NO, MARY ANN, OH NO!

SONG

WRITTEN,
COMPOSED
AND
SUNG
BY

T.C.STERNDALE-BENNETT

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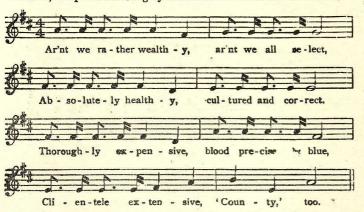
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AR'NT WE ALL?

Written, Composed and Sung by KENNETH & GEORGE WESTERN



Chorus-Ar'nt we all delightful people,
Ar'nt we all? Ar'nt we all?
Living in the suburbs in a house of new design,
Busy talking platitudes and pouring out the wine.
Sitting with the blinds up ev'ry evening when we dine.
Ar'nt we all? Ar'nt we all?
Oh, really most delightful people,
Ar'nt we? Ar'nt we all?

Chatting with the Vicar when he comes to tea at four, Condemning the intemperance one finds among the poor, Watching if he's seen the bottled beer behind the door, Ar'nt we all! Ar'nt we all?

Oh, really most delightful people, Ar'nt we? Ar'nt we all? Etc.

BEFORE YOU CAME

(A Burlesque Ballad)

Written, Composed and Sung by KENNETH & GEORGE WESTERN

Moderato.

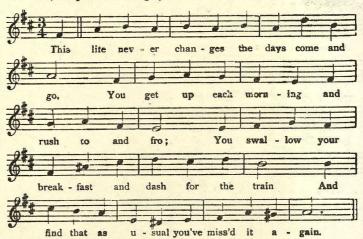


A kiss curl from your hair Was on your brow so fair, I knew you'd stuck it there Before you came!

I found a shady place,
Before you came!
A cow trod on your face,
Before you came!
Your life was downs and ups,
You said your cat had pups,
I think you'd had hiccups,
Before you came! Etc.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Written, Composed and Sung by KENNETH & GEORGE WESTERN



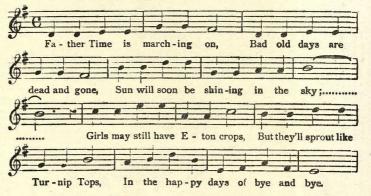
Chorus—All the year round, all the year round,
You're doing it all the year round.
You think of your wite as you left her in bed,
Too late to bid her good-bye, so you said—
So you ring for your typist and kiss her instead,
All the year round, all the year round!

Your friends come to see you and stop a few days, Then go to their homes by their various ways, But your mother-in-law when she comes always stays, All the year round, all the year round. Etc.

ONE FINE DAY

(A Humorous Song)

Written, Composed and Sung by KENNETH & GEORGE WESTERN



They'll pay us back our Income Tax,
One fine day,
Our shirts will reach right down our backs,
One fine day,
And if your wives are far too stout,
If they're bandy, keep devout,
Things will all be straightened out,
One fine day.

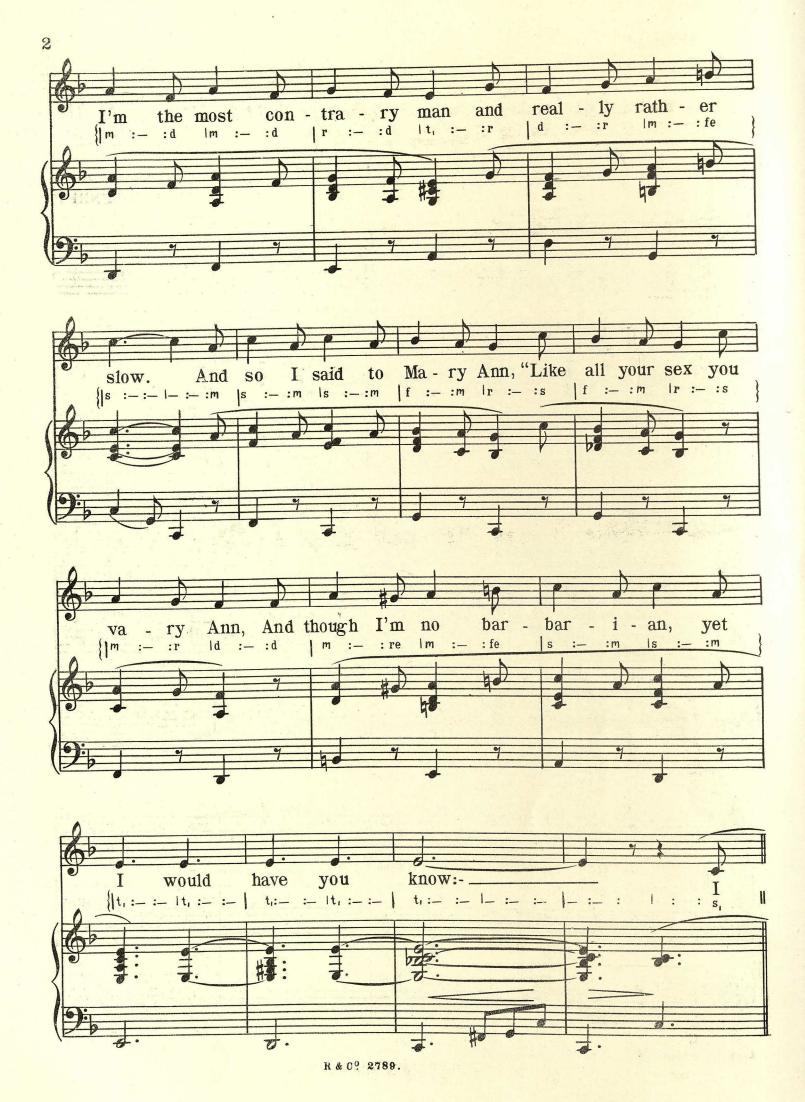
Husbands may become housewives,
One fine day,
Stay at home and clear the knives,
One fine day;
They'll take the children out of doors,
Push their prams around the Stores,
Dressed in Mother's old Plus-fours,
One fine day. Etc.



NO, MARY ANN, OH NO!

Words and Music by T. C. STERNDALE-BENNETT.







I'm in love with Mary Ann, Mary Ann, and Mary Ann
Says I'm the most contrary man and really rather slow.
So I said to Mary Ann—"Like all your sex you vary Ann,
And tho' I'm no barbarian, yet I would have you know:

I don't mind your mother a bit, although she nearly did for me,
I don't mind your dad who is just a bore.

I don't mind your brother although he borrowed half a quid from me,
I don't mind your uncle who borrowed four.

I don't mind your elderly aunt who wants to pay me back, but can't, I don't mind assisting Sister Flo',

But if our little lover's knot means marrying the blooming lot, No, Mary Ann, oh no!

I don't mind you telling me I've got bandy legs and squeaky knees, I don't mind you telling me I'm a frump,

I don't mind you making me nurse your stupid little Pekinese,
I don't mind you making me look a gump.

I don't mind you taking me out to a Talkie or a silent Film, I don't mind so very much where we go,

But when it comes to making love and holding hands without a glove, No, Mary Ann, oh no!

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I'm in love with Mary Ann, Mary Ann, say Mary Ann,
I'm no disciplinarian, but there are things I bar.
And so I said to Mary Ann.—"You've turned me vegetarian,
Tee-total too, be wary Ann, in case you go too far.

I don't mind you telling me that my Cornet playing lacks appeal,
I don't mind you playing the Saxophone.

I don't mind admitting it's rather full of latent sex appeal,
I don't mind your cheeks when they're fully blown.

I don't mind you playing a song if it isn't very loud or long, I don't care so very much what you blow.

But when it comes to sitting there and answering your 'Maiden's prayer,'
No, Mary Ann, oh no!

I don't mind you dragging me round Emporiums in any street,
I don't mind their wonderful terms and such.

I don't mind them sending me round their drawing-room and dining suites.

I don't think a shilling a year too much.

I don't mind them saying they'll fix the line on the floor for nix,
I don't mind the bills we're sure to owe,

But if this all means families and pushing prams of 'you's' and 'me's'—
No, Mary Ann, oh no!

R & C? 2789.