

Telephone Language

Humorous
Song



Written, Composed
and Sung
by

FRANK LEO.

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Price 2/6 n
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

TELEPHONE LANGUAGE.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY FRANK LEO.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Gwen - do - line Earle was a tel - e - phone girl, And em -

KEY G. { | m : f : s | m : r : ra | d : r : m | d : r : m }

p

ployed at a Lon - don Ex - - change,

{ | f : l, : d | m' : r : l, | r : - : - ; | - : x ; }

One of the staff of young men, ————— Grew ver_y par_tial to
 { d : r : m | s : m : d | l : - : - | - : - : Key D | r : s : l : s | f : m : r }

Gwen. ————— His first ad_van_ces were not quite suc_ess_ful, For
 { s : - : - | - : - : | s : t : l | s : f : r | m : re : m | s : f : m }

some time she gave him a miss, ————— Un_til he spoke in a
 { s : f : m | s : f : m | l : - : - | - : - : | d' : t : d' | r : de : r }

tel - e - phone language, And court_ed her something like this: - ———
 { m : re : m | l : s : m | f : s : l | f : m : r | s : - : - | - : - : }

CHORUS.

"Don't go a - way! you are want - ed!

This system contains the first line of the chorus. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Don't go a - way! you are want - ed!". Below the lyrics are phonetic syllables: { | f d :t, :l, l d :t, :l, | t, :r :- l- : : }.

Hold on! I'm try - ing to get you!

This system contains the second line of the chorus. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Hold on! I'm try - ing to get you!". Below the lyrics are phonetic syllables: { | r :t, :s, l r :t, :s, | d :m :- l- : : }.

Don't cut me off!" But the girl hung her head,

This system contains the third line of the chorus. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Don't cut me off!" But the girl hung her head,". Below the lyrics are phonetic syllables: { | m :t, :d l r :d :t, | m :l, :t, l d :- :- }.

"Sor - ry I can't get an an - swer," he said.

This system contains the fourth line of the chorus. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "'Sor - ry I can't get an an - swer," he said.". Below the lyrics are phonetic syllables: { | r :l, :t, l d :t, :l, | r :s, :l, l t, : : }.

Tak - ing a ring from his pock - et,

f d :t, :l, l d :t, :l, | t, :r : - l - : : }

He cried, "See here what I bring you!"

f r :t, :s, l r :t, :s, | d :m : - l - : : }

Then point - ing to her third fin - ger, he said, "Sor - ry

f m :f :s l m :r :ra | d :r :m l d :r :m }

there's no re - ply-- shall I ring you?"

f :l, :d l m :r :t, | s, :d : - : : §

FINE.

DC.

Gwendoline Earle was a telephone girl,
And employed at a London exchange.

One of the staff of young men,
Grew very partial to Gwen.

His first advances were not quite successful,
For some time she gave him a miss,
Until he spoke in a *telephone* language,
And courted her something like this:-

CHORUS.

"Don't go away! you are wanted!
Hold on— I'm trying to get you!
Don't cut me off!" But the girl hung her head,
"Sorry I can't get an answer," he said.
Taking a ring from his pocket,
He cried, "See here what I bring you!"
Then pointing to her third finger, he said,
"Sorry there's no reply— shall I *ring* you?"

When they were wed, nearly all that they said
They would say in a *telephone* tongue.

Even their first son and heir
They christened— Gerrard Mayfair.

One night when hubby rolled home worse for liquor
He cried, "Jush *one* Scotch (*hic*) and then— *bed.*"
Whisky in one hand— a glass in the other,
His wife grabbed the bottle and said:-

CHORUS.

"You don't want any more whisky—
Kindly replace the receiver."
Said he, "I know when to draw the line, dear." (*hic*)
She said, "Your *line's out of order* I fear."
He said, I've been to a banquet (*hic*)
Must have had too much cucumber.
Can't be the *drinks* (*hic*) I've had *TWO.*" She replied,
"Will you *kindly repeat the number?*"

That night she wrote to her mother a note
Saying, "Come at once— things here have changed."

Then up to bed went to creep,
Hubby of course was asleep.

There he lay snoring— 'twas really disturbing.
So shaking him with all her might
She cried, "I wish you'd stop that noise! it's awful,
I don't want a trunk call all night."

CHORUS.

After a pause— then he muttered,
"*Sorry that you have been troubled.*"
At breakfast time— neither spoke— it was drear.
He said, "We seem disconnected, my dear.
Let me explain," then the bell rang,
Hubby had quite a surpriser,
In stalked his mother-in-law and exclaimed:
"*Will you speak to the supervisor?*"