

UNPRINCIPLE

Humorous Song,

Written,
Composed and Sung
by

NELSON JACKSON.

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ON PRINCIPLE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY NELSON JACKSON.

ALLEGRO.

VOICE.

PIANO. *f*

I

per-pe-trate this lit-tle phil-o - soph-ic whimsical-i - ty, On principle. It

is the plain "un-varnished truth," or in the truth's lo-cal-i - ty On principle. I

sf

quite ad-mit that now-a-days the na-ked truth's ab-sur-d-i-ty, And

this will short-ly be a quite for-got-ten and un-heard-dit-ty, Nor

is it like-ly to be played up-on the hurdy-gurdi-ty, On princi-ple.

The

mo - ney - lend - ers now - a - days are ev - 'ry one phil - an - throp - ists! On

prin - ci - ple. They ad - ver - tise they're rea - dy to lend

mo - ney out with both their fists, On prin - ci - ple. They

of - fer to ac - com - mo - date their terms to your ca - pac - i - ty, And

for their hopes of pay-ment they'll re-ly on your ve-rac-i-ty, But

"shent per shent" they fleece you of with braz-en-faced au-dac-i-ty, On

"prin - thi-ple."

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-gurdy,
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 turrn 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.