

London: REYNOLDS & C? 62? Berners Street, W.I This Song may be Sung Freely Anywhere, excepting Theatres & Music Halls.



WORDS AND MUSIC BY

NELSON JACKSON.



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• R & C? 1416.







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# IN 1950.

1

- The world will have grown quite a different place-In 1950.
- We shall all of us move at a deuce of a pace—In 1950.
- There'll be airships and aeroplanes dotting the sky, So if you've been out on the hi-ti-ti,— If you can't toddle home you can bally well fly—
  - In 1950.

#### 3

- Tariff Reform will have reached such a pitch— In 1950. We shall all of us be exceedingly rich—
  - In 1950.
- The "Daily Express" will tell you for why,-
- You can easily believe it— if only you try,— That is, if you've got any green in your eye,— In 1950.

4

- New taxes still will make us smile In 1950. We'll all be laughing all the while— In 1950. All property will be attacked, We'll all be stony broke and whacked,—
- And we'll understand the Insurance Act (perhaps) In 1950.

### 6

The ladies by then will have captured the vote— In 1950. And then in the "Commons" they'll play the gay goat— In 1950. Of rest the police will take a spell, And you must admit they've earned it well,— And perhaps they'll capture Christabel—

In **1950**.

2 Politics will be just the same— In 1950. Each side will play the old, old game— In 1950. With Balfour sitting on the fence, Lloyd-George collecting pounds and pence,— And the rest of 'em talking —! nonsense— In 1950. (Optional Verse in case of accidents) Tariff Reform will have come to stay—

In 1950. We'll all be merry and bright and gay— In 1950.

We'll all be lapped in Fortune's lap, With five, and ten pound notes on tap,— And we'll push the foreigner off the map— In 1950.

5 (SPOKEN) A Verse to our old friends the National Telephone C? who died on the 31st. of Dec. 1911. Alas! there'll be no N. T. C.

In 1950. What an awful loss that loss must be---In 1950.

Will operators crisp, and terse— Continue still to make us curse? Ah! well thank heaven they can't be worse— In 1950.

## 7

I wonder what classical dancing will be— In 1950.
I wonder what sort of nymphs we'll see— In 1950.
I guess that the order will be pretty tall,— The clothes they wear now are exceedingly small,— I s'pose by that time they'll wear — — (order, please). In 1950.

#### 8

But love will still remain unchanged— In 1950. For love folk still will go deranged— In 1950. And girly girls will gurgle gush, The boys still after them will rush,— And lovers will burble the same old slush— In 1950.

# APPLE DUMPLINGS!

WORDS BY JOE PEARSON. MUSIC BY HARRY COLLMAN.









REYNOLDS & C<sup>o</sup>, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.W.