

DO GIVE OVER CLARA

Laughing Song

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

By

REUBEN MORE

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND

FOUR SUCCESSES

BY
Robert Rutherford and Harold Arthrop.

THE BLACKSMITH'S GOOD-BYE.

SUNG BY LESLIE HENSON.

Un-der a spreading chest-nut tree the vil-lage smithy
stands, The smith a seed-y man is he, in
need of monkey glands. For his heart's bowed down by
weight of woe, Be-cause he's find-ing things so
bad, He had the bro-kers months a-go

And one by one he's had to sack his strikers,
For since the motors came he has no trade,
Sturdy and strong, they're queuing along
With the boys of the 'dole' brigade.

.. .. .
For it's made such a jolly good garage,
The smithy's turned into a garage,
The blacksmith's old shack's now a garage,

AT HOME I'M MY WIFE'S HUSBAND, BUT WHEN I'M AWAY I'M "ME."

There are men who should nev-er get mar-ried, And
that sort of chapple am I, — For since off to church I was
car-ried — I have felt like a lark in a
ple. — Now for com-pa-ny Na-ture de-signed me, —

And the same all the time isn't right,
It's like making a man who's a cinema fan
Watch the same bally film ev'ry night.

REFRAIN.

Home! Home! There's no place like Home!
That's why from my home I'm so anxious to roam.
For when I'm away I feel like a ray
Of sunshine that's done its good deed for the day.
I've heard of poor boobs getting home-sick,
But I'm sick of home, don't you see,
For at home I am my wife's husband,
But when I'm away I'm ME!

JUST WAIT TILL I'VE POLISHED MY GLASSES.

Though blessed with good health in a gen-er-al way, My
eye-sight is weak, I am sor-ry to say. But
thanks to my glass-es I'm a-ble to see- Year
ver-i-ly, friends, they are price-less to me.

It sometimes occurs that my 'specs' get obscured,
A thing that is more than can well be endured—
For then I am thrown, as it were, in the dark,
And that is the reason I oft-times remark:

Just wait till I've polished my glasses!
My glasses! My glasses!
I feel the most frightful of asses!
Yes asses! Jack-asses!

THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

DUET FOR TWO GENTLEMEN.

(a) The Poet. (b) The Peasant.

(a) I come from the cit-y so sombre and drear. (b) An'
O! comes from no-where, O! lives a-bout here. (a) The
still coun-try-side is my con-stant de-light. (b) There's
ump-teen big shar-ry-bangs comes ev-'ry night.

(a) An! here inspiration divine I shall get.
(b) O! 'opes as you won't, or you'll need see the vet.
(a) While peace o'er my soul shall steal down like a veil.
(b) That's just how O! feels when O've had too much ale.

(both) Oh! oh! The countryside!

(a) Oh! That's where I would abide!

(b) It drives me to suicide!

(a) No?

(b) Aye, it's a fact.

(a) I think it's delightful!

(b) An' O! calls it frightful!

(both) The countryside.

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LOOKS.

Words by
Roland Merry.

Music by
Stuart Debnam.

CHANT.

There was the haugh-ty look, the naugh-ty look, The
"Not too old at for-ty" look, The sur-ly look, the
cur-ly look The "How'd you like me for your girl-y" look.

the strong look, the wrong look,
the "Now we shan't be long" look,
the nice look, the ice look,
the "I shan't forget mother's advice" look,
the sad look, the mad look,
the "You're the first sweetheart I've had" look,
the true look, the "Who are you" look,
the "I don't mind if I d." look,
the shy look, the dry look,
the "What are you going to buy" look.

WALKS.

Words and Music

by E.A. Searson.

CHANT.

There's the slow walk, the tip-toe walk, I'll
see you in half a mo walk, The slick walk, the
quick walk, I'm feel-ing up fo dick walk,

Select walk, erect walk,
You try it and feel the effect walk,
The proud walk, the bowed walk,
The shove your way through the crowd walk,
The old walk, the bold walk,
The "Squeeze me and keep out the cold" walk,
The fun walk, big gun walk,
The "dot and carry one" walk,
The fat walk, top-hat walk,
The "Mind you don't slip on the step" walk,
The lawn walk, Cremorne walk,
"D'you know a good cure for a corn" walk,
The hobbley walk, Tom Cobleigh walk,
I'm all on the wibbly wobbly walk.

YELL SHOCKS.

Words by
William Ewart.

Music by
Claude Sutherland.

Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! What an aw-ful lit-tle shock for
you and me; Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!
That's an-oth-er sto-ry from the chest-nut tree.

1st VERSE.

Willie from behind the mirror
Licked the mercury all off;
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral, Willie's father
Said to Mister Brown,
"Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Words and Music

by Nelson Jackson.

Pub-lic meetings I like and I've been to a few; Held for
va-ri-ous things and no doubt so have you. I went to one lately, 'twas
striking and new, And the things that I heard turned me red, white and blue.

'Twas a meeting of ladies, they held a debate,
On the old marriage question that's come up of late;
And the views they advanced made me feel out of date
Oh, they did carry on at a deuce of a rate.

But never again, and my language is plain,
Will I mix with advanced females again.
One saucy soubrette, about sixty she'd be,
Said that woman should have not one husband but three;
She had only one eye and she'd got it on me,
I said, "Nothin' doin'!" Oh never again.

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5. Surprising what a pin will do. 6. I'd like a little girl like you - Duet (*Lady and Gent*).
7. A Bachelor and his girls. 8. Wedding of Maggie Magee.

REYNOLDS & CO Berners Street. LONDON. W. 1.

DO GIVE OVER, CLARA.

Written and Composed by
REUBEN MORE.

Allegro Moderato.

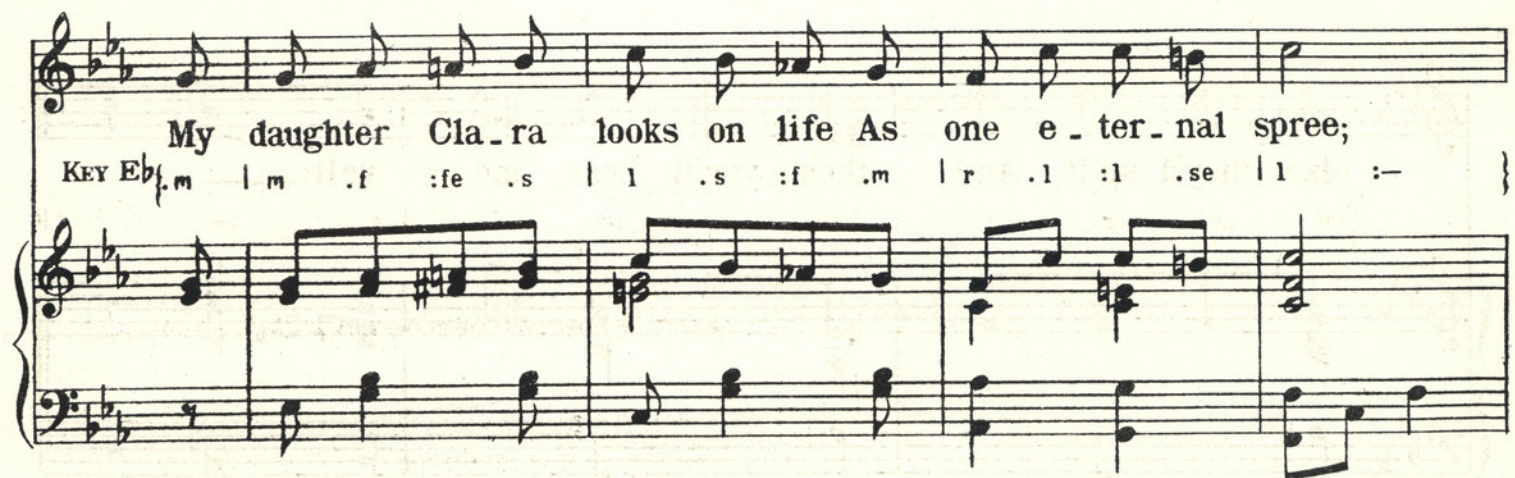
VOICE. 

PIANO. 



My daughter Cla-ra looks on life As one e-ter-nal spree;

KEY Eb | m | m . f : fe . s | l . s : f . m | r . l : l . se | l :- }



All the bless - ed day she's say - ing Things that tic - kle
 { l r . f : m . r | d . m : l . s | r . m : f e . r }

me. I laugh and fair - ly shake the house, Shake
 { l s : - . m | m . m : f . m | r . l : l . l }

half the street as well, I hold my sides or
 { l s . r : m . f | m : - . m | m . m : f . de }

else they'd split, And then you'll hear me yell:—
 { l m . r : r . r | de . r : m . fe | s : - . || }

CHORUS.

Do give o - ver Cla - ra, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

{ll s .fe :s .fe | f .m :- .m | r .l :l .l | l :- }

Ha, ha, ha, ha, He, he, he, You'll kill your poor old Pa. Oh

{lr .m :f .r | m .f :s .m | fe .s :l .r | s :- .s }

dear! oh lor! one day I'm sure Ex - haust - ed I shall drop, When

{ls .fe :s .fe | f .m :f .m | r .l :l .se | l :- .l }

once I burst out laugh - ing well - I don't know where to stop. —

{lr .f :m .r | m .s :fe .s | f .s :l .t | d' :- .l }

My daughter Clara looks on life
 As one eternal spree;
 All the blessed day she's saying
 Things that tickle me.
 I laugh and fairly shake the house,
 Shake half the street as well;
 I hold my sides or else they'd split,
 And then you'll hear me yell:-

CHORUS.

Do give over Clara,
 Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!
 Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, He, He, He!
 You'll kill your poor old Pa.
 Oh dear, oh lor, one day I'm sure,
 Exhausted I shall drop,
 When once I burst out laughing, well,
 I don't know where to stop.

Our house has got a leaky roof,²
 The slates are loose, you see;
 Clara always says that it's
 Just like the family.
 One day she cried, "Come quick, the storm
 Has washed away the bed—
 It's miles away, and mother's in!"
 I howled and then I said:- (CHORUS)

A long-haired food crank once was spouting,³
 "Friends," we heard him say,
 "Eat an apple every day and
 Keep the doctor away."
 Cried Clara, "Is there any fruit
 Will keep away the bloke
 That calls each Friday for the rent?"
 I yelled as if I'd choke:- (CHORUS)

I spent a jolly day with Clara⁴
 At the Zoo last week;
 Strolling through the monkey-house,
 I pointed out a freak.
 "Look, Clara! What an ugly mug,
 Ain't that an awful sight?"
 She said, "Why that's a mirror, dad!"
 I spluttered, "Yes, you're right:-" (CHORUS)

OPTIONAL VERSE.

I once took Clara to the Pictures,
 Laughed myself to tears;
 Saw a damsel who'd been sleeping
 Twenty thousand years.
 It said, "To wake, she must be kissed
 By some brave, handsome youth;
 When Clara said, "Now Dad, that's you."
 I stammered out, "Oh, strewth:-" (CHORUS)

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FOUR SUCCESSES

BY
Robert Rutherford and Harold Arthorp.

QUEENIE, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN.

SUNG BY NELLIE WALLACE.

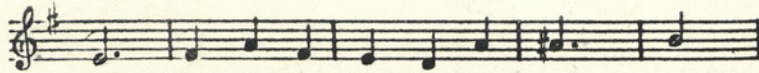
REFRAIN.



I'm Queenie, the Car-ni-val Queen, The fair-est in



all the pro-cess-ion, Each time I ap-pear on the



scene, That's when the plice take pos-sess-ion.

Enthroned on my chariot with flow'rs decked about,

My courtiers greet me with many a shout,

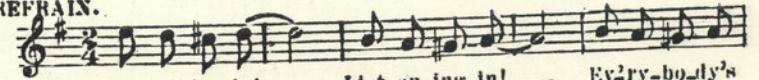
For some cry "Hall! Hall!" and there's some cry for Stout

For Queenie, the Carnival Queen.

1st. VERSE:- You've heard of the King of the Carnival,
Well! I am his beautiful Queen!
The crowds in the street, they fall off their feet,
Whenever in public I'm seen.
When robed in my gorgeous apparel,
The reddest red roses turn pale,
The sun goes on strike, the moon gets the spike,
So that's why they bought me a veil.

LISTENING IN!

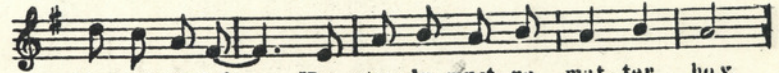
REFRAIN.



List-en-ing in!— List-en-ing in!— Ev'ry-body's



do-ing it now.—— List-en-ing in!——



List-en-ing in!— You sim-ply must, no mat-ter how.

There's crystal sets and valve sets, and there's aeri-als by the score,

And ev'ry day, in ev'ry way, there's more and more and more.

And goodness knows what people did with all their time before

They started Listening in!

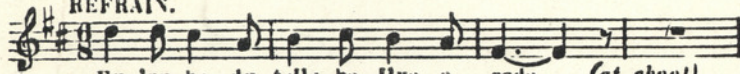
1st VERSE:-

If you'll walk into our village any ev'ning after tea,
You'll be surprised at what a lot of things you will not see.
There's not a man for miles around no matter where you see,
You'll never see a woman though you search for half a year.
No loving couples arm in arm, no bobbies on their beats,
No groups of old inhabitants upon the rustic seats.
No girls, no boys, no babies, not a soul will meet the eye,
And if you ask, "Where's all the folk?" the echo will reply:

AT-CHOO!

A SNEEZING DUDE SONG.

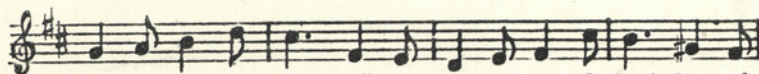
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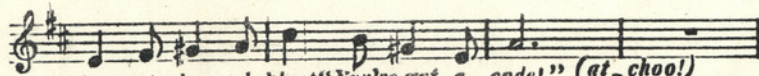
Ev'ry-bo-dy tells be I've a code, (at-choo!)



Fad-ey tel-lig be I've got a code!! (at-choo!) As I



tod-dle dowl the street, All the ass-es that I beet, Stop ad



stare at be ad bleat, "You've got a code!" (at-choo!)

Ad I burbur as I go,

"Thadks ode sock for sayig so,

'Cause you see I did't do

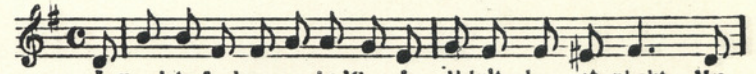
I'd got a code." (At-chooooo!)

1st VERSE.

It does't take a Sherlock Hobes to see I've got a code,
I've had it sidce it was a chill about ted secods ode.
By doze is workig overtibe, I sdittle ad I sdeeze,
I cough ad croak, I bark ad choke, I stuffle ad I wheeze.
Ib perfectly aware of it- of that there is do doubt-
Yet ev'ry silly clubp I see best kidly poidts it out.

WHEN I LIE IN BED AT NIGHT.

SUNG BY WILL GARDNER.



I used to feel so seedy 'Cos I didn't sleep at night, My



cheeks sunk in, my hair grew thin, And I couldn't eat a bite; But



that's all done and finished Now, I'm quite a diff'rent guy, I'm



feeling great, I'm adding weight, And let me tell you why.

When I lie in bed at night, after I've put out the light,

I start to count my blessings one by one;

Number one's my darling Ma, Number two's my dear old Pa,

And number three's my little brother John;

Number four's a girl called May that I'll marry one fine day-

The sooner and the better it will be;

Number five is for my bed, where I lay my tired head,

And six stands for my dinner and my tea;

Number seven- that's good health, number eight is all my wealth-

Although I know that I ain't got a heap;

Number nine- well that's my dreams, for somehow it always seems

Before I get to ten- I- fall asleep.

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