

J. L. SACKS PRODUCTION "THE BLUE KITTEN," GAIETY THEATRE

SUMMER IS HERE.



HUMOROUS
SONG

WRITTEN BY
**GREATREX
NEWMAN.**

Composed by
Howard Carr.

Sung by
W.H. BERRY,

IN THE "BLUE KITTEN."
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

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PRICE 2/- NETT

REYNOLDS & CO 62A, BERNERS STREET,
LONDON, W. 7

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

"Four Successes" by GREATREX NEWMAN.

(Author of "Odds and Ends" and "More Odds and Ends" Concert Party Albums).

THE EGG.

GREATREX NEWMAN. WOLSELEY CHARLES.

"Annie Laurie" Sung by LESLIE HENSON.

Max-wel-ton braes are bonnie, Where stands the Grand Ho-
tel — And 'twas there I'd an egg for my break-fast, But I
"The Old Brigade"
knew as I o-pened the shell That it was an egg of the
Old — Brigade Tho' it had chang'd and al-tered, There it stood quite
un-dis-mayed As in ac-cents low it fal-tered:

Tune: "Poor old Joe."

"I'm humming, I'm humming,
I'm not new-laid I know;
So turning to the gasping waiter I said, "J-J-J-Joe."

Tune: "Months and months and months."

I don't suppose this egg has been laid
For months and months and months,
Its calling-up notice has been delayed
For months and months and months.
I think perhaps it was laid by some extinct Dodo,
Ten! twenty! thirty! forty! fifty years ago!"

SHALL US? S'LETS!

GREATREX NEWMAN.

FRED CECIL.

1st Verse.

(A) I'm going to re-cite "Curfew, shan't ring to-night," Or
(B-enters)
"Dad-dy, don't go down the pit" (B) Hal-lo there, old toff, would you
mind push-ing off, While I air my lar-yux a bit? (A) Es-
cuse me, old fruit, but I'm going to re-coot. (B) Oh
no, let's both sing-in Du-ets.

A. Rightio then, old bean,
B. Best of luck, old sardine,
A. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -
B. Ha, - Ha, - Ha, -
A. Shall us? B. S'lets.

3rd VERSE.

A. I love to reside at the jolly sea-side,
B. And catch shrimps all day in a net.
A. I'd bathe, but I'm told that the water's so cold;
B. It's also most frightfully wet.

HURRICANE HISTORY.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

COMPOSED BY
FRED CECIL.

SUNG BY LESLIE HENSON.

1st Verse.

This lit-tle song, Will not take long, Its
aim is ed-u-ca-tion, So to commence, I'll just condense, The
his-t'ry of our na-tion. Now please in turn, Read, mark and learn:

While I put through their paces,
Those dear old beans
The Kings and Queens—
As well as Jacks and Aces.

6th VERSE:— Canute, we're told,
Was weak and old,
And left this earth one Sunday,
He chose this day
To pass away
To dodge cold meat on Monday.
His widow, who
Insurance drew,
Was coufited for her boodle,
She wed again
And told her swain,
"Ca-nute could not ca-noodle."

Price 2/1 each post free.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY
NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

SUNG BY TOM CLARE.

Maziale.

Since days of old when knights were bold and barons held their
sway, The fine old English gentleman has calmly passed a-way, He
should feel ver-y thankful that he's moved to oth-er spheres, To
go and join the pro-phets he has left the pro-fit-ees,

LAST VERSE:—

He never played lawn tennis on the local village green,
The *Maypole* that he danced around did not sell margarine.
He never heard of "auction", or at billiards made a break,
He never jazzed or two-stepped and his "shimmy" didn't "shake",
He never fed on frozen lamb months after it was killed,
He never needed Glaxo all his bonnie babes to build,
He never read the murders in the Sunday Press each week,
He never knew that Wilfred once was lost by Pip and Squeak;
Oh, that fine old English gentleman,
He was a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.

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SUMMER IS HERE.

WORDS BY
GREATREX NEWMAN.

MUSIC BY
HOWARD CARR.

♩ Allegretto.

PIANO *f*

Moderato.

KEY Bb. *p*

I have op - ened wide my lat - tice, For 'tis
s, fe, | f, m : m, t, | r d : m, re,

Sum - mer, so they tell; I have heard the ma - vis
r, d : d, se, | l, : s, fe, | f, f : f, de

sing - ing, And the but - cher's boy as well. I have
m r : l, t, | d l, : d, m | r : r, re

wan - dered in my gar - den, 'Mid the blue for - get - me -

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

nots, And I've breathed the gen - tle fra - grance Of ca -

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

bar - ges and ca - rots. Tra - la - la, Tra - la -

{ | m, . d ar d ., t, | s, : || : s, . l, | s, : : | : s, . l, }

lay, Oh I'm to be Queen of the May.

{ | s, : : | : s, | r : s, : r | d : l, : f | r : - : : || }

Sum - mer is here with the bloom on the ro - ses,
 { | d : r : d | t, : l, : s, | l, : t, : d | r : s, : } }

Sum - mer is borne on the breeze, Dear lit - tle chil - dren all
 { | m : f : m | m : re : r | d : - : - | : : | l, : d : l, | s, : d : s, } }

sniff at the nos - es, Boy Scouts are scrubbing their knees.
 { | l, : d : l, | s, : d : | m : - : - | m : - : d | de : m : r | s, : - : } }

Sum - mer is here with ice - cream and mixed bath - ing,
 { | d : r : d | t, : l, : s, | l, : t, : d | r : s, : } }

Skies are all sun-ny and clear, A- sleep in the for-est lies

{ m : r : d l r : m : f | s : - : - | : : d | d : f : d l d : t, : ta, }

bold Rob - in Hood, The dai - sy and but - ter - cup

{ l, : d : d l d : - : d | d : f : d l d : t, : ta, }

hide in the wood, The steak and the kid - ney now

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

bloom in the pud., For jol - ly old Sum-mer is here. *D.C.*

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

2

I have pressed my flannel trousers,
 And I've cleaned my old straw hats,
 I have sprinkled little moth-balls
 In my fur-lined gloves and spats.
 I have shed my Winter woollies,
 And I've paid my tennis sub.,
 I have bought a coloured blazer
 Of the Borstal Bowling Club.

Tra-la-la, Tra-la-low,
 I think we shall shortly have snow.

Summer is here with the bloom on the roses,
 Summer is borne on the breeze,
 Dear little chilblains on fingers and toes-ses,
 Frost kills the flowers and fl--- trees.
 Summer is here with stewed prunes and bronchitis,
 Macs. and umbrellas appear,
 The sparrows are busily building their nest,
 The ducks shed a tear now that Drake's going West,
 The Thermogene snuggles up close to the chest,
 For jolly old Summer is here.

3

I have gambolled with the baa-lambs,
 And I've froliced with the foals,
 I have watched the Gruyere cheeses
 As they tried to mend their holes.
 I have seen the cuckoos cooking
 When the trees were green with sap,
 And I've heard the plumbers mating
 Round the washer on the tap.

Tra-la-la, Tra-la-lee,
 Oh *parlez-vous Française, oui oui.*

Summer is here with the bloom on the roses,
 Summer is borne on the breeze,
 Dear little bloaters make hard and soft roe-ses,
 Roast ducks all woo the green peas.
 Summer is here with plus-fours and blanc manges,
 Pierrots now bloom on the pier,
 The sun-beams are shedding their lustre divine,
 The land-lady's washing hangs out on the line,
 The statues are raising their hats to Epstein,
 For jolly old Summer is here.

Alternative Couplet:

The trippers are all tripping off to the coast,
 The sheep are all shingled their cutlets to roast,
 The poached-egg is learning to sit on the toast,
 For jolly old Summer is here.

FOUR SUCCESSES

BY

Robert Rutherford and Harold Arphorpe.

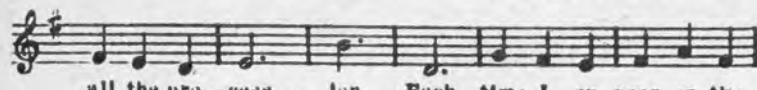
QUEENIE, THE CARNIVAL QUEEN.

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 p'lice take pos-ses-sion.

Enthroned on my chariot with flow'rs decked about,

My courtiers greet me with many a shout,

For some cry "Hail! Hail!" 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-bod-y'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 seek,

You'll never see a woman though you search for half a week.

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.

REFRAIN.



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-ees 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 didn't do

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

1st VERSE.

It doesn't take a Sherlock Hobes to see I've got a code,

I've had it sice it was a chill about ted secods ode.

By doze is workig overtibe, I eddiffe ad I sdeeze,

I cough ad croak, I bark ad choke, I stuffle ad I wheeze.

Ph perfectly aware of it- of that there is do doubt-

Yet ev'ry silly chubp I see boxt kidly poidts it out.

WHEN I LIE IN BED AT NIGHT.

SUNG BY WILL GARDNER.



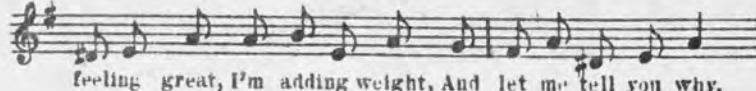
I used to feel so seedy 'Cos I didn't sleep at night, My



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- 1- fall asleep.

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