGS.

### ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

Written by F. BOWYER.

Composed by GEO. LE BRUNN.

*Andante maestoso.*

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The piece begins with a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, followed by a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed throughout the score. The tempo changes from *Andante maestoso* to *Moderato* and includes a *p staccato* section.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, continuing from the introduction. It features a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

KEY B $\flat$ .

Is : m : t : r id : s : l : l : f : de m r : - r it : f : r t : l l : la : s : , se : s : d m : - . !

1. On the bridge at mid-night, stood I in dis-may, Watching wea-ry strag-glers, pass-ing on their way—
2. Next with steps er-ra-tic, comes the ci-ty clerk, But-ton-hole and stick too—rea-dy for a lark;
3. Comes the mut-fled bur-glar, glan-cing left and right, Shuf-fing like a spec-tre, shuns the glar-ing light;
4. Hark! a peal of laugh-ter, like a bird in song, A pret-ty lit-tle ac-tress trips her way a-long,

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment during the vocal part, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand has a simple accompaniment of chords, while the left hand has a steady bass line. The tempo is marked *p colla voce*.

Ft.

Si : n : t : r id : s : l : l : f : de m r : - r et : l : f : r it : l : l : l : s : r : s id : - . !

- Si-lent-ly re-lect-ing, dream-ing there a-lone, All their joys and sor-rows seem'd to be my own.
- Been to smok-ing con-cert, sung his la-test song, "Can't be twelve o'clock yet! works have all gone wrong."
- Touch-es his re-vol-ver, with a mur-drous leer, What's a life to him when sweet li-ber-ty is dear?
- Hug-ging "ho-ral tri-butes" in her dain-ty arms, Whilst her tall ad-mi-rer re-minds her of her charms.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment during the final part of the song, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The right hand has a simple accompaniment of chords, while the left hand has a steady bass line.

But "Hold on, Johnnie!" was ringing in the brain of a comic-singer who had to be song-writer as well.

"Hold on, Johnnie!"

soon got welded to

"Hold on, Jack!"

and then the rest of a chorus speedily followed —

"Hold on, Johnnie! hold on, Jack!  
Keep a little steady, boy, and hold a little back;  
You can soon get into trouble  
Through a very little bubble,  
So hold on, Johnnie! hold on, Jack!"

Before Godfrey reached Hyde Park Corner he had completed his song, and he was in high glee with himself when he turned into Watchhorn's, the great professional house of call in those times, for the modest glass of bitter that he felt he was fully entitled to. He met an acquaintance there, and told him of the incident and of the song he had evolved from it. "That's peculiar!" remarked the friend. Instantly was Godfrey again on the war-path. "Oh, ain't it Peculiar!" was written on the spot.

The two songs were duly turned on at the Metropolitan on the succeeding evening, and "Oh, ain't it Peculiar!" caught the taste of the town and became the popular craze. It was Charles Godfrey's first successful song. A large catalogue could be filled with a record of the subsequent ones, but the present album may be taken as representative of the many popular hits made by him. A glance at the titles will recall old times to the patrons of the halls, and many a pleasant memory may be stirred by dipping into the pages.

Godfrey was always an attractive personality in the music-halls, and he has never loosened his grip on public favour. He is now as big a favourite as ever, and the reasons for this continuance of esteem are not far to seek. There is an essential vitality in everything that he does, a naturalness, and a big spark of human nature. When he exploited the absurdities of the London swell in "The Masher King" he was no mere mummer dressed for a part and provided with a few lines to sing. He was the actual character, he embodied the gay, crazy, extravagant creature in his own person, and the audience communed with the real being in the real flesh. It was a gigantic satire, admirably conceived and admirably sustained. "Such a Don, don't you know," his more recent impersonation of the London swell, is an equally artistic creation, in which the type of dandy is of the effeminate, weak-brained, lipping sort. The extreme impudence, stoical *sang-froid*, and amusing self-assertiveness of "Clarence Fitz-Clarence" were excellently reproduced in this careful study of the manners and customs of a race of beings daily frequenting the Burlington Arcade.

In "On Guard," in "England in Danger," and in "The Seventh Royal Fusiliers" he successfully struck the keynote of British patriotism, and started a wave of national sentiment that it is no exaggeration to say has left its mark in the minds of the public. No other artist has aroused such enthusiasm, nor scored so heavily with the soldier and the sailor. Once, when Godfrey sang "Balaclava" in Portsmouth, the veteran pensioners presented him with a wreath of laurel in a hall that was full of our lads in red and blue. Sailors had even climbed the pillars supporting the galleries, in their anxiety for a better view of the proceedings. The National Anthem and "Rule, Britannia" came again and again from loyal throats, and the cheers of Her Majesty's fighting men of both services crowned a memorable scene unexampled in the history of the music hall.

"The Golden Wedding" was a different departure. Full of homely sentiment, it tells of a pure atmosphere of love and wedded bliss, sanctified by an old man's union for fifty years with the one creature of his affections, the proud sweetheart of his manly youth, the sweet-faced mate of his declining years. As an example of Godfrey's frankly pathetic side, it appeared unerringly for the sympathies of his audiences, and will long be remembered among the ballads of domesticity and the home. The singer of "The Golden Wedding" has frequently evinced his innate reverence for the household gods, but has never put into a song more simple truth and feeling than he displayed in this story of an old man's long-lived, unalterable love for the partner of his heart.

"Across the Bridge" was an enormous hit of Godfrey's. It opened up an entirely new field in the way of lyric literature, and was the prototype of the "descriptive song" which once had so great a vogue. Distinctly melodramatic in its story, the song is nevertheless full of a lurid truth. Its lessons are sharp, poignant; and it tells them in a plain, unvarnished language that never fails in its effect. From the opening notes of comedy in the pictures of the light-hearted Dick Swivellerish city clerk with empty pockets, and of the vain, frivolous ballet-girl with her bouquets and admirers, it passes to the sullen depths of realism in the study of the ruined gambler, and in the strikingly tragic story of the suicide, whose way to peace and rest lay over the parapet of Westminster Bridge. They were commonplace, ordinary incidents, unnoticed happenings of every day, but Godfrey transfigured them in the song and expressed them as the fierce, vital truths that they are. "Across the Bridge" is also noteworthy as marking the commencement of Godfrey's connection with Mr. George Le Brunn, the composer of the song in question and of most of Godfrey's other successes. Mr. Le Brunn's hand is traceable everywhere in the work of the singer, and he may be credited as aiding materially and intrinsically the artistic success of his friend and patron.

But Charles Godfrey is not always sombre, prone as he is to point an effective moral. In "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti" he created a type of Bacchanalian hilarity that still stands as a model. It was the apotheosis of inebriety, but a free, rollicking, laughter-compelling picture that jarred on no feelings save those of the ultra-temperal, and was highly relished by folks sufficiently broad-minded to appreciate its subtle exaggeration and its splendid abandon. It might have been sung in the groves of Bacchus himself, and the grape-crowned, vinous god would have been first to join in the chorus. "The Story of a Kiss" and "Half-past Nine" are, again, specimens of the vocalist's work in a lighter vein. The former song is only the neat expression of an episode, but it is such a clean, polished bit of work that it takes high place indeed in the catalogue of successes which Godfrey has given us. "Half-past Nine" depends more upon its melodious chorus than upon the story told by the verses, but it enabled Godfrey to present a phase of acting that fitted well with popular expectations. The song caught on, and has travelled round the world and back again.

Charles Godfrey's stage genius has no limitations. He might have been a breezy hero like William Terriss, a saturnine villain of the Herman Vezin type, or a lusty soldier of fortune like Charles Warner. But he preferred to work, single-handed, in the music halls, and he has made himself popular and beloved of the many, because he is, above all else, a bit of human nature.

R. M.

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or License, except at Theatres and Music Halls.

# THE DANDY COLOURED COON.

(SUNG BY EUGENE STRATTON.)

Written by RICHARD MORTON  
*Moderato.*

Composed by Gxo. Le BRUNN.

PIANO.

KEY G.

♩ : d . d . t . | l . : l . | l . l . : s . l | m . re : n . f m . r . t . | se : - . | : m . d .

1. Now I'm a gal-lous nig-ger when I'm round a-bout the town, Up and down, round the

2. Now a man of co-lour is a ter-ror to the gals, They're his pals— all the

3. Now they had an Ex-hi-bi-tion out in Chi-ca-go, Don't you know, a-while

l . l . : - . | : d . t . | l . : l . | l . l . : s . l | m . re : n . f m . r . t . | se : . . | : m . d .

town; And the folks all say, "Why, you ought to wear a crown, Mis-ter Brown, in the  
gals! And this here coon is so fond of all the gals, All the Sals, and the  
ago; And Mrs. Queen Victoria, and Mrs. Wales al-so, They asked to go— to the

town!" Now a great big crowd this morn I spy,— Some-one says, "They want to see the  
Lals! Said a doc-tor once "John James you're ill;" You've pal-pi-ta-tion of the  
show. Said Mrs. Queen, "Will John James be there?" And when they told her "No," you

Pre-si-dent go by!" "Pre-si-dent!" said I, "go by!..... you're mis-  
heart, you want a pill,— John James— you're ill! very ill!"..... but I  
should have seen her stare! "Not there?— don't care— shan't go!"..... and she

- took-en! This yere crowd want to see no Pre-si-dent! Not at all!— not a bit!  
was-n't! "You've pal-pi-ta-tion" the doctors state, "From your feet— to your scalp;  
did-n't! Man said, "It's Co-lum-bus the show's a-bout," So I said, "Hark at this!

"Taint for him at all that the crowd am meant!" "Go on!" said he! "who is it?" Why it's  
Kise-ing of the girls makes your heart palpitate!" "Go on!" said I, "let it palp!" For I'm  
"Taint Col-um-bus at all, you're a long way out;" "Go on!" said he! "aint it Chris?" No, it's

| d : | s : | d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> | d .t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> |

John, James, E - ben - e - zer, Ho - ze - ki - ah, Pe - ter, Hen - ry, Za - cha - ri - ah,

| d :l | s :m f | s .d :- .t<sub>1</sub> |l<sub>1</sub> :- .se<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :l .s |m : .re .re |

John, James Brown! Don't you know me? Go on!— you will ve - ry soon, For I'm

| m :m | m : r | *1st time.* d .l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> .se<sub>1</sub> |l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> || *2nd time.* d .l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> .se<sub>1</sub> |l<sub>1</sub> ||

John, James Brown, The Dan - dy col - oured coon! For I am Dan - dy col - oured coon.

*ff*

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or License, except at Music Halls.

## DOWN THE ROAD.

(SUNG BY GUS ELEN.)

Written and Composed by FRED GILBERT

*PIANO.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

KEY A. S.

1. Since first I copp'd a ti - dy lump o' swag..... I've  
 2. Tom Jones, the but - cher, thought that form un - true!..... Says  
 3. Soon af - ter that - she reached the fi - nal goal..... (I'd

The piano accompaniment for the first verse features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *p*.

al - ways kept a de - cent lit - tle nag;..... But one as I shall  
 he, "Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do..... My cob shall trot your  
 had the lit - tle won - der from a foal)..... And grief too keen to

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first verse.

de - x : m f | n : l | - - l | d d : d d | d . l | t | d |  
 sing a - bout to you, now..... Was with a mil - lion jim - mies in a  
 mare a - gain next Mon - day,..... And fif - ty more bright sov - 'rins I will  
 talk a - bout was mine, when..... Poor Poll was cart - ed off to fill a

The piano accompaniment for the third verse concludes the piece with a final chord.

bag..... I match'd her 'gainst the best that could be found.....  
 blue;..... If you prove she can beat him once a gain.....  
 hole..... My mis - sus and the kide all went with me.....

..... Four own - ers made a stake of six - ty pound.....  
 ..... I'll nev - er more in this world touch a rein!".....  
 ..... The last of poor pet po - ny Poll to see;.....

..... So the race was du - ly run, And I'll tell you how I  
 ..... Though I knew he'd got no chance, He in - sist - ed on the  
 ..... And our neigh - bours shared the grief, That was felt be - yond be -

..... With brave Pol - ly - my old po - ny - world re - nowned:.....  
 ..... So now I must tell you how we slew the slain.....  
 ..... lief, When the lit - tle mare was bu - ried - R. I. P.....



# AT TRINITY CHURCH I MET MY DOOM.

OR, THAT'S WHAT SHE'S DONE FOR ME.

(SUNG BY TOM COSTELLO.)

Written and Composed by FRED GILBERT.

Arranged by JOHN S. BAKER.

PIANO.

KEY G.

.s | l | d :t | r | d m :r f | m d :l | r | t | d :r .s | l | d :t | r |

1. Twelve months a - go with de - cent chan - ces, Pros - pects of suc - cess in life, Thro' fool - ish love of  
 2. In bri - dal dress with frills and floun - ces, 'Pon my word she did look fine, Quite six - teen stone and  
 3. When she con - fess'd, I'd scarce be - lieve her, Tho' at last 'twas truth she told; She had - n't got a

l d m :r f | m d :l | r | l | t | d : | t | r :r .t | d m :m d |

ball - room dan - ces, Trou - ble came, I met my wife; Such a no - ble bux - om crea - ture,  
 some odd un - ces, Weighed then, this dear wife of mine. Peo - ple whis - pered she had - mon - ey  
 bloom - ing sti - ver - She was thir - ty - six years old. I can on - ly grin and bear it,

l | d :d .l | t | s | r | t | r :r .t | d m :m d | l | .l | r :d | t | .l | :s | ||

She in my eyes then ap - peared, False she was, though fair of fea - ture, Like to sal - mon I was speared.  
 (O! what tales some folk will tell), She was sim - ply six - teen sto - ney, What a swin - dle, what a sell!  
 Poor in - deed is my es - tate, She, poor gal, is forced to share it, Down will drop her mor - tal weight.

CHORUS. 1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff*.

She told me her age was five - and twenty, Cash in the bank of course she'd plen-ty, I like a lamb be-

Musical notation for the first system of the chorus. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "She told me her age was five - and twenty, Cash in the bank of course she'd plen-ty, I like a lamb be-".

- lived it all, I was an M. U. G.:..... At Trin-i-ty Church I met my doom,

Musical notation for the second system of the chorus. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "- lived it all, I was an M. U. G.:..... At Trin-i-ty Church I met my doom,". Above the vocal line, there are dynamic markings: *D.t.* and *f.G.*.

Now we live in a top back room,

Musical notation for the third system of the chorus. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Now we live in a top back room,". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

Up to my eyes in debt for "ren-ty-" That's what she's done for me..... She me .....

Musical notation for the fourth system of the chorus. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Up to my eyes in debt for 'ren-ty-' That's what she's done for me..... She me .....". Above the vocal line, there are dynamic markings: *1st time.* and *2nd time.*. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the chorus, which is a piano solo. It features a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. A forte dynamic marking (*f*) is present at the beginning.

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Music Halls, and at the Liverpool and Birmingham Theatres.

# I CAN'T CHANGE IT.

(SUNG BY GEORGE BEAUCHAMP.)

*Allegro moderato.*

Written and Composed by T. W. CONNOR.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the musical theme from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature, with the right staff playing a melodic line and the left staff providing accompaniment. The system ends with a final chord in the right hand.

KEY F.

: s | s :- d | d :- : m | l :- : s | m :- : d | m :- : r | f :- : r | l :- : - | - : - : l |

The first system of the vocal melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "1. I know a lot of la - zy men, And meet them when I may,..... They've 2. I nev - er was a proud young man, That an - ny one can see;..... The 3. I got an in - vi - ta - tion to A wed - ding down our way;..... So 4. When I went home this af - ter - noon, The nurse was at the door;..... She 5. I thought that I'd get mar - ried, Like a lot of fool - ish men;..... I". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, providing a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

| t :- : r | s :- : s | t :- : r | s :- : s | s - : f | m :- : r | d :- : - | - : - : s |

The second system of the vocal melody continues the lyrics: "nev - er got a pen - ny - Al - ways ston - ey broke they say;..... With fash - ions I don't care a - bout For clothes don't trou - ble me..... I'll went in - to a shop to get A new hat yes - ter - day..... I said, 'You've got an - o - ther one - That makes you just a score!..... It's found the girl, bought the ring, Got mar - ried there and then..... But". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

me it's just the o - ther way, For I'm a man of "biz,"..... I've  
 ne - ver be a maah - er, for I'm sat - is - fied to know..... I've  
 soon got what I want - ed, and The prem - is - es did quit;..... Now  
 such a pret - ty lit - tle girl, I know you'll wish her joy..... I  
 when the job was o - ver, I was ta - ken down a peg..... Her

al - ways got a shil - ling in My pock - et, here it is.....  
 got a shirt up - on my back, I can say that al - though.....  
 since I've tried it on my nut, I find it does - n't fit!.....  
 wished it to Old Nick, for what I wan - ted was a boy!.....  
 hair, her eyes, and teeth were false, And she'd a wood - en leg!.....

Chorus. 1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff*.

But I can't..... change it! I can't..... change it! The  
 But I can't..... change it! I can't..... change it! It  
 But I can't..... change it! I can't..... change it! For  
 But I can't..... change it! I can't..... change it! I've  
 But I can't..... change it! I can't..... change it! It

[t :-:1 | l :-:1 | l :-:1 | t :-:1 | d :-:1 | l :-:1 | l :-:1 | l :-:1 | m :-:1 | r |

rea - son why I'll let you know, it's one I made my - self, and so I  
 fits me like a bloom - ing sack, I've got but one shirt to my back; I  
 when the shop - man turned his back, I sneaked the ca - die off the rack; I  
 asked a lot who ought to know I asked the nurse, and she says, "No!" She  
 was a great sur - prise to me, half a wo - man and half a tree; I

[d :-:1 | s :m | r :m | f :-:s | l :-:1 | se :-:1 |

can't..... change it, ..... no mat - ter how I try, But I  
 can't..... change it, ..... no mat - ter how I try, So when it's  
 can't..... change it, ..... and nev - er mean to try, Or I  
 can't..... change it, ..... and she don't intend to try, But she  
 can't..... change her, ..... I wish she'd do a guy, But I'll

[t :-:1 | f :-:1 | l :-:1 | s :m | :-:d | l, :-:1 | t, :-:1 | s :d | :-:1 | d :s | :-:1 | d :-:1 | :-:1 | :-:1 |

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

hope to cheat a blind man in the sweet by - and - bye..... I bye.....  
 be - ing washed I lie in bed un - til it's dry.....  
 might be pick - ing oak - um in the sweet by - and - bye.....  
 hopes I'll have a doz - en in the sweet by - and - bye.....  
 put her up for auc - tion in the sweet by - and - bye.....

*ff*

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Music Halls.

# TABLEAUX VIVANTS (There's a Picture for you !)

(SUNG BY E. G. KNOWLES.)

Written and Composed by CHARLES OSBORNE.

*Allegro vivace.*

PIANO. *f*

Key: E♭.

||: s | d' t . l . s : n n | n :- s | d , t . l . s : n n . |

1. It's got-ting all the rage just now, To see up-on the stage just  
 2. Did an-y-body ev-er re-side In a vil-la that's about half-  
 3. Did you ev-erspend a week or two Down yon-der by the wa : ters  
 4. Has an-y-bo-dy ever had "digs" Out some-where where the folks kept

| n :- n | r . s : r . s | n . s :- n | r . s : r . s | n . s : . s |

now, Some most ar-tis-tic mix-tures,—They call them liv-ing pic-tures—Well,  
 -dried, A-way from all the hub-bub, In some se-clud-ed sub-bub! You  
 blue, And while the waves are dash-ing, You think you'd like a splash in? You  
 pigs, And don-keys, ducks, and chic-kens That fair-ly played the dic-kens—An

| d' , t . l . s : n n | n :- s | d' , t . l . s : n n | n :- . | <sup>1/2</sup> d : r . s . s |

I have got a big i-dea, I'll show you one or two down here, Take for in-stance, the  
 take it on a three-year lease, Look forward to a life of peace, And find you've been pr  
 strip up-on the sands like a fool, And jump in-to the o-cean cool, When by-and-bye there  
 at-tic is your bed-room, please, The blen-kets nov-er touch your knees, But you con-tribute to

ho - tel crank, who's mopp'd up too much bees. He goes to the door and rings the bell,  
 - sent - ed with the Or - der of the Fleece. The bolts drop off the kit - chen door, The  
 comes a - long a sweet young la - dies school. They romp a - bout for an hour or two, They  
 keep a - live by samp - ling coun - try bees. They're all ve - ry fine and hun gry chaps,

What the por - ter says I dare not tell; He goes up stairs, and he holds on tight, At  
 boil - er bursts, and the flues won't draw; The roof falls in and the walls fall out, And the  
 see your clothes, but they don't see you. You catch a cramp, but you daren't cry oh! When a  
 They play hop - scotch, and do flip - flaps, Bi - ting lumps from ev - 'ry spot, Willing to

last he gets to his room all right; Has no match, so he does with - out  
 Tho - mas cat goes lame with the gout; The drains won't act, and the door - step drops A  
 lob - ster grabs you by the toe; You swear and curse till your nose turns red, And you  
 steal a - ny - thing you have got; You pop out of bed and once in a while You

puts on a night - shirt in - side out, goes to bed, and at half - past four  
 yard and a half, and there it stops; Af - ter a storm, the yard's a - float, And you  
 wish they'd shift or else drop dead. By - and - bye when the lights are low, And  
 stub your toe, and you hear them smile; You strike a light, and seize the chance To

Some - bo - dy else comes through the door; He wakes up, and thro' the gloom  
 have to swim or hire a boat; The land - lord calls, you come to blows, You  
 Off with your clothes the whole lot go. You pop out and you holler out "hi!" When  
 stop one squad going off with your pants; You kill two reg - ments in one batch, An -

Sees a fe - male in his room; She sees him, has hys - te - rics, And  
 black his eyes and twist his nose; You're bound o - ver to keep the peace, And  
 two old maids come pass - ing by— One says "Ooh!" the other says, "Oh! How  
 o - ther corps comes up to scratch; You charge with a Max - im but that don't hurt, They

then they both are in a fix— Twig 'em I im - plore you!  
 get marked down as known to the p'lice, And all your friends ig - nore you—  
 dare you, sir, play at peep - bo? Send for the p'lice we saw yer!"  
 form in squares and collar your shirt, All night they bite and gnaw yer!

*Bb.t.*

*f. sf.*

Tab - leaux Vi - vants! There's a pic - ture for you!  
 Tab - leaux, Jerry - built! There's a pic - ture for you!  
 Too blue - mur - der— There's a pic - ture for you!  
 Tar blow - Keat - ing's— There's a pic - ture for you!

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Theatres and Music Halls.

## OUR HAPPY LITTLE HOME.

(SUNG BY HARRY RANDALL.)

Written by J. W. SEWELL.

Composed by HARRY RANDALL.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto* and *f*. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

KEY C.

. s | s . s : fe . s | r' d' : s . n | n . r : r . n | f : f . s | t . t : t . t |

The vocal line for the first line of lyrics is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time.

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1. I'm just a - bout as hap - py as they make 'em now - a - days,             | I was mar - ried to a    |
| 2. I'd a love - ly box of lin - en - well, two of ev - 'ry - thing,           | But one by one I've      |
| 3. The chim - ney - pots are blown a - way, we have - n't a - ny coals,       | And ours is a            |
| 4. There's a pair of bro - ken sug - ar - tongs, and those we use for spoons, | And we have - n't a - ny |

The piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics is written on two staves (treble and bass clef), 2/4 time. It provides a steady harmonic and rhythmic support for the vocal line.

| t f : s . l | n : - - : s | s . s : fe . s | r' d' : s . n |

The vocal line for the second system of lyrics is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time.

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| thing they call'd a man;.....  | And oh! he was a beau - ty and he       |
| seen 'em dis - ap - pear;..... | They went with my go - losh - es and my |
| per - for - a - ted roof;..... | And when it rains we have to scoop the  |
| han - dles on the jugs;.....   | We call at all the rag - shops just to  |

The piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics is written on two staves (treble and bass clef), 2/4 time. It continues the harmonic and rhythmic support for the vocal line.

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had such pret - ty ways, Our hap - py lit - tle home you ought to scan..... The grid -  
 eigh - teen - pen - ny ring, To keep my beau - ty well sup - plied in beer..... Our  
 wa - ter up with bowls, And stuff up sacks to keep it wa - ter - proof..... The  
 pick up old bal - loons, And turn 'em in - to coun - ter - panes and rugs..... We

- i - ron hangs up - on the floor, we ne - ver use it, no! The boil - er's been and  
 chairs are all three - leg - ged ones, we prop 'em up with sticks, The oop - per ket - tle  
 cup - board doors have tum - bled down, we hav - n't a - ny stairs, We've made a lad - der  
 sleep up - on a bed - stead that was once a Pick - ford's van, And with a bit of

gone and done a bust..... The dish - es and the knives and forks all  
 has - n't got a spout..... We've got two pret - ty lit - tle lamps, but  
 out of bits of rope;..... And oh, I am so hap - py, and I  
 wood we comb our hair;..... The boys have been and bro - ken ev - 'ry

van - ished long a - go, And we can - not get an - o - ther bit on trust.....  
 hav - n't a - ny wicks, And an um - brel - la twist - ed in - side out.....  
 hav - n't a - ny cares, And for months we hav - n't used a bit of soap.....  
 win - dow that they can, And we bar - ri - cade the door with a chair.....

CHORUS. 2nd time *ff.*

KEY C.

*ff.* :- | t .s : l .t | l :- | - :s .s | s .s : fe .s | l .m : re .m |

Ours is a hap - py home, I'm as mer - ry as the Em - press of  
 Ours is a hap - py home, I nev - er hard - ly ev - er want to  
 Ours is a hap - py home, I would I were a kip - per in the  
 Ours is a hap - py home, From the cel - lar un - der - neath us to the

*ff.* :- | - :f .f | f .d' .- :t .l | f :f .f | n .t .- :t .l | m :- |

Rome; There's no car - pet on the floor and no knocker on the door—  
 roam; It's hap - pi - ness and joy, on a pen - ny sav - e - loy—  
 foam! We hav - n't paid last quarter, and they're chopping off the water—  
 dome; The cat has got the hump, and I'm go - ing off my chump—

*ff.* :f' .f' | f' .m' :f' .m' :- |

1st time.	2nd time.
d' : :	d' : :

Ours is a hap - py lit - tle home. home.

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Music Halls.

# "PERHAPS! P'RAPS NOT!"

(SUNG BY R. G. KNOWLES.)

Written by RICHARD MORTON.

Composed by Geo. Lu BRAUN.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'Piano' with a forte 'f' marking.

## KST A.

1. Now the song that I'm a-bout to sing, you may have heard be-fore, Per - haps! Per -  
 2. You are rid - ing on the rail - way with a charm - ing lit - tle miss, Per - haps! Per -  
 3. There's a gen - tle lit - tle dam - sel, with all nat - ral gold - en hair, Per - haps! Per -  
 4. There's a sim - ple sort of ou - rate, with a sim - ple sort of face, Per - haps! Per -

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: '1. Now the song that I'm a-bout to sing, you may have heard be-fore, Per - haps! Per - 2. You are rid - ing on the rail - way with a charm - ing lit - tle miss, Per - haps! Per - 3. There's a gen - tle lit - tle dam - sel, with all nat - ral gold - en hair, Per - haps! Per - 4. There's a sim - ple sort of ou - rate, with a sim - ple sort of face, Per - haps! Per -'

- haps! It will give you good ad - vice, and you'll be learn - ing more and more, Per -  
 - haps! And you feel that you would like to - that you real - ly want a kiss, Per -  
 - haps! And she nev - er bleach'd her eye - brows, and her cheeks were al - ways fair, Per -  
 - haps! He al - ways calls on Mrs. Jones, at din - ner he says grace, Per -

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '- haps! It will give you good ad - vice, and you'll be learn - ing more and more, Per - - haps! And you feel that you would like to - that you real - ly want a kiss, Per - - haps! And she nev - er bleach'd her eye - brows, and her cheeks were al - ways fair, Per - - haps! He al - ways calls on Mrs. Jones, at din - ner he says grace, Per -'

- haps! Per - haps! When a mar - ried man comes home at night with  
 - haps! Per - haps! You dash in - to the tun - nel, it's the  
 - haps! Per - haps! Of fash - ion and of fig - ure she of  
 - haps! Per - haps! He's a most cor - rect young per - son with an

quite a sto - ny glare, He seems to have been drinking, out of curl is all his hair; Per -  
 best of chan - ces so, You kiss her—Oh! when, hang it! out in - to the light you go, And the  
 course has much the best, She al - ways looks a pic - ture, and she's al - ways nice - ly dressed, And she  
 un - as - sum - ing way, He looks at Mrs. Jones, she smiles, and then he mur - murs, "Yea!" She

- naps his dar - ling wi - fey when she sees him does n't swear, Per - haps! P'raps not!  
 pas - sen - gers be - gin to laugh—does the la - dy blush? Oh! no! Per - haps! P'raps not!  
 has - n't a - ny hip - pads, and she does n't pad her chest, Per - haps! P'raps not!  
 says, "Oh, Mr. Cu - rate!" and he an - swers, "Let us pray!" Per - haps! P'raps not!

♩ CHORUS 1st time *p* 2nd time *ff*.

˙s˙1 || d ˙:- | ˙d ˙r | n ˙:- | d ˙: | n ˙s˙1 :f˙˙1 || ˙s˙1 :t˙˙1 ˙d |

P'raps not! Do you think not? Still of course it mat - ters not a

r ˙:- | ˙d ˙r | n ˙s˙1 :f ˙r | n ˙s˙1 :f ˙r

jot; Per - haps she does, and p'raps she don't; Per -

| n ˙s˙1 :f ˙r | n ˙s˙1 :f ˙r | n ˙:- | r 1st time. ˙:- | ˙s˙1 ||

haps she will, and p'raps she won't; Per - haps, p'raps not! P'raps

2nd time. d ˙:- | : | : | : | : | ||

not!

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Theatres and Music Halls, but it must not be paraphrased or parodied without Mr. Leo Dryden's permission.

## THE SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.

(SUNG BY LEO DRYDEN.)

Written by GEORGE BRUCE.

Composed by LEO DRYDEN.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It features a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

KEY G.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, providing harmonic support. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

1. Three long years a - go my ship sped o'er the  
 2. The lit - tle young - ster thrived, but my poor dear wife  
 3. One fear - ful sum - mer's night I saw my ship on

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. Dynamics include forte (f) and piano (p).

foam— The wife and I, up - on the sea, had made the ship our home; Just  
 Nell Day by day grew worse and then—the truth 'tis sad to tell— In  
 fire! The flames from out the burn - ing hold were leap - ing higher and higher; "O"

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include forte (f).

twelve months we'd been wed, both hap - py, she and I; I lov'd her with de -  
 spite of all the care, in three months she lay dead— The hopes and wish - es  
 save my child!" I cried, in ac - cents filled with woe, "For, all I live for

vo - tion true, the love that can - not die. One morn they brought the news to me—my  
of my heart, a - las! had quick - ly fled. They bu ried her at sea one day, I  
in this world is in that room be - low." Through flames and smoke I fought my way, in

brain was in a whirl— They said, "you are the fa - ther of a lit - tle ba - by  
breath'd a fer - vent prayer That He, the One in Heav'n a - bove, my ba - by's life would  
an - guish death de - fied; I strug - gled on, and tried in vain to reach my ba - by's

D.t

girl:" We drank the health of wife and babe in bum - pers, "Three times three," And  
spare; The lit - tle young - ster sailed with me up - on the bri - ny deep, And  
side: The fear - ful heat was sti - fling— I heard my ba - by scream— I

as I held my ba - by in my arms I sang with glee:—.....  
off - times with this lul - la - by I've sung my babe to sleep:—.....  
woke—my babe was in her cot—thank God, 'twas but a dream!.....

Chorus. 1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff*.

♩.G.

W:-: | t:-: | d | l:-: | s:-: | m :m :m :r | d | f:-: | :-: | f:-: | m :-: | f |

My lit - tle daugh - ter, my lit - tle an - gel di - vine;..... My lit - tle

t:-: | l:-: | t:-: | l:-: | s:-: | t:-: | s:-: | :-: | :-: | m :m :-: | t:-: | d | l:-: | s:-: | s:-: |

daugh - ter, my lit - tle home sun - shine:..... She's bon - ny and fair,..... the

l:-: | t:-: | d :-: | r | m :-: | :-: | :-: | s:-: | f:-: | m :m :-: | r | l:-: | d | d :-: | t:-: | m :-: | r |

pic - ture of my wife..... my lit - tle daugh - ter is the sun - shine of my

1st time.

2nd time.

d : : : : | d : : : : || : : : : | : : : : ||

life. life.....

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Theatres and Music Halls.

## OUR JOHNNY.

(SUNG BY ARTHUR LENNARD.)

Written by A. J. MILLS.

Music by BENNETT SCOTT.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

KEY G.

d r | m n : r d | m n : f d | m n : r d | s :- s | f f : m r |

1. In a gro - cer's shop that's sit - u - a - ted close by Cam - den Town, There served a count - er -  
 2. His mas - ter, such a pi - ous chap, a staunch "T. T.," you know, Whilst he read the *Chris - tian*  
 3. But one fine day the cris - is came, the lit - tle shop - boy Bill, Saw John - ny grind - ing

| f f : m r | l r : r n | r :- s, | m n : r d | f f : m r |

- jump - er by the name of Mis - ter Brown; But as the he - ro of this dit - ty  
*World*, who was it stu - died "Cap - tain Coe," And went to bed with hat and boots on,  
 cof - fee with his "left hand" at the mill; But who was it very bu - sy with his

he will gain re - nown, As John - ny,..... Our John-ny..... His  
 ve - ry much "so - so?" Why John - ny,..... Our John-ny..... On the  
 right one in the till? Why, John - ny,..... Our John-ny..... The

mas - ter thought a lot of him, for John - ny boy was wise— He knew the way to  
 ear - ly clos - ing Thurs - day, John - ny went to Ex - 'ter Hall— Or so he told his  
 se - quel is a sad one, I am sor - ry to con - fess, With in a gloom - y

give short weight, and tell a lot of lies; A cham - pion great at do - ing folks be -  
 Guy - nor, but he did - n't go at all; Oh no, it was the Em - pire in a  
 build - ing, in a nice broad ar - row dress, There's a young man with his hair cut short, no

- fore their ve - ry eyes, Was John - ny,..... Our John - ny.....  
 half - a - gun - ea stall, Went John - ny,..... Our John - ny.....  
 doubt you all can guess— That's John - ny,..... Our John - ny.....

Quonv. 1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff*.

John-ny used to grind the ool - fee mill, and mix the su - gar with the sand, When the shop was closed, at the

*p*, 2nd time *ff*.

corn - er pub, Drinks all round he'd stand; But he grinds a dif - ferent mill just now, and

breaks a lot of stone,.... All through the poor boy mix - ing His mas - ter's mon - ey with his

1st time. 2nd time.

OWN..... OWN.....

*ff*

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## THE JUDGE.

(SUNG BY HARRY RANDALL.)

Written and Composed by JOSEPH TAMMAR.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

KEY G.

.s: | d d :d .s | t: t: :t: .s | l: .l: :l: f | s: :- s: | l: .l: :l: f |

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Now I'm a judge, a learn-ed man, With no end of de-grees, Well up on all the  
 2. I now re-call an - o - ther case Where some-thing else was said, That spite of all my  
 3. A wit-ness in the next case was A la-dy most se-date, Her gen-er-al got  
 4. The clock struck four, the Court a-rose, And I got off my shelf; On com-ing out some -

|s: .s: :s: n | n r :r .l | r :- .s | d d :d .s | t: t: :t: D:

The second system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

points of law, And sev'-ral o-lo-gies; But all the same, I some-times meet With  
 learn-ing, real-ly Quite con-fused my head— A cer-tain wit-ness chanced to say That  
 - up was what One might des-cribe as great; Her name was such as of-ten in "Burke's  
 - one approached And in-tro-duced him-self: Said he "your ed-u-ca-tion's much At

|t n :f n | l :- .l | l .s :l .s | l .s :l .s | l .s :l .s | d' :- ||

The third system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

things most aw-f'ly odd— For in-stance, once a wit-ness chanc'd To speak of Tom-my Dodd.  
 he had been to France, And men-tion'd at the Mou-lin Rouge He'd seen a cer-tain dance.  
 Peer-age" I have read, But when she men-tioned her ad-dress I stop-ped the case and said—  
 fault—and wink'd his eye— He pro-mis-ed to im-prove it, so We went off to the "Cri."

f.g. Onorus.

Said I, "Who's he?" I can-not al-low so much fa-mi-li-ar-i-ty, I'm shock'd, don't  
 Said I, "Stop, please, my ca-reer has been a ve-ry, ve-ry bu-'oy'un— That's how I  
 "Soue me, my dear, will you please repeat the name of that lo-cal-i-ty? It sounds to  
 Said I, "What's yours?" he re-plied that he was not at all par-tic-u-lar; I drank till

laugh! this is real-ly no oc-ca-sion for hi-la-ri-ty; What's that? Not head? Toss  
 know so lit-tle of the ga-ie-ties Pa-ri-si-an; What dance? Can - Can! Like  
 me sug-ges-tive of the pur-est of mo-ra-li-ty! What say? North Bank! John's  
 I was con-sid-er-a-bly off the per-pen-dic-u-lar: At one next morn, near

up! Oh, lor! I nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er heard of such a thing be-fore....  
 this! Oh, lor! I nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er heard of such a dance be-fore....  
 Wood! Oh, lor! I nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er heard of such a place be-fore....  
 my street door, I'd nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er,nev-er been in such a state be-fore....

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## AND THE VERDICT WAS—

(SUNG BY T. E. DUNVILLE.)

Written and Composed by CHARLES OSBORNE.

PIANO.

KEY G.

*ad lib.*

d l | d , r n d : l | d , r n d : l | l |

1. Life's short, ve - ry, ve - ry short, Here we have - n't long to
2. Two girls, ve - ry sil - ly girls, Went up - on the deep blue
3. John Gough though he'd look a toff Mount - ed on an old grey
4. Mike Miggs used to feed the pigs, Coax 'em with his hob - nailed

*till ready.*

*p*

d . . | d : l | d , r n d : l | d , r n d : l | l | d : |

stay,	So	I'm giv - ing you a rhyme	Some - thing in the short sweet way :
sea;	Both	dull, could - n't pull a scull,	Did - n't care a J. O. T.
moke;	He	tried, while he had a ride,	Prac - tis - ing an an - cient joke.
boot;	His	nose scared a - way the crows—	Kept 'em from the farm - ers fruit.

*f*

D.

Lit-tle Bil-ly Bates, fast-ened on his skates, But the ice was thin; Sud-den-ly a crack,  
 Jen-ny caught a crab, then she tried to grab Ju-dy's hair, and yelled; Nei-ther one survived,  
 John-ny stuck a squib on the don-key's rib, Then ap-plied a light; Sud-den-ly it bust,  
 When the spring had come, Mick-y stole a plum But that plum was green; Just be-low the belt,

wol-lop on his back, Lit-tle Bil-ly Bates popp'd in. And the ver-dict was.....  
 co-ron-er ar-rived, On them he an in-quest held. And the ver-dict was.....  
 kick-ing up a dust, John-ny dis-ap-peard from sight. And the ver-dict was.....  
 what a pain he felt, Oh! God save the Queen! And the ver-dict was.....

A lit-tle boy,..... A pair of skates,..... Bro-ken ice,..... Hea-ven's  
 A lit-tle boat,..... Two Po-lones,..... Caught a crab,..... Da-vy  
 Don-key's rib,..... A mash-er soft,..... Bust-ed squib,..... Gone a-  
 Far-mer's lad,..... Sto-len plum,..... Chol-era bad,..... King-dom

1st time. 2nd time.  
 d : : d : :  
 Gates. Gates. Jones. Jones. loft. loft. come. come.

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or License, except at Theatres and Music Halls.

# DO BUY ME THAT, MAMMA DEAR.

(SUNG BY MISS BILLIE BARLOW.)

Written by MALCOLM ARNOLD.

Composed by ORLANDO POWELL.

PIANO.

## KEY A.

.s1 | s1 .l1 :l1 .t1 | t1 .d :d .r | n .t1 :r d | s1 :- s1 | n r :f .t1 |

colla voce.

1. Al-though I'm near - ly sev - en - teen, They think me quite a child, Be - cause I still am  
 2. Now Mrs. Green a la - dy friend, Has ad - ded to her list Of lit - tle mouths a -  
 3. I've heard they've got a lod - ger in. The house that's next's to us— She must be ve - ry  
 4. In Leic - ster Square the o - ther day, I took a lit - tle walk; I met a girl with

l r d : n s1 | l1 .t1 : d .de | r :- .s1 | l1 s : f .t1 | d n : s d |

Et.

fond of toys, My Mam - ma gets so wild; And 'oos just now and then I want Some  
 - no - ther one, Which all the neigh - bours kiss'd. They took me in to see it, and De -  
 no be - cause, The boys there make a fuss. I think that we should have one too, I'm  
 gol - den locks, And French too she could talk. I thought that she was ex - tra nice, I

l t r : s f | m s : - se | l r : f fe | s d : m s | l t : s f | m d : - ||

new thing to be try - ing, And ask mam - ma to get it me, They say I'm al - ways cry - ing:  
 - clared that it was shock - ing, For me to say be - fore them all While ba - by I was rock - ing -  
 tired of each old thing; It sure - ly is - n't wrong to ask, Al - tho' they call me bold thing:  
 want - ed new toys bad - ly, So then I start - ed say - ing, as I ca - pered round her mad - ly -

f.A. CHORUS.

l m : r d | s : l : d | s : l : | d : t : | f : m r | l : t : f : | l : t : | l : s : s : |

Do buy me that, mam - ma, I won't break it - Real - ly I won't! mam - ma, let me take it; I

l d r : d se, | l : - . l | r m : r . le, | t : | d : l : t : | d : l : t : | 

1st time
d : -   - :

2nd time
d : -   - : - .

want it for my own, to play with all a - lone, Do buy me that, mam - ma dear!... dear.....

*f*

*This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Music Halls.*

## THE PRETTY MAID WAS YOUNG AND FAIR.

(SUNG BY CHARLES GODFREY.)

Written by J. P. HARRINGTON.

Composed by GEORGE LE BRUNN.

*Tempo di Gavotte.*

PIANO.

KEY E $\flat$ .

*p* m : s : f e : s | l : s | m : s : f e : s | l : s | m : f : s . l | t : d' | d' : t | f : - . |

1. Let me tell a sto - ry Of an am - a - to - ry Yo - kel, in his glo - ry, West - ward ho!
2. She said, "Hul-lo! Char - ley, Left the pigs and bar - ley? Vil - ly - vo? d'you "par - ly? Buy usa 'wet!'"
3. Quite a mer - ry par - ty Full of wel - come hear - ty At her house so smart he Found - poor chap;

*p*

B.B.

W - here the pret - ty maid - ies, Of all sorts and sha - dies, Pow - der - per - fect la - dies Trip by so! (business.)

He said, "Lawks! I nev - er Met a girl so cle - ver, Talks French! did you e - ver? Yea, my pet!"  
 Sam, with teas - y ban - ter, Joined them in a can - ter, Got cleaned out in stan - ter At six - p'ny nap!

Sam: my met a flesh - ly Maid - en, got up fresh - ly, Thought that she was spec - ly Built for him:

Off he tod - dled bright - ly, Bought her wine, po - lite - ly, Till his legs got slight - ly Mixed you know:  
 When they'd nice - ly pluck'd him, Out they did con - duct him, In the gut - ter chuck'd him, On my life;

Bless his jus - tic heart - let, In his coun - try part - let, He'd ne'er met a tart - let Half so trim!  
 She said with a smile, "Oh! Now see me in style, oh! To my dom - i - cile, oh! In So - ho!"  
 Said a slop, "Don't foam, sir, West you should - n't roam, sir! Bet - ter tod - die home sir, And tell your wife!"

## Chorus.

The pret - ty maid was young and fair, She'd pret - ty eyes and gol - don

The pret - ty maid was young and fair, She'd pret - ty eyes and gol - don

It :- | d : r f | t : t . | t . : l . | :- | s : r n | l . : l . | l . : la . |

hair, Her pret-ty cheeks had seen some wear, They'd had the paint-ers in, I'll

s :- | s : l t | d' : d' . | d' . : d' . | r :- | n f s | l . : l . | l . : l . |

swear; Her pret-ty dress she held to there— Her pret-ty an-kles made him

It :- | d : r f | t : t . | t . : l . | s :- | f s a | l . : s . | l . : s . |

stare, She had young Sam-my pret-ty fair, And they met in Lei-ester

1st time. 2nd time.

d' :- | s : l t || d' :- | - : | . | . | : | : | : | : |

Square! The pret-ty Square!

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## DOWN IN CAROLINA.

(SUNG BY MISS BERNIE WENTWORTH.)

Written by C. W. CALVERT.

MUSIC BY W. G. FAYON.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

### KEY C.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

1. I was pick-ing ob de cot-ton, and de sun was in de sky, And me see a 'and-somenig-gor gal come  
2. Don I take her to de cab-in, which I'd built of logs of wood, For de la-dy I might mar-ry, just as  
3. But now now I do not like to tink what's ap-pened since that day, No more dis pic-can-in-n-y in de

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

walk-ing proud-ly by; Wif skln so blaek and teeth so white, and fi-gure right I guess, I  
ob'-ry nig-ger should; We on-ly num-ber two when first we live there gay and free, But  
fields by us do play; To de great fold of de chil-dren, to de man-sion in the sky, To de

| l . l : d' d' | s . s : d' d' | d' d' : r' d' | t . : l t | d' d' : d' r' | t s : l t |

lub her in a mo-ment, and she say her name was Bess! Den I 'elp 'er fill 'er bask-et, And I  
 be-fore de foll'-win'-sum-mer our num-ber it was three! Ours was de sweet-est ba-by coon your  
 mu-sic and de bright-ness dey just call him bye-and-bye! Dad and mam-my's com-in' dar-ling-dey will

| d' d' : d' r' | t . : l t | d' d' : d' r' | t s : l t | d' d' : d' r' | t s : r' |

car-ry it as well, And de fun-ny way she look at me, I'se sure I can-not tell; I  
 eyes did ev-er greet, Wif such a round and cur-ly head, and lit-tle dim-pled feet; We was  
 soon be at your side—When de hea-ven bells are ring-in' and de door am o-pen wide; When de

| r' : m | se :- t | d' : l | : se l | t : t | t : d' | l :- | t d' |

say she was a dai-sy, and should have a wed-din' ring— And de  
 'ap-py as de day was long, de cot-ton pick'd wif pride, When we  
 hoe no more am need-ed and de blue-fly's ta-ken wing, And no

| r' : r | fe :- l | t : s | : fe s | l : l' | t : d' | r' :- | - ||

next week we was mar-ried, and did both to-ge-th-er sing:—.....  
 got our pic-can-nin-ny in de palm-leaves by our side.....  
 long-er dese ere nig-gers are in cho-rus left to sing—.....

Chorus.

: s 'd' || t : - | : s 'd' | d' d' : - | : | d' : - | d' : - | d' : s | - : |

Hoe de cot-ton, hoe de cot-ton, Down in Car-o-li-na;

lf 's : t | - 's : l 't | d' : - | - : | r' : d' | r' : - | l | t : s | : |

See the way..... the dark-ies play,..... Pote, and Mose, and Di-nah:

ld' 't : d' 'l | s 'n : d . | d' 't : d 'l | s 'n : d 's | l | t | d' : r' | t : | : l 't |

Till de mas-sa make 'em skip, When he comes round wif his whip, De blue fly just to pay; In and

ld' : | : l : l 't | d' : | : d' r' | r' d' : l f | s : - r' | d' : - | - : s 'd' || d' : - | - : 1st time.

out, we sing and shout, Till de sun-light fades a-way..... Hoe de way..... 2nd time.

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## THE WRONG GIRL.

(SUNG BY MISS MARIE LLOYD.)

Written by JOHN P. HARRINGTON.

Composed by GEO. LE BRUNN.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand (bass clef) plays a rhythmic accompaniment of chords, also starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

KEY A. 3

.s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> :d n | t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> :d .f | t<sub>1</sub> : .s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> :r .f |

The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and contains the first line of lyrics.

1. My life's a per-fect mis-e-ry. All through shortsight-ed swells Who're con-stant-ly ac-  
 2. One day a queer old buf-fer in The street ac-cost-ed me; "Oh, Fan, my wi-fey-  
 3. An-o-ther time, a fel-low in A street off Char-ing Cross Cried, "Bless my heart and  
 4. The big-gest in-sult of the lot Was when a fel-low swore That in a Lon-don  
 5. A John-nie said, "Aw-aw—my dear, I saw you in the Row, The day your gee-gee

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs). It features a steady rhythmic accompaniment with a piano (p) dynamic.

| t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | n : .s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> :d n | t<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> |

The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a piano (p) dynamic and contains the second line of lyrics.

- cus-ing me Of be-ing some one else. Once in a Lon-don tho-rough-fare  
 -pi-fey! mo-ther Of my chil-dren three! Why did you run a-way from me, A-  
 soul! why—why, It's dar-ling lit-tle Floss! Do you re-mem-ber Lei-ces-ter Square—The  
 bal-let he Had seen my form be-fore; He said, "You've got some love-ly shanks, Your  
 stum-bled there, And threw you off, you know: But you were up and on a-gain, As

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song continues on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a piano (p) dynamic.

man cried, I'll go nap!  
 long with all my quids?"  
 night we'd sup-perthere?"  
 bal-let-dan-cing's fine:"  
 a-gile as could be;"

You're Flo, the girl I took to Kew"—I said, "My dear old chap—  
 I said, "Here! half a tick old pal! Wife! Ran a-way! Threekids!"  
 I said, "I don't eat sup-pers, and I don't know Lei-c'ester Square."  
 I said, "Gar'n! I'm no bal-let-girl! Those shanks, sir, were not mine!"  
 I said, "Ex-cuse me, sir, you've not Seen my a-gil-i-ty"

8 Chorus 1st time *p* 2nd time *ff*.

I'm the wrong girl! I'm the wrong girl!... And my name's Ma-til-da Mar-tha Ma-ry

Ann; Though you think you know a bit, Still I fan-cy you have hit On the wrong girl, Mis-ter

1st time. 2nd time.

"Man." I'm the Man.

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or Licence, except at Music Halls.

# ONE OF THE BOYS.

(SUNG BY CHARLES DEANE.)

Written by GEORGE MAURICE.  
*Moderato.*

Composed by CHARLES DEANE.

PIANO. *f* *ad lib.* *p*

♩ KEY F.

*p*

1. There's a jol-ly lit-tle crew that I know, Boys for a rare old spree, Up to ev-'ry  
 2. There's a co-sy lit the pub we all know, Where all the boys oft meet; You can hear our  
 3. There's a trick-y lit-tle beak down our way, Wide as a beak an be; Last week be-fore him

game a - live, All know how ma - ny beans make five; Boys of a good old sort, No  
 glass - es chink, While we're sing - ing "All have a drink!" No one ob-jects to pay, Each  
 I was brought, He said you seem the pro - per sort!" Then I gave him the wink, At

*A. t. m. l. r.* *f. d.*

mat - ter where we go, We're all one class, when we've the brass, So all of you must know—  
 mem-ber stands his share— It's come to me, and so you see, We once a - gain de - clare—  
 me he shook his head— "Just tell me true Now what are you?" And this is what I said:—

*Cresc. 1st time p, 2nd time ff.*

a || m: - : | m: r: d | a: - : | - : - : | d' : r' d' | t: - : | t: - : | - : - : | f : a : f | m: - : r |

That I'm one of the boys,..... Have what you like with me,..... Don't be a - fraid to

t: - : t | t: - : : f : a : f | m: - : r | l: - : a | a: - : - : | m : m : m | m: - : d | a: - : - : - : | f : - : f | f : m : r |

or - derone; I am the boy that's fond of fun, Plen-ty of L. S. D-..... Fond of ma-king a

l: - : - : - : | t : r' : t | l: - : a | t : r' : t | l: - : a | l: - : d' | t : l : t | 

1st time.	2nd time.
d' : - :   : : a	d' : - :   - : - :

noise,..... Al-ways the same, so give it a name, And drink with one of the boys. That boys...

*p* *ad lib.* *p* *D.C. R*

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## MY FIRST WIFE.

(SUNG BY J. W. HALL.)

Written and Composed by J. W. HALL.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

### KEY G.

1. Three years a - go there did not beat a heart as light and  
 2. He grum - bles ev - 'ry morn - ing, and he grum - bles ev - 'ry  
 3. When he comes home from work at night, and says he's quite tired

*mf*

f

froo As that of Mar - tha Mug - gins, which she's here to - night you see. I  
 night - How - ev - er hard I try to please, I can do no - thing right! Con -  
 out, If I say, "Now, then, make the bed!" he grum - bles la - zy lout! - Some -

*f*

kept a lit - tle chand - ler's shop, till Wil - liam came one day And  
 - found his prec - ious "first wife" and the vir - tues that she had! If  
 - times he'll chop the fire - wood, or the coals up - stairs will bring, Or

o'er the coun - ter court - ed me and stole my heart a - way.  
 he keeps on in his way, I'm a - fraid I shall go mad!  
 else he'll clean the win - dows— nas - ty i - dle, grum - bling thing!

Chorus. 1st time *p*, 2nd time *ff*.

"My first wife ne - ver cook'd fish like *this!* With  
 "My first wife ne - ver sery'd me like *this!* With  
 "My first wife ne - ver bash'd me like *this!* With

*Spoken after 1st verse.*—Yes, our love-making was quite a romantic affair. I was standing behind the counter—quite absent-minded like—wondering how I should manage to get rid of that last bit of rusty bacon, when a dark-haired stranger entered and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Muggins!" I said, "Good morning to you, sir!" and threw the bacon under the counter—for I thought it was the Inspector. He said, "Oh, Mrs. Muggins, you must feel very lonely by yourself here?" "Lor, bless you, sir," says I, "I never thinks about it!" Then he says, just for all the world like the hero in a penny novelette, Ah! Mrs. Muggins, if you would only consent to be my own sweet wife, and make me the happiest and most affectionate of husbands!"—and there was something in his way that made my heart beat till it nearly burst my stays! Well, in short, I gave up my shop and married him; and ever since then I've never had a minute's peace. It's for everlasting—"My first wife"—"My first wife did *this*!"—"My first wife did *that*!"—She was always right; I am always wrong. Why yesterday I bought him a beautiful bit of fish cheap (it was a bit off, I know, but it was dirt cheap); and as soon as he smelt it—bang! he threw it at my head and began:—"My first wife," etc.

*Spoken after 2nd verse.*—Yes, he can't talk about anything else. Why, when he's asked me to do something for him, even if I don't do it, he'll shout:—"My first wife," etc.

*Spoken after 3rd verse.*—He does nothing but grumble; and it can't be because I ask him to help me with the housework;—well, he does p'raps help me a bit when he's done shop-work on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; but I never ask him to lift a finger on Saturdays—because it's pay-day. Yes, every Saturday, too, I let him out for quite twenty minutes by himself; yet last week he had the impudence to stay five minutes over his time, and when I playfully stroked him across the nose with the hearth-broom, what does he do but begin:—"My first wife," etc.

my first wife life was per - fect bliss! — But I

seized him by the hair of his head And banged him on the mat, Then

jumped on his chest and asked him if his first wife ev - er did that! that.

1st time. d :- . || 2nd time. d :- .

*ff*

This Song may be sung in Public without Fee or License, except at the Isle of Man.

## THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR ME.

(SUNG BY LESTER BARRETT and HARRY FREEMAN.)

Written and Composed by ARTHUR SELDON.

*Allo.* *Ser.*

PIANO. *ff* *sf*

Key Eb.

:s | d' .t :l .a | fe .a :f n | r de :r f | l :- d' |

1. I once was at a con - cert, and the Chair - man an M. P.— Re -  
 2. A to - tal - tee - tal meet - ing I ad - dressed the o - ther night— I  
 3. A young swell and a nav - vy had a row the o - ther night— As  
 4. At a box - ing con - test at our Club I stepped in - to the ring, My  
 5. We sat be - neath the haw - thorn hedge, my - self and charm - ing Nell, She

*p*

| t .l :s f | l .a :f n | r fe :t .l | s :- a

- quest - ed our at - ten - tion whilst a quar - tette sung a glee; "Ex -  
 spoke a - bout the sin - ful - ness of peo - ple get - ting tight; I'd  
 nei - ther would give in, they then and there a - greed to fight; The  
 friends all cheered, for of my skill they'd of - ten heard me sing; The  
 lis - tened to the same old pa - tent lies that lov - ers tell; "You

ll .se :l f | t .le | t .s | # # :t .l | t :- s |

- cuso me, but," said I, "to know the ti - tle I de - sire—" On  
al - most fin - ished, when a friend rushed in and said to me, "Do  
swell asked me if I his coat and vest would kind - ly hold— I  
first blow knocked me down, and then they shout - ed out, "You dunce! Get  
are mine on - ly own - est - est"— and then I got a fright, A

lfe .s :d' :s | t .l :l :s | fe d' :t .l | s :- . li

*rall.*

hear - ing which the Chair - man rose and said, "Strike, strike the lyre."  
you know, at the Gol - den Goose, to - day all drinks are free;"  
did and found in there a watch and fit - teen pounds in gold—  
up and fight it out, d'ye hear? he's on - ly hit you 'once!'"  
fe - male voice be - hind said, "Wretch you told me that last night"—

*rall.*

Chorus.

l s f n :r s | d :- s | l d' :t .l | s :- . fe s |

That was e - nough for me; you should have seen me run— I was  
That was e - nough for me; you should have seen me run— I was  
That was e - nough for me; you should have seen me run— I was  
That was e - nough for me; you should have seen me run— I was  
That was e - nough for me: you should have seen me run— I was

*f tempo.*

off in the twink - ling of an eye;..... I was  
 off in the twink - ling of an eye;..... I de -  
 off in the twink - ling of an eye;..... That young  
 off in the twink - ling of an eye;..... He could  
 off in the twink - ling of an eye;..... To number

so a - fraid, you see, think - ing he re - ferred to me, That I  
 - ter - mined to be there, quite in time to get my share, So I  
 swell I thought was rash, and as I was short of cash, Well, I  
 hit just like Jem Mace, he'd have pul - ver - ized my face, So I  
 one I'd said "I'm true!"— dit - to then to num - ber two, So I

did - n't stop to say "Good - bye.".....

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Danse Styrienne.....	Orpheus Intermezzo..... <i>Bonheur.</i>	The Harp that once.....
Elsie Valse..... <i>Godfrey.</i>	Pizzicato Gavotte..... <i>M. Watson.</i>	The Last Rose of Summer.....
Grenada Fandango.....	Soir d'Hiver Valse..... <i>Clendon.</i>	Valse Facile..... <i>Redmond.</i>
Home, sweet Home.....	Swiss Air.....	Verona Polka..... <i>Redmond.</i>
In the Starlight..... <i>Godfrey.</i>	She played on the Spanish Guitar.....	When other Lips and other Hearts.....
Irish Jig.....		

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Do you take me for a pillar? .....	Miss Nelly L'Estrange
He's going to marry Mary Ann .....	Miss Bessie Bellwood

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 2nd Comic Annual.

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## CONTENTS.

Father, dear father, the brokers are in .....	Herbert Campbell
Now you're married, I wish you joy .....	Herbert Campbell
Crackpot in the City .....	T. W. Barrett
We are a merry family .....	T. W. Barrett
Up to Dick .....	T. W. Barrett
Flippity-flop young man .....	Charles Godfrey
The Squire .....	Charles Godfrey
Pink Dominos .....	Arthur Roberts
Some girls do and some girls don't .....	Arthur Roberts
Shoulder to shoulder .....	Miss Bessie Bonehill
Take me in your arms, love .....	George Leybourne
All in his Sunday clothes .....	C. H. Chirgwin
A raspberry tart in a little poke bonnet .....	Fred Coyne
Nanghty Biddy Macarthy .....	J. W. Rowley
Michael Murphy .....	Pat Feeney
Is there any harm in that? .....	Miss Ethel Victor

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 3rd Comic Annual.

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## CONTENTS.

Balaclava .....	Slade Murray
You should never, never marry .....	Slade Murray
Nobody knows what trouble was there .....	G. W. Hunter
Duckfoot Sue .....	G. W. Hunter
It's all up with poor Tommy now .....	T. W. Barrett
John the Masher .....	T. W. Barrett
That's the way to the Zoo .....	T. W. Barrett
I'm going to make other arrangements .....	Herbert Campbell
As if I didn't know .....	James Fawn
Tinkle, tinkle tum .....	Charles Godfrey
Oh, Johnny, don't you go to sea .....	Miss Nelly Power
Ting-ting, that's how the bell goes .....	George Leybourne
Two hundred years ago .....	Miss Bessie Bonehill
Rather .....	Miss Nelly L'Estrange
It never could happen here .....	G. H. Chirgwin
Dear me! .....	Harry Randall
Long, long ago .....	Harry Randall

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 1st Comic Annual.

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## CONTENTS.

What a fool I must have been to marry Jane .....	T. W. Barrett
He's got 'em on .....	T. W. Barrett
I cried Copper .....	T. W. Barrett
Blow me up an apple tree .....	T. W. Barrett
I'll never go home any more .....	Herbert Campbell
I'm getting a big boy now .....	Herbert Campbell
The tricks of the trade .....	Herbert Campbell
When Noah hung out in the ark .....	Herbert Campbell
ould Ireland so green .....	Arthur Roberts
Wedding bells .....	Arthur Roberts
Hold on, Johnny; hold on, Jack .....	Charles Godfrey
Oh very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma .....	Fred Coyne
I say, cabby .....	George Leybourne
Hang up your hat behind the door .....	J. W. Rowley
There's another jolly row downstairs .....	W. Bint
Oh, what a wicked young man you are .....	Miss Ethel Victor
Tricky .....	Miss Jenny Hill

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 9th Comic Annual.

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## CONTENTS.

Ask a P'loeman	James Fawn
Little Annie Rooney	Michael Nolan
This is to square the Misin	Charles Coborn
They've all got 'em.	G. H. Macdermott
Dear old Mike	Dan Leno
Earl of Life	Walter Munroe
Down went McGinty	Sweetey and Ryland
He's in the asylum now	Tom Costello
Sheeny Man	J. C. Rich
Three Small Crows	Herbert Campbell
Good Old Times	Charles Godfrey
Our Village	Harry Randall
Cabby knows his Fare.	Arthur Combes
Call'er Herrin" (Parody)	G. H. Chirgwin
I'm looking for the Owner.	Harry Freeman
It came off	Arthur Corney
Hail me back again	G. W. Hunter

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 11th Comic Annual.

(WORDS AND MUSIC, WITH PIANOFORTE  
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## CONTENTS.

The Good Old Annual	Harry Randall
Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-é	The Original
Comrades	Tom Costello
Playmates	Bessie Bonehill
Sister Mary walked like that	Jolly Nash
That is Love (Parody)	R. G. Knowles and G. W. Hunter
Katie Connor	Pat Rafferty
Jolly Company	Harry Anderson
Ta-ra-ra Boom (Parody)	Charles Bignell
Regent Street	Charles Godfrey
Pa and Ma	G. H. Macdermott
A silent Maiden	Charles Coborn
You and I and all of us	Walter Munroe
The Girl next door to me	J. W. Hall
Next Sunday Morn	Michael Nolan
Life in the East of London	J. W. Rowley
Where did you get that Hat?	J. C. Heffron

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 10th Comic Annual.

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## CONTENTS.

Hi-tiddle-ty-tiddle	Charles Godfrey
Hush! the Broker's Man	Charles Coborn
A pity to waste it	Herbert Campbell
Up to date	Charles Bignell
Quite English	Henry C. Arnold
Half-past twelve	G. H. Macdermott
The brick came down	Michael Nolan
Don't laugh	Marie Lloyd
McAnnby's Garden Party	Pat Rafferty
I picked it up	Harry Randall
Search the page of history	Walter Munroe
We drew his club money this morning	J. W. Rowley
Anniebody's Rooney	Vesta Tilley
As hot as I can make it	Dan Leno
The Misahab up to Datch	Tom Costello
She's the Boss—I'm the Slavey	George Beauchamp
The Postman	James Fawn

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# FRANCIS & DAY'S 12th Comic Annual.

(WORDS AND MUSIC, WITH PIANOFORTE  
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## CONTENTS.

The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo	Charles Coborn
Monte Carlo (Parody)	Walter Munroe
The Miner's Dream of Home (Parody)	Herbert Campbell
Oh, what a night it must have been!	Harry Randall
Half-past nine	Charles Godfrey
Garn away!	Marie Lloyd
He was whistling this tune all day	Lottie Collins
Lately—by-and-by e	Fanny Leslie
Mary Jane; or, A woeful tale of love.	Katie Lawrence
All doing a little bit	J. W. Hall
Shipmates in safety—shipmates in danger	Millie Hyton
Norah, my Village Queen	Pat Rafferty
He never smiled again	G. W. Hunter
She was a respectable lady	George Beauchamp
The Chicago Exhibition	Chas. Bignell
The Simple Pimple	George Robey
The Angels have called him home	T. E. Danriley
Little Tommy Tomkins	Alec Hurley
I've worked eight hours this day.	Tom Costello

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GEORGE BEAUCHAMP'S I can't change it	BESSIE WENTWORTH'S Down in Carolina
HARRY RANDALL'S Our Happy Little Home	ARTHUR LENNARD'S Our Johnny
BILLIE BARLOW'S Do buy me that Mamma dear	CHARLES' GODFREY'S The pretty maid was young and fair
MARIE LLOYD'S The Wroog Girl	J. W. HALL'S My first wife
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