

## THEY DON'T SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER NOW!

Written & Composed by

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Little Sally Simple just to pass her time away Sat and darn'd her daddy's stockings nice and neat, When she got up from the sofa in a hurry sad to say, Left the stocking needle sticking in the seat! That night when Sally's masher call'd his darling one to see He sat down on the sofa, and she jump'd upon his knee But she wasn't there a minute when the chap began to dance When he jump'd up with the stocking needle sticking in his pants!

And they don't speak to one another now!

They had no quarrel nor-row

But she knows she'll never win him while he's got the needle in him So they don't speak to one another now!

Johnny's missus made him take the baby for a walk And as usual Johnny soon got very dry, So he popp'd into a little "pub" to have a little talk With the barmaid \_ and a drink upon the sly, He stay'd about an hour then he bade her "au-revoir" He rais'd his hat politely\_something fell out on the floor! The lady ran and pick'd it up exclaiming with a grin "Lov-a-mussy\_ it's the babby's\_ anybody got a pin?

And they don't speak to one another now They had no quarrel nor row

But he didn't like her grinning at the baby's underlinen

So they don't speak to one another now!

Gussy on a holiday took lodgings by the sea,

Where he fell in love with pretty Polly Peach\_

Ev'ry night he used to call around and take her out, and she

Ev'ry morning used to meet him on the heach.\_

One morning Gussy went to bathe and what do you suppose? When he came out he found some one had bolted with his clothes! His sweetheart came to meet him and was just id time to see Little Gussy with a basket where his ulster ought to be!

And they don't speak to one another now! They had no quarrel nor row But he left her without warning, never sto But he left her without warning, never stopp'd to say "Good-morning" So they don't speak to one another now!

Ophelia and Bertie met each other at the ball Where the ladies look'd so charming and so gay Bertie thought the fair Ophelia the sweetest of them all And secur'd an introduction right away; He captur'd ev'ry dance with her and waltz'd her to and fro 'Til at last she got exhausted and was forced to "cry a go" Now he might have got her brandy when she fell into a faint But he bathed her face with water and it wash'd off all her paint!

And they don't speak to one another now!

They had no quarrel nor row

But she had a slight objection to him shifting her complexion

So they don't speak to one another now!

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