

*This Wonderful*

*England of Ours.*

*Aumorous Song*

*Written,  
Composed  
and Sung  
by Nelson  
Jackson.*

*Copyright.*

*Price 2/- nett.*

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*This Song may be Sung freely Anywhere, excepting Theatres & Music Halls.*

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.



# "Four Successes" by GREATREX NEWMAN.

(Author of "Odds and Ends" and "More Odds and Ends" Concert Party Albums).

## THE EGG.

GREATREX NEWMAN. WOLSELEY CHARLES.

"Annie Laurie" Sung by LESLIE HENSON.

Max-wel-ton braes are bonnie, Where stands the Grand Ho -  
tel — And 'twas there I'd an egg for my break-fast, But I  
"The Old Brigade"  
knew as I o-pened the shell That it was an egg of the  
Old — Brigade Tho' it had chang'd and al-tered, There it stood quite  
un - dia-mayed As in ac-cents low it fal-tered:

Tune: "Poor old Joe."

"I'm humming, I'm humming,  
I'm not new-laid I know;  
So turning to the gasping waiter I said, "J-J-J-Joe."

Tune: "Months and months and months."

I don't suppose this egg has been laid  
For months and months and months,  
Its calling-up notice has been delayed  
For months and months and months.  
I think perhaps it was laid by some extinct Dodo,  
Ten! twenty! thirty! forty! fifty years ago!"

## SHALL US? S'LETS!

GREATREX NEWMAN. FRED CECIL.

1st Verse.

(A) I'm going to re-cite "Curfew shan't ring to-night," Or  
(B enters)  
"Dad-dy, don't go down the pit" (B) Hal-lo there, old toff, would you  
mind push-ing off, While I air my lar-yux a bit? (A) Ex -  
cuse me, old fruit, but I'm going to re-coot. (B) Oh  
no, let's both sing- in Du - ets.

A. Rightio then, old bean,  
B. Best of luck, old sardine,  
A. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -  
B. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -  
A. Shall us? B. S'lets.

### 3rd VERSE.

A. I love to reside at the jolly sea-side,  
B. And catch shrimps all day in a net.  
A. I'd bathe, but I'm told that the water's so cold,  
B. It's also most frightfully wet.

## HURRICANE HISTORY.

WRITTEN BY GREATREX NEWMAN. COMPOSED BY FRED CECIL.

SUNG BY LESLIE HENSON.

1st Verse.

This lit-tle song, Will not take long, Its  
aim is ed-u-ca-tion, So to commence, I'll just condense, The  
his-t'ry of our na-tion. Now please in turn, Read, mark and learn

While I put through their paces,  
Those dear old beans  
The Kings and Queens -  
As well as Jacks and Aces.

6th VERSE:- Canute, we're told,  
Was weak and old,  
And left this earth one Sunday,  
He chose this day  
To pass away  
To dodge cold meat on Monday.  
His widow, who  
Insurance drew,  
Was courted for her boodle,  
She wed again  
And told her swain,  
"Ca-nute could not ca-noodle."

Price 2/1 each post free.

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN BY GREATREX NEWMAN. MUSIC ARRANGED BY NEVILLE BOSWORTH.  
SUNG BY TOM CLARE.

Marziale.

Since days of old when knights were bold and barons held their  
away, The fine old English gentleman has calmly passed a-way, He  
should feel ver-y thankful that he's moved to other spheres; To  
go and join the pro-phets he has left the prof-it-eers,

### LAST VERSE:-

He never played lawn tennis on the local village green,  
The Maypole that he danced around did not sell margarine.  
He never heard of "auction", or at billiards made a break,  
He never jazzed or two-stepped and his "shimmy" didn't "shake",  
He never fed on frozen lamb months after it was killed,  
He never needed Glaxo all his bonnie babes to build,  
He never read the murders in the Sunday Press each week,  
He never knew that Wilfred once was lost by Pip and Squeak;  
Oh, that fine old English gentleman,  
He was a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.

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REYNOLDS & CO, 62<sup>a</sup>, BERNERS STREET, LONDON. W.1.



## IT'S SOMETHING IN MY BLOOD.

WORDS BY E. MAXWELL FARRER. MUSIC BY CUTHBERT CLARKE.

It's something in my blood that makes me do it. I  
should have been a li-on peo-ple say, To -  
day a nav-ry came to me and hit me such a whack, He  
said that he was Becket on the ground he knocked me flat. If  
he had been a-bout when I came too I'd hit him back, It's  
some-thing in my blood that makes me do it.

I've always been a terror since the days I cut my teeth,  
I used to cut my finger nails as well.  
And I often played the truant; as a boy I'd wilful ways,  
The teacher never knew- for it was in my holidays.  
A fellow once was spouting. In the crowd I thought I'd go,  
He cried "Are we downhearted?" It was me that answered "No."

## AND BESIDES-

WORDS BY MARRIOTT NICKSON. MUSIC BY ARNOLD NICKSON.

Once in a Park up-on a seat there sat a pretty miss, A  
knotty youth sat down be-side, and asked her for a kiss. "Oh  
no" she said, "I shouldn't think of an-y-thing like that,  
I think it's like your impudence, so now you've got it flat.  
I never came across such cheek," she answered with a pout,  
And besides- (*Spoken*) There are too many folks about.  
Two gentlemen were sitting quizzing ladies at a dance,  
"You see that awful creature there," said one, "Her name is Nance.  
They say her husband is a brute, she flirts with all the men,  
I'll introduce you if you like when she comes round again."  
The other said, "I never did like dancing in my life,  
And besides- SHE'S MY WIFE."

Price 2/1 each, post free.

## IN THE FORCE.

WORDS BY CLIFFORD GREY. MUSIC BY T. C. STERNDAL-BENNETT.

They scan-dal-ize the gen-tle-men in blue, But  
I am pleased to say it's most-ly lies, In fact there's not a  
word of it is true, A statement that will cause you some sur-  
prise. A po-liceman's life, they tell us, never is a happy one, Well,  
*rall.* that's a wrong im-pression, why it's sim-pl. full of fun.

In the Force- Oh! believe me, it's the life,  
In the Force- free from any care or strife;  
A policeman's just as happy as a sandboy,  
A statement that I know you will endorse.  
And of course- We can put the Guards to bed,  
For smartness when we're riding on a horse.  
We like to stand and answer silly questions by the way,  
We'll tell you what the time is half a million times a day,  
And ev'rybody knows we're all delighted with our pay,  
In the Force. In the Force.

## LAUGHS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MAURICE VINCE.

Laugh and grow fat, the maxim says, and mostly it is  
right, For if you notice folk who laugh, their clothes they fit quite  
tight. The Flapper fair, of sweet sixteen, whose school-days are just  
o'er, Has just been told a funny tale, And thus begins to roar:

### REFRAIN. (imitating "FLAPPER.")

He. He. He. He. Ha. Ha!	He. He. He. He. Ho. Ho!
Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha!	Do tell it me once more.
Oh what a funny story,	Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha!
Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha!	Haw. Haw. Haw. Haw. Haw. Haw!

(Last verse includes "FLAPPER", "GUSSIE" and "YOKEL" imitations.)

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# THIS WONDERFUL ENGLAND OF OURS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

NELSON JACKSON.

*Marziale.*

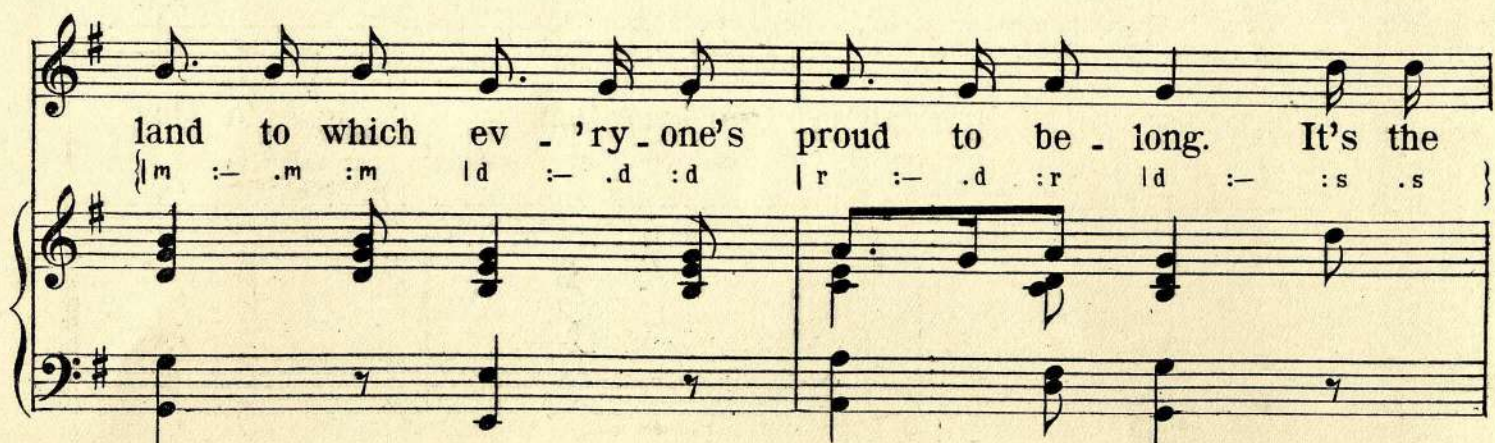


§ *Moderato.*



§ *Ad lib.*

*mf*





home of the brave, and the land of the free, And the

{ m :- .m :m ld :- .d :d | r :- .d :r lm :- :s .s }

name of it's Eng - land - what else could it be?

{ lm :- .m :m ld :- .d :d | r :- .d :r ld :- : }

To live in this land is a

{ | : : | : : | : : | : : m ls :- .s :s ls :- .f :m }

*p*

glo - rious thing, "Rule Bri - tannia's" the song that we all love to sing.

{ lf :- .f :f lf :m :r lm :- .m :m lm :r :d lf :- .m :f lr :- || }



REFRAIN. (*Twice after Each Verse*)

In this won-der-ful Eng-land of ours, The en-vy of all other

{s, .s, ld :- .d :d lr :- .r :r lm :- :- l- : :s lm :- .m :m lf :- .m :f }

Powers, We boast of our free-dom, and "boost" it a lot, We

{ls :- :- l- : :m ls :- .s :s lm :- .f :s lf :- .m :f lr : :s, }

sing songs a-bout it, and why should we not? For that's a-bout all the old

{ls :- .s :s lm :- .f :s lf :- .m :f lr : :s, ld :- .d :d lr :- .r :r }

freedom we've got In this won-der-ful Eng-land of ours. ours.

{lm :- .r :d lf : .m :r lm :- .r :d lr :- .d :t, ld :- : l : || d :- :- l- : || }

1. 2. %

*sfz* *sfz*



There's a land that is famous in story and song,—  
 A land to which everyone's proud to belong.  
 It's the home of the brave, and the land of the free,  
 And the name of it's England,— what else could it be?  
 To live in this land is a glorious thing;  
 "Rule Britannia's" the song that we all love to sing.

In this wonderful England of ours,—  
 The envy of all other Powers,  
 We boast of our freedom, and "boost" it a lot,  
 We sing songs about it, and why should we not?  
 For that's about all the old freedom we've got  
 In this wonderful England of ours.

In this wonderful England of ours,—  
 The envy of all other Powers,  
 We've licensing magistrates,— awful old dubs,  
 When we're just getting cheery they close up the pubs,  
 And we're pinched by the police if we go to night clubs,  
 In this wonderful England of ours.

Our climate is all the world over renowned,—  
 We've fogs, and we've blizzards, and tempests abound.  
 And every year when the summer comes round,  
 The weather gets worse, and we're frozen or drowned.  
 While thanks to repeated attacks of the "flu"  
 Our all-British noses are red, white and blue.

In this wonderful England of ours—the envy of all other Powers—  
 When married life's tangled, and twisted, and twirled,  
 And in the Divorce Court the facts are unfurled,  
 We can get the "Tit-Bits" from the "News of the World"  
 In this wonderful England of ours.

In this wonderful England of ours—the envy of all other Powers—  
 We see funny sights at a cabaret show.  
 It isn't the young 'uns who've got all the "go;"  
 It's rorty old relics who're eighty, or so,—  
 In this wonderful England of ours.

We've pert politicians,— they're all of 'em stars,—  
 In their speeches they give themselves medals with bars.  
 They hand out the "dope," and if someone says "rats,"  
 They get on their hind legs, and talk through their hats.  
 And the "Daily Mail" tells us who's who and what's what,  
 And the things we should do, and the things we should not.

In this wonderful England of ours—the envy of all other Powers—  
 We've a certain great statesman,— he's wily and wise,  
 Though he *will* wear a hat of the wrong shape and size;  
*But perhaps he's a blessing, and that's his disguise—*  
 In this wonderful England of ours.

In this wonderful England of ours—the envy of all other Powers—  
 It's a home for all nations, they're here on the spot.  
 We're skinned by the Yank, and the Jew and the Scot,  
 And the jolly old Englishman pays for the lot  
 In this wonderful England of ours.



# FOUR SUCCESSES

BY

## Robert Rutherford and Harold Arphorp.

### QUEENIE, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN.

SUNG BY NELLIE WALLACE.

REFRAIN.



I'm Queenie, the Car-ni-val Queen, The fair-est in



all the pro-cess-ion, Each time I ap-pear on the



scene, That's when the p'lice take pos-sess-ion.

Enthroned on my chariot with flow'rs decked about,

My courtiers greet me with many a shout,

For some cry "Hail! Hail!" and there's some cry for Stout

For Queenie, the Carnival Queen.

1st. VERSE:- You've heard of the King of the Carnival,

Well! I am his beautiful Queen!

The crowds in the street, they fall off their feet,

Whenever in public I'm seen.

When robed in my gorgeous apparel,

The reddest red roses turn pale,

The sun goes on strike, the moon gets the spike,

So that's why they bought me a veil.

### LISTENING IN!

REFRAIN.



List-en-ing in!— List-en-ing in!— Ev'ry-bo-dy's



do-ing it now.—— List-en-ing in!——



List-en-ing in!— You sim-ply must, no mat-ter how.

There's crystal sets and valve sets, and there's aerials by the score,

And ev'ry day, in ev'ry way, there's more and more and more.

And goodness knows what people did with all their time before

They started Listening in!

1st VERSE:-

If you'll walk into our village any ev'ning after tea,

You'll be surprised at what a lot of things you will not see.

There's not a man for miles around no matter where you seek,

You'll never see a woman though you search for half a week.

No loving couples arm in arm, no bobbies on their beats,

No groups of old inhabitants upon the rustic seats.

No girls, no boys, no babies, not a soul will meet the eye,

And if you ask, "Where's all the folk?" the echo will reply:

### AT-CHOO!

A SNEEZING DUDE SONG.

REFRAIN.



Ev-'ry-bo-dy tells be I've a code, (at-choo!)



Fad-ey tel-lig be I've got a code!! (at-choo!) As I



tod-dle dowl the street, All the ass-es that I beet, Stop ad



stare at be ad bleat, "You've got a code!" (at-choo!)

Ad I burbur as I go,

"Thacks ode sock for sayig so,

'Cause you see I did't do

I'd got a code." (At-chooooo!)

1st VERSE.

It doesd't take a Sherlock Hobes to see I've got a code,

I've had it sidce it was a chill about ted secods ode.

By doze is workig overtibe, I sdiffle ad I sdeze,

I cough ad croak, I bark ad choke, I stuffle ad I wheeze.

I'b perfectly aware of it- of that there is do doubt-

Yet ev'ry silly chubp I see bost kidly poidts it out.

### WHEN I LIE IN BED AT NIGHT.

SUNG BY WILL GARDNER.



I used to feel so seedy 'Cos I didn't sleep at night, My



cheeks sunk in, my hair grew thin, And I couldn't eat a bite; But



that's all done and finished Now, I'm quite a diff'rent guy, I'm



feeling great, I'm adding weight, And let me tell you why.

When I lie in bed at night, after I've put out the light,

I start to count my blessings one by one;

Number one's my darling Ma, Number two's my dear old Pa,

And number three's my little brother John;

Number four's a girl called May that I'll marry one fine day-

The sooner and the better it will be;

Number five is for my bed, where I lay my tired head,

And six stands for my dinner and my tea;

Number seven- that's good health, number eight is all my wealth-

Although I know that I ain't got a heap;

Number nine- well that's my dreams, for somehow it always seems

Before I get to ten- I- fall asleep.

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