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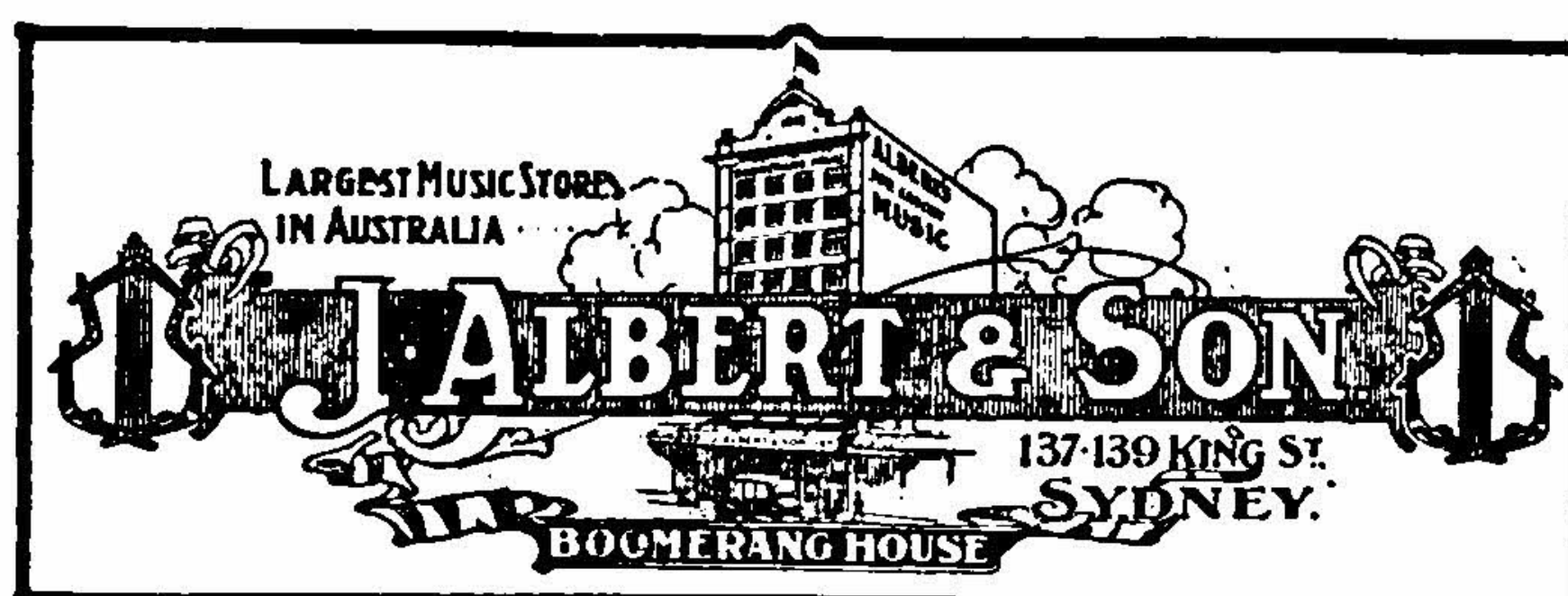
The Bolshevik



Written and Composed
by **R.P. Weston**
and
Bert Lee.

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PUBLISHERS OF SMALLWOOD'S PIANO TUTOR

THE BOLSHEVIK.

Written and Composed by
R. P. WESTON and BERT LEE.

Boldly.

VOICE.

PIANO.

ff

INTRODUCTORY VERSE.

KEY **F.**

I am a bold bad Bolsh - e - vik, to "bolsh" is my de - light. I'm

p

|| t, . t, : d . t, | m . m : m . m | t, . t, : d . t, | m : - . m |

bus - y "bolsh - ing" all the day, and then I "bolsh" at night. I'm

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|| 1 .1 : s .f | m .m : r .d | t, .r : d .t, | 1, : - .1, |

awf - 'lly good at mur - der - ing, and as I'm un - em - ploy'd, I've

|| t, .t, : d .t, | m .m : m .m | t, .t, : d .t, | m : .m s || D.m.t.l.

made a lit - tle list of those who've got to be de - stroy'd. 1.I'm

REFRAIN. (Brightly.)

||| f .m : r .m | d .s : - .s | f .m : r .m | d : - .m |

going 'to mur - der Simp - son. He's got a crim - son nose. He
going to kill our bar - ber. I'd not much hair, he said. To
going to kill our ser - vant, for in the bath - room door She

|| f . s : l . t | d' . s : s . s | f . s : m . d | r : - . r |

says it is the east wind that has made it like the rose. No
make it grow he rubb'd a lot of goose-grease on my head. Next
bor'd a lit - tle hole, and all the fam - 'ly said "What for?" She

|| r . m : f . r | m . s : s . s | l . l : se . l | t : - . s |

doubt it is the east wind, but I'll strafe him with a bomb; The
day I'd grown some fea - thers, and I cack - led and I cluck'd. I
said "Twould let the steam out," and they laugh'd, up - on my life! But

|| d' . t : l . d' | s . f : m . s | l . d' : d' . t | d' : - . s | Last time only.
d' : - . s

stin - gy brute won't tell me where he gets the east wind from! 2. I'm week.
nev - er have my hair cut now, I have my fea - thers pluck'd! 3. I'm
I saw thro' the no - tion, and she went and told the wife!

Extra Verses

THE BOLSHEVIK.

I'm going to kill the farmer that lives across the way.
He sold me half a dozen hens, but none of them would lay.
And when I called the Vet in to examine ev'ry hen,
He said "They'll never stoop to lay. They're perfect gentlemen!"

I'm going to kill our doctor, for each year of the war
He's brought some small addition to our little fam'ly corps.
Last night he brought another two. I said, "Well, I'll be blest!
Here, take that couple back, and then demobilize the rest!"

I'm going to slaughter Simpson, the undertaker's man.
All day he's making coffins, and he buries all he can.
I'm feeling very queer, and if the worst came to the worst,
He'd bury me if I died, so I'm going to kill him first.

I'm going to kill our baker. I'm going to kill him dead,
For last night with the housemaid's knee I hear he went to bed.
I'll teach him to be decent, and kneeling on his chest
I'll say "You had the housemaid's knee, but where was all the rest?"

I'm going to kill our milkman. His skull I mean to crack,
For in his milk this morn I found a tiny stickleback.
That fish came from his moo-cow, I've not the slightest doubt.
Why doesn't he milk elephants and let me have a trout?

EXTRA CHORUSES—By Hugh Steyne.

And then there's Mr. Thurston, he'll get what he deserves.
The girls all call him "Uncle," and it's getting on my nerves.
If he butts in with Suzette he'll meet his death from me,
I'll stab him in his H.C.L., then he'll need "Sympathy."

I've got a bomb all ready, the largest I can find,
I'm going to Straff the Naval Board for being so unkind.
They've put off sixteen hundred men, and this 'twixt me and you
I think it's time that someone "Clipped their wings" at Cockatoo.

And then there's Mr. Dooley, he's made me quite annoyed,
He says he's got no work to give Sydney's unemployed;
I'm going to blow him up and put his nose quite out of joint,
Unless he makes them build a bridge across to Milson's Point.

ENCORE CHORUS.

I'll murder all the people who always shout "Encore,"
They've made me come out here again though goodness knows what for,
The play has got to finish, or we'll all be on the shelf,
So if anyone wants more of it he can sing the dam thing himself.

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