

Music: Tom Clare
Lyrics: Fred (Frederick) Chester

Absolutely Wrong Humorous Song

Compiled into Sibelius by Ross Boyle.

(Tonic sol-fa included in 2nd line)

LONDON
Reynolds & Co
1910

12

known from Hyde Park Cor-ner to the Strand. I lead a real-ly bu-sy life, I

{t .r' :d' .l | s t .l .f | m .m f .f :m .m | f .f :fe .fe}

15

can't stand men who loaf, Though peo-ple puz-zle me on ev' ry hand. I

|s .s :fe .fe |s .l} {t .d' :r' .t |l .se :l .t s .s}

18

know some men who have no Club and al - ways go straight home, And

{r' .r' :de' .de' |r' .r' :m' .r' r' .d' :t .r' |d' m}

20

{have - n't got a thou-sand pounds a year, What fun is life to them? It

t .t :le .;e |t .r' :d' .t l } {r' .r' :l .l |d' .l}

23

must be awf-ly slow, They don't get much a-muse-ment, that's quite clear.
 |s .l :s .m |l .m} {r .m :fe .a |l .se :l .r' - r'

26

How on earth do all those chap-pies man-age. Who have-n't got a man to help them dress?
 {m' .r' :d' .t |r' .d' :m .s } {r .d' :t .d' |m .s :d' .l t}

30

Fan-cy stud-ding shirts and put-ting bal-ly boots on, I'd be fair-ly done I must con-
 {t .r' :d' .l |t :s |l .d' :t .s |l :m |r .m :fe .a |l .se :l .r' -

33

fess. Fan-cy having to fill your bath each morn-ing, And
 r'} {m' .r' :d' .t |r' .d' :m .s }

36

shave your beard when that is grow-ing long, And yet I'm told there are some men who

colla voce

39

have to, It's real - ly sim - ply ab - so - lute - ly wrong!

molto rall. *D.C.*

molto rall. rall - - - - -

Absolutely Wrong

1

I'm Bertie Bright of Bond St. and my Club's the best in town,
I'm well known from Hyde Park Corner to the Strand
I lead a really busy life, I can't stand men who loaf.
Though people puzzle me on ev'ry hand.
I know someone men who have no Club and always go straight home.
What fun is life to them? It must be awf'ly slow,
They don't get much amusement, that's quite clear.

How on earth do all those chappies manage.
Who haven't got a man to help them dress?
Fancy, studding shirts and putting bally boots on.
I'd be fairly done I must confess.
Fancy, having to fill your bath each morning
And shave your beard when that is growing long,
And yet I'm told there *are* some men who have to.
It's really simply absolutely wrong!

2

I never get up late, in fact I'm always down by twelve,
I reach my Club at half past twelve or so,
By two o'clock I'm sleeping, but wake up at half-past three
At four I walk down Bond Street or the Row.
At six my valet dresses me, at seven I go and dine.
The theatre or play bridge till four or five.
So people cannot say I don't get through my share.
But though I rush through life I seem to thrive.

How on earth do those poor blighters manage
Who sit on stools and push a beastly pen?
I think I saw one once when I went to the City
Fancy, getting up to have your breakfast
And going by train with all the busy throng,
And yet I'm told there *are* some men who have to,
It's really simply absolutely wrong!

3

Some idiots love the country, wherever that may be,
I've never been out further West than Kew.
Who does the food in country holes? They can't cook out of town.
I can't see the idea at all, can you?
And once I met a chappie who was actually wed,
He really seemed a decent sort of bird,
He always dined at home, yet seemed quite fit in health.
I mean it's really hopelessly absurd.

How on earth do those poor Johnnies manage
Who have to carry guns and go and fight.
Fancy, men in ships who've got no Club to go to,
And human beings who've no electric light.
Fancy, having to spoon with girls and wed' em,
I mean fine men like me both broad and strong,
And yet I'm told there *are* some men who have to.
It's really simply absolutely wrong!