

DEDICATED TO TOM TITT.

Bill's Asthma

Humorous Song

Written, Composed
and Sung by

REEVES HANSFORD.

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PRICE ~~ONE~~ NETT.

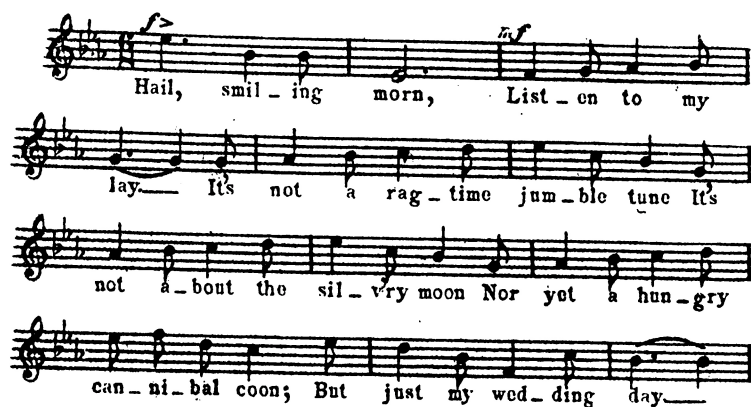
REYNOLDS & CO 62A, BERNERS STREET
LONDON, W.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

MY WEDDING DAY.

Words by
E. Maxwell Farrer.

Music by
Cuthbert Clarke.



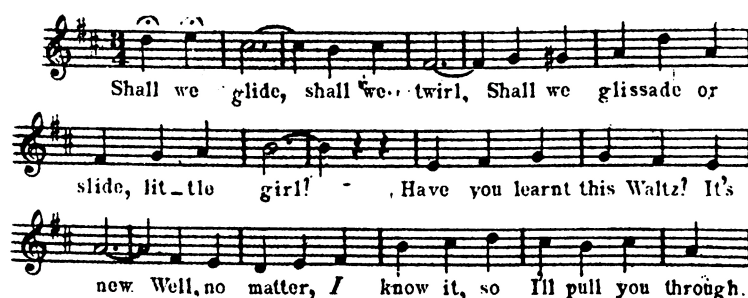
So listen while I state
How fortune sealed my fate.

REFRAIN. It was on my wedding eve,
I met some friends I couldn't leave.
Some wished me luck, some wished me dead,
But when I woke, Gee, what a head!
Feeling like a corpse, I rose
And struggled in my wedding clothes.
New and not been worn before,
Made for someone else I'm sure!
Suddenly a burst behind,
Too late to take them back I find.
Dear old landlady, with thread,
Stitched them while I hopped in bed.

THE NUT OF THE BALL.

Words by
Flittermouse.

Music by
Frank Leedam.



With his partner he'll start,
When he starts he never stops,
She goes to her doom, all the couples make room,
When he whirls into One Steps and Waltzes and Hops.

PATTER. Do you know you're a ripping girl to dance with. I know
your name quite well by sight, but I didn't quite catch your
face.

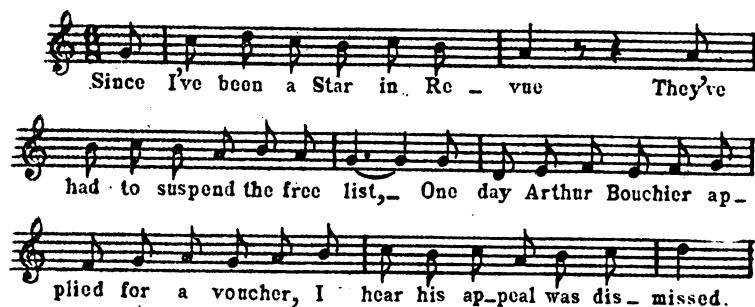
Yes, dancing does make one tired! Eh! You're so darned
stout. No, no - just nice and plump, that's all. Pardon!
you're danced out. Sorry!

My last partner was Miss Addie Pose. What do you
think of her gown eh - shows what! Bad taste! I thought
it showed good form.

MUSICAL IMITATIONS.

Written by
Reginald Relsie & Donah Parsons.

Composed by
Ernée Woodville.



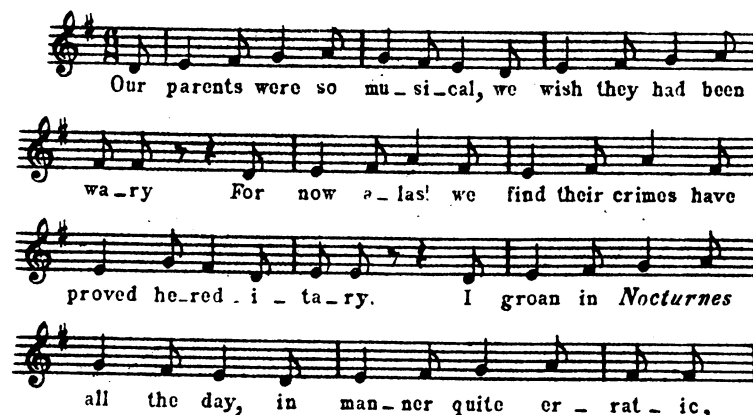
Other theatres have started reprisals,
When I ask if they'll pass me through,
They return me my card,
And say, "Wilkie you're barred?"
Since I've been a Star in Revue.

When I was approached by my agent
To take up the part of Miss Bing,
I said to myself, the Alhambra
Should be a most excellent thing.
They informed me the part was a good one,
In which I was certain to score,
It was handed to me at a quarter to three,
And I knew it by twenty to four.

MUSICAL MALADIES.

Written by
Medley Barrett & Byam Wyke.

Composed by
Medley Barrett.



In *Oratorio* I sigh, my screams are *Operatic*.
To limp with *Duets* and *Quartettes* my energies are hurting,
To speak in all *Concerted* styles is very *disconcerting*.
Gaze on this offspring, shed your tears upon our lives of sadness,
Our Maladies so Musical will send us all to madness.
I've got *Andantino* on the lungs,
Which wobbles to and fro so,
And *Con Affetto* on the brain
Which causes *Tremoloso*.

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CONTENTS: A Dude's Drawl, "Beastly Original." A Waiter's Wail, "Etiquette." A Slavey's Slogan, "I never saw
anything like it!" A Hebrew Hop "Abey Cohen's Ball!" A Curate's Complaint "Oh! dear Brethren, Oh!"
A Brig-Gen's Brag, "The Bantam Brigadier." A Mickey's Marriage, "When Bridget Doolan married
Mike Magee." A Coon's Cry - "What can a poor Coon do?"

REYNOLDS & CO Berners Street. LONDON. W. 1.

BILL'S ASTHMA.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

REEVES HANSFORD

Moderato.

VOICE

PIANO

f

Ad lib.

My brother Bill got ill one day With a bad at - tack of asth - ma.

Key C { d' : d' . d' | d' : d' | s : s | s : m . f | s : s | s : s | m : d | : }

He was con - fined to his bed all day, If you don't be - lieve me,

{ d' : d' d' l d' : d' . d' | s : s l s : m . f | s : s l s : s }

ask Ma. He tried that and this, then he tried this and that, But he

{ m : d l : m | r : t . le l t : t . d' | t : l . se l l : l . t }

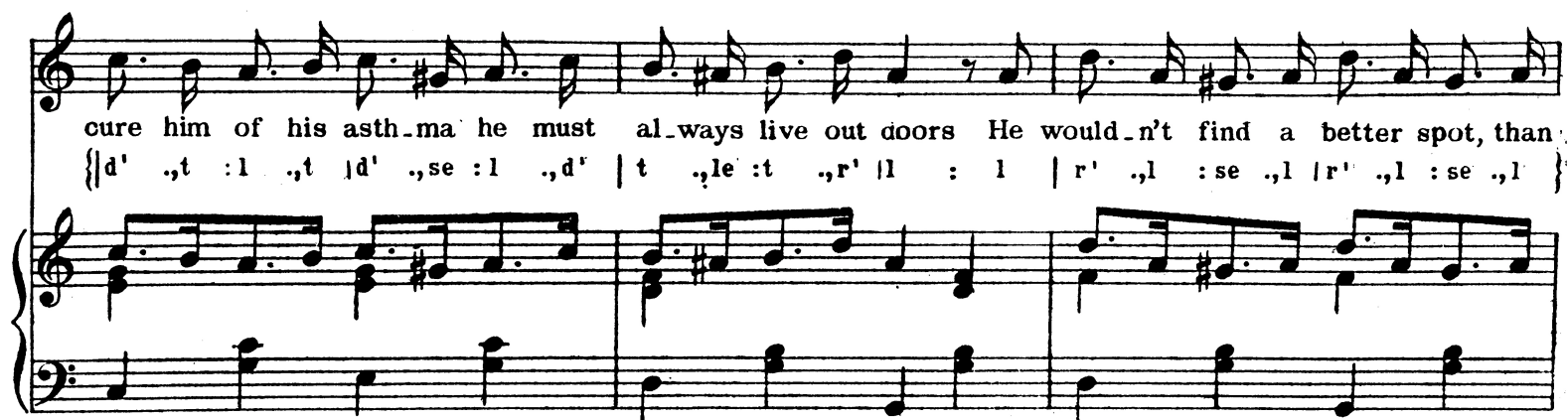
CHANT.

on - ly kept on wheezing like an an - cient Thomas cat. Then up came one of the

{ r' . l : l . t | r' . l : l . t | r' . d' : t . l | s : . r || d : d ., d | r ., m : f ., s }

neigh - bors, Who said he had a rem - e - dy for Bill. To

{ m : d l : s | l ., se : l ., t l d' ., l : t ., d' | t : - | : t }



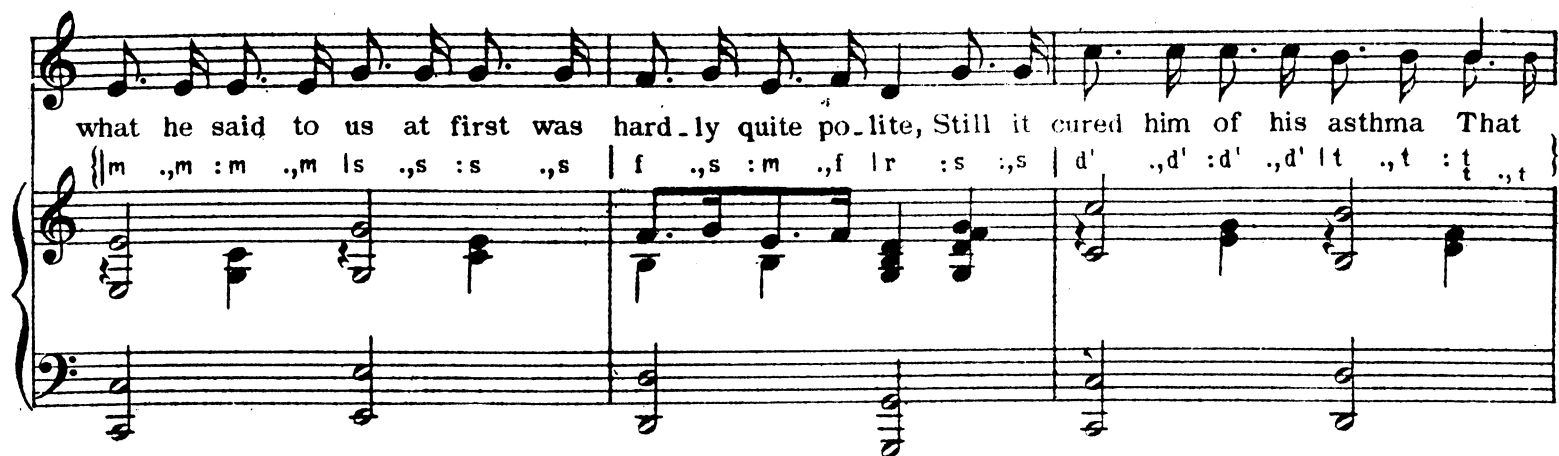
cure him of his asth-ma he must al-ways live out doors He would-n't find a better spot, than

{ d' ., t : l ., t | d' ., se : l ., d' | t ., le : t ., r' | l : l | r' ., l : se ., l | r' ., l : se ., l }



liv-ing on the moors. So we moved him and his bed-stead, and he slept out all the night, Though

{ r' ., d' : t ., l | s : s ., s | m ., m : m ., m | s ., s : s ., s | f ., s : m ., f | r : s }



what he said to us at first was hard-ly quite po-lite, Still it cured him of his asthma That

{ m ., m : m ., m | s : s ., s | f ., s : m ., f | r : s : s | d' ., d' : d' ., d' | t ., t : t ., t }



1st to 6th 7th time

went a-way al-right, But it left him RHEU-MA-TISM. Then ASTHMA. Then

{ l ., t : d' ., l | s : m ., f | s : s t : s ., s | m : d | : s, || m : d | : s || }

Bill said "Now I've got my asth - ma back I will do my ut - most to en -

{ | d :- . r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s | m . f : s . m }

dure it. I'll stick to asth - ma as it sticks to me, And I'll

{ | r :- | d : s | d :- . r | f . m r . d | m s | d' : t . d' }

SHOOT the man that tries to cure it."

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

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that.
 He gave us a concoction made of turpentine and things
 And sev'ral different kinds of salts, that came from foreign springs
 We rubbed the stuff well into Bill, the way that we were shown,
 And though within a week poor Bill was only skin and bone,
 We found the rheumatism had completely from him flown,
 But it left him..... INDIGESTION.

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that.
 He said although dyspepsia was quite a nasty pain,
 It could be quickly cured by eating cereals and grain.
 So we went off to the haymongers and purchased lots of corn,
 And fed poor Bill on wheat and maize and rice and barleycorn.
 And found in less than half a week his indigestion gone,
 But it left him..... APPENDICITIS.

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that.
 This neighbor, as it happened to turn out was our M. D.
 He said that he would have to operate immediately.
 We took Bill to the hospital, at once without delay
 The surgeons and the nurses all got ready for the fray,
 They cured him, for they took poor Bill's appendix right away,
 But they left him..... LUMBAGO.

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that
 This neighbor was a masseur who was well up in his art
 He said "I know exactly what to give him from the start."
 He pummeled him and kneaded him, just like a lump of dough,
 He wouldn't stop a minute, even when poor Bill cried "Oh!"
 Still he cured him of his backache, but alas in doing so,
 He twisted..... HIS SPINAL COLUMN.

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that,
 He said to get Bill's backbone straight, was quite an easy thing
 He only needed fixing up inside a kind of sling.
 We fixed a thing upon his head, another on his knees
 And pulled until we saw his backbone straighten by degrees,
 But we forgot some padding on his head the strain to ease
 So it left him..... BALD HEADED.

Then up came another of the neighbors,
 Who said he had a remedy for that.
 He said that he could rapidly make Bill's hair grow again,
 By rubbing ointment on his head and standing in the rain.
 He tried it and quite soon of hair, he had a lovely crop,
 And we all thought at last Bill's ailments surely now must stop
 But tho' this treatment on his scalp brought forth a massive mop,
 It brought back..... HIS ASTHMA.

CHORUS. Air—"The Minstrel Boy."

Then Bill said, "Now I've got my asthma back,
 I will do my utmost to endure it.
 I'll stick to asthma, as it sticks to me,
 And I'll SHOOT the man that tries to cure it."

"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 braes are bonnie, 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,
Ten! twenty! thirty! forty! fifty years ago!"

SHALL US? S'LETS!

GREATREX NEWMAN.

FRED CECIL.

1st Verse.
(A) I'm going to re-cite "Curfew, shan't ring to-night," 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) Es-
cuse me, old fruit, but I'm going to re-coot. (B) Oh
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.

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-ca-tion, 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 boodle,
She wed again
And told her swain,
"Ca-nute could not ca-noodle."

Price 2/1 each post free.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY
NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

SUNG BY TOM CLARE.

Marsiale.
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-eers,

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 Wilfred once was lost by Pip and Squeak;
Oh, that fine old English gentleman,
He was a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.

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