

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH SAYS: *"A capital skit on the modern mania for banjo playing, a comic song of the first class."*

# BANJO MANIA, HUMOROUS SONG,

(WITH AN ADDITIONAL BANJO ACCOMPANIMENT.)

Written, Composed and Sung

BY

# CORNEY GRAIN

IN HIS NEW MUSICAL SKETCH

# "A DAY'S SPORT."

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# BANJO MANIA.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY CORNEY GRAIN.

*VIVACE.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf e marcato.*

*leggiere e piano.*

real - ly think the world's gone mad and crackd a\_bout the Ban - jo It

does - n't mat - ter what you do or where you go! From

Peck\_ham Rye and Bel\_grave Square to 'Ap - py 'Ap - py 'Amp - stead you

BANJO MANIA.

can't es\_cape the tin\_kle of the ole Ban\_ jo!

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "can't es\_cape the tin\_kle of the ole Ban\_ jo!". The piano accompaniment features a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

Ping pong Tink-a-ty tank play up\_on the Ban\_ jo It

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Ping pong Tink-a-ty tank play up\_on the Ban\_ jo It". A triplet of eighth notes is marked above the word "Tink-a-ty". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and bass line patterns.

does\_n't mat\_ter what you do or where you go! They're

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal line contains the lyrics "does\_n't mat\_ter what you do or where you go! They're". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the final line of the page.

BANJO MANIA.

all gone crack'd and mad a\_bout the Ban - jo For

mor - ning; noon and night they play the ole Ban - jo!!!

*Cres.* *mf* *ff*

*ff* *D.C.*

BANJO MANIA.

I really think the world's gone mad and cracked about the Banjo,  
 It doesn't matter what you do or where you go!  
 From Peckham Rye and Belgrave Square to 'appy 'appy 'Ampstead,  
 You can't escape the tinkle of the ole Banjo!

*Chorus.* Ping pong tink-a-ty tank! play upon the Banjo!  
 It doesn't matter what you do or where you go!  
 They've all gone crack'd and mad about the Banjo,  
 For morning, noon, and night they play the ole Banjo!

The other day I went to my stockbroker's in the City  
 To ask him how he thought that things were like to go;  
 He never said a word to me, but walked into his office,  
 And then began a-singing to the ole Banjo.

*Chorus.* O! Contango Primitiva Nitrates,  
 And Brighton A's and Ruby Mines and Rio Tinto,  
 O Spes Bona, Barcelona Tramways,  
 And premium of five-eighths on the ole Banjo!

I went into St. James Hall to hear a Wagner concert,  
 I thought somehow I'd got into the hall below,  
 For there were all the Wagnerites, the Herrs, the Fraus, and Fraüleins,  
 A-dancing and a-singing to the ole Banjo.

*Chorus.* Herz und schmerz ja haben wir vergessen,  
 Singen jetzt die 'nigger' songs, lustig, froh,  
 Dann nach Baireuth wollen wir 'marschieren,  
 Ach! wie klassikalisch ist die ole Banjo!

I thought the other day I'd take a little trip to Paris,  
 To try and see the very latest French Hero.  
 And there he was as large as life a-sitting in the Café  
 While Paulus sang this ditty to the ole Banjo.

*Chorus.* J'suis moi le brav' Général Boulanger  
 Gare à vous! mon petit Président Carnot,  
 Car en revenant de la revue  
 Gare à vous! je vais jouer du vieux Banjo!

The other day I went by Underground to see my Uncle,  
 And ask'd the porter whether we must change or no.  
 He gave a sort of vacant stare all up and down the platform,  
 And then began a-singing to the ole Banjo!

*Chorus.* All change here for\*... ..  
 ... .. and Bow,  
 Keep your seats for ... ..  
 There's your information on the ole Banjo!

*\*(imitating railway porter's unintelligible cries.)*

At last I made my way home in search of peace and quiet,  
 I felt that if I didn't why my brain would go!  
 And what d'ye think I found when I walk'd into my parlour,  
 My fam'ly all a-playing on the ole Banjo.

*Chorus.* Ping pong, tink-a-ty tank, they went upon the Banjo,  
 It doesn't matter where I go or what I do,  
 They've all gone mad and cracked about the Banjo,  
 My wife plays and the baby and my mother-in-law too.