

This Song must not be Sung in Music Halls without the Permission of M^r CHARLES COBORN.

COME WHERE THE BOOZE IS CHEAPER

3 - OCT 30
1872



WRITTEN BY
E. W. ROGERS

COMPOSED BY
A. E. DURANDEAU

SUNG WITH
IMMENSE SUCCESS

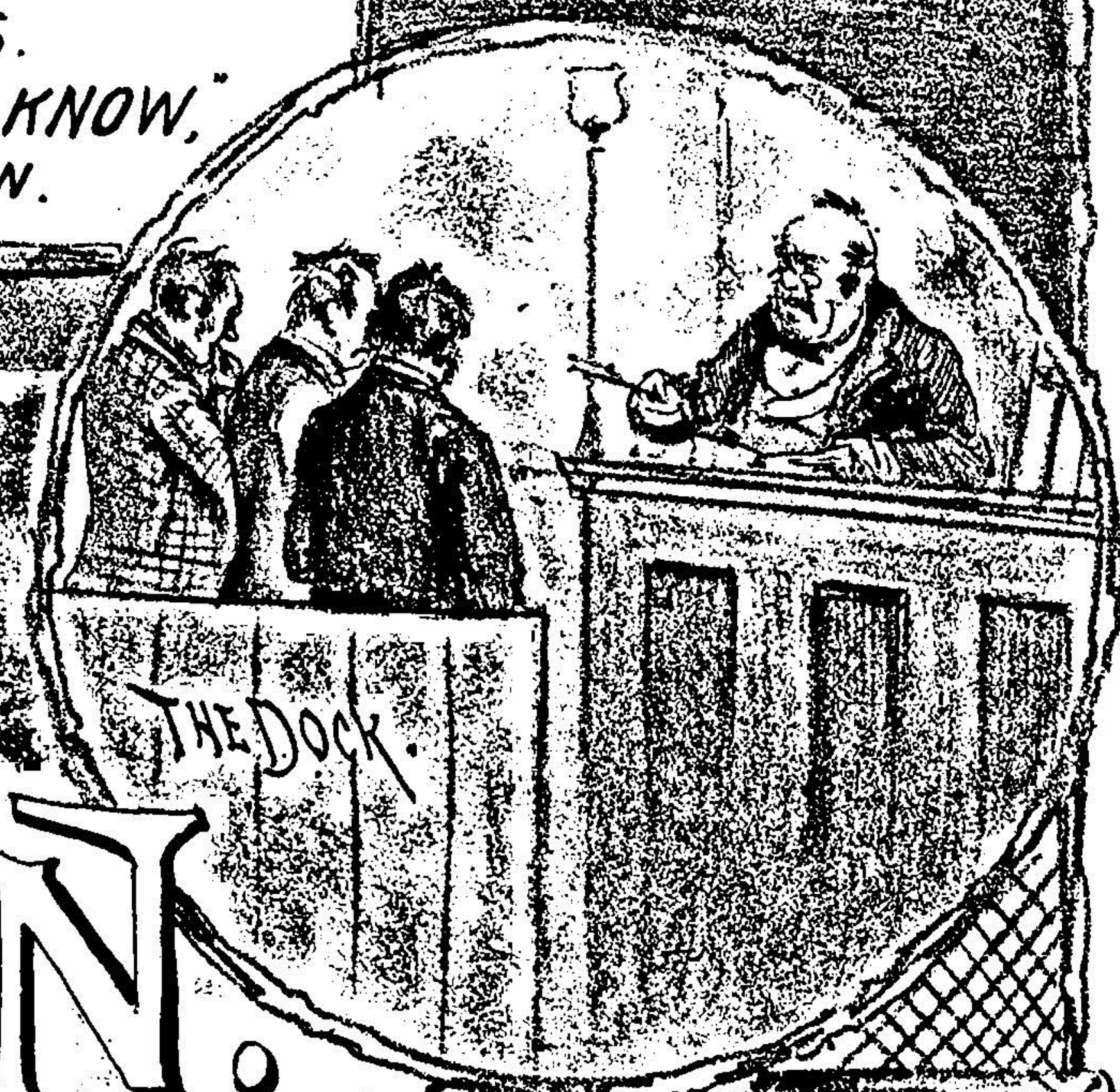
By

CHARLES COBORN.



LATEST SUCCESS.
"THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL THAT I KNOW,"
SUNG BY M^r CHARLES COBORN.

OUTSIDE!!!



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E. W. Rogers

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COME WHERE THE BOOZE IS CHEAPER.

WRITTEN BY
E. W. ROGERS.

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TEMPO DI VALSE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f



Last night I went out with some pals, for we'd heard That

booze they were giv - ing a - - way, But

where this grand free dis - tri - bu - tion took place They

could - nt with cer - tain - ty say; We



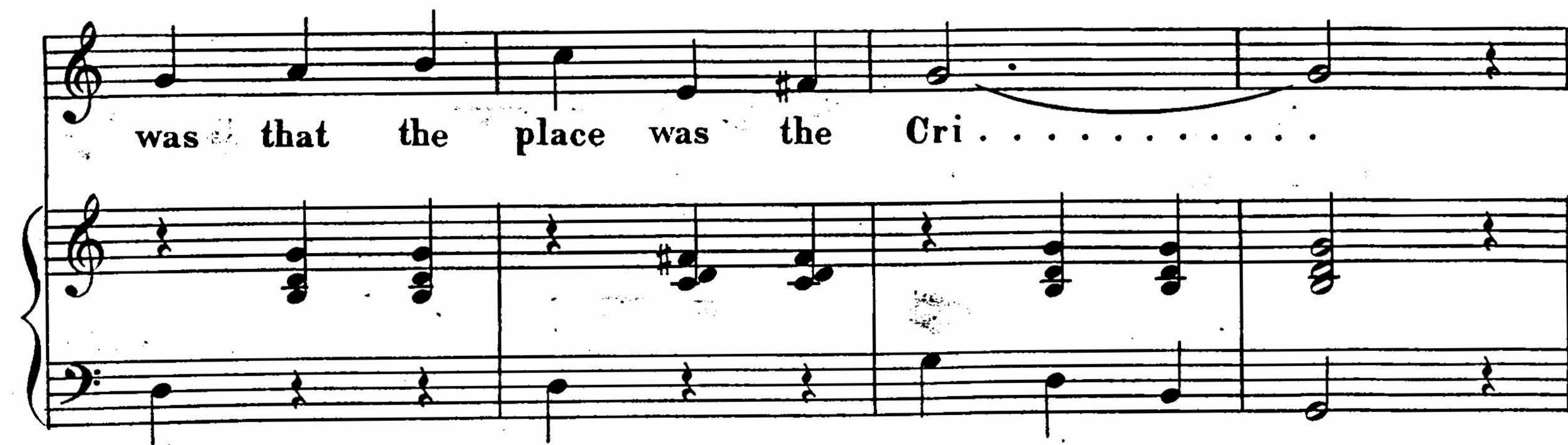
tod - dled down Re - gent Street spot - ted a place, It's



qui - et and co - sy said I, We



en - tered but no - bo - dy no - ticed one thing That



was that the place was the Cri

CHORUS.

Come where the booze is cheap - er! Come where the pots hold

The first system of the chorus features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are "Come where the booze is cheap - er! Come where the pots hold". The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

more! Come where the boss is a bit of a joss!

The second system continues the chorus. The vocal melody has a long note for "more!" followed by a dotted line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are "more! Come where the boss is a bit of a joss!".

Come to the pub next door door

1. 2.

ff *ff*

The third system contains a first and second ending. The vocal melody is "Come to the pub next door door". The piano part has a first ending marked "1." and a second ending marked "2.". The lyrics "1. 2." are written above the second ending. The piano part includes fortissimo (*ff*) markings.

The final system of the chorus shows the vocal melody ending with a whole note. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a final chord.

1.

Last night I went out with some pals, for we'd heard
 That booze they were giving away,
 But where this grand free distribution took place
 They couldn't with certainty say;
 We toddled down Regent Street spotted a place,
 It's quiet and cosy said I,
 We entered, but nobody noticed one thing
 That was that the place was the Cri.

SPOKEN.

When they brought the bill it was long as a lawyer's. Then
 the waiters all chanted the chorus of "Do not forget me" and
 after paying two men at the door—one for telling us it was
 a fine night, and the other for having to tell him we didn't want
 a cab—Jenkins said we'd better "hedge" this is the wrong shop for us.

CHORUS.

Come where the booze is cheaper!
 Come where the pots hold more!
 Come where the boss is a bit of a joss!
 Come to the pub next door! ...

2.

Then Tompkins suggested as we were still dry,
 We'd leave the gay part of the West,
 And he'd show us where we could get a cheap drink,
 Said we "very well you know best,"
 We entered and certainly just for a bob
 In liquor we nearly got drowned,
 But when for our watches and trinkets we felt,
 Not one of the things could be found.

SPOKEN.

Hallo! said I—Is this a den of thieves? That did it!—round came the
 landlord, barmen and potman, and their toes were raised and our back
 premises removed before you could say "knife." As one looked at a battered
 hat, another at a black eye, and I found my trousers would never be fit for
 "lumbering" again, we came to the conclusion that booze was not cheap there,
 so off we started for pastures new, singing rather hazily—

CHORUS.

3.

When we got thrown out it was just closing time
 And not a drop more could we get
 Then Tompkins laid odds that he'd knock off the hat
 Of the very first bobby he met
 We all took his bets and the bobbies took us
 And charged us next day for assault
 And then the beak charged us a very stiff price
 For taking a drop too much malt.

SPOKEN.

The old chappie asked us what we had to say to the charge. "Well—said I to the beak" what do you
 charge *here* for booze? Forty shillings a-piece said he. "Why—said I—that's more than the bun shops charge!"

"Well—said he if you object to paying you can work it out on the Wheel of Life." But as we were not in training

(M & C 91114.) for gymnastics, we elected to pay, but never again will they have me with the Will o' the Wisp cry of— CHORUS.