

# THE KILL- JOYS.

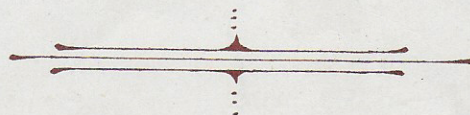
HUMOROUS  
Song

Written, Composed  
and Sung  
by



*Nelson Jackson.*

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# THE KILL-JOYS.

Words and Music by  
NELSON JACKSON.

Tempo di Marcia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*Pomposo.*

KEY G.

*Ad lib.*

There's a grue-some gang of meddle-some old

blighters They're a pack of pro-sy prudes up-on the prowl, They're a



no - sey set of sneak a - bout at night - ers, And at ev - 'ry thing that's gay they raise a

{ | m ., m : m ., m | f ., f : f ., f | s : s | : d ., r | m ., m : m ., m | r ., r : r ., r }

howl. They find a dead - ly sin in ev - 'ry pas - time, De - -

{ | d : | : s | l ., l : l ., l | l ., l : l ., l | s : s | : d ., r }

clare per - di - tion lurks in ev - 'ry game, Dam - nation's in a dance that's done in

{ | m ., m : m ., m | m ., m : m ., m | r : | : s | l ., l : l ., l | l ., l : l ., l }

jazz - time And a two - step leads to ev - er - last - ing flame. Now I

{ | s : s | : s ., s | fe ., fe : fe ., fe | fe ., fe : fe ., fe | s :- | : d . r }

*Rall.*



won-der what sort of a world we should see If the kill-joys got things as they'd

{ | m : m : m | m : re : m | d : d : d | d : t, : d | r : r : r | r : d : r }

CHANT. *Six times.*

like them to be. They'd close up the cafes, they'd close up the clubs, They'd

{ | m : d : d | d : - : . s, | d : d : d | m : m : m | r : r : r | s : - : s }

close up the cin - e - mas, close up the pubs. They'd close up the ra - ces and

{ | m : m : m | d : d : d | f : m : f | r : - : r | d : d : d | m : m : m }

slam down the lids On the hard-working book - ies who col - lar our quids. They'd

{ | r : r : r | s : - : s . s | m : m : m | d : d : d | r : d : r | d : - : d }



stop boxing matches and per\_haps they'd be right, For the cham\_pi\_ons all seem a -

{ l l : l' : l | m : m : m . m | f : f : f | m : - : m . m | m : m : m | r : r : r }

fraid of a fight. They'd stop all co\_me\_di\_ans' fan\_ci\_ful whims, And they'd

{ l d : d : d | t, : - : t, | l : l : l | m : m : m | f : f : f | m : - : m . m }

*After Sixth time.*

make Harry Lauder and Ro\_bey sing hymns. And that is the sort of a

{ l s : s : s | s : s : s | s : s : s | s : - || d , r | m : m : m | m : re : m }

world we should see If the kill-joys got things as they'd like them to be.

{ l d : d : d | d : t, : d | r : r : r | r : d : r | m : d : d | d : - || }



# CHANT.

They'd close up the cafes, they'd close up the clubs.  
 They'd close up the cinemas, close up the pubs.  
 They'd close up the races, and slam down the lids  
 On the hard-working bookies who collar our quids.  
 They'd stop boxing matches, and perhaps they'd be right,  
 For the champions all seem afraid of a fight.

They'd stop all comedians' fanciful whims,  
 And they'd make Harry Lauder and Robey sing hymns.

They'd stop all revues with their ravishing sights  
 Of giddy girls with, and without any — frills.  
 They'd close up the theatres, all plays would be dead,  
 And they'd preach us to death with wild curates instead.

No longer the sea-side would offer its charms,  
 For there we should dwell in the midst of alarms.

They'd stop all mixed bathing, that innocent lark,  
 And condemn us to *bathing at home in THE DARK.*

At dresses low-cut they would let out their squeals,  
 And they'd have the girls wearing their skirts to their heels.

Smart undies, and frillies, they'd stop 'em stone dead,  
 And they'd have 'em all wearing red flannel instead.  
 They'd stop 'em from wearing high heels on their shoes,  
 And open-work stockings they'd scorn and abuse.

They'd make 'em wear hats that would look like a lid,  
 And gloves with one button, and made of black kid.

They'd stop the girls' powder, and stop the girls' paint,  
 And, gee! I guess that would make some of 'em faint.

They'd stop 'em from putting on hair that is sham,  
 And they'd stop good old mutton from dressing as lamb.

They'd stop all cosmetic, and scent, and hair-dye,  
 They'd stop the glad smile, and they'd stop the glad eye.

They'd stop 'em from stopping out late in the dark,  
 And they'd stop all canoodling on seats in the park.

Against every game they would stand like a ridge,  
 They'd stop all our "Nap" and our "Solo" and "Bridge."

They'd stop all our football without any qualms,  
 And instead of a cup-tie they'd sing us some psalms.

They'd stop the kids' frolic, they'd stop the kids' play,  
 They'd stop baby's bottle, ('twould lead him astray.)

They'd stop everything but their own dreary rant,  
 And they'd screech, and they'd preach, and they'd rave, and they'd rant.

They'd stop everything that is merry and bright,  
 They'd make the world dark, where it ought to be light.

If they could prevent it the flowers shouldn't grow,  
 And the birds shouldn't sing, and the cocks shouldn't crow.

A smile would be sin, and a laugh would be crime,  
 They'd keep the East Wind blowing hard all the time.

They'd flop out the lights every evening at nine,  
 AND IF THEY COULD PREVENT IT THE SUN SHOULDN'T SHINE.

And that is the sort of a world we should see  
 If the kill-joys got things as they'd like them to be.