

London. REYNOLDS & C? 13, BERNERS STREET, W.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG FREELY EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT THEATRES & MUSIC HALLS.

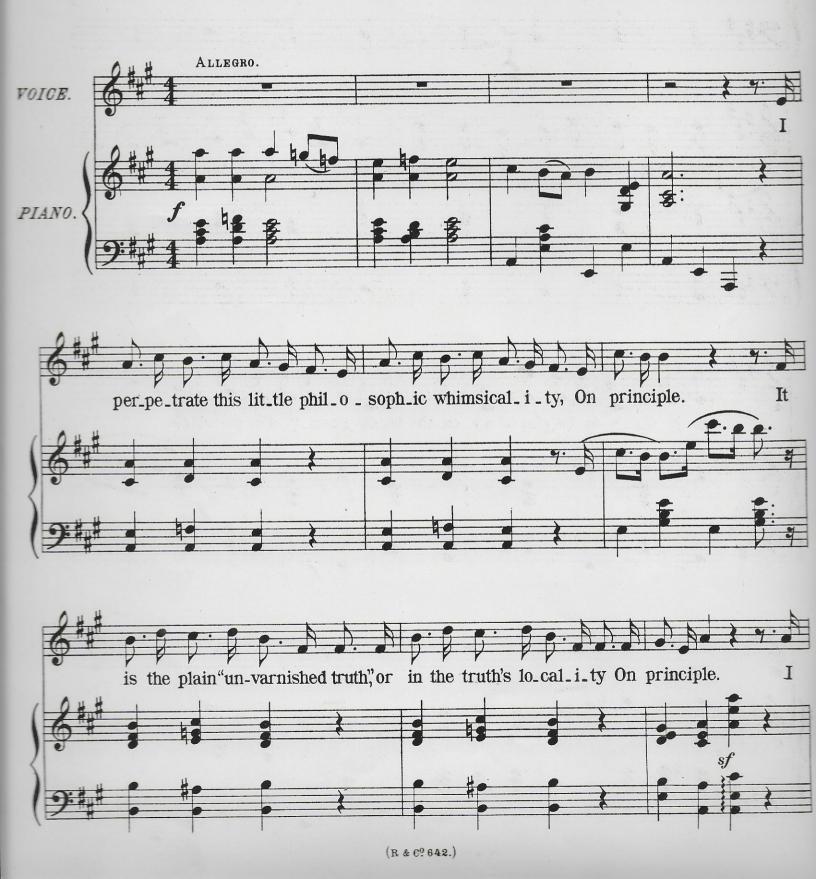
REYNOLDS & COS THEMATIC LIST OF

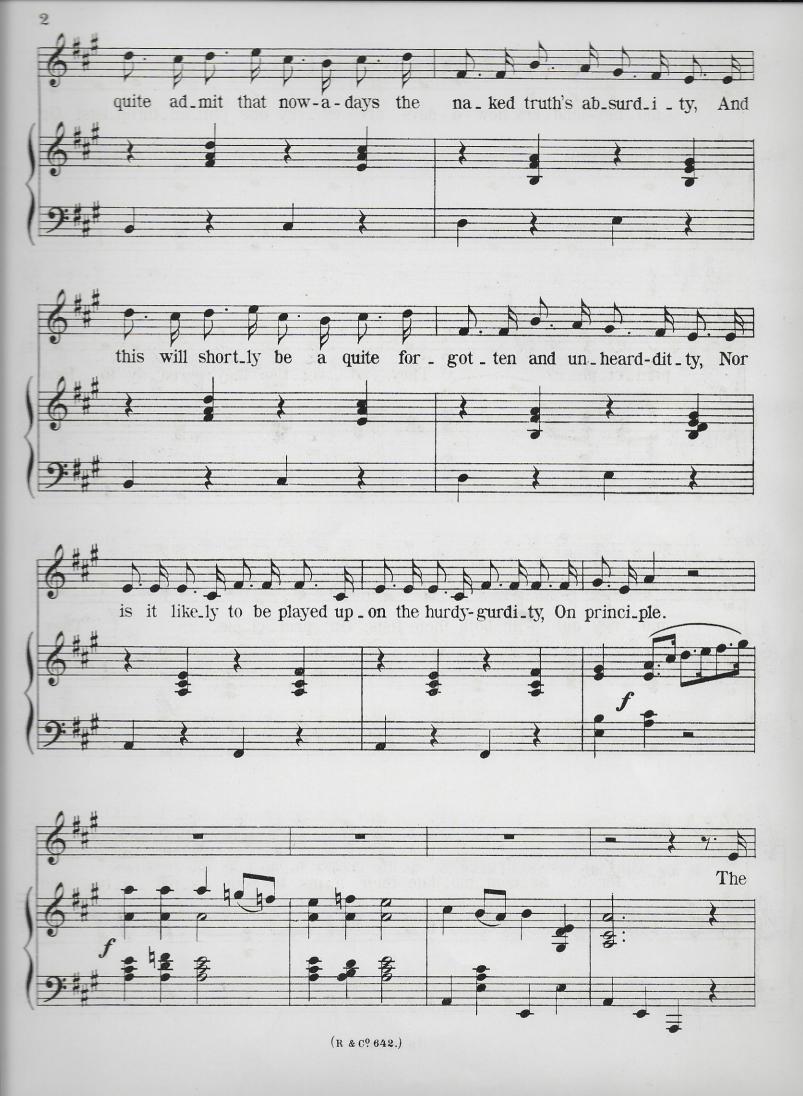
Humorous Drawing Room Songs, Musical Sketches, Musical Monologues. High Class Songs for Smoking Concerts, Artistic Coon Songs, etc.etc. MAY BE HAD FROM ALL MUSIC SELLERS OR POST FREE FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

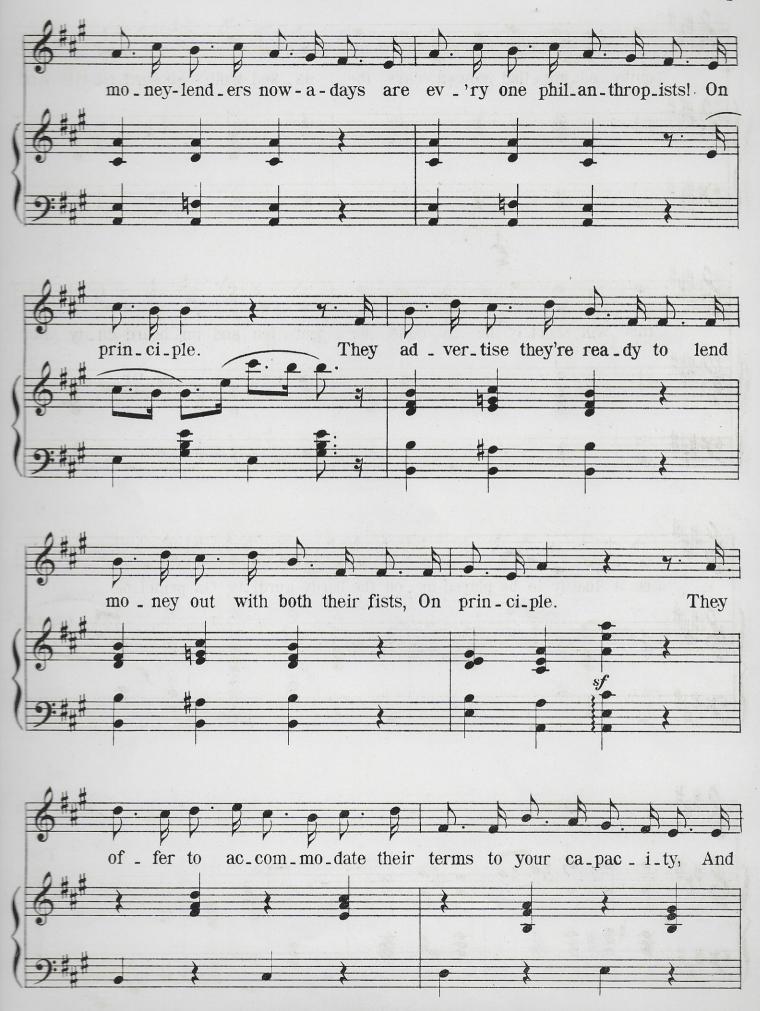
ON PRINCIPLE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY NELSON JACKSON.

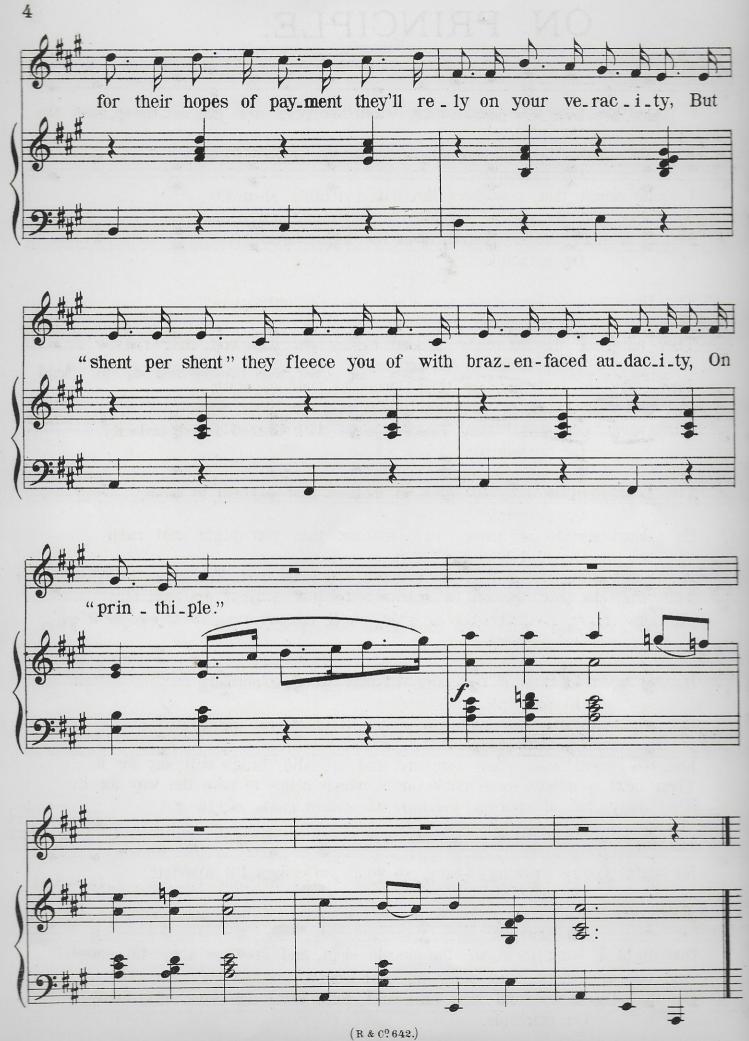






(R & C ? 642.)





ON PRINCIPLE.

I perpetrate this little philosophic whimsicality,_ On principle.

It is the plain "unvarnished truth", or in the truth's locality, On principle.

I quite admit that nowadays the naked truth's absurdity, And this will shortly be a quite forgotten and unheard-ditty, Nor is it likely to be played upon the hurdy-gurdity, On principle.

The Moneylenders nowadays are every one philanthropists!!!
On principle.

They advertise they're ready to lend money out with both their fists, On principle. (er_interest)

They offer to accommodate their terms to your capacity,
And for their hopes of payment they'll rely on your veracity,
But "shent per shent" they fleece you of with brazen-faced audacity,

On "printhiple."

The Scotchman is a canny man in matters that pertain to cash, On principle.

He seldom spends his money in a manner that you might call rash, On principle.

A London man once "stood" a Scotchman drinks from Easter up to Whit, And when he saw him off by train, said_"Just a final, ere you flit!"

"It's my turn noo," the Scottie said, "ye'll no pay this,_we'll toss for it

On principle."

If you want to float a company, display your generosity, On principle.

By 'squaring' the financial press, you'll check its animosity, On principle.

For then 'twill boom your company, and splendid things will say for it, Then next you buy some noble lords, which helps to pave the way for it, It's costly,_but of course,— you make the British Public pay for it

On principle.

No doubt you're growing weary, so your sufferings I'll alleviate, On principle.

There are twenty-two more verses, but I think I'd best abbreviate, On principle.

One night I sang them all; the people slept, and law how they did snore, And one misguided man woke up and loudly shouted out 'Encore!' But the others rose and slew him, so I don't think I'll sing any more, On principle.