

# The NIPPER'S REPLY.



W.G. BANKS 1896

TO  
ALBERT CHEVALIER'S  
Great Song,  
OUR LITTLE NIPPER"

Written  
and Composed by  
WALTER GILBURY,

Sung with  
The Greatest Possible  
Success by

*Walter Gilbury*

## LITTLE CHIP.

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# THE NIPPER'S REPLY!

WRITTEN & COMPOSED

BY WALTER TILBURY.

*Andante con spirito.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a single staff for the voice and a grand staff (two staves) for the piano. The tempo is marked 'Andante con spirito.' The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

(R & C<sup>o</sup> 225.)



Now all of you 'ave 'eard from my old man A -

- bout 'is nip - per that is who I am; 'E

kids yer that 'e's ve - ry proud o' me - But

strate! 'e's just as jel - lus as can be. When

(R & C0 225)



out with 'im, oh, don't I cut a dash, 'E's

got no chance with me when on the mash. Some-

*Rall:*

- 'ow it's me they al - lus seems to choose, Then

off the old un goes up - on the booze.

(R & C<sup>o</sup> 225.)



## REFRAIN.

The old 'un is a champion, as a "booz\_er" 'e's a "knock\_out." Gits

ve\_ry full and leans against the wall, *Rall:* Then I goes 'ome to Sally, tells

'er my dear old pal\_ly Is quite un\_a\_ble to get 'ome, that's all.

(R &amp; C 9 225.)



Now all of you 'ave 'eard from my old man,  
 About is nipper, that is who I am;  
 'E kids yer, that 'e's very proud o' me,  
 But strate—'e's just as jellus as can be.  
 When out with 'im, oh don't I cut a dash,  
 'E's got no chance with me, when on the mash;  
 Some'ow it's me they allus seems to choose;  
 Then off the old 'un goes, upon the booze.  
 The old 'un is a champion, as a 'boozer' 'e's a 'knockout'  
 Gits very full, and leans against the wall;  
 Then I goes 'ome to Sally, tells 'er my dear old pally  
 Is quite unable to get 'ome, that's all!

At skittles I can do 'im any day,  
 I always wins, and that's what makes 'im say  
 I flukes, but still I don't mind tellin' you;  
 I can use my 'dukes' a little bit it's true;  
 I'll tell yer 'ow of that 'e came to talk,  
 One day I takes "long Flossy" for a walk,  
 The old 'un laughed at us as we went by,  
 So for his impudence, I blacked 'is eye.  
 The dad says, "You're a champion, my eye you've nearly knocked out,  
 You're very warm, tho' not so very tall."  
 I says, 'don't come that garden, you needn't beg my pardon,  
 But— don't interfere with me again, that's all.

'E's told yer that 'e used to come 'ome tight,  
 It's quite true, that it was so every night;  
 The reason why 'e don't do as 'e did—  
 'E's got a 'olesome dread of me. (the kid)  
 What I tells 'im to, 'e allus 'as to do,  
 'E be'aves 'imself much better now it's true,  
 If 'E didn't, then of course there'd be a row  
 I've told you all the truth about it now.  
 'E says "Jackey you're a champion, you really are a knockout,  
 You can stand a drink as you say it's your call;"  
 "What'll yer 'ave? (Says I to mother) 'it's my turn, 'ave another,"  
 And now you know the truth, and so—that's all.

(R &amp; C? 225)