

OUR REFINED SUBURB.

Written, Composed and Sung by

NELSON JACKSON.

Briskly.

The image shows four staves of musical notation in 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are eighth notes, mostly beamed in pairs. The lyrics are: "Our sub - urb is ton - ey, our sub - urb is trim, It's more or less pro - per, and more or less prim. No house has a num - ber, each one has a name, And of so - cial dis - tinc - tion we all play the game. A - gainst what is com - mon we put up a bar - rage, We've each got a motor, and each got a garage. Our suburb's so very refined; Good taste with good breeding combined. One evening we dined with the Birtle's, At their house which is known as "The Myrtles." With a smart set of finger bowls we had to cope, 'Twas a new game to old Mister Portadown Pope, And he made quite a hit when he asked for the soap; Our suburb's so very refined.

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We've each got a motor, and each got a garage.

Our suburb's so very refined;

Good taste with good breeding combined.

One evening we dined with the Birtle's,

At their house which is known as "The Myrtles."

With a smart set of finger bowls we had to cope,

'Twas a new game to old Mister Portadown Pope,

And he made quite a hit when he asked for the soap;

Our suburb's so very refined.

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One night we played bridge with the Gillows,

At their house which is known as "The Willows."

And old Mrs. Potiphar three times revoked,

She said: "I've my reasons;" old Colonel Guy croaked:

"Why, bless your eyes, madame, you ought to be choked,"

Our Suburb's so very refined, etc.