## MOMENTS OF WEAKNESS

HUMOROUS SONG

Written Composed

## NEISON

COMPRIGHT

PRICE 2 HETT

REYNOLDS & CO. 62" BERNERS STREET LONDON, W.L.

CONTRACTOR WILLIAM STATE STATE

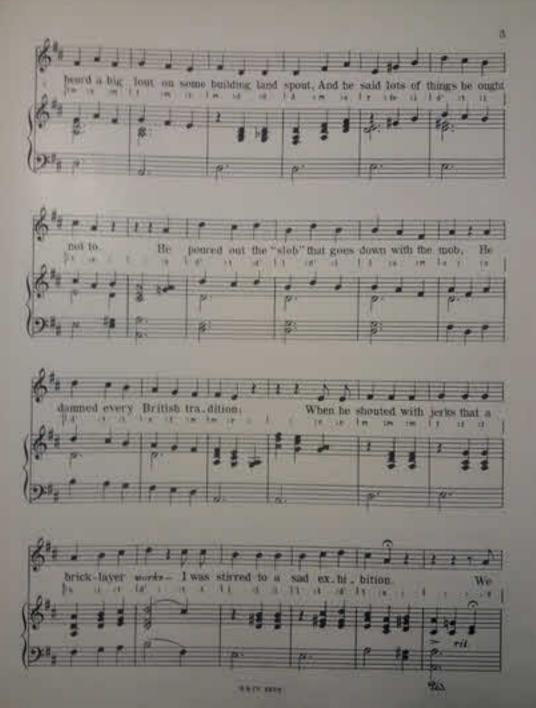
SWITTER & COLUMN

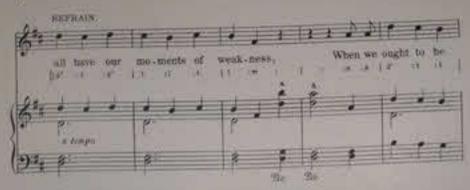
WEITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

-12

NELSON JACKSON











I'm a peace-loving guy, of a fight I fight shy,—
Live, and let live is always my motto;
But I heard a big lout on some building land spout,
And he said lots of things he ought not to.
He poured out the "slob" that goes down with the mob,
He damned every decent tradition:
When he stated with jerks that a bricklayer works;—
I was stirred to a sad exhibition.

We all have our moments of weakness,

When we ought to be slow we are slick;
We all have our moments of weakness,
I pushed his face in with a brick.

Every time she looked in my direction;
She'd an eye like a fish, and a face like a dish;
And her voice had a graveyard inflection.
She had riches you see, and she meant them for me,
I lived on her monthly assistance;
For a long time I tried to avoid homicide,
But at last she broke down my resistance.

We all have our moments of weakness, We're slack when we ought to be stiff; We all have our moments of weakness,— I pushed Auntie over a cliff.

McKay came from Skye, and Scotch whisky, och aye,
He would drink with the high-born or humble;
For years, so they say, when his turn came to pay,
He could never get past a good fumble.
But be once backed a "gee" at a hundred to three,
And, for once, the brute wom in a canter:
"Noo laddies", cried he, "hae a drink, and with me",
So we sprang to attention instanter.

We all have our moments of weakness, We rush when restraint is required; We all have our moments of weakness, He paid for the drinks, and expired!