

WHEN UNCLE SINGS THE ONLY SONG HE KNOWS

Humorous Song.

Written,
Composed and Sung

— BY —

NELSON JACKSON.

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BY NELSON JACKSON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

To be sung in a strictly truthful manner.

When -

e'er we give a par - ty Un - cle Ez - ra al - ways comes, Be -

non staccato.

cause he's rich and so we treat him well. And he

warbles in a voice that near - ly splits our tym - pan - ums, It's a

cross be - tween a fog - horn and a yell. He

on - ly knows one dit - ty, which has ver - ses twen - ty-two, And the

cho - rus twice be - tween each stan - za goes; And it

takes him for - ty min - utes by the clock to sing it through, When

Rall: Un - cle sings the on - ly song he knows. —————

Rall:

WHEN UNCLE SINGS THE ONLY SONG HE KNOWS.

Whene'er we give a party Uncle Ezra always comes,
 Because he's rich and so we treat him well.
 And he warbles in a voice that nearly splits our tympanums,
 It's a cross between a foghorn and a yell.
 He only knows one ditty, which has verses twenty-two,
 And the chorus *twice* between each stanza goes;
 And it takes him forty minutes by the clock to sing it through,
 When Uncle sings the only song he knows.

When Uncle starts to sing the cat gets up and leaves the room,
 The guests assume expressions of despair.
 While Mother's countenance begins to wear a look of gloom—
 And Father goes outside to tear his hair.
 Our servant seeks the attic till the melody is stilled,
 Upon the walls the neighbours hammer blows,
 The policeman on the beat comes round to see who's being killed—
 When Uncle sings the only song he knows.

A crowd collects outside the house attracted by the noise—
 Like "Oliver," they've got a "Twist" for more.
 A crowd of little nasty, little beastly vulgar boys—
 Who between the verses all yell out "hencore!"
 We sneak upon them unawares and wallop them with sticks—
 And squirt upon them with the garden hose,
 Then our neat front door they shatter by bombarding it with bricks,
 When Uncle sings the only song he knows.

At last dear Uncle finishes his weird melodic pranks,
 The guests all look as if they'd lost a pain,
 They rise and say "they'll have to go," and stammer out "No thanks!"
 When he offers to sing half the song again.
 Next morning we get warning from our servant, short and sweet—
 A bill "To Let" each neighbour's window shows,
 Ev'ry house but ours is empty, for he always clears the street,
 When Uncle sings the only song he knows.