

# WHEN THE WEAKER SEX ARE STRONGER.

HUMOROUS  
COMEDY DUET  
FOR  
Lady and Gentleman.

Written and Composed

By



FRANK LEO

COPYRIGHT.

PRICE 2/- NETT.  
60 ¢.

London,  
REYNOLDS & CO. 13, BERNERS STREET W.

This Duet may be Sung Freely Everywhere. Excepting Theatres and Music Halls.

REYNOLDS & CO'S THEMATIC LIST

HUMOROUS DRAWING ROOM SONGS.	OF	HUMOROUS MUSICAL MONOLOGUES.
HUMOROUS MUSICAL SKETCHES.		HUMOROUS DUETS.
HUMOROUS QUARTETTS.		HUMOROUS CONCERTED ITEMS.
HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.		HUMOROUS OPERETTAS.

*May be had from all Music sellers or Post Free from the Publishers.*

There's a very funny future for the Nation,  
 If the ladies are allowed to hold the sway.  
 Let us show you just by way of illustration,  
 What will happen in home-circles ev'ry day.  
 If Mother went to work and Dad stayed home, there's not a doubt,  
 The following result it would be sure to bring about.

(SLOW MUSIC. Husband discovered alone rocking cradle.)

HE. The hand that rocks the cradle rules— nothing, absolutely nothing. We men of to-day are out of it altogether. The moment that my wife was allowed to vote she said to me, "And now, John, I want to do the same as a man." I said, "Very well, my dear, start with *Work*." And she did. I got her a job at our factory. I told the gov'nor, I said, "Gov'nor, my wife is as able to work as me, *more willing* to work than me, she can do twice as much as me and she'll come for half my money." The gov'nor said, "Right, she can start in the morning and— we shan't want *you* any more." And so she started where I left off and I hope she likes it. (Enter Wife, with tool-basket) HE. Ah! there you are, my dear, and I hope you are sober. I shouldn't like you to copy me in *all* things.

SHE. What, *no* tea ready, John?

HE. No, my dear, I've been so busy with the washing and baby's been very fretful. Ar'n't you going to kiss little Maggie?

SHE. I had forgotten we had a little Maggie. (Kisses Baby in cradle)

HE. I was thinking, my dear, tomorrow being Saturday, you'll be having half a day off, and I'll get you to beat the front-room carpet.

SHE. Impossible, John, I'm going to a football match.

HE. (aside) And then we call 'em the *fair* sex.

SHE. Do you know, John, this is the last day of the poll and I haven't been to vote yet?

HE. I suppose that means another late evening. (soliloquising) I wonder whether *men* will ever be entitled to vote again? The old days were bad enough but (sighs) poor old Joe, he saw a lot through that eye-glass of his.

(She takes baby from cradle and walks towards door.)

HE. Where are you going, my dear?

SHE. To the poll.

HE. You won't go *up* it, my dear, will you? But why are you taking little Maggie to the poll?

SHE. John, you forget; Maggie has a vote.

Both sing:- And that's a likely picture of the days that are to come,  
 No wonder that our leaders in the house are looking glum.  
 We just give it as a sample  
 Of a what-may-be example  
 When the weaker sex are stronger.

If the ladies in the future are to lead us,  
 If the ladies are allowed to hold the sway;  
 There will come a time when they won't really need us,  
 We shall only then be sort of in the way.  
 Now here's another picture that presents itself to us,  
 Imagine this to be the inside of a motor bus.

(SLOW MUSIC. One chair on stage, she sits down, as though in a bus.)

SHE. One to Hammersmith Broadway, conductor. (Bell rings) Thank you. How frightfully crowded this bus is. (He enters with a large board.) Good gracious, someone else getting in, and a *Man* too.

(He looks round for a seat and eventually resigns himself to his fate as a strap-hanger.)

SHE. (rising) Here, take my seat, sir.

HE. (sitting down) I thought I should find a lady somewhere.

SHE. I suppose you travel a great deal, sir?

HE. (looking at board he holds) No, this isn't *deal*— it's mahogany.

SHE. Are you going far, sir?

HE. No, I'm not going, I'm coming back. I've just been to take the children to school.

SHE. How nice. Have you many children?

HE. Only three,— at school.

SHE. Boys or girls?

HE. Girls, but they're in the boys' class.

SHE. I believe I know your wife.

HE. Indeed.

SHE. Yes,— she drives a ginger-beer van, doesn't she?

HE. No, she's a steeple-jack.

SHE. Ah, here's where I get down. Good morning, so glad to have met you. (She walks as though to step off bus. Swaying to suggest quick speed.) Don't stop, conductor, it's alright. (Jumps and runs a little way a la man getting off a bus in motion.)

Both sing:- In days to come you'll find that that will be a common sight,  
 Let women stand for parliament and stand up for their right.  
 But the thing that worries us is  
 Will they stand up in our 'buses  
 When the weaker sex are stronger?

# WHEN THE WEAKER SEX ARE STRONGER. <sup>3</sup>

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

FRANK LEO.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO

KEY G.

There's a ver - y fun - ny fu - ture for the

na - tion, If the la - dies are al - lowed to hold the sway, Let us

show you just by way of il - lus - tra - tion, What will

hap - pen in home cir - cles ev' - ry day. If

R & C<sup>o</sup> 1601.

COPYRIGHT, MCMXII, by REYNOLDS & C<sup>o</sup>

This Duet may be Sung Freely Everywhere. Excepting Theatres and Music Halls.

Moth - er went to work and Dad stayed home, there's not a doubt, The

D.t. } s . s : f . f | m . m : r . re | m . m : s . se | l : . m }

fol - low - ing re - sult it would be sure to bring a - bout:-

} s . l : s . r | s . l : s . r | s . l : s . r | s : - .

*Melody for Dialogue after Verses 1 & 2. Repeat until Cue for Chorus.*

*pp*

CHORUS.

And that's a like - ly pic - ture of the days that are to come, No  
 r.G.,ds, | d . r : d . l, | t, . s, : l, . t, | d . r : d . l, | t, : . s, }

won - der that our lead - ers in the House are look - ing glum. We just  
 } d . t, : d . r | m . d : r . m | l, . l, : l, . l, | l, : l, . l, }

give it as a sam - ple Of a what - may - be ex - am - ple When the  
 } f . f : m . m | r . l, : l, . l, | f . f : m . m | r . l, : t, . d }

weak - er sex are strong - er.  
 } r : l, | t, : m | r : d | :

*Melody for Dialogue after Verses 3 & 4.*

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The treble staff contains a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a melodic line with some notes beamed together and a fermata over a final note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment of chords.

The third system shows the melody progressing. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over a note. The bass staff accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over a note. The bass staff accompaniment continues with chords.

The fifth system concludes the melody. The treble staff features a melodic line with a fermata over a note and a final cadence. The bass staff accompaniment ends with a final chord. The instruction *Repeat until Cue for Chorus.* is written above the staff.

With another stretch of our imagination,  
 We will show you what will happen at a ball.  
 Mr. Henpeck's had a special invitation,  
 And we find him sitting up against the wall.  
 The waltz is nearly through and, with a somewhat anxious glance,  
 He's waiting for his partner to come up and claim her dance.

(SLOW WALTZ. He sits with a fan, she approaches him.)

SHE. I believe this is ours?

HE. (rising) I believe it is. I thought you weren't coming.

SHE. Oh, don't say that. (They start waltzing, she takes the man's place.)

HE. You won't tread on my trousers, will you?

SHE. Dear me, no. Shall we reverse?

HE. I think we've done that.

SHE. What weather we are having.

HE. My word, yes, and what a lot of it.

SHE. Fancy, December and it's quite a balmy evening.

HE. Yes, I thought it was a bit up the pole, myself.

SHE. This is a jolly dance.

HE. Oh, shockingly jolly.

SHE. Why isn't your wife here to-night?

HE. She's taking the chair at a smoking concert.

SHE. I wonder she allowed you to come alone.

HE. There was some fuss about it, but she's coming to fetch me.

SHE. That's good. (Waltz ceases. They walk to a seat)

she places a shawl around his shoulders and both sit down.

SHE. This is a jolly evening.

HE. (looking off) Your husband doesn't seem to think so.

SHE. No. Well, you see, no one asks him to dance, as a matter of fact he can't dance, except a Polka. (Looks at Programme)  
 I see there's only one Polka down and that's next. Lady M. C. enters and says:- Ladies and gentlemen, the next  
 dance was to have been a polka but we have changed it to a waltz. (Exit M. C.)

HE. (Looking off and then at her) Your old man may as well go home.

SHE. Oh, never mind him. Isn't this a jolly floor?

HE. Oh, horribly jolly. It's all jolly. You're jolly, the floor's jolly, I'm jolly, (looking off) your old man's jolly,  
 and we're all jolly.

SHE. Shall I get you an ice or something?

HE. I'd sooner have something.

SHE. Perhaps you'd rather have a lemonade.

HE. I know what I'd rather have.

SHE. I know (she runs off and brings him a cup of coffee.) There you are, my dear, and now you'll excuse me,  
 I've promised to join the girls in a whisky and soda, at the bar.

Both sing:- That's just a slight idea of what will happen at a ball,

Poor man will have a cup of tea or coffee, that is all.

While the Flossies and the Rhodas

Will be sipping scotch and sodas

When the weaker sex are stronger.

## 4

Then again, we want to show you, without malice,  
 What will happen at the theatres and the halls.

Fancy this to be the Empire or the Palace,

And a lady brings her young man in the stalls.

They drive up in a cab and this will be a common sight,

The lady gets out first and helps the young man to alight.

(SLOW MUSIC. Both walk to row of chairs and sit down. She removes her hat, he keeps his hat on.)

SHE. What a shame that a woman should have to take off her hat, I wonder why men don't.

HE. I believe they did in olden times. (She calls for programme and pays for it.)

SHE. It's a capital programme. I wonder what time the lady prize-fighters are on. (Shouts) Waiter, bring me a scotch  
 and soda. (turning to him) Will you have a box of chocolates or a rock-cake?

HE. No, I'll have a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

SHE. (lighting a cigarette) Will you have a cigarette, George?

HE. No, thank you.

SHE. Don't you smoke?

HE. Yes, but not in public. (Looking at programme) As you say, it is a good programme.

Lottie Claptrap, Topical vocalist.

Fanny Fake, Illusionist.

The Sisters Splits, Acrobats.

The Mother's Quartette.

A Woman's Devotion, on the Bioscope.

God save the Queen.

My word, it IS a good programme. Let's go home.

SHE. Do you know, George, there's something I want to ask you.

HE. I hope you don't want to borrow anything!

SHE. No, George, I want to ask you a question. First of all, I love you!

HE. This is so sudden.

SHE. Maybel but it's true. Will-you-be-my-husband?

HE. Ah! you'll have to speak to mother about that!

Both sing:- And this is what will happen when the ladies rule the land,  
 When Mabel calls on mother to ask for her George's hand;

'Ere the old girl gives permission,

She'll say, "What is your Position?"

When the weaker sex are stronger.