

I Belong to Glasgow.



Will Fyffe.

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I BELD

I BELONG TO GLASGOW.

Written, Composed and Sung by WILL FYFFE.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO

Key C.

1. I've been wi' a few o' ma cron-ies, One or two
 2. There's no-thing in be-ing tee-to-tal, And sav-ing a

TILL READY.

pals o' ma ain. We went in a ho-tel, where we did ve-ry well, And then we came out once a-shil-ling or two. If your mon-ey you spend, you've no-thing to lend, Well, that's all the bet-ter for

gain. Then we went in-to an-oth-er, And that is the rea-son I'm fou- you. There's nae harm in tak-ing a drap-pie; It ends all your trou-ble and strife.

G.t. f.C.

- We had six deoch an' dor-is-es, then sang a chor-us, Just list-en, I'll sing it to you.
 It gives you the feel-ing, that when you get home You dont care a hang for the wife.

CHORUS. 2nd time *f*

|| 'd : - : r | m : - : f | s : d' : - | - : - : - | d' : - : r | d' : - : l | s : - : - | - : - : s |

I be - long to Glas - gow — dear old Glas - gow town! — But

|| d : - : d | d : m : f | s : - : l | t : - : d' | r' : - : de' | r' : - : m' | r' : - : - | - : - : s |

what's the mat - ter wi' Glas - gow? For it's go - ing round and round. — I'm

|| d' : d' : r' | m' : r' : d' | r' : - : t | l : - : s | l : t : d' | s : - : m | r : - : - | - : s : s | d' : d' : d' |

on - ly a com - mon old work - ing - chap, As an - y - one can see, — But when I get a

|| d' : t : l | s : l : s | m : f : s | l : t : d' | r' : - : t | 1. d' : - : | : : | 2. d' : - : - | - : : |

cou - ple of drinks on a Sat - ur - day, Glas - gow be - longs to me. — me. —

D. C.

PATTER (*follows 1st time Chorus after 2nd Verse*)

I might not be able to *sing* that song, but the subject's good (*hic*). The man that takes a drink, he's a man. When you're teetotal, you've got a rotten feeling that everybody's your boss. I am here to-night as the representative of the British working man. And I'm going to tell you, fellow workmen (*addressing an imaginary crowd*), that in the future we have been too bloomin' slow, but in the past, we will show them what we mean to do. There must be no holding back (*staggerers*). Our motto now is "Steady, boys, steady." Why should these bloomin' millionaires have all the money? Give it to *me*. Do you know what I'm going to tell ye? Their money's tainted. *Tainted! Taint' yours, taint' mine.* It belongs to them, and they're going to bloomin' well keep it. Yet they condemn a poor British working man, because they see him staggering down the road, drunk. Why? What's he going to do? The poor chap's got to *get home*. What about these people in their bloomin' motor-cars? They go past so quick, you don't know whether they're drunk or sober. It's all wrong. I ought to know, because —

Repeat Chorus.

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