

# MOMENTS OF WEAKNESS

*HUMOROUS SONG*

Written, Composed  
and Sung by

## NEILSON JACKSON

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# MOMENTS OF WEAKNESS.

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Moderate.



*Ad lib.* *with exaggerated expression*

key D. I'm a peace-loving guy, of a

fight I fight sig. Live and let live is al-ways my mot-to. But I

heard a bug, loat 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 British tra.dition, When he shouted with jerks that a

brick-layer works - I was stirred to a sad ex.hi.bition. We

## REFRAIN.

all have our mo-ments of weak-ness, When we ought to be

*a tempo*

He He

slow we are sick. We all have our mo-ments of

weak-ness, - I pushed his face in with a brick! *D.S.*

*Fine*



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.

I'd an Auntie called Jane, and she gave me a pain  
 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 he once backed a "gee" at a hundred to three,  
 And, for once, the brute won in a canter:  
 "Noo luddies", cried he, "hae a drink, *an' wi' 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*!