

H. Clement

SINCE ANGELINA JOINED A COOKING CLASS A LAMENT,

✻ Written, Composed
and Sung by

NELSON JACKSON.

Right.

London.

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SPECIMEN PAGES.

WHEN I WAS A BOY AT SCHOOL.

Music by H. E. BRENTON.

Words by MEL. B. SPURR.

Allegro con moto.

I love to think of the days gone by, When I was a kid-dy just four feet high,—No
hap-pi-er soul in the world than I, When I was a boy at school. My
ex-er-ci-ses, I re-col-lect, Were not in-va-ria-bly cor-rect, And I
some-times got what I did-n't ex-pect, When I was a boy at school.

I fell in love with a sweet young thing,
I gave her a brass engagement ring,
We swore to each other thro' life to cling,
When I was a boy at school.
And I loved that girl for a month—or two—
And then I regretted (as most fellows do)
But that didn't matter she'd cooled off, too—
When I was a boy at school.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

Music by BOND ANDREWS.

Words by MEL. B. SPURR.

Once on a time in the long a-go, How long it was I hard-ly know, But
things were sure, if a tri-ble slow, And the world went ve-ry well then. They
had no mo-tor cars, of course, Nor a-ny i-con-o-clas-tic force, But
man re-lied on his trus-ty horse, And the world went ve-ry well then.

The writers of books were not afraid,
But what they wanted to say they said,
They always called a spade "a spade,"
And the world went very well then.
The books were written by men for men,
Who of social problems took no ken,
And "The Woman that Did" didn't do so then,
And the world went very well then.

SUCH AN EDUCATED GIRL.

Written, Composed, and Sung by ASTLEY WEAVER.

CHORUS.

Such an ed-u-ca-ted girl was Ma-ry Ann. And she
lived up-on an ed-u-ca-ted plan: She said "Bloomers and a bike 'll be com-
plete-ly fu-de-cy-cle" Such an ed-u-ca-ted girl was Ma-ry Ann.

You know the lady-slavey who just now is all the rage,
Who, instead of cleaning pots and pans will go upon the stage.
I'll sing of one called Mary Ann—an educated girl—
Who came into a fortune and her head was in a whirl.
She vowed she'd learn the *pizz-de-dukes*, likewise the *minuetty*,
Hob-nob with dukes and dukess-es, when she'd learnt *etiquetty*.
No matter what she did she took good care to do it right,
And she'd quote the well-known proverb "*Mon Die-u et mon droit*."

When she came into her legacy she dressed in silk and satin,
At a Ladies' Seminary studied French and also Latin.
But, somehow, I regret to say her progress wasn't great,
Although she used to tell us she was getting quite "*ow fait*."
She was very, very proper—never frivolous or flighty,
Because she said she wanted to be one of the *clits*.
"And now I'm of the classes," she remarked, "I'll sink the shop,
For anything that's mercantile is sure to be *de trop*."
Such an educated girl was Mary Ann.
She was built upon the Girton-girlish plan.
For, "Good night," she'd say, "*Bon soir*,"
And "*Ad-uz*" "*Au reser-voir*."
Such an educated girl was Mary Ann,

THE WAIF AND THE WIZARD.

Written, Composed, and Sung by EDWARD KENT.

CHORUS. In a plaintive manner.

"If I could on-ly do that too, how hap-py home would seem, I'd
change the lodg-ing down our Court in-to a "puf-fick" dream! My
lit-tle dy-ing sis-ter Nell loves ro-ses, yes, she do, She'd
have as ma-ny as she liked if I could do that too!"

A little ragged urchin once sat at a school-treat grand,
And looked with blank amazement at a conjor's sleight of hand,
He'd never seen such sights before, for he was only six,
So he believed most faithfully in all the wondrous tricks.
And when the wizard took a sheet of paper, bent in two,
And turned it into gorgeous flowers, of ev'ry shape and hue,
Which showered down upon the floor in torrents bright and gay,
The tiny urchin clapped his hands and to himself did say:
Upon the platform next there stepped a lady young and fair,
The wizard, with a gracious bow, then offered her a chair,
And told those wondering youngsters, to their open-mouthed delight,
That, at his words of magic, she would vanish out of sight.
He held a veil before her, while he muttered something weird,
Then quickly drew it off—and lo!—the girl had disappeared!
The chair remained there empty; and a shout ran through the crowd,
The little ragged fellow stamped his feet and cried aloud:
"If I could only do that too—well, it would be just grand!
As soon as I got home to-night I'd like to try my hand,
That broker's man wots staying there, because our rent is *doe*,
He'd quickly vanish out of sight, if I could do that too!"

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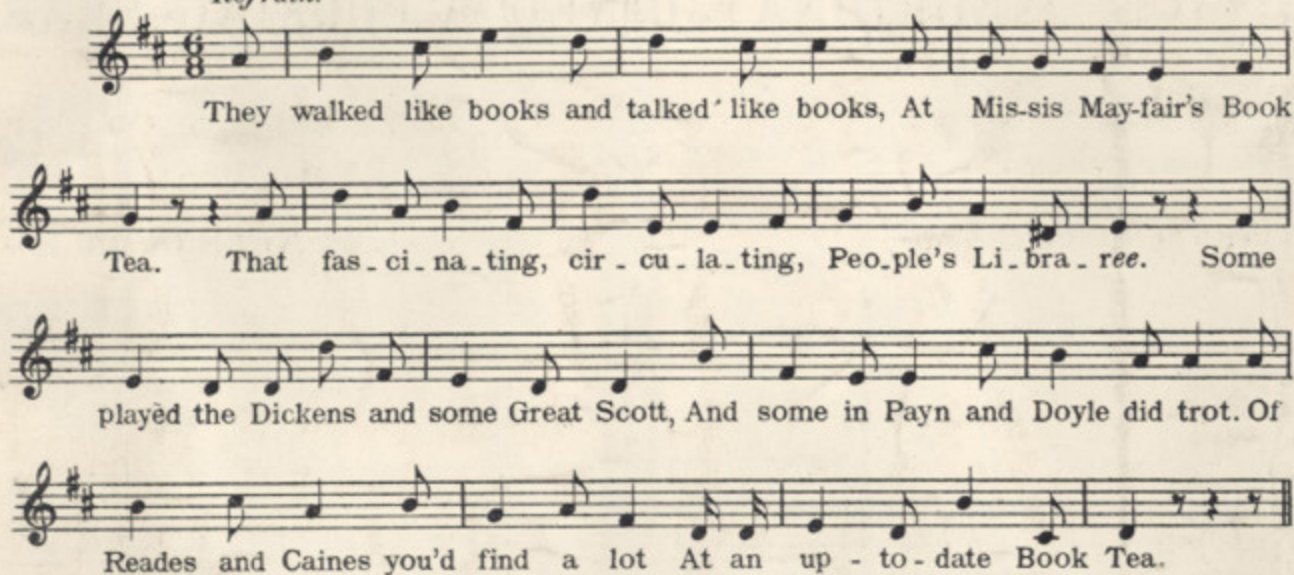
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BOOK TEAS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY EDWARD KENT.

Refrain.



They walked like books and talked 'like books, At Mis-sis May-fair's Book
Tea. That fas-ci-na-ting, cir-cu-la-ting, Peo-ple's Li-bra-ree. Some
play'd the Dickens and some Great Scott, And some in Payn and Doyle did trot. Of
Reades and Caines you'd find a lot At an up-to-date Book Tea.

First Verse.

I went to a Book Tea in Portman Square,
'Twas given by M^{rs} Soho-Mayfair.
There I met *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*
From *The Sign of Four* to the upper ten.
There was *North and South* and *Westward Ho!*
East Lynne, those whines from the Wood, don't you know?
There were *Golden Calves* and *Dizzy Young Dukes*,
And cocknies (*edition de St Lukes*)
Through the Looking-glass there, I saw *Vanity Fair*,
And I saw *The False Heir* in a comb.
They'd *The Innocents Abroad* there as well
And also *The Mighty At-home!*

Last Verse.

And then M^r Isaacs drank Mountain Dew,
Until he became quite a *Wand'ring Jew*;
He was found 'mid roses, his feet in the air—
The Pathfinder—All in a Garden Fair!
Then Brown cut the gas off, for a lark,
And vainly we bumped about *After Dark*.
Little Minnie sat on the unmuzzled cur,
And that made *The Little Minnie-stir!*
Then one *Pilgrim Progressed* down the stairs on his head,
"Oh! I'm now *Vice Versa*" he wailed.
And Brown *Called Back* from the meter below,
"How's that for *The Light that Failed?*"

LONDON: REYNOLDS & Co., 13, BERNERS STREET. W.

SINCE ANGELINA JOINED A COOKING-CLASS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY NELSON JACKSON.

Andante Espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

Our

hap - py lit - tle home is filled with mis - er - y and gloom, And

cark - ing care now sits on ev - 'ry brow. — We've

ev - 'ry sin - gle one of us been blight - ed in our bloom, And

all of us we feel we don't know how. For we're

grow-ing so dys-pep-tic, that we're near-ly cat-a-lep-tic, And we

real-ly need di-ges-tions made of brass; For we

eat things to our cost which would ex-ter-min-ate an ostrich, Since our

Rall:
Religioso.

An-ge-li-na joined a cook-ing-class. D.C.

SINCE ANGELINA JOINED A COOKING-CLASS.

Our happy little home is filled with misery and gloom,
And carking care now sits on ev'ry brow.
We've ev'ry single one of us been blighted in our bloom,
And all of us we feel we don't know how.
For we're growing so dyspeptic, that we're nearly cataleptic,
And we really need digestions made of brass;
For we eat things to our cost which would exterminate an ostrich,—
Since our Angelina joined a cooking-class.

She manufactures dishes that would turn a chemist blue,
If their mysteries he tried to analyse.
Our cook resigned a month ago and took her wages due,
When she tasted one of Angelina's pies.
She makes things "*a la Francaise*" which none of us can fancy,
And she says "it's 'cos our ignorance is crass;"
Our dog expired last Sunday, and our cat left home on Monday,—
Since our Angelina joined a cooking-class.

The pastry that she makes will last for centuries, it will!
Her dough-nuts they're as hard as cannon shots.
We'd suet pudding weeks ago. we've got it with us still,
And her sponge-cake often ties us up in knots.
Her stews they stupify us, and her puddings petrify us,
Till we dare not view our features in the glass;
And the tender tear-drop trickles, when she poisons us with pickles,—
Since our Angelina joined a cooking-class

Poor father's hair was raven black, but now it's nearly white!
Poor mother, she is pale and hollow-eyed!
Poor brother Bill's got jaundice and he's lost his appetitel
And he prattles in his sleep of suicide.
For he took a large decoction of dear Angy's own concoction,
And 'twas that which sent poor brother Bill to grass;
So he's seeking rest and quiet in a simple skilly diet,—
Since our Angelina joined a cooking-class.

The house is full of medicine, the end is drawing nigh.
Our family doctor's left us to our lot,
She gave a tramp a sample of her cookery to try—
He tried it, and he died upon the spot.
If some Tom, or Dick, or Harry, would our Angelina marry,
But nobody is brave enough, alas! —
His loving wife to make her, so we wait the undertaker,
Since our Angelina joined a cooking-class.



REYNOLDS & Co.'s Select Humorous Songs, Musical Sketches and Musical Monologues FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

ALBERT CHEVALIER'S.

MUSIC BY
AN OLD BACHELOR (musical monologue) ALFRED H. WEST
BLUE RIBBON JANE ... C. INGLE
CANDID MAN, THE ... ED. JONES
COSTER'S 'ONEYMOON, THE ... BOND ANDREWS
COSTER'S SERENADE, THE ... J. CROOK
DAT MOON'S MIGHTY HIGH ... ALFRED H. WEST
'E CAN'T TAKE A ROISE OUT OF OI! ALFRED H. WEST
FALLEN STAR, A (musical monologue) ALFRED H. WEST
FUNNY WITHOUT BEING VULGAR ... C. INGLE
FUTURE Mrs. 'AWKINS, THE (a cockney carol)
A. CHEVALIER

HE, J. HANN ... ALFRED H. WEST
HERR SCHWOLLENHEDT ... ALFRED H. WEST
I MUST 'AVE BEEN A JAY ... J. CROOK
'IS MIND'S A PUFFICK BLANK! ... ALFRED H. WEST
IT GITS ME TALKED ABAHT! ... ALFRED H. WEST
I'VE GOT 'ER 'AT ... C. INGLE
MY COUNTRY COUSIN ... ALFRED H. WEST
MY OLD DUTCH (a cockney song) in D, E \flat & F C. INGLE
NASTY WAY 'E SEZ IT, THE ... C. INGLE

MUSIC
NIPPER'S LULLABY, THE ... BOND A
OH! 'AMPSTEAD! ...
OUR 'ARMONIC CLUB, in C & D minor A. CH
OUR BAZAAR ... BOND A
OUR COURT BALL ... ALFRED H
OUR LITTLE NIPPER ... C
ROSE OF OUR ALLEY, THE ... C
SICH A NICE MAN TOO ... C
TAFKY WAS A WELSHMAN Burlesque Lecture

TICK! TOCK! ... ALFRED H
WE DID 'AVE A TIME ... C
WHO'LL BUY ... J
WOT CHER! or, KNOCKED 'EM IN THE
OLD KENT ROAD ... C
WOT'S THE GOOD O' HANYFINK? WHY! NUFF
YER CAN'T 'ELP LIKIN' 'IM ... C
YUSS! (Coster's Courtship) ... A. CH

MEL. B. SPURR'S.

MUSIC BY
AFTER DINNER (Musical Sketch) ... GILBERT BYASS
AND SO DID I ... BOND ANDREWS
BARNABY PHEE, Q.C. ... GILBERT BYASS
BIG MOON (Plantation Serenade) with
harmonized chorus and Banjo part
ad lib. in C and E flat ... BOND ANDREWS
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, A (Musical Sketch)
MEL. B. SPURR

D-NAN (Regio Serenade) with harmonized chorus
and Banjo part ad lib. in E flat, F & G GILBERT BYASS
DON'T FORGET THE PORTER ... H. E. BRENTON
EXTRAS ... JOHN ALEXANDER
GIRL FROM COLLEGE, THE (the new woman)
H. E. BRENTON
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU ... BOND ANDREWS
HE DROPPED IT ... BOND ANDREWS
HIS ONLY JOKE ... MEL. B. SPURR
HOLD ON LAUGH ... BOND ANDREWS

MUSIC
HOW WE SING ... G. L
I'M JUST THE SAME TO-DAY ... MEL. B
IT DOES GO ... ERI

LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME, A ... ALFRED H
LITTLE MEANS A LOT, A ... LARLIE
MY SWEET HEART OF THE LONG AGO ... G. B
OLDEST IN HABITANT, THE ... H. E. B
ON THE SANDS (musical sketch) ... G. L
OUR VILLAGE CONCERT (musical sketch) ... BOND
QUICK WORK ... LARLIE
RIVER PICNIC, A (musical sketch) ... G. B
TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, A (musical monologue)
G. L
SHE'S ALL DE WORLD TO ME (coon song)
with Banjo accom. ad lib. ... GILBERT
WAY TO LUGO, THE ... G. L
WHEN I WAS A BOY AT SCHOOL ... H. E. B
WORLD WENT VERY WILD THEN, THE ... BOND

EDWARD KENT'S.

APRES VOUS ...
BOOK TERS ...
BURGLAR'S SERENADE, THE ...
DRUMMED OUT (humorous march song) ...
GHOST STORY, A ...
HARMONY HALL (musical sketch) ...
IT'S NOT FOR ME IT'S FOR A FRIEND ...
LOVE'S GARDEN & Humorous Ballad

MINNESOTA MINNIE (a plantation love song)
OUT OF TOWN (musical sketch) ...
PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, THE ...
ROBINSON TROUSSEAU, (a story of a summer
"SELECTED"
TALE OF A PARROT, THE ...
WALF AND THE WIZARD, THE (humorous pe

LESLIE HARRIS'S.

DE SKEETER ...
FOOZLE FOOZLE (the lay of an Irish golfer) ...
LADIES' PENNY PAPER, THE ...
QUITE ACCIDENTALLY ...
SERIAL STORY, THE (humorous scena) ...

SINGERS AND SONGS (musical sketch) introduce
the Butcher's Love Song.
SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD PIANO (musical monologue)
SUCH ...
USUAL THING TO SAY, THE ...
WIGGLE WINGGLEY JAPANESE ...

NELSON JACKSON'S.

MUSIC BY
CYCLIST'S SONG, THE ... ALFRED R. SUTTON
GEORDIE MACINTOSH ... NELSON JACKSON
HAMLET & OPHELIA (in four acts) ... NELSON JACKSON
HOOLIGAN'S FANCY DRESS BALL ... NELSON JACKSON
MODERN COON SONG, THE ... ALFRED R. SUTTON
MACBETH (in three throes & a tragedy) H. E. BRENTON
NO! ... NELSON JACKSON
NOTHING! ... NELSON JACKSON

ON PRINCIPLE ... NELSON
OTHELLO (in three spasms & a final kick) H. E. B
ROMEO AND JULIET, LIMITED ... H. E. B
SANDY McCLUSKEY ... NELSON
SINCE ANGELINA JOINED A COOKING CLASS
WELSHMAN AT THE PANTOMIME, THE NELSON
WHEN FATHER LAID THE CARPET ON
THE STAIRS ... NELSON

ASTLEY WEAVER'S.

FOOTBALL CRAZE ...
FOR CHARITY'S SAKE ...

I WOULDN'T BE A GIRL ...
SUCH AN EDUCATED GIRL ...

MUSIC BY
A MELODRAMA (with descriptive music) LEWIS SYDNEY
AN AFTERNOON AT HOME ... HERBERT HARRADEN
BASSOON, THE ... QUENTON ASHLYN
CADDIE (a golf song) ... HERBERT SCHARTAU
DOWN IN IDAHO ... H. G. PELISSIER
DUNDERHEADED SQUAD ... JOHN J. BUSHILL
GIRL IN THE BIG BLACK HAT, THE KONALD BAGNALL

MUSIC
GLORIOUS DAYS TO COME, THE HERBERT SC
I WANT THE MOON (solo or duet) ... H. G. PE
LADIES, THE ... QUENTON
LITTLE MANDARIN ... H. G. PE
MY DAINTY CIGARETTE, or A FLIRTATION
PERCY E
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