

THE  
GEORGE GROSSMITH  
BIRTHDAY BOOK

Edited by David Trutt

Copyright © David Trutt 2009

Published by  
David Trutt  
Los Angeles, California  
USA

email: [davettt@verizon.net](mailto:davettt@verizon.net)  
Web Site: [www.haddon-hall.com](http://www.haddon-hall.com)

## INTRODUCTION

The George Grossmith Birthday Book was compiled and released in 1904 by Sylvia Grossmith Bevan and Cordelia Grossmith, daughters of George Grossmith. The book contains 366 different quotations from the writings of Gee-gee: his books, plays, skits, speeches, remembrances and songs. There are an additional twelve more quotations, to head up each month; only three of these however, January and July and August, are not repeats of daily ones.

There are approximately 130 sources for the quotations. The editor has created a *Repeated Sources* index which follows the last Birthday Book entry; the dates of multiple quotations from the same source are grouped together in this index. There is also a *Grossmith Personally* listing for non-*Repeated Sources* quotations which pertain to Gee-gee's personal experience. Finally, there is a non-Grossmith *Single Source* listing where there is only one quotation from a source. All Birthday Book quotations are thus accounted for.

The editor has ended the book with complete songs (verses in the correct order) of "The Happy Old Days at Peckham," "The Duke of Seven Dials" and "His Nose Was On the Mantelpiece." The Birthday Book has extracted a number of verses from each, and teased the reader with hints of curious adventures.

Mention is made of D'Oyly Carte on April 7:

"I took your letter of introduction to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Grossmith, and I sang to him. He said I didn't sing well enough for the chorus, so I thought of going in for your sort of parts."

And of Gilbert and Sullivan on September 2:

In the old days the intellectual public were satisfied with one author and one composer, such as Gilbert and Sullivan. Nowadays they require five authors, six composers, with additional numbers by Smith, Brown, Jones, Snooks, and Robinson, to say nothing of the low comedians, who write their own dialogues and introduce their own songs.

The George Grossmith Birthday Book paints a picture of Gee-gee in its exuberant January 1 opening: "Oh! I was so volatile. Yes, I was so volatile. How they jumped for joy, to see this boy, who was so volatile," to the December 31 farewell: "Society has been exceedingly kind to its poor clown, and the clown is deeply grateful. My only ambition is that someone in the dim future may speak half as kindly of me as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, spoke of the Society clown of his period."

[Autograph]

To

*Stuart  
from  
Sylvia*

*Oct. 19th 1904.*

The . . .  
Geo. Grossmith  
    Birthday Book

Being a collection of quotations  
from his original works — musical  
and otherwise

1904.

The editor's book was the personal property of Stuart James Bevan; it was a gift from Sylvia. Following is a selection from the hand-written entries. Note that Gee-gee's son's name is spelled 'Laurence' not 'Lawrence.'

Birthday of Laurence Grossmith: March 29.

Birthday of Stuart James Bevan: March 31, 1879.

Birthday of Cordelia Grossmith: March 31, 1879.

Birthday of George Grossmith Junior: May 11.

Marriage of Sylvia Grossmith and Stuart James Bevan: June 2, 1900.

Marriage of Laurence Grossmith and Coralie Blythe: June 2, 1904.

Birthday of Peter James Stuart Bevan: September 8, 1901.

Birthday of Sylvia Grossmith Bevan: September 23, 1875.

Birthday of George Grossmith (pre-printed): December 9, 1847.

*Dedication*

*Dear Father,*

*The compiling of this little book  
has been a great pleasure to us.  
It has not only reminded us of  
your later sketches, but it has  
recalled the songs you composed  
and sang to us when we were  
children.*

*Your loving daughters,  
Sylvia and Cordelia*

I am so volatile.

Oh! I was so volatile. Yes, I was so volatile. How they jumped for joy, to see this boy, who was so volatile.

1. I distinctly remember continually drinking out the Old Year,  
but I cannot remember drinking in the New Year.  
FROM *Contributions to "Punch."*
2. My wife and I live in a land where 'tis fine;  
No clouds in the sky, where the sun is all shine,  
Waterproofs and goloshes are things quite unknown,  
And oh! of fine weather so tired have we grown.  
SONG—*Tinkle-tootle-tum.*
3. DRAWING - ROOM RECITER : "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am about to  
give you a little recitation of my own, entitled 'Three corpses lay out  
in a pool of blood.'"  
AUDIENCE (*sotto voce*) : "Hadn't we better go down to supper?"  
*"The Art of Entertaining."*
4. Humble submission to a wife on every occasion means success as a  
husband.  
*"How to Succeed."*
5. He was a *brilliant* singer. He was what I call a chandelier shaker.  
When he began his song, his *vibrato* was so powerful that a  
candlestick and a china ornament fell off the mantelpiece.  
*"Is Music a Failure?"*

6. There was a much neglected youth / Who used to live alone.  
 His name need not be mentioned / For I'm sure it is not known.  
 He was very fond of gaiety / And longed to go about;  
 But by some chance or other / He was not invited out.  
 SONG—*He went to a Party.*
7. At school I studied Latin, and I also studied Greek;  
 Italian, French, and Portuguese with fluency I speak.  
 They were nice to learn, and they sound so well,  
 And they don't possess one flaw.  
 But that of the Fatherland, the happy Fatherland,  
 Always dislocates my jaw.  
 SONG—*The Happy Fatherland.*
8. You'll go to the younger son of a duke to buy a flannel and mop,  
 And you'll find three golden balls displayed outside his father's shop.  
 An earl will churn your butter, and on Saturday afternoon,  
 If you happen to have the time, dears, go to the pantomime, dears,  
 And see the son of a dear old bishop a-playing the pantaloons.  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed.*
9. SHE : "Don't keep secrets from me. Are you still ill?"  
 DOLLGHOST : "I am more than ill—I am dying."  
 SHE : "You never told me that—you know that *I* am dying. Don't  
 keep secrets from me. Why are *you* dying?"  
 DOLLGHOST : "I am dying because—because—it is *hereditary.*"  
 "*The Ibsenite Drama.*"
10. There was a man who boasted that from trouble he could keep;  
 He always followed out the motto, "Look before you leap."  
 He took such strong precaution, that the nation soon began  
 To own there never was or could be such a careful man.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*

11. I'm a terribly selfish old fellah—  
 A deplorable fact you'll agree,  
 But please to remember there always exist  
 Many thousands of others like me.  
 SONG—*A Selfish Old Fellah.*
12. Go, sir, I love another youth / With all my ecstasy,  
 Because he is—to tell the truth / The “very eyes” of me.  
 I do not know what *very* eyes / Exactly means, do you?  
 But very many recognise / The *very* nose of you.  
 SONG—*The very eyes of me.*
13. Oh! how I long, just for a song / In Society, in Society.  
 Oh! for a chance, just for a dance / In Society, in Society.  
 CHARWOMAN'S SONG FROM “*Castle Bang.*”
14. TENOR : “Why should I be compelled to wear this costume which is  
 that of the Huguenot of three hundred years ago, while the Prima  
 Donna commits the solecism of appearing in modern ball-dress?  
 But you never find a Prima Donna making herself look ridiculous in  
 the cause of art—not if she knows it.”  
 “*An Italian Opera Duet.*”
15. If a girl desires to marry / And has got a bit of brain,  
 And would make her husband happy / She must not hold tight the rein.  
 Her darling may resent it— / He was once a bachelor!  
 She must let him have a latch key— / He has had a few before!  
 SONG—*A little bit of Rope.*





21. Oh! that the days were weeks, love,  
 Oh! that the months were years.  
 The bloom will remain on your cheek, love,  
 That bloom which at night disappears.  
 Oh! that the years were in thousands— / No poet my love can pen.  
 I shall love you for ever and ever / And ever so long after then!  
 SONG—*Oh! that to-day were to-morrow.*
22. It was not a large party; it was what you might call a *comfortable*  
 party. That is to say, there were more chairs than guests.  
*“The Silver Wedding.”*
23. BUTLER : “The reason why I am leaving you, sir, to speak the truth,  
 is that I have been fifteen years in your service, and I am sick of the  
*sight* of you, and the whole of your family.”  
*“Little Worries.”*
24. I’m tired of the sentiment in song / I’m tired of the “dewey eyes,”  
 I’m tired of the “breeze that wafts along” / I’m tired of the “fallen leaves,”  
 I’m tired of the “days for ever lost” / I’m tired of the “tide of noon”;  
 But of all the things that I’m tired of most,  
 It’s the song of the same old moon.  
 SONG—*I’m tired of the moon, my love and myself.*
25. My Chloe am de lubbliest gal / That ebber you did spy;  
 But though she am so lubbly / Oh! she am that drefful shy.  
 SONG—*Wait till the sun am hot upon de head.*
26. I woke this morning early / Much too early, mother dear;  
 For the baby was so surly: / It has got a cold, I fear.  
 SONG—*Keep the Baby warm, Mother.*

27. What gondola can e'er compare / With omnibus, with omnibus.  
 Ye nobles with ancestral pride / Come take the only seat inside.  
 A modest penny is the fare / You might do wus! you might do wus!  
*"Bus Conductor's Song."*
28. The pioneer young woman—the "superior sex" young woman—is  
 never afraid of crossing a road, however great the traffic. She simply  
 ducks down and picks up the back part of her skirt, and walks fearlessly  
 across. She will *never* be run over—she's enough to frighten any horse.  
*"Things you must have noticed."*
29. I was once a very vulgar little shop-boy,  
 Though now so many millions I have made.  
 At a charity school I soon became the top boy,  
 And I've earned the same distinction in my trade.  
 SONG—*The happy old days at Peckham.*
30. When I go out to dine, I touch no wine,  
 Yet I never suffer from gloom;  
 For whenever I talk, or whenever I laugh,  
 You can hear me all over the room.  
 SONG—*The American Girl.*
31. A dinner party, as you're aware,  
 Is often a very dull affair.  
 I'll sing of one which I think you'll own  
 Was quite the most dismal ever known.  
 A staid old couple who share my pew  
 Asked twelve of the highest-toned friends they knew,  
 They wished it very select to be,  
 And that is the reason they didn't ask me.  
 SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*

## He was a Careful Man.

He was a careful man. He was a careful man. Where'er he went, 'twas his intent to be a careful man.

1. "Reverend Sir,—Would you kindly use your influence with my boy?  
He breaks everything. He has broke my 'eart, he has broke the pledge.  
Yesterday he broke the fan-light over the door, and this morning he  
has broke out in bright red spots."  
*"Boring the Vicar."*
2. Now just you listen to me, I'm an up-to-date mamma,  
I affect a style / Quite juvenile,  
And call my husband "dear old pa."  
SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
3. After kissing the bride, you go to look at the wedding presents—no,  
that's not quite true—you don't go to look at the presents, but to see  
where *yours* is.  
*"Wooings and Weddings."*
4. I am a tenor who has earned much popularity;  
I sing in swagger drawing-rooms for a very swagger fee.  
The reason I'm successful is because I never frown,  
Or scowl because the people laugh or talk my singing down.  
SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*
5. You should see me gently gliding / O'er the parquet sliding,  
Now and then colliding / You should see me reverse.  
SONG—*See me Reverse.*

6. I'm a terribly selfish old fellah,  
And as gout is not cured by one cursing it,  
Why, it's very much better to have a young wife  
Than a stupid old landlady nursing it.  
SONG—*A Selfish Old Fellah.*
7. "I fancy Mrs. —— is under the impression that if she includes you in  
her dinner-party, it is an understood thing that you sing afterwards."  
"I am afraid I do not understand that," I said. "It would not pay me to  
do so. I only consume about ten shillings worth of food and wine, and  
my terms are more than that."  
"*A Society Clown.*"
8. The sun, the sun was shining brightly,  
Brightly as it never shone before.  
We were thinking of the old folks at home,  
And we left the baby on the shore.  
SONG—*The Baby on the Shore.*
9. Society then dropped the negro like a coal that's hot  
In that very peculiar way which our Society has got.  
And the negro on a cattle boat back to his home did go,  
And he's living a life of strife with his wife on the banks of the Ohio.  
SONG—*The Society Negro.*
10. When I was a boy I went to school, but suffered so much from dizziness  
That I poked my nose, as a matter of course, into other people's business.  
I never knew my lessons—in fact, I never could begin them,  
I was always peeping into other boys' desks to see what there was in them.  
The other boys were very good boys and never used invective,  
But said I was only fit to be a Scotland Yard Detective.  
SONG—*How I became a Detective.* [From "*Castle Bang.*"]

11. I first met my love at a juvenile party,  
Such beauty I'd never beheld.  
I found myself staring at her all the evening;  
My heart how it beat and it swelled.  
SONG—*Tommy's First Love.*
12. He knew how cabmen will impose if people don't take care,  
By charging them for a mile or two beyond the proper fare.  
So not to be defrauded, he instructed his attorney  
To have the distance measured e'er he started on a journey.  
SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
13. When a man goes shopping he *knows* what he wants, and comes out  
*with* it! When a lady goes shopping she does *not* know what she  
wants, and comes out *without* it.  
“*Ladies Shopping.*”
14. When only three months old, I poured the ink upon my frocks,  
I tore my little hat and ate a pair of worsted socks.  
When two years old, I swaggered out and terrified my “nuss,”  
By driving off in hansom cab instead of tuppenny bus.  
SONG FROM “*Carrottina.*”
15. Her husband left no money and no will and no bequests,  
So Mrs. Mary Chumley Brown took in some paying guests.  
A “paying guest” is now of course the fashionable name,  
But change the title as you will, the fact remains the same:  
They are all lodgers / Simply lodgers,  
They are all lodgers as long as they can pay.  
SONG—*Paying Guests.*

16. MRS. OBBS : "Our two 'usbands seem to be getting on very well together."  
 MRS. IBBENS : "Well, my good man always 'as such a lot to talk about, and makes friends so easy. Everybody knows 'im in Margate. We go there every year."  
 MRS. OBBS : "Well, I don't think Margate so cheap as men make out. Last year we were only there for a fortnight, and we made a *five* look simply silly."  
*"Sea-side Society."*
17. Now farewell to England, our visit is o'er;  
 We take back a souvenir of that sweet shore:  
 My wife has lumbago, and can't get about;  
 And I have sciatica, ague, and gout.  
 SONG—*Tinkle-tootle-tum.*
18. The Lords and Commons are getting mixed, o'lawks a mussy me!  
 In fifty years to come no House of Commons there will be.  
 For every man will be made a lord, you need not be afraid;  
 And the titles of newly-created peers of course will suit their trade.  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed.*
19. The late lamented Dr. Watts was moral.  
 He wrote, "How doth the little busy bee";  
 He taught us not to fib, or fight, or quarrel,  
 But "like the little birds in nests agree."  
 When the bounder comes a-scorching round the corner,  
 And sends you in the mud on hands and knees;  
 You must refrain from using naughty language,  
 For the dicky birds are singing in the trees.  
 SONG—*The Dicky Birds are Singing in the Trees.*
20. SHE : "Listen, Dollghost. *You* are dying—I am dying. Dollghost, we are both dying. Let us die together. Let us die the same day. *What are you doing next Tuesday?*"  
*"The Ibsenite Drama."*

21. From day to day, from year to year, they manufacture wine;  
 You see the miles of vineyards as you journey up the Rhine.  
 I've tasted every country's wine, but of all the wines I've tried,  
 That of the Fatherland, the happy Fatherland, gives the greatest pain inside.

SONG—*The Happy Fatherland.*

22. DUKE (*to Stabbarino*) : "What are you doing here, you miserable  
 pheasant? Go! begone, or I will shoot you immediately."  
 STABBARINO : "I am not a pheasant; I am a poor, but honest *peasant*,  
 my lord."

DUKE : "I repeat, you are a low-born, miserable *pheasant*."

STABBARINO : "Then you *dare* not shoot me till October!"

"*Carrottina.*"

23. They tell me I am a most horrible bore;  
 It's not the first time, I've heard it before;  
 And simply because I am one of those fools  
 Who cannot conform to Society's rules.

SONG—*They tell me I am a most horrible bore.*

24. I tried the Army, the Bar, and the Church, but the result was weak,  
 At last I tried a clerkship in the city at a pound or two a week.  
 Emboldened by my prospects there, I married a nice young *gell*,  
 For the sake of eight pounds ten which she had in a bank in Camberwell.

SONG—*How I became an Actor.*

25. First up gets a girl with a dismal voice,  
 It's a pure melancholy contralto.  
 At home, I am told, she is cheerful enough,  
 And really a very nice *gal too*.  
 But the moment she steps on the platform to sing,  
 She begins with intoning and groaning  
 Of corpses that lie on a shining beach,  
 And harbour bars that are moaning.

SONG—*Oh! take those gloomy songs away.*



26. "A plague on the fellow! He is always running into me. Anyone would think I was a public-house."

*"Castle Bang."*

27. When I first came out / Did I simper and pout,  
And blush like a rose? Not I!

I said to *mamma*, "You've had your turn,  
Don't try with your bud to vie."

In less than a week / Young men did seek  
My hand in a manner sublime,  
With the usual result, I was always engaged  
To five or six men at a time.

SONG—*The American Girl*.

28. He had no pumps, so had to go in boots with double soles.  
His studs were small and disappeared behind the button holes.  
He tried a bow so often that his tie became a wreck,  
And the pin which kept his collar down was sticking in his neck.

SONG—*He went to a Party*.

29. LEAP YEAR.

Oh! Edwin, my darling, the time has come when  
The women may madly make love to the men,  
But no woman can love, let her ever so try,  
Half so truly, so wildly, as madly as I.

SONG—*Oh! take me away!*

See me dance the Polka.

You should see me dance the Polka. You should see me cover the ground.  
You should see my coat-tails flying, as I jump my partner round.

1. Do you think I'm asking much of you, my mother?  
I have been without a collar for a week:  
That I have only one 'tis true, my mother,  
For which you must admit I vainly seek.  
I know 'twas looking very black, my mother,  
Black and shiny, mother, as your own golosh;  
But I long to have that collar back, my mother,  
Oh! when may I expect it from the wash?  
SONG—*An awful little Scrub.*
  
2. YOUNG MAN : “What a terrible thing it is to be bashful. I don't think I should have been so bashful if I had not been brought up entirely by three maiden aunts. They chose my companions, they chose my thoughts, they chose my — well, my clothes; in fact, I hadn't a 'chose' left.”  
“*Winning a Widow.*”
  
3. To entertain is difficult, as everybody knows,  
You have to sing and play the piano well, and to compose,  
To act a bit, invent, and write in verse as well as prose.  
Oh! the trials of an entertainer!  
SONG—*The Trials of an Entertainer.*
  
4. Mr. Grossmith tells this tale : “A young man called upon me to ask for my advice. He was short, pale, thin, wore pince-nez, and he was dreadfully plain. He said that his friends had advised him to go in for musical entertainments, as he was so much like me.”



10. On a Margate steamer : Mrs. OBBS : “We’re getting near the pier now. I hope we shall meet again. My name is Mrs. Obbs.”  
 Mrs. IBBENS : “And me, too. And my name is Mrs. Ibbens. Would you mind me on such a short acquaintance telling you that your bonnet ain’t quite straight.”  
 Mrs. OBBS : “Oh! I thank you. And favour for favour—you’ve got a smut on your nose.”  
*“Sea-side Society.”*
11. I’m not in the vein to-night, my muse,  
 I am not in the vein to-night;  
 My muse, my muse, thou dost refuse  
 To help me my poem to write, to write,  
 To help me my poem to write.  
 SONG—*I’m not in the vein to-night, my Muse.*
12. If I see that you try to avoid me, I say:  
 “Which way are *you* going? *I’m* going that way”;  
 Your very strong hints to depart I ignore,  
 And *that’s* why they say I’m a horrible bore.  
 SONG—*They say I’m a horrible bore.*
13. There is no greater affectation than what is practically a false address.  
 Why emblazon the top of your note-paper with “THORNLEA,  
 KENSINGTON,” when the proper address is “233a Stucco Villas,  
 Notting Hill, North?”  
*“Affectations.”*
14. I am an American girl / A belle of the horse show girl,  
 My Grecian nose and pointed toes / Are prominent at Delmonico’s,  
 Like a true American girl.  
 SONG—*The American Girl.*
15. I am always being asked to give my services to Church Organ Funds. I’ve  
 discovered that about five thousand church organs are deeply in debt. Why  
 is it that a respectable instrument like the organ is always in debt?  
*“Piano and I.”*

16. Alas! the lecturer in town and country seems to have had his day.  
When I was a boy there were hundreds of lectures on thousands of  
subjects. Elderly people went to be instructed; young men and women  
to “eye” each other; while boys went invariably to be turned out.  
“*A Society Clown.*”
17. You get a dreamy tune / And you dance by the light of the moon;  
You mustn't be funny / But you sing about your honey,  
And that is the song and the coon / That everlasting coon.  
SONG—*The Everlasting Coon.*
18. The baby is brought down to be introduced to me. It is always in a  
perpetual state of hiccoughs. I wonder what fond mothers would think  
of a grown man in a perpetual state of hiccoughs?  
“*Awful Bores.*”
19. I was never a hunting man / I was never a hunting man.  
I've ridden a donkey round Hampstead Heath,  
That's scarcely a hunting man.  
Oh! never a horse for me / No! never a horse for me.  
I once tried a hack, and I came on my back,  
No! never a horse for me!  
SONG—*Unpublished.*
20. Why us it that people who write a clear hand take so much trouble to  
make the most important part of the epistle so indistinct—namely,  
their own signatures?  
“*Affectations.*”
21. There should be peace in every honest dwelling,  
The master and his servants should agree;  
Though the nurse should drop the babe and start it yelling,  
And the cook once more has gone upon the spree.  
SONG—*The Dicky Birds are Singing in the Trees.*

22. I love you, I love you, I love you, my dove,  
 And the more you dislike me, the more I shall love;  
 Don't leave me like that, love, but hear what I say:  
 If you hate me, you might at least push me away.  
     Push me away, cast me away;  
 For the sake of the audience, fling me away!  
 SONG—*Oh! take me away.*
23. *Unsolicited Testimonial.* “For years past I suffered from insomnia. I consulted every physician of note, but they couldn't make me sleep. At last a friend of mine advised me to go and see one of your entertainments. I refused, but at last in desperation I went. You had not been on the platform five minutes and I was asleep.”  
*“Trials of an Entertainer.”*
24. Go on talking, don't mind me;  
 The more you talk, the more I shall dwell on my famous upper C;  
 I know I shall receive my cheque for my fifty guinea fee,  
 So go on talking, and don't mind me.  
 SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*
25. If you are favoured with an invitation to a country house, you should always bow respectfully to the country people. Remember they are “somebodies” in the country—also remember they are generally “nobodies” in London.  
*“Somebodies and Nobodies.”*
26. To all who have small families I would a word or so,  
 Of course you will direct them in the path that they should go.  
 You'll educate them thoroughly, refine their little jokes,  
 And dress them in a way becoming all young gentlefolks.  
 But still one word of counsel I must impress on you—  
 Do not spoil your children whatever you may do.  
 SONG—*Do not Spoil your Children.*



## An Awful Little Scrub.

Do you think I'm asking much of you, my mother? I have been without a collar for a week. That I have only one 'tis true, my mother. For which you must admit I vainly seek.

1. CHARLES II : "My dear fellow, it's not only that I *feel* such a fool, but I *look* it!"  
 MEPHISTOPHELES : "My dear old chappie, you don't look or feel a greater fool than I do."  
 CHARLES II : "No, I don't, but that's no consolation to me."  
*"A Fancy Dress Ball."*
  
2. I've never yet been on an automobile,  
 I fear I am stupid or lazy,  
 But I can't for the life of me quite understand  
 Why motoring drives people crazy.  
 SONG—*Oh, dear! what can the motor be?*
  
3. The first time that I fell in love / 'Twas at the age of nine,  
 For I had got susceptibility / Wonderful for my juvenility.  
 She I loved was only eight / But very large and fine,  
 I said that I'd adore / That girl for evermore,  
 And no one else should e'er be mine.  
 SONG—*I've loved another girl since then.*
  
4. We've left the baby on the shore,  
 A thing which we've never done before.  
 If you see the mother tell her gently  
 That we've left the baby on the shore.  
 SONG—*The Baby on the Shore.*



5. When I dine out, there is nothing that so disturbs me, and so spoils my appetite, as when the host says : “You are eating nothing.” It is such a feeble apology for his eating too much.  
*“Awful Bores.”*
  
6. While cleaning up the silver spoons on Tuesday week, I think  
 Six disappeared without the slightest warning down the sink.  
 This day I found eight letters marked “*Important,*” which I know  
 Were given me to post about a month or two ago.  
 PAGE’S SONG FROM “*Hyde and Sekyll.*”
  
7. “I took your letter of introduction to Mr. D’Oyly Carte, Mr.  
 Grossmith, and I sang to him. He said I didn’t sing well enough for  
 the chorus, so I thought of going in for your sort of parts.”  
*“A Fact.”*
  
8. He joined a local vestry and attended every week,  
 But, lest he should break down and fail, he never tried to speak.  
 He had no fixed opinions, but would not be thought a dunce,  
 So rather than go wrong by chance, he never voted once.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
  
9. The guests arrived—a dismal set,  
 Some of them said the day was wet;  
 And several said the day was fine,  
 And then they all went down to dine.  
 SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*
  
10. A man in the audience accidentally dropped an umbrella. The singer  
 mistook it for an “encore,” and came on and sang another song.  
*“Is Music a Failure?”*

11. I'm very fond of dancing / And enjoy a jolly ball,  
 But I sometimes get so noisy / You can't hear the band at all.  
 I'm the life of the cotillion / And when I dance the reel  
 I give a "whoop!" which you / Not only hear, but also feel.  
 SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*
12. Their music—ah! the music of the future it will be,  
 They like it loud, and they like it long, and minus melody.  
 They cannot bear loud, vulgar tunes, for nothing could be "wuss,"  
 That's why the Fatherland, the happy Fatherland,  
 sends its German bands to us.  
 SONG—*The Happy Fatherland.*
13. I'm not a man to beat about the bush. I can say in a minute what some  
 men don't say in a lifetime, and that is—Be my wife.  
 "Castle Bang."
14. At the meet of the magazine to see the coaches start,  
 I'm always there with my golden hair,  
 And specially well-built Ralli cart.  
 At Royal Ascot, too, in a frock as bright as day,  
 In the very best set, I lose every bet,  
 And leave my dear old hubby to pay,  
 My mild old hubby to pay.  
 SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
15. I've only one note / A middle B flat;  
 As long as I live / I will cling on to that.  
 I've only one song / It begins, you must know,  
 With moonlight above / And gas-light below.  
 SONG—*I've only one note.*

16. The Lords and Commons are getting mixed / Oh lawks a-mussy me!  
 Whatever is a-coming to / Our aristocracy?  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed.*
17. I don't like to pain my dear daughters, but like most girls nowadays,  
 they imagine if a man can execute a waltz-step, which entirely  
 coincides with their own, it is a sufficient qualification for a husband.  
 “*A Musical Extravagance.*”
18. I sail round the Isle of Arran / And spend my time in France a bit.  
 No good—for the only way / In which I can ever feel gay  
 Is to suddenly sing and dance a bit.  
 BARON'S SONG FROM “*Castle Bang.*”
19. Whene'er he went to any kind of party, I am told,  
 He always wore an overcoat, not only cheap but old;  
 He hung it in the hall, and when he bade the host adieu  
 Went off in someone else's coat that happened to be new.  
 SONG—*He was a Careless Man.*
20. And then the young people sat down to their tea,  
 The girls were as dainty as dainty could be,  
 And one of the boys ate at least twenty-three  
 Of the new currant bun of Old England.  
 “*A Juvenile Party.*”



26. Married men, if you want to be popular with your daughters, let them occupy all the best chairs in the house. Let them leave their needlework in the best chairs—with the needles in! There is always a hard bench for you in the hall, where you can have congenial conversation with the water-rate collector.

*“An Address to Married Men.”*

27. Go on talking, don't mind me,  
If a man's a fool because he earns a fifty guinea fee,  
It strikes me that's the sort of fool that many would like to be,  
So go on talking, and don't mind me.,

SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*

28. I never had a sweetheart, dear, in all my life before,  
Excepting one, or two, or three, I fancy tho' 'twas four.  
And then remember, dear, there was this difference, you see,  
I never did propose to them, they all proposed to me.

*“The Boy's Love Song.”*

29. To lion-hunting ladies he / Became a benefactor;  
He was fêted, dined and petted and spoilt,  
Even more than a first-class actor.

SONG—*The Society Negro.*

30. The pioneer woman wants man to take a back seat. Now I advise a man to *take* a back seat and see how comfortable it is. Why should men work? If women want to work—let them!

*“What's the world a-coming to?”*

## The Duke of Seven Dials.

I shall never forget my dolly, I shall never forget her smiles. But I'm sorry  
I introduced her to the Duke of Seven Dials.

1. When ladies go shopping, they make a day of it. They go where they  
sell everything, where they can see everything, pull about everything  
—and come out without anything.  
*“Ladies Shopping.”*
2. You receive congratulations from a most distinguished peer,  
Who says, “We like to have you to amuse the people here.  
But it struck me you were not as funny as you were last year.”  
Oh! the trials of an entertainer!  
SONG—*The Trials of an Entertainer.*
3. I drive a four-in-hand, and have a splendid team of bays,  
A luxury for which, between ourselves, my father pays;  
I can handle well the ribbons in my overcoat of drab,  
I can chaff a costermonger or upset a four-wheel cab.  
SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*
4. She was dressed in peacock blue with a pattern of yellow flowers. She  
wore a wreath of poppies round her tousled auburn locks. Seeing that  
she looked pale and quiet, I said: “Are you not well, dear?” Her  
response was: “Quite well, thank you, but I'm æsthetic.”  
*“A Juvenile Party.”*
5. Our home will be small, for we have no ambition  
To live in marble halls,  
But whenever you come, you will find the word “Welcome”  
Writ large upon the walls.  
SONG—*I'm his Daisy.*

6. A fig for the set of Lancers / A fig for the old Quadrille,  
 They may suit some kind of dancers / But their dulness makes me ill.  
 A fig for the stately waltzing / Which really is absurd,  
 On the smart Cotillion, unsuited to the million,  
 I will not waste a word.

SONG—*See me dance the Polka.*

7. I made a mistake and arrived an hour too soon. The door was opened by the cook, who was having a row with a boy who had dropped a block of ice in the hall. I was shown into the drawing-room and collided with the housemaid with a duster and dust-pan, and I heard a rustle on the stairs which convinced me that the hostess had only just gone up to dress.

“*Mrs. Gingham Green’s Little Party,*” Nov. 11th, 1870.

8. And oh! how I love her, how dearly I love her,  
 I know that one day she’ll be mine.  
 Though someone has told me that she’s eight and twenty.  
 And I—well, I’m only just nine.

SONG—*Tommy’s First Love.*

9. My Mary is to art a slave / Pianists play her symphony,  
 And many of her pictures have / Been hung at the Academy;  
 The people love her poetry / Her very presence they revere,  
 But when she sings—most silently / In twos and threes they disappear.

SONG—*When Mary sings I disappear.*

10. Every morning my host took me to the stables to see his horses. I found he had named them after celebrated or well-known people. I admired the thoroughbreds “Napoleon” and “Wellington,” but I did not care for the broken-down donkey, which, out of compliment to me, he had named “Grossmith.”

“*Away for my Health.*”

11. Off we go to the Gaiety / That's the place for me;  
 My feet go so to the tunes, you know / For they're full of melody.  
 Beautiful girls and beautiful gowns / And beautiful scenery;  
 I never fall asleep in my stall / At the jolly old Gaiety.

SONG—*Off we go to the Gaiety.*

12. I often give up hope, dear, because it loudly cries  
 Whene'er the yellow soap, dear, gets in its little eyes;  
 And when it's in the mood, dear, it gives me awful knocks,  
 And will not take its food, dear, but tries to eat its socks.

SONG—*Keep the Baby warm, Mother.*

13. Whenever I travel by train / I've a dodge which a hero disparages;  
 I always look out for an empty compartment

In one of the second-class carriages.

I fill up the corners with rugs,

Portmanteaus and rugs on the shelf, you know,

With the pleasing result that, nine times out of ten,

The compartment I get to myself, you know.

SONG—*A Selfish Old Fellow.*

14. A large party, however, was out of their line,  
 They sometimes would ask a relation to dine;  
 But much larger company ne'er did they see,  
 But on Fridays the Vicar would come in to tea.

*"The Silver Wedding."*

15. When the ladies retired, the host thus spoke:  
 "I've no cigars, as I never smoke."  
 He then told stories by the score  
 Which everyone had heard before.  
 The men were trying to enjoy this treat  
 On a very thick port and a thin lafitte.  
 He began some tale of a queer bull-pup,  
 When his wife sent down and the men went up.

SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*



16. Some things are remarkably suited for food,  
The clown on the top of a twelfth cake is good;  
But if you've a wish to be ill, then you should  
Try the new currant bun of Old England.  
    "*A Juvenile Party.*"
17. I never go to a concert now— / I refer to those concerts called ballad;  
It seems to me there's a deal too much / Of vinegar in the salad.  
The sunshine of life is a joy to me / And I find it terribly trying  
To list to the woes of a jilted man / Or the wail of a woman who's dying.  
    SONG—*Oh! take those gloomy songs away.*
18. I have been visited by millionaires who are Nobodies, and beggars  
who are Somebodies.  
    "*A Society Clown.*"
- I like a little affectation; I think it gives character.  
    "*Affectations.*"
19. Bid me to *hate* and I will *love* with all my bursting heart,  
Or tell me that thou lov'st me not, and ne'er from thee I'll part,  
Or bid me *live* and I will *die*, and leave my wealth to thee,  
Or if I don't, then *thou* canst die, and leave thy wealth to me.  
    "*Bid me to love and I will hate.*"      Song of An Obstinate Lover.
20. People have said this is not a musical nation; yet where will you find,  
except in England, that beautiful combination of tone—the harp and  
the cornet? You always see them playing outside a public-house, and  
when they are not playing, they are *inside* it.  
    "*Is Music a Failure?*"

21. Oh! wait till the sun am hot upon de head / And de bloom is on de rye,  
 Oh! wait till the snow am falling on de plain / For now I am too shy.  
 SONG—*Wait till the sun am hot upon de head.*

22. He split his gloves in getting in the cab, I may remark,  
 And when he reached the house at last, the windows all were dark.  
 He knocked three times before the footman came to ope the door,  
 When he told the youth the party 'ad took place the night before.  
 SONG—*He went to a Party.*

23. I waltz with an amiable smile / My remarks are most simple and terse,  
 I slither in stiff poker style / With a swagger attempt to reverse.  
 And the hearts of all damsels I storm  
 With my Nor'-West-South Kensington form.  
 SONG—*See me Reverse.*

24. MRS. IBBINS : "I've never done much in the Society line, and yet I  
 feel I was born to a life in Society. Of course, I don't mean to say I  
*never* go out. Only last week I went to the birthday party of Mr.  
 Blubbers, the tripe-dresser round the corner. Of course it was  
 pleasant, and Mr. Blubbers did the thing well. There was no stint of  
 'am or beer. But I mean downright good society. I feel I ought to have  
 been a lady."  
 "*Castle Bang.*"

25. However nice a man may be / He loves himself the best;  
 And in himself will always take / The greatest interest.  
 SONG—*Oh! I wish I were some other Fella.*

26. Our courting days were happy—ah! as happy as could be;  
 My Dolly was most charming and affectionate to me.  
 She gained the best opinion of my ma and Uncle Giles,  
 And one of her great admirers was the Duke of Seven Dials.  
 SONG—*The Duke of Seven Dials.*
27. In speaking of awful bores, please remember I am not referring to  
 you—only to your friends.  
 “*Awful Bores.*”
28. SPASMODIC SPINSTER (*taking advantage of Leap year*) sings :  
 Oh! why are you turning your back on me, dear?  
 Does the force of my frantic appeal cause you fear?  
 You don't want myself, love? my wealth? or abode?  
 Oh! don't tell me that, love, or I shall explode!  
 SONG—*Oh! take me away!*
29. He was a careful man                    / He was a careful man,  
 Where'er he went 'twas his intent / To be a careful man.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
30. I'm a regular up-to-date mamma / A juvenile forty-eight mamma,  
 A bit of a *tête-à-tête* mamma    / A ready-to-fascinate mamma,  
 And I beg to state, I'm up-to-date / A very much up-to-date mamma.  
 SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
31. Of course there is the flighty girl    / Whom silly men adore,  
 She carries on with five or six        / Perhaps a dozen more.  
 She tells them she adores them all    / Then throws them up with scoff,  
 She was engaged three months ago— / Last week she broke it off.  
 But she never flirts on Sunday        / Which pleases Mrs. Grundy,  
 But she goes ahead on Monday!       / Oh! what a curious world is this.  
 SONG—*Always good on Sundays.*

See me Reverse.

Watch me gently gliding, o'er the parquet sliding, and now and then  
colliding, and see me reverse.

1. Oh! Edward, I love you and worship you so,  
With a heart that will burst with its innermost glow.  
I've lands that are rich, and a castle so fine,  
And all shall be yours if you'll only be mine.  
SONG—*Oh! take me away.*
  
2. When talking to your friends be sure your children interrupt;  
When questioned, let their answers be both noisy and abrupt;  
Let them burst into your boudoir when you seek a little nap,  
And play with people's spectacles until you hear them snap,  
And jump up upon your piano and smash a note or two:  
But do not spoil your children whatever you may do.  
SONG—*Do not Spoil your Children.*
  
3. In June he wore an overcoat / To guard against the storm,  
And took it off in winter time / In case it should turn warm.  
SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
  
4. In Scotland when it isn't fair / It's dusky, it's dusky,  
But ye'll always find a bracing air / And "whusky" and "whusky."  
And the pretty girls, the Effies and Jeans,  
And the Maggies—oh! the Maggies!  
And dinna forget the porridge and cakes,  
And the Haggis—oh! the Haggis!  
"*The Scotch Song.*"
  
5. If I go out to dinners or parties, I own  
I talk about swells whom I never have know;  
And I make silly puns, which I greet with a roar;  
And that's why I'm called such a horrible bore.  
SONG—*They tell me I am a most horrible bore.*

6. In the best English society it is the custom of well-bred people to talk when anyone is singing. That is never done in America. During singing they never talk—they *shout!*  
*“How I Discovered America.”*
7. I’ve an infallible remedy, but it’s a little disagreeable. Take some plain soot from the chimney, and take it in the same way you would snuff. The effect on the membrane, as well as the outside of the nose, is wonderful.  
*“Away for my Health.”*
8. I’m a very cheery fellow / And I’m known as noisy John,  
 But I find my stiff old family / Don’t like my goings-on.  
 I’ve had a splendid education / So you plainly see  
 That what’s bad form in common folk / Is not bad form for me.  
 SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*
9. “Yes, I have proposed frequently—not myself personally—I could never have gone through such an ordeal as that. I have always proposed by deputy. In three cases the ladies married the deputies.”  
*“Winning a Widow.”*
10. I ne’er my Donald shall see again / He told me so, he told me so,  
 My Donald was a beauteous swain / He told me so, he told me so.  
 But when I said it could never be,  
 He rushed with blinding tears from me,  
 And he drowned himself in the cruel sea.  
 He told me so, he told me so.  
 SONG—*He told me so.*

11. When people come up to you and say you are looking younger than ever, you may take it for granted you are *not*. They don't go up to a school-girl and tell her she is looking younger than ever.  
*"Awful Bores."*
12. I next went out as footman to a man whose name was Hitchen,  
 I found his cook a-carrying on with a party in the kitchen.  
 The party she encouraged was a most conceited cockatoo,  
 One night I found him carrying off some silver plate and a clock or two.  
 DETECTIVE'S SONG FROM "*Castle Bang*."
13. To one who besides being my wife has also been my truest friend and adviser.                   DEDICATION, *Society Clown*.  
 (MRS. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S BIRTHDAY.)  
 I grew a man and then became ambitious!  
 To advance my prospects I was always prone.  
 I seized an opportunity propitious—  
 To start a little business on my own.  
 I thought my shaky grammar I'd embellish,  
 And with spelling I would get in better touch.  
 I acquired a voice considered rather swellish,  
 And I didn't drop my H's quite so much.  
 SONG—*The happy old days at Peckham*.
14. After the hostess had experienced some little trouble with the good-natured guests who *could* sing, but would not, and the good-natured guests who could not sing, but *would*, the chairs were surreptitiously removed and supper announced.  
*"The Silver Wedding."*
15. When the lakes are full of trees, love / And the woodbine is in flood,  
 And you, sweet, are on the rainbow / And I am in the mud:  
 And I love you, yes, I love you / And what I say is true,  
 No matter how delirious                   / I will always worship, worship—you!  
*"Delirious Love Song."*

16. I found 'twas the family lawyer  
 Who said a relation had died,  
 And, believe me, I danced with delight, lads,  
 And I laughed and I laughed till I cried.  
 My heart was like that of a school-boy,  
 You could hear its beats and its bounds,  
 For I know that the good old relation  
 Had left me a million pounds.  
*"Brokers ahead! or, The Old Armchair."*
17. To greatness I was really born / Some forty years ago,  
 But greatness has deserted me / Because I am so slow.  
 SONG—*Too Slow.*
18. My father when I was a boy / Had a wonderful stick, you know.  
 He gave it to me, and he said, said he / "Now take it wherever you go.  
 Don't argue and waste your time / But use this stick instead,  
 Just one on the nob will settle the job." / And he tried it on my head.  
 SONG—*Whack! whack! whack!*
19. I think my most loved occupation / Is a dance on a hot afternoon,  
 In a small room without ventilation / About the last fortnight in June.  
 SONG—*See me Reverse.*
20. I told her that I loved her more / Than I'd ever loved a girl before.  
 It wasn't quite a fact / But a gentlemanly act,  
 For I've loved another girl since then.  
 SONG—*I've loved another girl since then.*

21. I fell in love with Dolly on the 21st of June,  
I asked her when she'd marry me, she said, "Oh, very soon."  
I introduced her to my ma, and to my uncle Giles,  
And then I ventured to introduce her to the Duke of Seven Dials.  
SONG—*The Duke of Seven Dials.*
22. A girl said : "We went to hear this Mr. Grossmith the other night. Oh!  
it was fine! We laughed, and we laughed, and we laughed. And when  
the other people laughed, we laughed and we laughed again. And  
when we got home, we laughed more than ever, because none of us  
knew what we had been laughing at!"  
"On Tour; or, Piano and I."
23. Why should a love-song always be associated with flowers?—why  
not vegetables? We have "She wore a wreath of roses," "'Twas in the  
time of roses." Why not "'Twas in the time of turnips?"  
SKETCH—*A Few Idle Thoughts.*
24. Of course there are occasions when I do not feel so fit,  
I have known mornings when I've had a head inclined to split.  
I've gazed upon my features in the mirror and have seen  
A yellowish complexion with a tendency to green.  
SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*
25. My bills are due on Quarter Day, as often is the case,  
I'm one of those who always pay with willingness and grace.  
To get in debt I don't contrive, with honest men I'd rank,  
Yet I draw my cheques forgetting I've no money in the bank.  
SONG—*An Awkward Attack of Nervousness.*



26. Then there are the bores who will talk about their ages. You'll find an old gentleman shouting in the reading-room of a club: "My great-grandmother was 99; I'm 97, and my uncle would have been a hundred if he hadn't died at 65."  
*"Awful Bores."*
27. I love to go to Seagate / When my holiday I seek;  
 I take a little lodging / At a pound or two a week,  
 Including good attendance / Which means, as you know well,  
 That no one ever answers / By any chance the bell.  
 SONG—*I don't mind Flies.*
28. I often answer double knocks, forgetting that I am  
 Without a coat, with dirty face, and mouth all over jam.  
 I keep a Duke a-waiting on the mat, which does offend,  
 And show the tax-collector in the drawing-room as a friend.  
 PAGE-BOY'S SONG FROM "*Hyde and Sekyll.*"
29. I am a respectable spectre / A highly respectable spectre.  
 There may be some hosts / Of mysterious ghosts,  
 But not such a respectable spectre.  
 SONG—*I am a Respectable Spectre.*
30. The two grown-up guests sat upon the stairs the entire evening, and the only attention Captain Dawdley paid to any of the children was when Master Johnnie, the rude boy, went out on the stairs and exclaimed: "Aren't you two spoons!" Captain Dawdley then accidentally dropped his hand with some force on Master Johnnie's head.  
*"A Juvenile Party."*

## The American Girl.

I am an American girl! A Madison Avenue girl! I get my gowns from France I own, and I imitate the English tone—like a true American girl, like a true American girl.

1. A lanky young man got up to recite,  
And so did the guests—and said “Good-night.”  
They all went home without any fuss  
In their broughams, their cabs, and their tuppenny ’bus.  
SONG—*The Dismal Dinner Party.*
2. In reply to your request for a testimonial, I may say that several of the children appeared to be amused. During the short time I was present I noticed nothing particularly offensive in your entertainment.  
“*Trials of an Entertainer.*”
3. I’m a regular cockney, I avow,  
And I find as a general rule  
That I can’t tell a horse from an Alderney cow,  
And I can’t tell an ass from a fool.  
SONG—*A Cockney’s Life for Me.*
4. Another bore is the man who comes up to you and says: “Hullo! you’ve had your hair cut,” as if you were such a fool as not to know it yourself!  
“*Awful Bores.*”
5. I have no nerves, in fact I’m not the least bit sensitive,  
I do not care a button if my songs no pleasure give.  
I’m paid to sing, and I mean to sing, and I let them have it strong,  
And to the well-dressed Babel do I thus address my song.  
SONG—*Go on talking, don’t mind me.*

6. But everyone made this remark / For everyone was sage,  
 “Whatever you do, my dear young friend / Don’t go upon the stage.”  
 SONG—*How I became an Actor.*
7. I’d go in for flirting / And dances with skirting,  
 And then I would enjoy a scrumptious feast,  
 For in circles upper / They go down to supper  
 Quite half a dozen times the very least.  
 CHARWOMAN’S SONG FROM “*Castle Bang.*”
8. Keep the baby warm, mother / Keep the baby warm;  
 Where’er it goes, wrap up its toes / And keep the baby warm.  
 SONG—*Keep the Baby warm, Mother.*
9. You perceive a charm in standing by / A gardener hacking at twigs,  
 Or in leaning o’er a dirty sty / A-staring at dirty pigs.  
 SONG—*A Cockney’s Life for Me.*
10. She was a stout and stumpy / Unattractive demoiselle,  
 But she fascinated me, and scores / Of other men as well.  
 SONG—*The only girl I loved.*
11. When strangers write to borrow money of you, they always mention  
 the particular day and hour when they will pay you back—either  
 Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning at the latest. My own  
 experience is that those two days have never yet arrived.  
 “*Little Worries.*”

12. I'm tired of town, my brain is racked,  
 I'm tired of the effeminate *twang which*  
 Pervades the clubs—in point of fact,  
 I'm tired of the English *language*.  
 I long for the German tongue, I do,  
 And a sun which will nearly blind me,  
 For I must confess I didn't see much  
 Of the sun I left behind me.  
 SONG—*A Farewell to London Society*.
13. Middle-class people spend their holiday fifteen years in succession at  
 Margate. It suddenly dawns upon them that they ought to see more of  
 this beautiful world in which we live, so they resolve on a change—  
 they go to Ramsgate.  
 “*Do we Enjoy our Holidays?*”
14. I think I may venture to say / You all must have seen me by chance;  
 I'm a monarch of all I survey / At every subscriptional dance.  
 SONG—*See me Reverse*.
15. I have often read of the power of man to take his spirit from his body;  
 to leave his body on the pavement, and wander into other worlds. But  
 it must annoy him to find when he returns that his body has been  
 removed to the nearest police station.  
 “*What's the world a-coming to?*”
16. Oh! don't I wish I were some other fellah—  
 Some other fellah of a different style.  
 Oh! can't I turn into some other fellah—  
 Some other fellah for a little while?  
 SONG—*Oh! I wish I were some other Fellah*.

17. “In a year,” the Duke said, “things are worse, we must vacate these halls;  
No more hunting, no more dinners, no more county balls.”  
So he gave up all his fine estates and Pall Mall clubs with a sigh,  
And they took a lodging in a two-pair back somewhere in Peckham Rye.

SONG—*The Duke and the Duchess of Brickwall Town.*

18. After tea, to the supposed amusement of the little guests, Mrs.  
Kensington Gower organised a small juvenile concert, performed  
chiefly by her own children, whom she termed, without prejudice,  
“marvellous musical geniuses.”

*“A Juvenile Party.”*

19. She prods him with the poker / And she whacks him with the tongs;  
I feel so pleased I’m not the man / To whom my love belongs.

SONG—*The only girl I loved.*

20. Here you all are in a stuffy lodging with no attendance. There’s a  
bellrope, but no bell at the other end. After shouting over the staircase  
for “Liza” a dozen times, she brings up breakfast, consisting of a tin  
of sardines, but no *opener!*

*“Do we Enjoy our Holidays?”*

21. Before you go, I’ll let you know / Who I am without suspense.  
I’m one of the daughters of Uncle Sam / With plenty of dollars and sense.  
I gain renown in a real smart gown / At every function I’m met.  
In America’s Empire City I’m known / And I move in its very best set.

SONG—*The American Girl.*

22. If a man sings a song and desires to portray  
 A darkie who comes from the South,  
 He must wear a bright suit of extravagant plaid,  
 And a still more extravagant mouth.  
 SONG—*The Everlasting Coon.*
23. Only once did we meet, only once did we part,  
 But I loved thee, I loved thee, oh! heart of my heart.  
 We met on the brow, on the brow of the hill,  
 And my heart it was aching and breaking at will.  
 We spoke not a word, I heav'd but a sigh,  
 'Twas a heave of a heave, and for thee I would die.  
 I knew thou wouldst come, and we never shall part,  
 Thou hast come! oh, whole of my heart of my heart.  
 SONG—*Thou of my Thou.* (A fashionable love-song.)
24. “Married men, when will you have sense enough—when will you be wise  
 enough—when will you have the strength to put down your foot, and get  
 rid of that ridiculous notion that you are masters in your own house?”  
*“Address to Married Men.”*
25. I've sung of my lady in baby frocks / I've sung of her fairy abode,  
 Although I've seen her sitting on a box / Of a 'bus in the Old Kent Road.  
 SONG—*I'm tired of the moon, my love, and myself.*
26. My valet quietly brings my breakfast in upon a tray,  
 But I'm rather off my appetite, and this is what I say:  
 “Take it away! take it away! clear! clear! clear!  
 I know I look severe, but this noisy Johnnie's queer.  
 Ah! Doctor, how are you? I've been a fool, you see,  
 Which is very bad form in other men, but the usual form in me.”  
 SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*

27. I've known a man lose £15,000 and not care a bit, yet because his collar stud slipped down his neck at dinner he was miserable all the evening.

SKETCH—*Little Worries.*

28. Pray give me your attention, I will not detain you long;  
I'll show you how to write a modern comic Irish song.  
To make the song successful you must always bear in mind  
You must *not* be intellectual, you must *not* be too refined.

SONG—*His Nose was on the Mantelpiece*-A modern comic Irish song.

29. I've known him go to parties, though you won't think much of that,  
And he'll always come away with someone else's stick and hat.  
I've known him let off fireworks in the middle of the night;  
You'd roar to see him blowing out the incandescent light.

SONG—*My Friend Nicholas.*

30. A lot of old acquaintances who thought they had been dropped are surprised at being invited to the wedding. After the wedding they are gradually dropped again. In fact, if they don't send a present, they are dropped before the ceremony is over.

*"Woosings and Weddings."*

31. I went to school this morning early, mother,  
The Board Inspector came to see us, dear.  
He's tall and plain and rather burly, mother:  
I knew my lessons well, and had no fear.  
But soon he found I had no collar, mother,  
And suggested that my face required a rub;  
He boxed my ears, and made me holler "Mother!"  
And said I looked an awful little scrub.

SONG—*An Awful Little Scrub.*

## The Noisy Johnnie.

Get out of the way, get out of the way. Clear, clear, clear! You need not look severe, the noisy Johnnie's here.

1. At last we reached the famous waterfalls up the steep hill. I had to carry a baby—somebody else's; drag along a fat boy—somebody else's; and carry a lunch basket—somebody else's; only to find there were no falls. The old woman at the fruit stall said the "gentleman who pumped up the falls had gone out to dinner."  
*"Do we Enjoy our Holidays?"*
2. He kept a man to think for him / And so preserve his brain;  
 He mackintoshed his garden up / To keep it from the rain.  
 Although he paid with pleasure / Every single debt he had,  
 He'd not be paid himself in case / The money should be bad.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
3. I will not tell you at what time I get up. That is *my* secret. Suffice it to say, I often burn the candle at the wrong end, but I do not burn it at both ends.  
*"Home, Sweet Home."*
4. Throughout the night it whines, dear / And sleeps all day instead,  
 And sometimes one inclines, dear / To smack its little head.  
 And then it will not stick up / When seated in a chair;  
 It has a chronic hiccough / And a silly, vacant stare.  
 SONG—*Keep the Baby warm, Mother.*
5. A "smart" party is at all times an interesting sight: the beautiful dresses, the array of diamonds, the stars and garters. Yet it does not seem such an anomaly among so much greatness, so much wealth, to hear such a babel of idiotic conversation, even from the most able representatives of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The greater the people, the smaller the talk.  
*"A Society Clown."*



6. But she was the girl I loved / Yes, she was the girl I loved.  
 She was much too fat / But I didn't mind that,  
 For she was the girl I loved.  
 SONG—*The only girl I loved.*
7. Don't spoil your olive branches, and in time to come you'll find  
 They'll gain a deal in substance and much improve in mind.  
 And some perhaps be baronets or earls—you know not which,  
 And some perhaps be curates, and be *very*, very rich;  
 And, lastly, if you want them to be as nice as you,  
 Don't spoil them when they're children whatever you may do.  
 SONG—*Do not Spoil your Children.*
8. Of the follies of fashion they little knew,  
 They looked upon life from a different view.  
 They had breakfast at eight, and tho' strange it may be,  
 Their dinners preceded their five o'clock tea.  
 “*The Silver Wedding.*”
9. Sometimes when I am singing in my own affected way  
 “The message,” or “When other lips,” or “Sweet-hearts,” let us say,  
 A flirting couple sit beside me, trying hard to talk,  
 They scowl and show my singing does their conversation baulk.  
 SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*
10. There is nothing so trying to the nerves as seeing a disagreeable old  
 man scowling in the front row of the reserved seats. Your only course  
 is not to look at him. But how difficult it is *not* to look at a thing you  
 don't want to.  
 “*Trials of an Entertainer.*”

11. “Dear Mr. Grossmith, would you mind giving me a large panel picture of yourself *signed*, as I am making a collection? We met once on the river at Henley Regatta. I fear you won’t remember me, as we were not introduced.”  
*“Trials of an Entertainer.”*
12. Your milkman will be Earl of Cowes, your carpenter will burst  
 With pride on being Lord *Hammersmith*, or else Lord *Chislehurst*.  
 The Master of Rolls your baker, and as for your undertaker,  
 I haven’t the slightest doubt he will be Marquis of Kensal Green.  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed.*
13. I loved her in the springtime, when the eve was calm and cool,  
 And four-and-twenty little boys came bounding out of school.  
 When the snowdrops and the primroses had passed away, ’twas clear,  
 That in spite of all temptations / To resist her fascinations,  
 I loved her, yes, I loved her all that year.  
 SONG—*I loved her and I left her.*
14. When we are married our parlour will always / Be open to every friend;  
 For Joe will have five or six dollars to save / And a dollar or two to spend.  
 SONG—*I’m his Daisy.*
15. AMERICAN LADY INTERVIEWER : “Why is it you Britishers always say  
 ‘necess’ry’ instead of ‘necessary’?”  
 G. G. (*after being corrected four times*) : “My dear young lady, it is  
*our* language. We invented it before Columbus discovered you.”  
 LADY INTERVIEWER : “Is that so? Then isn’t it time you learnt to  
 pronounce it properly?”  
*“How I Discovered America.”*

16. The Duchess would mend his Grace's hose / And cook his chop and *tatah!*  
 While the Duke would wheel the infant Earl / In a cheap *perambulatah!*  
 SONG—*The Duke and the Duchess of Brickwall Town.*
17. In London, yes, I made a success / Proposals came in with a whirl,  
 I refused five baronets at a rough guess / A lord or a penniless earl.  
 SONG—*The American Girl.*
18. Kate Reilly, White, and Worth their heads together bring  
 To make me appear / Though it cost me dear!  
 A go-ahead, frisky, giddy young thing / A regular smart young thing.  
 SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
19. A waiter was hired both hot and old,  
 The sherry was warm, and the soup was cold,  
 And the salmon which came in by-and-bye  
 Was what you might call a trifle "high."  
 SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*
20. When Miss Smith, who presented the drinking fountain, arrived on  
 the scene, the band played "The National Anthem." When the time  
 came for turning on the water, it wouldn't flow. Some mischievous  
 boys had put a marble up the spout.  
 "*The Drinking Fountain.*"
21. I'm a terribly selfish old fellah,  
 It's the truth and I'm freely expanding it;  
 I'm never so happy as when I am eating  
 Or drinking—and someone is standing it.  
 I dine at another's expense,  
 And I don't even ask him to sup with me,  
 And I can't for the life of me quite understand  
 Why respectable people put up with me.  
 SONG—*A Selfish Old Fellah.*



27. I am a very wicked man / As anyone can see,  
Excuse the grammar, but there ain't / A chap as bad as me.  
SONG FROM "*Castle Bang*." [Error, should be "*Carrottina*."]
28. No matter to what kind of party you go,  
To evening or afternoon,  
To concert, theatre, variety hall,  
There is always the song of the coon.  
I suppose there's a charm in a darkie's love  
Which a white man doesn't deserve,  
But when coon songs are published a hundred a month  
They are apt to imperil your nerve.  
SONG—*The Everlasting Coon*.
29. Our Amateur Dramatic Club was invited to give a performance for the  
Hoxton Soup Kitchen. The Committee undertook to defray all  
expenses. *We* were an enormous success. The soup kitchen *wasn't*. It  
lost over twenty pounds and was closed for the entire winter.  
"*Amateur Theatricals*."
30. My Mary captivates all men / She is a fascinating dear,  
But Mary sometimes *sings*—and when / My Mary sings—I disappear.  
SONG—*When Mary Sings I Disappear*.
31. ABSENT-MINDED CELEBRITY : "Oh! how do you do, my dear lady? I  
am so charmed to see you. I love to see an old face. Not that *you* have  
an old face. *No*. It seems years since we met. When did we last meet?  
What? Only met you once? At your own house at dinner last night?  
Then tell me, tell me, *what is your name?*"  
"*Amateur Theatricals*."

## The Baby on the Shore.

The sun was shining brightly. Yes, shining as it never shone before. We were thinking of the old folks at home, and we left the baby on the shore.

1. Reluctantly I've come to the conclusion  
This world is but a hollow mockery;  
And Dr. Watts was under some delusion,  
When he said that little birds in nest agree.  
I was walking in the park for recreation,  
The autumn leaves were wafted by the breeze;  
I discovered to my utter consternation,  
That the dicky birds were fighting in the trees.  
SONG—*The Dicky Birds are Singing in the Trees.*
  
2. In the old days the intellectual public were satisfied with one author and one composer, such as Gilbert and Sullivan. Nowadays they require five authors, six composers, with additional numbers by Smith, Brown, Jones, Snooks, and Robinson, to say nothing of the low comedians, who write their own dialogues and introduce their own songs.  
“*The Modern Musical Comedy.*”
  
3. Why do so many fashionable ladies have their photos taken swinging in a hammock—with fur-lined coats and Japanese fans—with the snow coming down (put in afterwards by the photographers), with a summer background?  
“*Affectations.*”
  
4. His nose was on the mantelpiece / His mouth was on the floor,  
His teeth were hanging on a peg / Behind the kitchen door.  
At last there came McCarthy / Who finished the whiskey keg;  
We then broke up the party / With Pat Doolen's wooden leg.  
SONG—*His Nose was on the Mantelpiece*—A modern comic Irish song.

5. DEAR MR. GROSSMITH.—I wonder if you could come down to Penzance and sing at a little concert for the benefit of a poor fisherman? We won't offer to pay your fare down, but you would not have much to do, as my daughter will be taking part, and the curate and I are going to play *The Happy Pair*.  
*"Trials of an Entertainer."*
6. A private detective I became, but ever since I've been one,  
 In spite of rogues and thieves at large, I've never even seen one.  
 And as I cast my evil eye among you gents and *women all*,  
 I can't define a single sign of a downright, first-class criminal.  
 DETECTIVE'S SONG from "*Castle Bang*."
7. He loved me with a bursting heart / He told me so, he told me so.  
 And said from me he would never part / He told me so, he told me so.  
 And when he gave me his love so pure / He said he once had a wife demure.  
 And he thought she lived, but he wasn't quite sure.  
 He told me so, he told me so.  
 SONG—*He told me so*.
8. I've a dear little boy just two years of age,  
 A sharp little fellow is Peter;  
 I wish he'd been christened "Napoleon" Smith,  
 But he mother thought "Peter" was neater.  
 He won't have his pram pushed along by a nurse,  
 He asked for some "engines" so coyly,  
 His pram is now "fitted," the boy is brought home  
 So happy, so dirty, so oily.  
 SONG—*Oh, dear! what can the motor be*.
9. I cannot sing the old songs / For me they are unfit.  
 In fact, to tell the honest truth / I cannot sing a bit.  
 SONG—*I Cannot Sing the Old Songs*.

10. I used to sing the old songs a many years ago,  
 At little penny readings to which I used to go.  
 Their pathos made me maudlin and affectionate I trow,  
 But are there any people who would tolerate them now?  
 SONG—*I used to Sing the Old Songs.*
11. All sat like wax-works round the room,  
 A cheerful man—to dispel the gloom,  
 Asked the hostess after her brother Joe,  
 Who had died at least two years ago.  
 SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*
12. I knew thou would'st come to me, smiling at last,  
 I knew thou would'st pardon my fault of the past.  
 I was but a stranger, but such was my bliss,  
 That I ventured to give thee a kiss of a kiss.  
 Thy spirit and pride I shall ever admire,  
 Thy cheeks were ablaze and thine eyes were on fire.  
 The kiss that I gave thee thou did'st not give back,  
 But thou gave'st me such a smack! 'twas a smack of a smack!  
 SONG—*Thou of my Thou.* (A fashionable love-song.)
13. I've breathed myself in the key of C / I've bellowed myself in D,  
 I've sung too sharp in the key of E / Too flat in the key of B,  
 I've pitched myself in F and A / I've flung myself in G.  
 It may amaze, but one of these days  
 I shall fling myself to the bottom of the sea,  
 The bottom of the same old sea.  
 SONG—*I'm tired of the moon, my love, and myself.*
14. On one occasion the lecturer was stating amidst breathless silence:  
 "This particular bark is infected with ten thousand millions of  
 parasites." I simply said in a high falsetto, "Oh, indeed!" The lights  
 were turned up, and I was turned out.  
 "*A Society Clown.*"



15. I have a Joseph, and I am so fond of him / That I call him Joe.  
 He has a Florence, and he is so struck on her / That he calls her Flo.  
 And we're to be married next Saturday noon,  
 He's all the world to me.  
 Our life will resemble a garden of flowers,  
 Which you must come and see.  
 SONG—*I'm his Daisy.*
16. You see my photograph at all the shops in town,  
 Taken in swings, in airy things / Or buried in fans and eider-down.  
 And the nice photographer has been / Awfully good to me,  
 He has touched up the face / With such wonderful grace,  
 That I only look twenty-two or three / Well, hardly twenty-three.  
 SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
17. His generosity was thought to be his noblest gift,  
 He'd call a hansom cab to give a wealthy aunt a lift.  
 Although it was a fact of which he then was unaware,  
 He always got out first and left his aunt to pay the fare.  
 SONG—*He was a Careless Man.*
18. An important nobleman, or a still more important deputy town clerk,  
 writes in the hotel visitor's book the following dignified recommendation:  
 "Am more than gratified."—This would have been more effective if the  
 dignified visitor hadn't spelt "gratified" with two 't's.  
 "*Do we enjoy our Holidays?*"
19. Now in the *best* society we always used to think  
 One never ought to sing a song with reference to drink;  
 And men and women fighting at a ball was rather strong,  
 But of course that was before the days of modern Irish song.  
 SONG—*His Nose was on the Mantelpiece*—A modern comic Irish song.

20. And now I am, I guess / An American marchioness;  
 For in spite of my democracy / I've married the aristocracy,  
 Like a true American girl / Like a true American girl.  
 SONG—*The American Girl*.
21. HEAD-MASTER (*after speaking for an hour*) : “Lord Pifwaffle has spoken  
 of our dear, old school, and the exemplary conduct of you boys (great  
 cheering from boys). I fully endorse his lordship's opinion (boys cheer  
 enormously). Having spoken for so long, I feel it is time to sit down  
 (boys cheer frantically). If you boys do not behave yourselves, you will  
 be ordered out of the hall.”  
 “*Speech Day at a Public School.*”
22. Our butcher is a baronet / Our baker is a peer,  
 A marchioness makes our bonnets / And a lord our ginger beer.  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed*.
23. I know I'm rather active / And not devoid of grace,  
 But still I'm unattractive / In feature, form and face.  
 SONG—*See me dance the Polka*.
24. I was overwhelmed with grief, lads / And was wretched and low and sad,  
 For I had a habit of spending / A great deal more than I had,  
 I know 'twas wrong to do so / And my fault I freely confess,  
 But when you have nothing a year, lads / You can't very well spend less.  
 “*Brokers ahead! or, The Old Armchair.*”
25. My Janet was a maiden fair of very high degree;  
 She had purple eyes and golden hair, and jewels rare to see.  
 I loved her very dearly, and I dared to tell her so,  
 But she caught me with a whack in the in the middle of the back,  
 In Wardour Street, Soho.  
 SONG—*My Janet*.

26. I have seldom disappointed the public by my absence, but—like other people—I may frequently have disappointed them by my presence.

*“Trials of an Entertainer.”*

27. He carries on such antics though he’s past the middle age,  
I often wonder why he never went upon the stage,  
Though why he should be funny, I no reason can assign,  
His trade is very dismal—’tis the undertaking line.

SONG—*My Friend Nicholas.*

28. Some ladies feel quite happy when gliding at a ball  
With a namby-pamby chappie who cannot dance at all,  
He’s afraid he’ll crease his collar and spoil his white cravat.  
Though he might be willing, I wouldn’t give a shilling,  
To dance with a doll like that.

SONG from *“Carrottina.”*

29. My idea of happiness is fishing. I have a nice little trout stream. You can see the trout, and what is more important, they can see *you*. You never catch anything, so it is a complete rest.

*“A little Yachting.”*

30. All hunting I hate, but my host I admire,  
So I borrow his “bike” and I puncture his tyre.  
His best Laranagis I smoke by the score,  
And that’s why they call me a horrible bore.

SONG—*They say I am a most horrible bore.*

## The Happy Fatherland.

Now I've tasted ev'ry country's wines, but of all the wine I've tried, that of the Fatherland, the happy Fatherland, gives the greatest pain inside.

1. I've often been to Ireland, and I love the dear old place,  
I've seen the Irish dancing with decorum and with grace.  
They may indulge in blarney, but they don't indulge in blows.  
And they never come away with other people's eyes and nose.  
SONG—*His Nose was on the Mantelpiece*—A modern comic Irish song.
2. 'Twas in the time of turnips, the time when first we met,  
The Brussels sprouts were sprouting, and I shall ne'er forget,  
The world was in its silence, for ne'er a word we said,  
The artichokes were sleeping and the parsley was in bed.  
SONG—*'Twas in the Time of Turnips*.
3. My hat you can mark in Central Park / As I drive my buggy alone;  
I can take half a dozen young men to a ball / And act as their chaperone.  
SONG—*The American Girl*.
4. LADY (*shopping*) : "I must stop and look at these curtains. I can't select them to-day because I do not know if they will match my furniture. You see, I haven't brought my furniture with me. But to save time, you might cut me a pattern off those—and those too, which are lovely—and those too. *That* is hideous, but I may as well take a pattern of it." (She got for nothing enough patterns to make a patchwork quilt!)  
*"Ladies Shopping."*
5. Oh! that to-day were to-morrow! / And to-morrow were Wednesday week!  
I still shall love you, my darling / My love will always speak.  
Do you remember the snowdrop / And the dewdrop on the hill?  
The dear old hill, like my love / Remains on the same spot still.  
SONG—*Oh! that to-day were to-morrow!*

6. I asked a very old cottager at Henley once if he had ever been to London. He replied: "No, sir, Lunnen's a wicked place. It is my ambition to die and say I've never seen Lunnen."  
*"Up the River Thames."*
7. He grew so very morbid / That each night he took his post  
 In a very dismal churchyard / In the hope to see a ghost.  
 He would take a trip to Paris / But in case he should feel gay  
 He would walk inside the morgue / And there would spend a pleasant day.  
 SONG—*The Morbid Man.*
8. MRS. IBBINS : "Well, someone's been making a nice noise over my 'ead. It sounded like the brokers, and reminded me of my poor fust. Ah! he did have the brokers in often—not so often as my second 'usband. He *did* have them in often! There was always some of 'em staying in the 'ouse. The neighbours used to think we were giving parties, and wondered why they weren't asked. Lor'! we never gave no parties! I've never done much in the Society line!"  
*"Castle Bang."*
9. PIERROT : "I thought I should be the only one,  
 But soon there came twenty more;  
 And when I looked round / The ballroom, I found  
 At last there were thirty-four."  
*"A Fancy Dress Ball."*
10. For banting [dieting] he went in, presuming that he might get stout.  
 He had his bed made on the floor—he dreaded falling out.  
 He seldom knew the time—it may appear a silly thing,  
 But he never would wind up his watch in case he broke the spring.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
11. The secret of America's incomparable humour: It is better to look solemn and be humorous than to look funny and be solemn.  
 FROM PUBLIC SPEECH.

12. Then up gets a man with a fierce moustache,  
 And brows that are always frowning,  
 And he sings about gibbets on Hampstead Heath,  
 With a great deal of “Down-derry-downing”!  
 Or else he’s a tar with a long farewell,  
 Who fears not the thunder’s rattle;  
 Or else he’s a soldier with burning desire  
 To die on the field of battle.  
 SONG—*Oh! take those gloomy songs away.*
13. I love you, I love you / I love only you;  
 It’s now half past one / Let’s be married at two.  
 See, here is the ring, love / I bought it this day,  
 So marry me quickly / And take me away.  
 Take me away, take me away / Before I get troublesome, take me away.  
 SONG—*Take me away.*
14. My wife and I do not possess a card-basket, where the only countess’  
 card will keep shifting on to the top, of its own accord, in the most  
 remarkable fashion.  
 “*A Society Clown.*”
15. I really felt inquisitive about this noble “Dook”;  
 In vain I hunted Burke and Dodd and every Peerage Book.  
 I ascertained at last His Grace’s proper name was Biles,  
 And he’d purchased for eighteenpence the title “Duke of Seven Dials.”  
 SONG—*The Duke of Seven Dials.*
16. What greater charm on a rainy day / Than in a ’bus, than in a ’bus?  
 When stout, old people sit on you / The smell of wet umbrellas too,  
 The passengers all blithe and gay / And never fuss, and never fuss.  
 “*Bus Conductor’s Song.*”

17. When I was a lad I went to school / As every little boy should;  
 To the joy of myself and grief of my friends / I never did any good.  
 But in after years I distinguished myself / At the universitee,  
 By carrying a banner and prompting / At the Cambridge A.D.C.  
 SONG—*How I became an Actor.* [Amateur Dramatic Club]
18. A banjo stood in a lumber-room in a most neglected state,  
 It hadn't even a cover on, and thus bemoaned its fate:  
 "I used to be the fashion once, unrivalled stood I when,  
 But I'm sorry to say I've been snuffed out by a footling mandoline."  
 SONG—*The Banjo and the Mandoline.*
19. An entrée consisted of chopped-up stuff  
 Mixed with some cream in a pastry puff,  
 But whether 'twas quail, snipe, sparrow or rook,  
 Nobody knew—not even the cook.  
 SONG—*The Dismal Dinner Party.*
20. I waited for an hour and a "haff" on an American restaurant car. In  
 desperation I said: "Waiter! I want my dinner. If you do not now look  
 after *me* I shall not afterwards look after *you*." The dinner was served  
 in two minutes.  
 "*The Value of the Dollar Key.*"
21. They made a fortune by a wine / Which caused a great sensation,  
 Because 'twas cheap, and also helped / To decrease the population.  
 SONG—*The Duke and the Duchess of Brickwall Town.*
22. One autumn three or four columns were allotted to correspondents  
 discussing the question: "Do ugly men make the best husbands?"  
 Judging from my own experience, I think they do.  
 "*The Silly Season.*"

23. When asked why I have never married,  
 I say, "Well, I don't see the sense of it.  
 You never would find an exceedingly selfish  
 Old bachelor brave the expense of it.  
 But when I'm decrepit with gout,  
 With a cellar of port and can't drink of it,  
 And a pretty young maiden should offer to marry me,  
 Well, then perhaps I may think of it."  
 SONG—*A Selfish Old Fellow.*
24. Now brains are all well in their way,  
 And are useful at times, I presume.  
 They helped a good deal Faraday,  
 Dr. Herschell, Pitt, Shakespeare, and Hume,  
 And Charlotte Corday and Murat,  
 And Thiers and Gambetta of France;  
 But I'd knock them into a cocked hat  
 At a half-guinea Willis Rooms dance.  
 SONG—*See me Reverse.*
25. "GEE-GEE" (*to his small boy – he was small then*) : "My dear little son,  
 you must *not* burst into my room and interrupt me. What do you want?"  
 BOY : "Oh, father, may my friend, Freddy Smuckings, go home?"  
 "GEE-GEE" : "Of course he may; I don't want him."  
 BOY : "But, father, he can't go home. He's eaten his railway ticket."  
 "*Home Sweet Home.*"
26. In the far, far West the sun was setting,  
 Setting as it never sat before,  
 We were thinking of the old folks at home,  
 And we found the baby on the shore.  
 We found the baby on the shore,  
 A thing which we've never done before,  
 So get the pipes and whiskey ready,  
 And we'll feed the baby on the shore.  
 SONG—*The Baby on the Shore.*



27. Of course, you'll meet the giddy girls—so playful, don't you know,  
 Who had some chance of marrying some twenty years ago.  
 The dear old lady with a cap and same old cotton silk,  
 The club man who goes out at night and comes home with the milk.

SONG—*Paying Guests.*

28. I never sang a Scotch song in my life,  
 And I couldn't sing one to save my life.

“*The Scotch Song.*”

29. My wife was known as “little Podgy Betsy”;  
 She is now “Her ladyship,” I may remark.  
 She revels in my well-earned baronetcy,  
 Observed of all observers in the park.  
 This curious world is quite replete with fallacies,  
 Our social rise we couldn't then foretell;  
 Now we dine with kings and queens within their palaces,  
 And kings and queens have dined with us as well.

SONG—*The happy old days at Peckham.*

30. There are people who think it necessary to assume a “tony” voice  
 when they go to a smart party. This is done even in the best society—  
 I've done it myself.

“*Affectations.*”

31. In singing and music I dabble, you bet,  
 The poems I've written—they're not published yet.  
 I've painted a picture—a cow and a stack,  
 Which the Royal Academy kindly sent back.  
 If I venture to sing it is palpable that  
 I am either too sharp or a great deal too flat.  
 I give recitations all dealing with gore,  
 And *that's* why I'm called such a horrible bore.

SONG—*They tell me I am a most horrible bore.*

## That Everlasting Coon.

You get a dreamy tune, you dance by the light of the moon; you mustn't be funny, but you sing about your honey, and that is the song of the coon.

1. The fog is the weather in which we rejoice,  
It bungs up our eyes and our nose and our voice.  
Then hush! I do lose my old wife in the fog,  
And then I become what you call "such a dog."  
SONG—*Tinkle-tootle-tum.*
2. I sat down and tried to write / A Scotch song, a Scotch song,  
I tried with all my main and might / For ever so long, for ever so long.  
I used expressions of this kind / Like "Hech mon!" and "Hey mon!"  
"If ye want a salmon, just ye fish / The Tamon, the Tamon."  
*"The Scotch Song."*
3. It wasn't a chair much to look at,  
With age it was dingy and brown;  
And its legs would often give way, lads,  
And sometimes would let people down.  
*"Brokers ahead! or, The Old Armchair."*
4. To pass as a philanthropist it was his constant aim,  
And no subscription list appeared without his noble name.  
Compared with his donation every other seemed a speck,  
But purely through forgetfulness he never sent his cheque.  
SONG—*He was a Careless Man.*
5. SHE : "Candidly speaking, you are not all my fancy painted. You are not a Romeo or an Abelard."  
HE : "I feel that. There's not much of the Abelard about me. No, I am quite as disappointed about my looks as you are. In fact, I have boasted of the many flattering offers I have received for the fifth of November."  
*"Castle Bang."* [Guy Fawkes Night]

6. Suppose you get a letter that anything but cheers,  
It comes from her to whom you've been engaged for several years.  
She tells you very plainly that the little matter's "off."  
You try to check the coming tear, but can't the little cough.  
SONG—*Off we go to the Gaiety.*
7. When dusting master's marble bust by Foley, which it's true,  
I touched it gently, just like that, and then it came in two.  
While polishing up the gov'nor's gun in the dining-room one day  
There, off it went, and blew to bits his picture by Millais.  
PAGE'S SONG FROM "*Hyde and Sekyll.*"
8. But the music-hall bass is the worst of the lot;  
He has always some Kensal Green shocker,  
With tremulous voice he will sing some trash  
About "Hush! they have muffled the knocker."  
Or else he's a broken-down gentleman who  
Is obliged to wear workhouse apparel,  
Or it's "Father, dear father, come home with us now,  
Or mother will finish the barrel."  
SONG—*Oh! take those gloomy songs away.*
9. In organising an amateur choral society, you must get a distinguished  
president. Get a duke if you can. If you can't, fall back on a local mayor.  
"*Rehearsal of a Choral Society.*"
10. By a fluke I got into a club,  
Society papers gazetted it,  
And one or two said, with a maxim of truth,  
That the whole of the members regretted it.  
SONG—*A Selfish Old Fella.*

11. THE COUNTESS (*to the Earl*) : “Where do you intend going after the shootin’?”  
 THE EARL : “Why, it’s only February; I haven’t given it a thought. Why do you want to know so soon?”  
 THE COUNTESS : “I have my arrangements to make, and want naturally to go in the opposite direction.”  
*“Society Up-to-date.”*
12. My observation is not slow, my mother,  
 My little heart is well-nigh rent in twain.  
 I must confess my grief is sore, my mother;  
 I’m young, too young, to bear such abject pain.  
 SONG—*An Awful Little Scrub.*
13. There is no getting over the stubborn fact that everyone is more or less a bore. The only people who are not bores are ourselves.  
*“Awful Bores.”*
14. The same old moon, the same old moon,  
 Which is always being warbled to a different tune.  
 I may be supercilious / But it makes me look so bilious,  
 So excuse me if I weary of the same old moon.  
 SONG—*The Same Old Song.*
15. ’Twas in the time of “taters” / The garden we walked through,  
 I plucked the blushing beetroot / And presented it to you,  
 And then you whispered, “Yes, love.” / We sat for many hours  
 ’Midst the scent of fresh spring onions / And the dainty cauliflowers.  
 SONG—*’Twas in the Time of Turnips.*
16. One day I wore my yaller tie / And weared my only glub,  
 And anodder negro’s brand-new hat / And went to see my lub.  
 SONG—*Wait till the sun am hot upon de head.*

17. There are some naughty people who will go to parties, balls,  
 Dinners, theatres, entertainments, even music-halls.  
 Six days a week this friv'lous life they lead from morn till night,  
 With firm conviction they can always set the matter right:  
 By going to church on Sunday / Which pleases Mrs. Grundy,  
 But they start afresh on Monday. / Oh! what a curious world is this!

SONG—*Always good on Sundays.*

18. I'm his Daisy / He's my chrysanthemum,  
 I'm his violet / He's my geranium,  
 I'm his tulip / He's my new-mown hay;  
 So arm-in-arm together we'll manage / To push the clouds away.

SONG—*I'm his Daisy.*

19. Six daughters have I got, but they're all as heavy as lead,  
 If we go to a dance / They haven't a chance,  
 The men prefer the mamma instead.  
 And as I'm twirled around, my girls I seldom see;  
 I candidly own / I'm no chaperone,  
 My daughters have to look after me,  
 Look closely after me.

SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*

20. Bid me to *die*, and I will *live* / And be an awful pest.  
 Bid me to *love*, and I will *hate* / And everyone detest.  
 Bid me to *rise*, and I will *lie* / In bed till midday feast.  
 Bid me to *go*, and I will *come* / And stay a month at least.  
 “*Bid me to die and I will live.*” Song of An Obstinate Lover.

21. Some lovers when alone / Are lost in admiration,  
 And never much are prone / To any conversation.

SONG—*Two lovers went a-rowing.*

22. If they're averse to milk and water, give them wine instead,  
 By all means let them kick and scream when ordered off to bed.  
 And let them play with bric-a-brac and other costly things,  
 And pull out people's watches, and be sure they break the springs.  
 Let them decorate your tablecloths with inks both red and blue;  
 But do not *spoil* your children whatever you may do.

SONG—*Do not Spoil your Children.*

23. An offensive paragraph has the same effect upon me as an anonymous letter. I feel the same sense of pity for the writer as I feel for the poor "Norfolk Howard," who can only do its work in the dark, and cuts such a terrified figure when the light is suddenly flashed upon it.

"*A Society Clown.*"

24. Then hang on to the straps above / Remember you're in the land  
 Where you have to pay for a seat, my boys / And always have to stand.

"*Overcrowded American Trams.*"

25. HE : "Carrottina!"

SHE : "What, Peter, dear Peter! I am so happy to see you again."

HE : "Not so happy as I am to see you. It's a fine day, isn't it?"

SHE : "Yes." HE : "The sun is so bright."

SHE : "Yes." HE : "And so warm."

SHE : "Yes. Have you any more Interesting news?"

"*Carrottina.*"

26. An unimportant paper says your sketches are refined,  
 Another says that you are "wit and genius combined."  
 But the most *important papers* say you're "nothing of the kind."  
 Oh! the trials of an entertainer!

SONG—*The Trials of an Entertainer.*

27. You may hack away at the trees / And help yourself to the peas,  
 The apples and the pears that tumble down.  
 But don't you ever suppose / That you may pick a rose,  
 No! buy 'em if you want 'em in London town.

SONG—*The Autocratic Gardener.*

28. With a single shop my way was rather narrowed,  
 So I started building houses by the scores.  
 Now they quite eclipse the gorgeousness of Harrod,  
 Or the multiplicity of Whiteley's stores.  
 I sell everything from boots and shoes and *cows*, *and*  
 There's not a single thing you cannot get.  
 To charities I always give a thousand,  
 That's why I've been created baronet!

SONG—*The happy old days at Peckham.*

29. Of all the flowers of course you've heard,  
 And you know their Latin terms.  
 You've also heard of the early bird  
 That gathers the wriggling worms.  
 You've heard the cock-a-doodle-doo  
 Proclaim the dawn at three,  
 For it's "Up with the lark" for you, for you,  
 But it's "Wait till I ring" for me.

SONG—*A Cockney's Life for Me.*

30. I am a modern sailor, and I know a thing or two,  
 And all the songs they sing about us sailors ain't the least bit true.  
 They think we say "Avast!" "Belay!" I tell you we do not;  
 And as to dancing hornpipes on the upper deck—that's utter rot!

SONG—*What our Sailors never do.*

## Tommy's First Love.

Oh! how I love her, how dearly I love her; I know that one day she'll be mine, tho' someone has told me that she's eight-and-twenty, and I—well I'm only just nine!

1. At country-house parties where one has to meet  
Most excellent sportsmen, well, then I'm a treat;  
I cannot play tennis, I cannot play 'goff';  
If I take up a gun it is sure to go off.  
SONG—*They tell me I am a most horrible bore.*
2. "The night has a thousand eyes." I call that sweet sentiment. But let any man try travelling from New York to San Francisco, the night then seems to have a thousand hours.  
*"How I Discovered America."*
3. Now all you prim mammas, take warning by myself,  
If you do as you're told you'll never grow old,  
And never be placed upon the shelf.  
When you get to a certain age—that age you need not give,  
You alter your tack, and sail away back,  
And you'll never get old as long as you live,  
But the younger the longer you live.  
SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*
4. I love good music, but do not appreciate *too much* good music at a lengthened time. A bottle of medicine does you good in doses, but not if you swallow the entire lot at once. That is what you have to do at Bayreuth, or the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.  
*"Fashionable Music."*



5. I said, "Be my sweetheart." She said, "With great pleasure;  
My husband one day you shall be."  
And then she desired me to turn out my pockets,  
My wealth she was anxious to see.  
I'd threepence in coppers, an odd waistcoat button,  
A penknife—blades broken, worse luck,  
A pencil, some string, and a small piece of toffee,  
Which fast to the penknife had stuck.

SONG—*Tommy's First Love.*

6. BARON : "It would be a terrible thing for me if that charwoman turns  
out to be the real heiress. I can't look at her—but I must marry her.  
After all, one is not bound to look at one's own wife."

"*Castle Bang.*"

7. Sometimes at private houses I am retained to take part in a concert,  
and not give the entire entertainment myself. . . . Sometimes I am  
engaged with only one singer, who, the host will explain, will be able  
to effectually fill up my intervals of rest. . . . Once I received a letter,  
saying, "Besides yourself, I have secured an *ocarina*."

"*A Society Clown.*"

8. Then again, they say our sweethearts have such names as "Peg" and "Moll,"  
And if it is not "Black-eyed Sue," no doubt you'd find it "Blue-eyed Poll."  
Then folks declare we have a "wife in every port"—that's stuff;  
We sailors who are married always find *one* wife is quite enough.

SONG—*What our Sailors never do.*

9. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S BIRTHDAY.

How doth the little busy Gee / Improve each shining minute?  
By taking up a book like this / And writing something in it.  
*George Grossmith 1847.* [printed as part of book]



16. A vain old negro lived upon the banks of the Ohio,  
 He said, "I'm tired of this life, into Society I'll go.  
 The English are not particular if 'somebody' you be.  
 As their 'somebodies' are 'nobodies' they're sure to take up me."  
 SONG—*The Society Negro.*
17. MRS. OBBS : "It was a very pleasant passage, although it was rather rough  
 round the Nore. Can I pass you a few more 'srimps'?"  
 MRS. IBBENS : "No, I thank you, I've done 'andsome."  
 MRS. OBBS : "*Do* 'ave another 'srimp,' there's no more to pay. It's a  
 fixed price tea."  
 MRS. IBBENS : "Oh, I didn't know that. In that case, I'll 'ave a few more."  
 "*Sea-side Society.*"
18. Of two more dishes on the menu found,  
 One didn't come up, one didn't go round.  
 Of a dismal fact I tell in this ballad,  
 There was too much vinegar in the salad.  
 SONG—*The Dismal Dinner Party.*
19. In writing a musical play, bear in mind two things. You must *not* hold  
 the mirror up to nature, and you must *not* have a plot; that is to say, if the  
 play lasts three hours, the plot must not last more than three minutes.  
 "*How to Succeed.*"
20. After I have sung my songs                    / Say two or three or four,  
 And chattering crowds have voted me / An interrupting bore,  
 I'm taken down to supper                    / By the sister of the host,  
 And we do our level best to see            / Who eats and drinks the most.  
 SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*
21. It was one of those parties where everybody talked, nobody listened,  
 nobody cared, and every man's health was proposed by somebody  
 else: the health of the host was proposed about half a dozen times.  
 "*A Society Clown.*"

22. GEE-GEE (*shouting to deaf old gentleman, who had called and stayed hours*), "I don't wish to appear inhospitable, but I am tired and must go to bed." DEAF GENTLEMAN : "What? What? What?"  
 GEE-GEE (*absolutely bellowing himself hoarse*), "I am so sorry, you must go—go—GO!" DEAF GENTLEMAN : "Go? Oh, no. I never go to bed till two o'clock or later."  
 "A Fact."
23. You walk to a house by sloppy routes / To attend a county ball,  
 And you have to change your muddy boots,  
   And put your pumps in the hall.  
 And after the ball you get wet through / While trudging back at three;  
 Shanks' mare may do for you, for you / But a hansom cab for me.  
 SONG—*A Cockney's Life for Me.*
24. It may appear absurd, but his sobriety was such  
 He never took a glass of wine in case he took too much.  
 And water he would never touch because he heard it stated  
 That water very often is so much adulterated.  
 SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*
25. People never get the name of Grossmith right. About August 12th it  
 would be Grousesmith; September 29th, Goosesmith; Christmas,  
 Ghostsmith; and the last day of the old year, Grogsmith.  
 "Trials of an Entertainer."
26. When an old gent was ill, 'twas the greatest of boons,  
 And trying to sleep, to strike up a few tunes.  
 I'd speak to my friends, we'd assemble in threes  
 Near the invalid's house, and we'd play him, to please,  
 Three different tunes in three different keys,  
 Tinkle-Tinkle-Tinkle, Tankle-Tankle-Tankle.  
 SONG—*The Old Organ Man.*

27. DUKE : “Your father is a good gardener, I presume?”  
 CARROTTINA : “Oh, yes, and he hoes a good deal.”  
 DUKE : “I will pay his debts.”  
 CARROTTINA : “You misunderstand me. I mean ‘hoe,’ not ‘owe.’”  
 DUKE : “Oh!” CARROTTINA : “No, *not* owe.”  
 DUKE : “*You* don’t understand *me*. I mean ‘Oh!’”  
 CARROTTINA (*seeing it*), “Ah!” DUKE : “Well ‘Ah!’ if you like. It’s all the same, ‘Oh!’ and ‘Ah!’: an ejaculation.”  
 “*Carrottina.*”
28. And then there is the swagger man, who’s known as “Colonel Jim.”  
 He knows the ROYAL FAMILY!—although they don’t know him,  
 The man who never touches wine or spirits, he declares,  
 Yet clings on to the banisters, and tumbles down the stairs.  
 SONG—*Paying Guests.*
29. I am a respectable spectre, I’ve the gift of mysterious noise;  
 You’ll find me most useful to keep in dark cupboards  
 To terrify bad little boys.  
 SONG—*I am a Respectable Spectre.*
30. In winter my wife buys a mantle of plush,  
 Which gets covered over with what you call “slush.”  
 We walk all day long with the mud to our knees,  
 And we coughs and we snuffles, we sniffs and we sneeze.  
 SONG—*Tinkle-tootle-tum.*
31. Society has been exceedingly kind to its poor clown, and the clown is  
 deeply grateful. My only ambition is that someone in the dim future  
 may speak half as kindly of me as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, spoke  
 of the Society clown of his period.  
 “*A Society Clown.*”

Note: T designates the title, prior to day 1 of the month.

SONG—*A Cockney's Life for Me.* Jul 3, 9, Nov 29, Dec 23

SONG—*A Farewell to London Society.* Mar 5, Jul 12

SONG—*A Dismal Dinner Party.*

Jan 31, Apr 9, May 15, Jul 1, Aug 19, Sep 11, Oct 19, Dec 18

SONG—*Always good on Sundays.* May 31, Nov 17, Dec 15

SONG—*An Awful Little Scrub.* Mar 1, Apr T, Jul 31, Nov 12

SONG—*An Awkward Attack of Nervousness.* Jun 25, Aug 25

SONG—*A Selfish Old Fella.*

Jan 11, Feb 6, May 13, Aug 21, Oct 23, Nov 10

SONG—*A very much up-to-date mamma.*

Feb 2, Apr 14, May 30, Aug 18, Sep 16, Nov 19, Dec 3

SONG—*Do not Spoil your Children.* Mar 26, Jun 2, Aug 7, Nov 22

SONG—*Go on talking, don't mind me.*

Feb 4, Mar 24, Apr 27, July 5, Aug 9, Dec 20

SONG—*He told me so.* Jun 10, Sep 7

SONG—*He was a Careful Man.*

Jan 10, Feb T, 12, Mar 31, Apr 8, May 29, Jun 3, Aug 2, Oct 10, Dec 24

SONG—*He was a Careless Man.* Apr 19, Sep 17, Nov 4, Dec 10

SONG—*He went to a Party.* Jan 6, Feb 28, May 22

SONG—*His Nose was on the Mantelpiece.* Jul 28, Sep 4, Sep 19, Oct 1

SONG—*How I became a Detective.* Feb 10, Jun 12, Sep 6

SONG—*How I became an Actor.* Feb 24, Jul 6, Oct 17

SONG—*I am a Respectable Spectre.* Jun 29, Dec 29

SONG—*I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.* Sep 9, 10

SONG—*I'm his Daisy.* May 5, Aug 14, Sep 15, Nov 18

SONG—*I'm tired of the moon, my love, and myself.*

Jan 24, Apr 23, Jul 25, Sep 13

SONG—*I used to Sing the Old Songs.* See *I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.*

SONG—*I've loved another girl since then.* Apr 3, Jun 20

SONG—*Keep the Baby warm, Mother.* Jan 26, May 12, Jul 8, Aug 4

SONG—*My Friend Nicholas.* Mar 7, Jul 29, Sep 27

SONG—*My Janet.* Mar 30, Sep 25

SONG—*Off we go to the Gaiety.* May 11, Oct 6

SONG—*Oh, dear! what can the motor be?* Apr 2, Sep 8

SONG—*Oh! I wish I were some other Fella.* May 25, Jul 16

SONG—*Oh! take me away.*

Feb 29, Mar 22, May 28, Jun 1, Oct 13

- SONG—*Oh! take those gloomy songs away.* Feb 25, May 17, Oct 12, Nov 8  
 SONG—*Oh! that to-day were to-morrow.* Jan 21, Oct 5  
 SONG—*Paying Guests.* Feb 15, Oct 27, Dec 28  
 SONG—*See me dance the Polka.* Jan 18, Mar T, May 6, Sep 23  
 SONG—*See me Reverse.*  
 Feb 5, May 23, Jun T, Jun 19, Jul 14, Oct 24, Dec 14  
 SONG—*The American Girl.*  
 Jan 30, Feb 27, Mar 14, Apr 22, Jul T, Jul 21, Aug 17, Sep 20, Oct 3  
 SONG—*The Baby on the Shore.*  
 Feb 8, Apr 4, Aug 24, Sep T, Oct 26  
 SONG—*The Banjo and the Mandoline.* Oct 18, Dec 11  
 SONG—*The Dicky Birds are Singing in the Trees.*  
 Feb 19, Mar 21, Sep 1  
 SONG—*The Dismal Dinner Party.* See *A Dismal Dinner Party.*  
 SONG—*The Duke and the Duchess of Brickwall Town.*  
 Apr 21, Jul 17, Aug 16, Aug 23, Oct 21  
 SONG—*The Duke of Seven Dials.*  
 Apr 24, May T, May 26, Jun 21, Oct 15  
 SONG—*The Everlasting Coon.* Mar 17, Jul 22, Aug 28, Nov T  
 SONG—*The Happy Fatherland.* Jan 7, Feb 21, Apr 12, Oct T, Dec 12  
 SONG—*The happy old days at Peckham.* Jan 19, 29, Jun 13, Oct 29, Nov 28  
 SONG—*The Lords and Commons are getting mixed.*  
 Jan 8, Feb 18, Apr 16, Aug 12, Sep 22  
 SONG—*The Noisy Johnnie.*  
 Apr 11, May 3, Jun 8, Jun 24, Jul 26, Aug T  
 SONG—*The only girl I loved.* Jul 10, 19, Aug 6  
 SONG—*The Society Negro.* Jan 17, Feb 9, Apr 29,  
 Dec 16  
 SONG—*The very much up-to-date mamma.* See *A very much up- to-date mamma.*  
 SONG—*They tell me/say I am a most horrible bore.*  
 Feb 23, Mar 12, Jun 5, Sep 30, Oct 31, Dec 1  
 SONG—*Thou of my Thou.* Jul 23, Sep 12  
 SONG—*Tinkle-tootle-tum.* Jan 2, Feb 17, Mar 9, Nov 1, Dec 30  
 SONG—*Tommy's First Love.* Feb 11, May 8, Dec T, Dec 5  
 SONG—*'Twas in the Time of Turnips.* Jun 23, Oct 2, Nov 15  
 SONG—*Wait till the sun am hot upon de head.* Jan 25, May 21, Nov 16  
 SONG—*What our Sailors never do.* Nov 30, Dec 8  
 SONG—*When Mary Sings I Disappear.* May 9, Aug 30  
 [*Grossmith Personally*] Jan 1, 16, Mar 4, 25, Apr 17,  
 May 7, Jul 24, Aug 22, 26, Sep 2, 29, Oct 6, 11, 20, 22, Nov 9, Dec 4, 9, 13  
 [*Single Source*] Jan T, 3, 12, 14, 15, Feb 1,  
 Mar 11, 19, 28, 29, Apr 15, 28, Jun 15, 17, 18, 27, Aug 13, 20, Sep 21,  
 Oct 7, Nov 6, 11, 14, 21, 24, 27, Dec 26

"A Fact."	Apr 7, Dec 22
"A Fancy Dress Ball."	Apr 1, Oct 9
"Affectations."	Mar 13, 20, May 18, Sep 3, Oct 30
"Amateur Theatricals."	Aug 29, 31
"An Address to Married Men."	Apr 26, Jul 24
"A Juvenile Party."	Apr 20, May 4, May 16, Jun 30, Jul 18
"A Society Clown."	Feb 7, Mar 16, May 18, Aug 5, Sep 14, Oct 14, Nov 23, Dec 7, 21, 31
"Away for my Health."	Mar 8, May 10, Jun 7
"Awful Bores."	Mar 18, Apr 5, May 27, Jun 11, Jun 26, July 4, Nov 13
"Bid me to love/die and I will hate/live."	May 19, Nov 20
"Brokers ahead! or, The Old Armchair."	Jun 16, Sep 24, Nov 3
"Bus Conductor's Song."	Jan 27, Oct 16
"Carrottina."	Feb 14, 22, Apr 25, Sep 28, Nov 25, Dec 27
"Castle Bang." CHARWOMAN'S SONG	Jan 13, Mar 31, July 7
"Castle Bang." DETECTIVE'S SONG	Feb 10, Jun 12, Sep 6
"Castle Bang."	Feb 26, Apr 13, Apr 18, May 24, Aug 27, Oct 8, Nov 5, Dec 6
"Do we Enjoy our Holidays?"	Jul 13, Jul 20, Aug 1, Sep 18
"Home, Sweet Home."	Aug 3, Oct 25
"How I Discovered America."	Jun 6, Aug 15, Dec 2
"How to Compose a Scotch Song."	See "The Scotch Song."
"How to Succeed."	Jan 4, Dec 19
"Hyde and Sekyll."	Apr 6, Jun 28, Nov 7
"Is Music a Failure?"	Jan 5, Apr 10, May 20
"Ladies Shopping."	Feb 13, Mar 6, May 1, Oct 4
"Little Worries."	Jan 23, Jul 11, 27
"Piano and I."	Mar 15, Jun 22
"Sea-side Society."	Feb 16, Mar 10, Dec 17
"The Ibsenite Drama."	Jan 9, Feb 20
"The Scotch Song."	Jun 4, Oct 28, Nov 2
"The Silver Wedding."	Jan 22, May 14, Jun 14, Aug 8
"Things you must have noticed."	Jan 20, 28
"Trials of an Entertainer."	Mar 3, 23, 27, May 2, Jul 2, Aug 10, 11, Sep 5, Sep 26, Nov 26, Dec 25
"What's the world a-coming to?"	Apr 30, Jul 15
"Winning a Widow."	Mar 2, Jun 9
"Woosings and Weddings."	Feb 3, Jul 30



I was once a very vulgar little shop-boy,  
 Though now so many millions I have made.  
 At a charity school I soon became the top boy,  
 And I've earned the same distinction in my trade.  
 My bread was spread with very little butter,  
 In the impecunious days gone by.  
 And I used to play at marbles on the gutter,  
 In a little street somewhere in Peckham Rye.

*Chorus:* I shall never forget those happy old days at Peckham,  
 The recollection sets my heart aglow,  
 I'd dance and sing, and loved a swing,  
 And had a fling at kiss-in-the-ring;  
 But of course that was a' many years ago.

I grew a man and then became ambitious!  
 To advance my prospects I was always prone.  
 I seized an opportunity propitious—  
 To start a little business on my own.  
 I thought my shaky grammar I'd embellish,  
 And with spelling I would get in better touch.  
 I acquired a voice considered rather swellish,  
 And I didn't drop my H's quite so much.

*Chorus.*

With a single shop my way was rather narrowed,  
 So I started building houses by the scores.  
 Now they quite eclipse the gorgeousness of Harrod,  
 Or the multiplicity of Whiteley's stores.  
 I sell everything from boots and shoes and *cows, and*  
 There's not a single thing you cannot get.  
 To charities I always give a thousand,  
 That's why I've been created baronet!

*Chorus.*

My wife was known as "little Podgy Betsy";  
 She is now "Her ladyship," I may remark.  
 She revels in my well-earned baronetcy,  
 Observed of all observers in the park.  
 This curious world is quite replete with fallacies,  
 Our social rise we couldn't then foretell;  
 Now we dine with kings and queens within their palaces,  
 And kings and queens have dined with us as well.

*Chorus.*

I fell in love with Dolly on the 21st of June,  
 I asked her when she'd marry me, she said, "Oh, very soon."  
 I introduced her to my ma, and to my uncle Giles,  
 And then I ventured to introduce her to the Duke of Seven Dials.

*Chorus:* I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her smiles;  
 But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of Seven Dials.

Our courting days were happy—ah! as happy as could be.  
 My Dolly was most charming and affectionate to me.  
 She gained the best opinion of my ma and Uncle Giles;  
 And one of her great admirers was the Duke of Seven Dials.

*Chorus.*

I took a little villa on the Bedford Park Estate,  
 But shopping is a process that I positively hate.  
 I did not then foresee the future, or my Dolly's wiles,  
 Or she shouldn't have done her shopping with the Duke of Seven Dials.

*Chorus.*

The wedding-day arrived, but Dolly never came to Church.  
 I hunted for her high and low—we all joined in the search.  
 A party said he saw her getting over country stiles,  
 And enter a Registry Office with the Duke of Seven Dials.

*Chorus.*

I really felt inquisitive about this noble "Dook";  
 In vain I hunted Burke and Dodd and every Peerage Book.  
 I ascertained at last His Grace's proper name was Biles,  
 And he'd purchased for eighteenpence the title "Duke of Seven Dials."

*Chorus.*

I hurried to my villa on the Bedford Park Estate,  
 But every stick had been removed at quite a recent date.  
 I meant, of course, to find a home for Dolly and her smiles,  
 But I'm hanged if I meant to find a home for the Duke of Seven Dials.

I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her smiles;  
 But I'm sorry in future I must cut the Duke of Seven Dials.

Pray give me your attention, I will not detain you long;  
 I'll show you how to write a modern comic Irish song.  
 To make the song successful you must always bear in mind  
 You must *not* be intellectual, you must *not* be too refined.

Pat Doolen gives a party, he has got a wooden leg;  
 And what is more inviting, he has got a whiskey keg.  
 The people take too much to drink and knock the host about,  
 And then there comes the charming chorus, which you all must shout:

*Chorus:*           His nose was on the mantelpiece, his mouth was on the floor,  
                       His teeth were hanging on a peg behind the kitchen door.  
                       At last there came McCarthy who finished the whiskey keg;  
                       We then broke up the party with Pat Doolen's wooden leg.

I've often been to Ireland, and I love the dear old place,  
 I've seen the Irish dancing with decorum and with grace.  
 They may indulge in blarney, but they don't indulge in blows.  
 And they never come away with other people's eyes and nose.  
 But in the modern Irish song the audience expect,  
 The guests treat each other with the greatest disrespect.  
 They never thank the host for all his hospitality,  
 But smash him into little bits and then they sing with glee:

*Chorus.*

Now in the *best* society we always used to think  
 One never ought to sing a song with reference to drink;  
 And men and women fighting at a ball was rather strong,  
 But of course that was before the days of modern Irish song.  
 But now the Irish immigrant will make the people yawn;  
 They'll go to sleep by dozens if you sing them *Molly Bawn*.  
 Yet you can always rouse them up and make the rafters ring,  
 And they'll join you in the chorus if this sort of thing you sing:

*Chorus.*