

Bang Went the Chance of a Lifetime
George Robey

Now old aunt Rebecca is rich;
She's the Dowager Duchess of Diddle.
When she dies I inherit a million or so,
But the old girl's as fit as a fiddle.
Whilst gunning the moors on the twelfth,
In a quiet lonely spot by the sea,
I saw someone there by the cliff, I declare,
'Twas the Dowager Duchess of D!

CHORUS:

At that critical moment some birds came in sight,
So I upped with my gun and I blazed left and right;
And I nearly hit auntie! Yes-nearly, not quite!
And bang went the chance of a lifetime.

SPOKEN: 'Twas a pity, I say, 'twas a pity, I might have
struck her with one of the pellets-however:

Returning one night from a ball,
In a mellowish mood and reflective,
I saw a strange light in a bank-I said, "Ha!

SPOKEN: Like that, "Ha!" (exaggerated surprise)

I'll play Sherlock Holmes the detective."
A half-open window I spied,
And inside I proceeded to slip;
There a burglar I saw forcing wide the safe door,
So I held him in muscular grip!

CHORUS:

But he slipped and he bunked, he was wiry and thin;
And the safe was wide open and slap full of "tin"!
I drew a deep breath-then two coppers rushed in!
And bang went the chance of a lifetime.

SPOKEN: 'Twas a pity, I say, 'twas a pity, I might have got
some of the, er, however, Oh, I hardly like to tell you the,
er, personal, however-

Now the wife and her mother (Spoken: Oh, the mother!), last June,
Went to stay with the Marquis de Caxey, (Spoken: She's alright, too-)
So I saw them safe off in a taxi.
At somewhere about ten o'clock
Came a telegram-Heavens alive!-
Poor dear Ma and the wife! Fearful smash! Loss of life!
Total wreck of the eight-forty-five!

CHORUS:

'Twas a terrible crash, eighty passengers slain!
And I manfully struggled my tears to restrain,
When the ghastly news reached me-they'd both missed the train!
And bang went the chance of a lifetime! (Sobs)

Once I courted a sweet winsome wench
(Amorous sighs)
She was nineteen and also an heiress,
(It's nice when a girl is a Venus galore
And also a millionairess!)

I wooed her, I wooed, I won (Spoken: Wow, wow)
"My darling," she said, "I am thine!" (Sighs)
She swore she'd be true (Spoken: Get away!)
So I thought I would too;
What do you think? I thought it was fine!

CHORUS:

My sweet Hyacinth, fairest of flowers that blow!
(With a millionaire Pa in Chicago, what ho!)
So I put up the banns, then the wife got to know,
And bang went the chance of a lifetime.

Two Lovely Black Eyes
Charles Coburn

1. Strolling so happy down Bethnal Green
This gay youth you might have seen,
Tompkins and I, with his girl between,
Oh! what a surprise!
I prais'd the Conservatives frank and free,
Tompkins got angry so speedilee,
All in a moment he handed to me,
Two lovely black eyes!

2. Next time, I argued I thought it best,
To give the conservative side a rest.
The merits of Glad-stone I freely pressed, When
Oh! what a surprise!
The chap I had met was a Tory true,
Nothing the Liberals right could do,
This was my share of that argument too,
Two lovely black eyes!

3. The moral you've caught I can hardly doubt
Never on politics rave and shout,
Leave it to others to fight it out, if
You would be wise
Better, far better, it is to let,
Lib'rals and Tories alone, you bet,
Unless you're willing and anxious to get,
Two lovely black eyes!

CHORUS

Two lovely black eyes!
Oh! what a surprise!
Only for telling a man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes!

A Little Bit of Cucumber
Harry Champion

I was weaned on cucumber
And on my wedding day,
Sitting down to supper when
The guests had gone away,
My old darling said to me,
"You must be hungry, Joe!
What is it you fancy?" I
Said, "Fancy! Don't you know?"

CHORUS:

"I like pickled onions,
I like piccalilli.
Pickled cabbage is alright
With a bit of cold meat on Sunday night.
I can go termatoes,
But what I do prefer,
Is a little bit of cu-cum-cu-cum-cu-cum,
Little bit of cucumber."

I went flying in the air
With my old college chum.
Suddenly he said to me,
"We're bound for kingdom come!
Is there anything on your mind
Before you wear a crown?"
I began to shake and said,
"Write this confession down:

To the Lord Mayor's Banquet I
Got in one foggy day.
When I saw the grub it took
My appetite away:
"Sparrowgrass" and chaffinches,
And pigs-head stuffed with jam!
I said to the waiter there,
"You don't know who I am!

Sev'ral years of married life
Have brought me lots of joys.
I don't know how many girls,
I think it's fourteen boys.
When the last one came to town
It nearly turned my head.
It was marked with a cucumber,
And the lust words that it said,

Were:

Down the Road
Gus Elen

1. Since first I copp'd a tidy lump o'swag
I've always kept a decent little nag;
But one as I shall sing about to you now,
Was worth a million jimmies in a bag
I matched her against the best that could be found
Four owners made a stake of sixty pound
So the race was duly run,
And I'll tell you how I won
With brave Polly my old pony world renowned.

CHORUS

Down the road, away went Polly,
With a step so jolly,
That I knew she'd win;
Down the road, the pace was killing,
but the mare was willing
For a lightning spin:
All the rest were licked,
and might as well ne'er been born
Woa mare! Woa mare!
You've earned your little bit of corn!

2. Tom Jones the butcher thought that form untrue!
Says he "Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do
My cob shall trot your mare again next Monday,
And fifty more bright sov'rins I will blue
If you prove she can beat him once again
I'll never more in this world touch a rein!"
Though I knew he'd got no chance,
He insisted on the dance,
So now I must tell you how we slew the slain.

CHORUS

Down the road, away went Polly,
With a step so jolly,
That I knew she'd win;
Down the road, the pace was killing,
but the mare was willing
For a lightning spin:
Jones's cob was licked,
And might as well ne'er been born
Woa mare! Woa mare!
You've earned your little bit of corn!

3. Soon after that she reached the final goal
(I'd had the little wonder from a foal)
And grief too keen to talk about was mine, when
Poor Polly was carted off to fill a hole.
The last of poor pet pony Pol to see;
And our neighbours shared the grief,
That was felt beyond belief
When the little mare was buried R.I.P.

My missus and the kids all went with me

CHORUS

Down the road, away went Polly,
Not a face look'd jolly,
'Twould have seemed a sin;
Down the road, the pace was killing,
But the dead mare was willing
For a final spin:
Ev'rybody looked so sad,
And I felt quite forlorn
Woa mare! Woa mare!
You've earned your little bit of corn!

The Future Mrs 'Awkins
Albert Chevalier

I knows a little doner, I'm about to own 'er,
She's a goin' to marry me.
At fust she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't,
Then she whispered, "Well, I'll see."
Sez I, "Be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins,
Or acrost the seas I'll roam.
So 'elp me Bob I'm crazy, Lizer you're a daisy,
Won't yer share my 'umble 'ome?"

SPOKEN OR SONG: "Won't yer?"

CHORUS:

Oh! Lizer! Sweet Lizer!
If yer die an old maid you'll 'ave only yerself to blame!
D'y'ear Lizer?
Dear Lizer!
'Ow d'yer lance 'Awkins for yer other name?

(The last line of the third chorus runs:
Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins is a fus-class name.)

I shan't forgit our meetin', "G'arn" was 'er greetin'
"Just yer mind wot you're about."
'Er pretty 'ead she throws up, then she turns 'er nose up,
Sayin', "Let me go, I'll shout!"
"I like your style" sez Lizer, thought as I'd surprise 'er,
Cops 'er round the waist like this!
Sez she, "I must be dreamin', chuck it, I'll start screamin',"
"If yer do," sez I, "I'll kiss"-

SPOKEN OR SONG: "Now then!"

She wears a artful bonnet, feathers stuck upon it,
Coverin' a fringe all curled;
She's just about the sweetest, prettiest and neatest
Doner in the wide, wide world!
And she'll be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins,
Got 'er for to name the day;
Settled it last Monday, so to church on Sunday,
Off we trots the donkey shay!

SPOKEN OR SONG: "Now then!"

I'm Henery the Eighth I Am
Harry Champion

1. You don't know who you're looking at; now have a look me!
I'm a bit of a nob, I am, belong to royaltee
I'll tell you how it came about; I married Widow Burch,
And I was King of England when I toddled out of church.
Outside the people started shouting, "Hip hooray!"
Said I "Get down upon your knees it's Coronation Day!"

2. I left the "Duke of Cumberland" a pub up in the town
Soon with one or two moochers I was holding up the Crown.
I sat upon the bucket that the carmen think their own;
Surrounded by my subjects I was sitting on the throne.
Out came the potman, saying, "Go on, home to bed!"
Said I, "Now say another word and off'll go your head!"

3. Now at the Wax-work Exhibition not so long ago
I was sitting among the kings, I made a lovely show.
To good old Queen Elizabeth, i shouted "Wotcher Liz!"
While people poked my ribs and said, "I wonder who this is!"
One said , "It's Charley Peace!" and then I got the spike.
I shouted "Show your ignorance!" as waxy as you like.

CHORUS

I'm Henery the Eighth I am!
Henery the Eighth I am, I am!
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
Everyone was a Henery
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.
I'm her eighth old man named Henery
I'm Henery the Eighth I am!

If It Wasn't for the Houses in Between
Gus Elen

If you saw my little backyard, "Wot a pretty spot!" you'd cry,
It's a picture on a sunny summer day;
Wiv the turnip tops and cabbages wot peoples doesn't buy
I makes it on a Sunday look all gay.
The neighhours finks I grow 'em and you'd fancy you're in Kent,
Or at Epsom if you gaze into the mews.
It's a wonder as the landlord doesn't want to raise the rent,
Because we've got such nobby distant views.

CHORUS:

Oh it really is a wery pretty garden
And Chingford to the eastward could be seen;
Wiv a ladder and some glasses,
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

We're as countrified as can be wiv a clothes prop for a tree,
The tub-stool makes a rustic little stile;
Ev'ry time the bloomin' clock strikes there's a cuckoo sings to me,
And I've painted up "To Leather Lane a mile."
Wiv tomatoes and wiv radishes wot 'adn't any sale,
The backyard looks a puffick mass o' bloom;
And I've made a little beehive wiv some beetles in a pail,
And a pitchfork wiv a handle of a broom.

CHORUS:

Oh it really is a wery pretty garden,
And Rye 'ouse from the cock-loft could be seen:
Where the chickweed man undresses,
To bathe 'mong the watercresses,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

There's the bunny shares 'is egg box wiv the cross-eyed cock and hen
Though they 'as got the pip and him the morf;
In a dog's 'ouse on the line-post there was pigeons nine or ten,
Till someone took a brick and knocked it orf.
The dustcart though it seldom comes, is just like 'arrest 'ome
And we mean to rig a dairy up some'ow;
Put the donkey in the washhouse wiv some imitation 'orns,
For we're teaching 'im to moo just like a cah.

CHORUS:

Oh it really is a wery pretty garden,
And 'Endon to the Westward could be seen;
And by climbing to the chimbley,
You could see a cross to Wembley,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

Though the gas works isn't wilets, they improve the rural scene,
For mountains they would very nicely pass.
There's the mushrooms in the dust-hole with the cowcubers so green,
It only wants a bit o' 'ot-'ouse glass.
I wears this milkman's nightshirt, and I sits outside all day,

Like the ploughboy cove what's mizzled o'er the Lea;
And when I goes indoors at night they dunno what I say,
'Cause my language gets as yokel as can be.

CHORUS:

Oh it really is a wery pretty garden,
And soap works from the 'ouse tops could be seen;
If I got a rope and pulley,
I'd enjoy the breeze more fully,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

Our Lodger's Such A Nice Young Man

1. At our house not long ago a lodger came to stay,
At first I felt as if I'd like to drive him right away;
But soon he proved himself to be so very good and kind,
That, like my dear mamma, I quite made up my little mind.

CHORUS

Our lodger's such a nice young man, such a good young man is he;
So good, so kind, to all our family!
He's never going to leave us
Oh dear, oh dear no!
He's such a good, goody, goody man,
mamma told me so.

2. He made himself at home before he'd been with us a day,
He kissed mamma and all of us, 'cos papa was away;
Before he goes to work he lights the fires and scrubs the floor,
And puts a nice strong cup of tea outside ma's bedroom door.

3. At night he makes the beds and does the other little jobs
And if the baby hurts itself he really cries and sobs;
On Sunday when ma's cooking and papa is at the club,
He takes the kids and baths us all inside the washing tub.

4. We usually go to Margate, in the sea to have a splash,
This year Pa said, "I'm busy!" but I think he had no cash;
The lodger took us down instead, mamma and baby too,
And never charged Pa anything- now there's a pal for you!

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
Charles Coburn

1. I've just got here, thro' Paris, from the sunny southern shore;
I to Monte Carlo went, just to raise my win-ter's rent.
Dame Fortune smil'd upon me as she'd never done before,
and I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.
Yes, I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.

2. I stay in doors till after lunch, and then my daily walk
To the great Triumphal Arch is one grand Triumphal march,
Observ'd by each observer with the keenness of a hawk,
I'm mass of money, linen, silk and starch.
I'm mass of money, linen, silk and starch.

3. I patronized the tables at the Monte Carlo hell
Till they hadn't got a sou for a Christian or a Jew;
So I quickly went to Parie for the charms of mad'moiselle,
Who's the load-stone of my heart What can I do?
When with twenty tongues she swears that she'll be true?

CHORUS

As I walk along the Bois Boolong, with an independent air,
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

Every Little Movement
Marie Lloyd

Up to the West End, right in the Best End,
Straight from the country came Miss Maudie Brown.
Father's a curate, but couldn't endure it,
That's why the Lady is residing in town.
Twelve months ago her modest self felt quite sublime
To sit on a fellow's knee who's been all in the grime!
And if you should want a kiss,
She'd drop her eyes like this,
But now she drops them just one at a time.

Chorus

And every little movement has a meaning of its own,
Every little movement tells a tale.
When she walks in dainty hobbles,
At the back round here, there's a kind of wobble-wobble;
And she glides like this,
Then the Johnnies follow in her trail,
'Cos when she turns her head like so,
Something's going, don't you know,
Every little movement tells a tale.

2.

Down by the blue sea, cute as she could be,
Maudie would go for her dip every day.
Maudie has an eye for the boys, Oh my!
And it happens that Reggie was passing that way.
When Reggie saw her he fell into a trance,
He too is going bathing for her now, here's a chance.
She didn't smile or frown,
Just threw her signal down!
Then slyly shrugged her shoulders with a glance.

Chorus

And every little movement has a meaning of its own,
Every little movement tells a tale.
When she dashed into the ocean,
Reggie kept close by for to know her
Maudie tried to swim:
"Oh I'm here," said Reggie, "if you fail,"
And in less than half a wink,
Maudie dear commenced to sink,
Every little movement tells a tale.

3.

Congratulations, such celebrations,
Bertie and Gertie have just tied the knot.
Both at the party, all gay and hearty,
And noticed the bridegroom looks anxious, eh what?
When friends and relatives depart their different ways,
Alone with the girlie of his heart.
And once again he turned the lights down low,
She looked at him like so,
Then shyly with her wedding ring she played..

Chorus

And every little movement has a meaning of its own,
Every little movement tells a tale.
When alone no words they utter,
But when midnight chimed, then their hearts begin to flutter.
And she yawned like this,
And stretches out her arm so frail,
And her hubby full of love,
Looks at her and points above,
Every little movement tells a tale.

A Thing He Had Never Done Before
George Robey.

The wind it blowed, the snow it snowed, the lightning it did light
The rain came down as usual, and, brethren, well it might;
For had not darling papa come home sober that same night,
A thing he had never done before!
It took us all our time to hold the bulldog Patsy Burke;
And mama tore her hair and started raving like a Turk,
When papa calmly told us that he'd been and done some work,
A thing he had never done before!

CHORUS:

'Twas a thing he had never done before,
Though he'd often been to prison to be sure;
It killed our sister Ruth,
When he went and spoke the truth,
A thing he had never done before.

That very same papa was overjoyed last Sunday morn,
He'd never been so jolly since the day that I was born,
For he got his only pair of trousers out of pawn,
A thing he had never done before!
When mama saw that papa was a-treading virtue's path,
She said, Salvation Army-like, "Oh! what a soul he harth!"
She sold the clock for t'ourpence and then went and had a bath,
A thing she had never done before!

Oh! Mr. Porter
Marie Lloyd

Lately I just spent a week with my old Aunt Brown,
Came up to see wond'rous sights of famous London
Town. Just a week I had of it, all round the place we'd roam
Wasn't I sorry on the day I had to go back home?
Worried about with packing, I arrived late at the station,
Dropped my hatbox in the mud, the things all fell about,
Got my ticket, said 'good - bye' "Right away." the guard did cry,
But I found the train was wrong and shouted out:

The porter would not stop the train, But I laughed and said "You must
Keep your hair on, Mary Ann, and mind that you don't bust'."
Some old gentleman inside declared that it was hard,
Said "Look out of the window, Miss, and try and call the guard."
Didn't I, too, with all my might I nearly balanced over,
But my old friend grasp'd my leg, and pulled me back again,
Nearly fainting with the fright, I sank into his arms a sight,
Went into hysterics but I cried in vain:

On his clean old shirt-front then I laid my trembling head,
"Do take it easy, rest awhile" the dear old chappie said.
If you make a fuss of me and on me do not frown,
You shall have my mansion, dear, away in London Town.
Wouldn't you think me silly if I said I could not like him?
Really he seemed a nice old boy, so I replied this way;
I will be your own for life, Your imay doodle um little wife,
If you'll never tease me any more I say.

CHORUS

Oh! Mr. Porter, what shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham
and they're taking me on to Crewe,
Send me back to London as quickly as you can,
Oh! Mr. Porter, what a silly girl I am!

When I Take My Morning Promenade
Marie Lloyd.

Since Mother Eve in the Garden long ago,
Started the fashion, fashion's been a fashion.
She wore a strip that has mystified the priests,
Still every season brought a change of green.
She'd stare if she came to town,
What would Mother Eve think of my new Parisian gown.

CHORUS:

As I take my morning promenade
Quite a fashion card, on the promenade.
Now I don't mind nice boys staring hard
If satisfies their desire.
Do you think my dress is a little bit,
Just a little bit not too much of it?
If it shows my shape just a little bit,
That's the little bit the boys admire.

Fancy the girls in the prehistoric days,
Had to wear a bearskin to cover up their fair skin.
Lately Salome has danced to be sure,
Wearing just a row of beads and not much more.
Fancy me dressing like that, too!
I'm sure "The Daily Mirror" man would want an interview.

I've heard that grandmother wore a crinoline;
Then came the bustle-Oh! wasn't that a tussle.
Women were tied up and loaded up with dress,
But fashion now decrees that she must wear much less.
Each year her costume grows more brief,
I wonder when we'll get back to the good old-fashioned leaf.

The Swimming Master
Dan Leno

When the water is wet and the air is dry
A beautiful sight you may then espy,
On the pier in the summer-time there am I
Teaching the ladies to swim.
Though frightened at first of the water they be,
Their confidence soon will return, don't you see,
When they have feasted their eyes upon me,
And noticed my figure so trim

PATTER:

You didn't notice my figure when I first appeared-I came on
you too suddenly. You weren't able to grasp me altogether, as
it were-I'll go off and come on again. (Retires off and
re-enters) There! Now you can notice me properly. You see
you've got a north-east view of me. It is really remarkable
the effect I leave on people who see me for the first time.
When I walked on the pier last Monday, two ladies looked at
me and fell over into the water. I nearly got the Victoria
Cross for that. Of course, that was my chance. The moment
I saw the ladies in the water, quick as thought, I made one
dash to where they tied the boat up; untied the boat, got in,
and pulled out. But I was just too late. The ladies could
swim and they were saved. But it was a marvellous escape. If
I'd saved them I'd have got the medal. I've nearly got twenty
medals that way. I remember on another day something happened,
just the same-only of course different. I nearly got another
Victoria Medal. There was an old man, a very old man, all
bearded and wrinkled, lying asleep on the sand. I was up on
top, on the pr-pro-prom, on the pier. I dashed down before
anybody could stop me, siezed the old man, grabbed him by
the legs, up on to the gravel and on to the pavement. Saved
his life. There's not the slightest doubt if he had stayed
there asleep till the tide come up, he'd have been drowned.

CHORUS:

As I teach the girls to float, the sea goes down each throat.
They say, "Oh Dear! I'm going to sink,"
I have them up with a charming wink.
To my manly chest they cling and their arms around me fling,
Oh dear what a time I have when I teach the girls to swim.

My position is one of a deal of trust,
I'm so full of secrets I feel I could bust,
For the way some girls make up's enough to disgust-
Still not a soul I've told
You would be surprised if some girls you could see,
Whose figures you think are from blemish quite free,
Why, do you know-that is-well, between you and me-
Oh! I could a tale unfold.

PATTER:

I could tell you things you'd hardly believe-in
fact, I could tell you things I don't believe myself. There

was a strange lady came to me the other day and said, "Do you mind my swimming with my stockings on?" I said, "No." Well, out she ran, dived in, and came up feet first-there she was bobbing up and down-I didn't know she'd got a cork leg. Another lady asked me what I'd charge to teach her to swim. I said, "One Guinea." She said, "Alright, I shan't be long," and went into the dressing room, a fine strapping figure. When she came out, I didn't know her. I said, "I'll only charge you half a guinea, 'cos there's only half of you to teach."

Chorus

Both the single and married I teach to dive;
The single young girls can sometimes contrive
To swim under water while I'm counting five;
That's quite a record I call.
But Oh! I've tried, but I've found it in vain,
For diving the sweet married ladies to train.
They under the water can never remain,
They can't keep their mouths shut at all.

PATTER:

You wouldn't believe how strong you get having
so much to do with water. Before I taught swimming I was a
poor, weak little chap, with no chest and thin arms, Well,
now look at me! Oh, I love the water; all our family love
water-I've seen my father drink quarts of water-of course,
with something in it. And my brother, he's
passionately fond of water-he's a milkman. (Turning as though
to someone who has just entered) "Good morning, Miss Winkle,
good morning! Beautiful day indeed. Yes'm, ready if you are.
Well I never! What a pretty bathing dress! Made it yourself!
Ah! Don't you think you might have made a little more of it
while you were at it? It won't shrink! Well, I hope not.
Now then, ready-one, two, three,go! You dived rather
lumpy. That's fight-don't struggle-keep cool. Don't talk,
you mustn't drink the water. Take nice quiet strokes-one,
two, three, my dinner's at four, five, six. Keep your head
up-head up! No! Keep that under. There! I knew that
dress wouldn't last-here's a pin."

Chorus

A Little Bit Off the Top
Harry Bedford

Brown's a very old friend of mine Once I went to his house to dine;
Some of the aristocracy were there.
Ev'ryone of 'em thought me "great" And said, when they saw me lick my plate
That I must be an American millionaire.
The waiter came into the room with a beautiful lump of pork
And though I'd "wolfed" enough to feed a town,
I thought I'd like a sample of the crackling and the gravy,
So I loosened out my vest and said to Brown:

Carve a little bit off the top for me! for me!
Just a little bit off the top for me! for me!
Saw me off a yard or two, I'll tell you when to stop;
All I want is a little bit off the top!

Once I made up my mind to roam and spend a week by the briny foam;
I'd never been far away from home before.
Ev'ryone of the family were sorry indeed to part with me;
They all love Willie, especially ma-in-law.
They all came up and asked me for a lock of my golden hair,
I clipped 'em from the back and from the side;
At last I asked the missus which particular bit she fancied,
And she rubbed her nose and lovingly replied:

Tear a little bit off the top for me! for me!
Just a little bit off the top for me! for me!
I'll fix it on the copperstick and use it for a mop;
All I want is a little bit off the top!

Waiting at the Church
Vesta Victoria

I'm in a nice bit of trouble, I confess;
Somebody with me has had a game.
I should by now be a proud and happy bride,
But I've still got to keep my single name.
I was proposed to by Obadiah Binks In a very gentlemanly way;
Lent him all my money so that he could buy a home,
And punctually at twelve o'clock to-day-

CHORUS:

There was I, waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church;
When I found he'd left me in the lurch,
Lor, how it did upset me!
All at once, he sent me round a note
Here's the very note,
This is what he wrote:
"Can't get away to marry you today,
My wife, won't let me!"

Lor, what a fuss Obadiah made of me
When he used to take me in the park!
He used to squeeze me till I was black and blue,
When he kissed me he used to leave a mark.
Each time he met me he treated me to port,
Took me now and then to see the play;
Understand me rightly, when I say he treated me,
It wasn't him but me that used to pay.

Just think how disappointed I must feel,
I'll be off me crumpet very soon.
I've lost my husband-the one I never had!
And I dreamed so about the honeymoon.
I'm looking out for another Obadiah,
I've already bought the wedding ring,
There's all my little fal-the-riddles packed up in my box
Yes, absolutely two of ev'rything.

Young Men Taken in and Done For
Dan Leno

As smart a man as ever lived was I when in my prime,
Until I met Miss Lucy Jaggs, she knocked me out of time.
I called there for apartments, for I'd noticed once or twice,
A card stuck in the window, and on it this device:

CHORUS:

"Young men taken in and done for,"
Oh! I never thought that she,
The girl I left my happy home for,
Would have taken in and done for me.

Being a lonely single man, I wanted lodgings bad,
So Lucy Jaggs's mother then soon showed me what she had.
I'd not stayed there above a week when Lucy came to me
And fondly kissed me on my cheek, then sat me on her knee.

Of course, just like a stupid, I must go and tie the knot
That brings us bliss and happiness-but that's all tommy rot.
I don't believe my wife loves me, it's the truth I'm telling you.
A wife can't love her husband much if she beats him black and blue.