

J. Violet Brown

The Anglo-Canadian
Music Co.
144 Victoria St.,
Toronto

60¢

HUMOROUS SONG

THAT'S HOW IT WAS!



WRITTEN
AND
COMPOSED
BY
DICK
HENTY

SUNG BY

NORMAN LONG.

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REYNOLDS & CO., BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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"Four Successes" by GREATREX NEWMAN.

(Author of "Odds and Ends" and "More Odds and Ends" Concert Party Albums).

THE EGG.

GREATREX NEWMAN. WOLSELEY CHARLES.

"Annie Laurie" Sung by LESLIE HENSON.

Max-wel-ton brass are bounie, Where stands the Grand Ho-
tel — And 'twas there I'd an egg for my break-fast, But I
"The Old Brigade"
knew as I o-pened the shell That it was an egg of the
Old — Brigade Tho' it had chang'd and al-tered, There it stood quite
un - dis-mayed As in ac-cents low it fal - tered:

Tune: "Poor old Joe?"

"I'm humming, I'm humming,
I'm not new-laid I know;"
So turning to the gasping waiter I said, "J-J-J-Joe."

Tune: "Months and months and months."

I don't suppose this egg has been laid
For months and months and months,
Its calling-up notice has been delayed
For months and months and months.
I think perhaps it was laid by some extinct Dodo,
Teal twenty! thirty! forty! fifty years ago!"

HURRICANE HISTORY.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

COMPOSED BY
FRED CECIL.

SUNG BY LESLIE HENSON.

1st Verse.
This lit - tle song, Will not take long, Its
aim is ed - u - cation, So to commence, I'll just condense, The
his - t'ry of our na-tion. Now please in turn, Read, mark and learn

While I put through their paces,
Those dear old beans
The Kings and Queens—
As well as Jacks and Aces.

6th VERSE:— Canute, we're told,
Was weak and old,
And left this earth one Sunday,
He chose this day,
To pass away
To dodge cold meat on Monday.
His widow, who
Insurance drew,
Was courted for her bundle,
She wed again
And told her swalu,
"Ca-nute could not ca-noodle."

Price 2/1 each post free.

SHALL US? S'LETS!

GREATREX NEWMAN.

FRED CECIL.

1st Verse.
(A) I'm going to re-cite "Curfew shan't ring to-ni-ht," Or
(B. enters)
"Dad-dy, don't go down the pit" (B) Hal - lo there, old toff, would you
mind push-ing off, While I air my lar-yux a bit? (A) E -
cuse me, old frnit, but I'm going to re-coot. (B) O!
no, let's both sing - in Du - ets.

A. Rightio then, old bean,
B. Best of luck, old sardine;
A. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -
B. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -
A. Shall us? B. S'lets.

3rd VERSE.

A. I love to reside at the jolly sea-side,
B. And catch shrimps all day in a net.
A. I'd bathe, but I'm told that the water's so cold,
B. It's also most frightfully wet.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

COMPOSED BY
FRED CECIL.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY
NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

SUNG BY TOM CLARE.

1st Verse.
This lit - tle song, Will not take long, Its
aim is ed - u - cation, So to commence, I'll just condense, The
his - t'ry of our na-tion. Now please in turn, Read, mark and learn

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1st Verse.
Since days of old when knights were bold and barons held their
sway, The fine old English gentleman has calmly passed a-way, He
should feel ver-y thankful that he's moved to other spheres, To

go and join the pro-phets he has left the prof-it-ers,
LAST VERSE:—
He never played lawn tennis on the local village green,
The Maypole that he danced around did not sell margarine.
He never heard of "auction", or at billiards made a break;
He never jazzed or two-stepped and his "shimmy" didn't "shake";
He never fed on frozen lamb months after it was killed,
He never needed Glaxo all his bonnie babes to build,
He never read the murders in the Sunday Press each week,
He never knew that Willfred once was lost by Pip and Squeaky
Oh, that fine old English gentleman,
He was a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.

TWELVE HUMOROUS RECITATIONS FOR LADIES BY GREATREX NEWMAN. Price 1/- nett.

Contents:— IF YOU CAN. HE DID. COWS. MRS. 'ARRIS. BOBBIE BURNS. A TOY TRAGEDY. BERTIE AND THE PIRAT
THE SONG OF THE— GENTLEMAN'S UNDERWEAR. FISHES. BABY. AN ALPHABETICAL ROMANCE. A BURLESQUE DRAMA.

REYNOLDS & CO, 62^a, BERNERS STREET, LONDON. W.1.

THAT'S HOW IT WAS!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
DICK HENTY.

Slowly.
(To be spoken rather than sung)

VOICE.

Key Eb I've been
| : : | : : s, .s, }

PIANO.

out with a friend— at least, when I say 'friend,' He's the
 | m : r : d | l a, : d : r | m : r : d | l a, : d : r }

chap who lives next door to me, His name's
 | m : r : d | r : m : f | s : - : - | : t, : t, }

Brown— no it is - n't, it's Binks— no it's not— An - y -
 { | s : fe : m | d : m : fe | s : fe : m | d e : s : l }

way, it be-gins with a D. ^{Key G^b} It happened like this; you see,
 { | t : l : s | m : fe : r | s : - : - | : s' m, | m : r : d | d : t : l, }

I said to him— No, I'm wrong, it was he said to
 { | f : t, : t, | t, : d : de | r : t, : l, | s, : d : r }

me; He said, 'Look here, old boy'— mean - ing
 { | m : - : - | : s, : s, | m : r : d | d : t, : d }

me, don't you know—'I'll be there at a quar - ter past

Key Bb { m d : s, : s, | s, : s, : s, | l, : s, : f, | t, : l, : s, }

three!' Yes, that's how it was, I was there, And I

Key Bb { l d :- :- | : d, s, | d : s : m | d : t : l, | f :- :- | : l, : l, }

(poco rit.) *a tempo*

saw him there waiting for me, But he didn't see me, 'cos of

{ r : l : f | r : d : t, | s :- :- | : s, : s, | d : s : m | d : t, : l, }

course all the time, He was looking for me, don't you see! If we'd

{ t, : d : de | r : r : r | m : r : d | fe : m : r | s :- :- | : s : s }

both looked at once— so to speak, as it were, It would

{ | s : f : m | m : r : d | d : f : s | l : l : l }

nev - er have happened, be - cause, ——— He thought

{ | l : s : fe | fe : m : r | t : - : - | - : t : t }

I'd look for him, I thought he'd look for me, And we

{ | d' : l : s | l f : s : l | t : s : fe | m : fe : s }

did - n't— And that's how it was!

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

D.C.

I've been out with a friend— at least, when I say 'friend',
 He's the chap who lives next door to me;
 His name's Brown— no, it isn't, it's Binks— no, it's not,
 Anyway it begins with a D.
 It happened like this: you see, I said to him—
 No, I'm wrong, it was he said to me,
 He said, 'Look here, old boy— meaning me, don't you know—
 'I'll be there at a quarter past three!'
 Yes, that's how it was! I was there.
 And I saw him there waiting for me;
 But he didn't see me, 'cos of course all the time
 He was looking for me, don't you see!
 If we'd both looked at once— so to speak, as it were,
 It would never have happened, because
 He thought *I'd* look for *him*, I thought *he'd* look for *me*,
 And we didn't— and that's how it was!

Well, an hour or two later we got in the bar
 And we'd both had a couple of drinks
 When Binks— I mean, Brown— What the deuce *is* his name?
 I know! *Brown!* No, it isn't; it's *Binks!*
 Well, Brown had found out an extra'rd'nary thing
 He was closely related to me!
 And he worked it all out like a geli-o-nag
 Geli-nag-i-o-logical tree.

Yes, that's how it was! Binks' aunt
 Married my second cous— Half a mo'!
 No, I've got it; my aunt married his second cous—
 Dash it all! now, how was it? I know!
 His aunt and my cousin had fixed it all up
 But they couldn't get married because
 He found out that her mother had married his wife
 So they chucked it— and that's how it was!

Now Brown is the bravest old fellow alive!
 He's a regular hero is Binks!
 He told me one day how he'd saved a girl's life
 Just as easy as ordering drinks.
 He was out in his car— at least, when I say 'his',
 It's the car that he takes out on hire,
 And a woman cried, 'Save me! I'm drowning! Help! Help!'
 And Binks dashed to the scene of the fire!
 Yes, that's how it was! She cried Help!
 And Brown dashed to the scene of the fire,
 Threw the groom to his reins— threw the grains to his room—
 And the waves mounted higher and higher.
 Then some blighter called out, 'Hi! Catch on to this rope!'
 But old Brown didn't want that, because
 With one blow of his fist he had shot the lion dead—
 And saved her— And that's how it was!

FOUR SUCCESSES

BY
FRANK S. WILCOCK.

A POLITICAL MEETING. (Humorous Medley)

Written by W. S. FRANK. Composed by FRANK S. WILCOCK.

"Little brown Jug."

Some time a - go to raise the rent, I
thought I'd stand for Par - lia - ment, I'm fond of a qui - et
nap, you see, So I thought the job would just suit me. So
The Vicar of Bray.

I was nom - in - a - ted down at Sloshton-on-the-Slush, sirs,
And I felt quite elated down at Sloshton-on-the-Slush, sirs,
I held a great mass meeting, there were hundreds turned away, sirs,
Yes, sad to say they turned away when the Vicar began to bray, sirs.

Tune "DRINKING"

As I went to the meeting hall my courage it was sinking,
And so to keep my spirits up, I kept drinking, drinking, drinking.

Tune "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

Then poor old John Brown's number's up they sang,
He can't fool the British working man.
Then they each gave me another bang,
As they all went marching home.

SOME GIRL—GEE WHIZ!

Written by
W. S. FRANK.

Composed by
FRANK S. WILCOCK.

I've got a girl?— Well, I should say so! A com -
pen - di - um of vir - tues sure she's just the perfect pearl. I'll ad -
mit she is - n't hand - some, for her face has kind of slipped, Her
nose is like an ac - ci - dent, and may - be she's hair - lipped.

But with charms I needn't mention, well, I guess she's well equipped,
And she's some girl! Gee whiz!

Can she talk? Well, I should say so! etc.
Can she smile? Well, I should say so! etc.
Can she sing? Well, I should say so! etc.
Can she kiss? Well, I should say so! etc.
Can she cook? Well, now you re asking! etc.

THE MARKET. (Humorous Medley)

Written and Arranged by KENNETH BLAIN & FRANK S. WILCOCK.

"William Tell!"

We've got a mar - ket down our way, I
went in there last Sat - ur - day, The sight that met my
eyes was rare, The noise was deaf'ning I de - clare.

Etc., introducing "Mary of Argyle," "Swanee River," "Death of Nelson,"
"Poor Old Joe," "I dreamt that I dwelt," "Killarney," etc., and finishing

"Auld Lang Syne"

That mar - ket ne'er can be for - got, I
tell you it was fine, I'm going a - gain next
Sat - ur - day night, For the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

AN "EXTEMPORE" DUET.

Written by W. S. FRANK. Composed by FRANK S. WILCOCK.
(Also suitable for Lady and Gentleman)

NOTE: This Duet is intended to be given by artistes who are already
en rapport with their audience as in Concert Parties. The 'making it up
as we go along' idea should be kept in view throughout.

(a) We're down for a com - ic du - et. (b) ^{spoken} Hear hear! (a) The
ti - tle is, (b) What? (a) I for - get. (b) ^{spoken} Dear, dear! Well, we'll
make up some rhymes Quite a - breast of the times,
(b) A very good notion. (a) You bet!

There was a bandmaster of Fratton,
(b) *pauses and thinks hard. bus.*
Who once went to bed with his hat on,
(a) *spoken* Splendid! That's the idea. (*thinks*)
His wife, who was vexed,
Said, "What will he do next!"
(b) (*triumphantly*) So she gave him what for with his baton. etc.

Price 2/1 each, by post.

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