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PROFES M ENGLAND

LAUGHING GARGE OF ZOMERZET.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

FREDERICK CHESTER.









Our Viour 'o noz to me, "Now Garge,

Your face is honest and your 'eart is large.

Of be gettin' up a raffle for poor old Widow Gunner, And you must take a ticket for the prize, it is a stunner!".

Of sez, "What should Of do with the old lady if Of won 'er?"

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Chorus.

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They be gettin' up a present for the bloke as was our Mayor,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

A great gold chain and collar for the poor old chap to wear.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

But Ol never gave 'em nothin' for with it Ol don't agree.

A great big chain and collar—well it donn't zeem right to me.

Old sooner zee the poor old fellow runnin' loose and free,

Hu, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Chorus.

4

Moi grandfather asked Oi to stay along of 'e,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, hu, ha.

And us gets into a bus, the city sights to see.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Us was standin' near the door, 'cos us wasn't goin' far,
The conductor comes and says "Now then, pass farther up the car".
Of says "This isn't father, this 'ere bloke's moi grandpapal"
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hal
Chorus.

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Oi gobe into a restaurong when Oi was up in town,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

But they didn't give Oi much, though Oi paid 'em 'arf-a-crown.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Of ordered chop and tators, and brussel sprouts and tea,
"Ow did you find your chop, zur?" the old waiter said to me.
"Well, Of moved that brussel sprout aside and there it was, you see,
Hu, ha, ha, ha, ha, hal
Chorus.

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On Wednesday last Ol was travellin' in the train,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

A bloke 'e puts the winder up, Oi puts it down again.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Once more 'e shuts it up, Oi puts it down same way.
'E says "What be you playin' at, you country bumpkin, sh?"
Oi says "Oi'm playin' DRAUGHTS, zur, and it's now your turn to play".
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hal

Chorus.

ENCORE VERSE:

In the great big war Ol was billetted in France,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Of thought Old learn a bit of French there while Ol had the chance.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

One day Ol wee'd a cow run right out of a yard, talk. When the car farmer and in wife both thought the gate was barred. So Of runs up and Ol sez to them "LE LAIT PROMENADE".

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hal

Churus.