

WILLIAM WHITE

Humorous Song

Written by

FRANK LEEDHAM

Composed & Sung by

LESLIE HARRIS.

COPYRIGHT.

London.

PRICE 4/-

REYNOLDS & CO. 13, BERNERS STREET, W.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG FREELY EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT THEATRES & MUSIC HALLS.

REYNOLDS & CO'S THEMATIC LIST OF

Humorous Drawing Room Songs, Musical Sketches, Musical Monologues,
High Class Songs for Smoking Concerts, Artistic Coon Songs, etc. etc.

MAY BE HAD FROM ALL MUSIC SELLERS OR POST FREE FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

WILLIAM WHITE.

WRITTEN BY
FRANK LEEDAM.

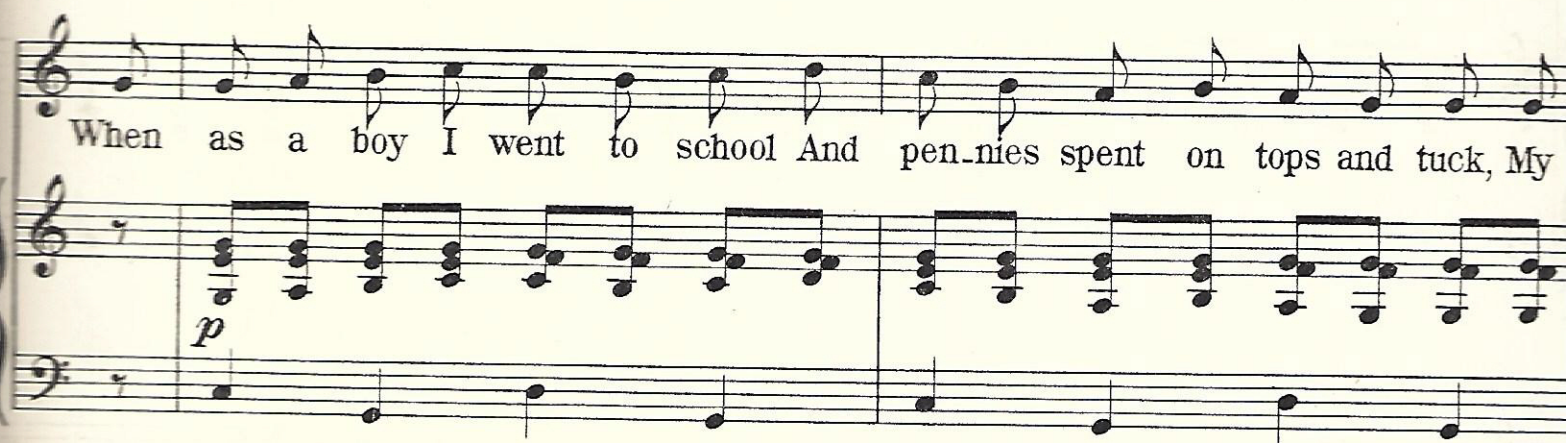
COMPOSED BY
LESLIE HARRIS.

Moderato.



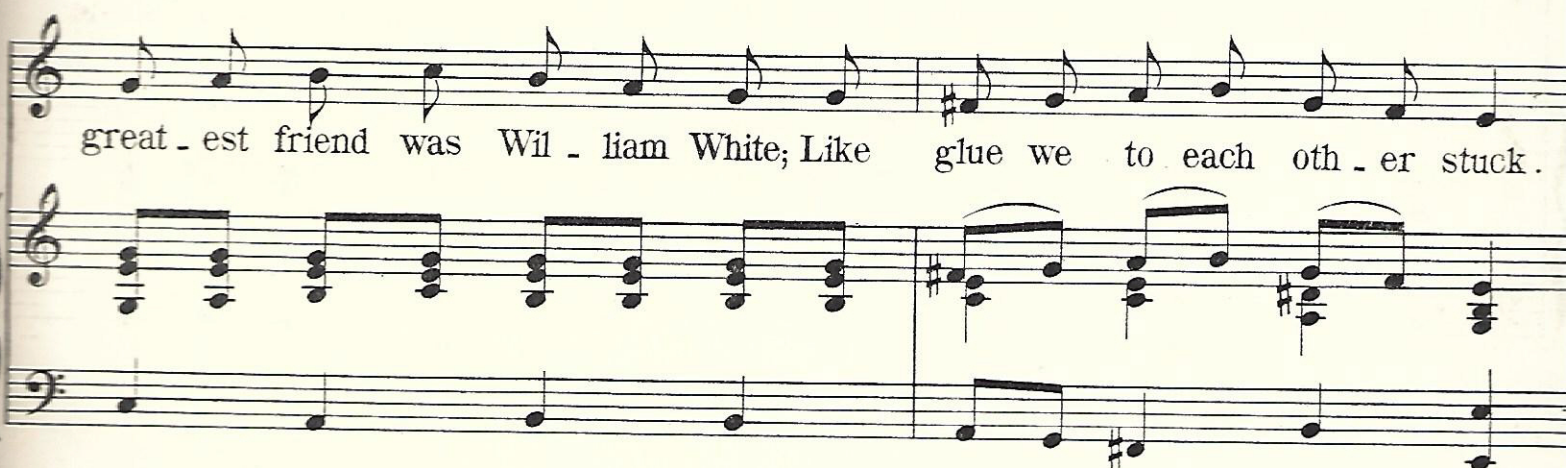
f

When as a boy I went to school And pen-nies spent on tops and tuck, My

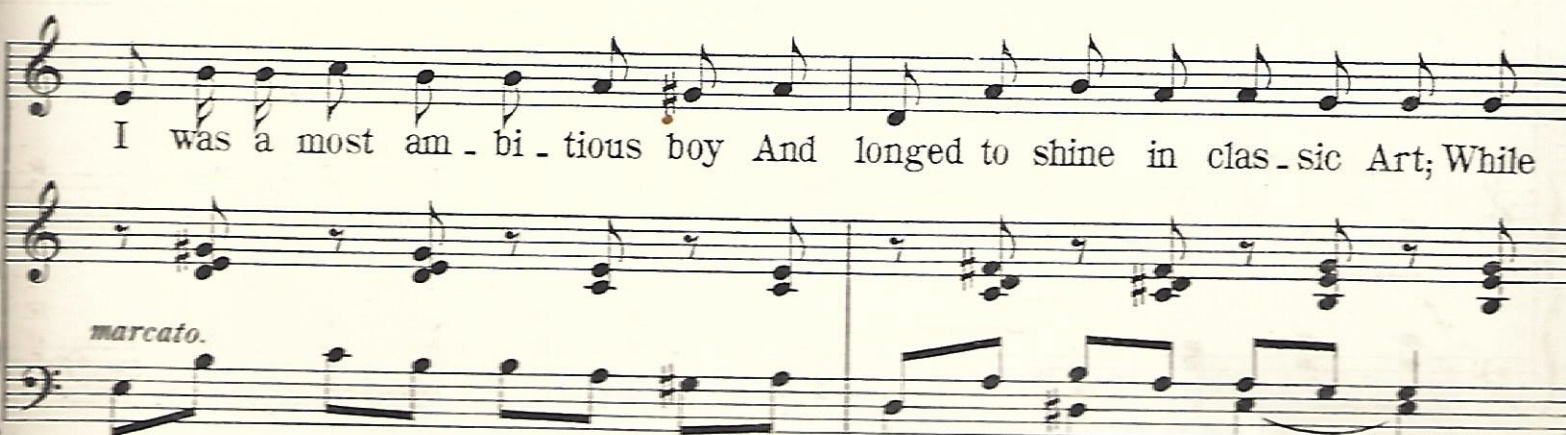


p

great-est friend was Wil-liam White; Like glue we to each oth-er stuck.



I was a most am-bi-tious boy And longed to shine in clas-sic Art; While



marcato.

Wil - liam White was pro - sy And his chief de - light was cus - tard tart. His

fa - ther had a shop in town, So Bil - ly left young to learn the trade.

I studied Art and thought I'd soon Put poor old Wil - liam in the shade

f *cres.* *8va* *ff* *rall - en - tan - do.*

But when he was living in the West End, I was in lodgings in the town— Fo

colla voce.

Wil - liam now was a swell you see— Trade looked up, whilst Art looked down—

Whilst I was getting naught but glo - ry— He was getting L. S. D. 'Twas

bit of al - right for Wil - liam White But ve - ry hard lines on me— 'Twas a

1st & 2nd times.

Last time.

bit of al - right for William White, But very hard lines on me. D.C. very hard lines on me.

§
D.C.

ff

1

When as a boy I went to school
 And pennies spent on tops and tuck;
 My greatest friend was William White,
 Like glue we to each other stuck.
 I was a most ambitious boy
 And longed to shine in Classic Art;
 Whilst William White was prosy, and
 His chief delight was custard tart.
 His father had a shop in town
 So Billy left young to learn the trade.
 I studied Art and thought I'd soon put
 Poor old William in the shade.

CHORUS.

But when he was living in the West End,
 I was in lodgings in the town;
 For William was a swell you see—
 Trade looked up whilst Art looked down.
 Whilst I was getting naught but glory,
 He was getting *L.S.D.*
 'Twas a bit of alright for William White,
 But very hard lines on me.

2

As time went on, my friend and I
 At social functions used to meet,
 But Billy drove with coach and pair
 Whilst I was forced to use my feet.
 At last the usual thing occurred,
 Whilst mixing up in Fashion's whirl
 We fell in love, but sad to state
 We both admired the same sweet girl.
 Billy asked first and, being wealthy,
 Was accepted on the spot.
 I took a back seat and pretended
 That I didn't care a jot.

CHORUS.

But when he was settled down and married
 A lonely old bachelor was I,
 With never a soul to darn a hole,
 To stitch on buttons or fix my tie.
 Think of the difference in our fortune!
 Certainly you will agree—
 'Twas a bit of alright for William White
 But very hard lines on me.

3

And now the years have flown on quickly—
 Twenty Summers must have fled—
 Since the day my friend was married—
 Now, alas! poor William's dead.
 His charming wife was left a widow,
 Lovely and as young to-day,
 As when years ago I met her
 Out at Balls and parties gay.
 I had now grown rich and famous,
 Been successful in the fight,
 So faithful to my youthful passion,
 Married the widowed Mrs. White.

(Pause sadly before beginning Chorus.)

And while William's lying in the church-yard,
(Viciously) I'm being nagged at by his wife.
 Her temper vile, a saint would rile,
 I've never been so bullied in my life—
 Whilst William's sleeping— O so quietly!
 I'm in purgatory you see—

(Pause again and give vent to a very audible sigh.)

It's a bit of alright for William White,
 But very hard lines on me.