

SYBIL



HUMOROUS
SONG.



Written,
Composed
and Sung

by

ARCHIE
NASH.

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60 ¢

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THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG FREELY EVERYWHERE, EXCEPTING THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

2/1

SYBIL.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG

BY ARCHIE NAISH.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf L.H. R.H.

KEY Eb Sy - bil loves to sim - mer all the sum - mer by the sea, And she

{ m ., m : re ., m | s ., l : s ., m | f ., s : f ., m | r : m ., r }

moves a - long with mu - sic most sub - lime. For

{ d ., r : m ., s | l ., d' : l ., d' | s :- | - : ., m }

all her trink - ets jan - gle as they dan - gle on her ban - gle, In a

{ f ., s : f ., m | r ., m : f ., r | m ., f : m ., r | d ., r : m ., d }

tan - tal - iz - ing tan - gle all the time.

B^b.t. { t m ., l : se ., l | t ., le : t ., d | l :- | - : }

All the fel - lows fol - low as she prom - e - nades the pier, And
f. Eb { *mf* ., s : f ., m | r ., l : r ., m | f ., s : f ., m | r : . r }

try to catch the twin - kle in her eye, For
 { *m* ., f : m ., r | d ., t : l ., d | m : - | - : . m }

Sy - bil's sim - ply rip - ping and they can't re - sist 'pip - pip - ing' And
 { *l* ., ta : l ., s | f ., r : f ., l | s ., l : s ., f | m , d . - : . m }

on - ly wait to whis - per on the sly.
 { *d* ., r : m ., l | f ., l : f ., m | r : - }

rall.

rall. *sfz*

a tempo.

Won't you spare a lit-tle kiss, now do, One you would-n't miss, or even

: s ., s | d' ., t : l ., d' | s : m | s : - | : | d' ., t : l ., d' | s ., m : re ., m }

P a tempo

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

two.

You've on-ly caught a tinge yet Of just how much I care, Let me

{ s : - | Bb.t.:sd | l ., l : se ., l | t : m ., m | d ., d : t ., l | d : d ., d }

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

kiss you on the fringe-net, It will help to curl your hair. I think it would be nice, don't

{ r ., r : re ., re | m . d : d . d | d . l . : d . t ., l d : .f.Eb,as | d' ., t : l ., d' | s : m }

Ped. * Ped. *

you?

And real-ly I'll be true,

Your

{ s : - | : . s | m ., f : s ., m | l : : | : . r }

Ped. * Ped. *

lips are love-ly, Sy-bil, Just a ti-ny lit-tle nib-ble, On-ly one, now do.

{ f ., f : m ., m | r ., r : r ., r | f ., f : m ., m | r ., r : - d ., r | s : - | : m | d : - | : }

Ped. *

Sybil loves to simmer all the summer by the sea,
 And she moves along with music most sublime.
 For all her trinkets jangle as they dangle on her bangle,
 In a tantalizing tangle all the time.
 All the fellows follow as she promenades the pier,
 And try to catch the twinkle in her eye,
 For Sybil's really ripping and they can't resist 'pip-pip-ing'
 And only wait to whisper on the sly.
 Won't you spare a little kiss, now do,
 One you wouldn't miss, or even two.
 You've only caught a tinge yet
 Of just how much I care,
 Let me kiss you on the fringe-net,
 It will help to curl your hair.
 I think it would be nice, don't you?
 And really I'll be true,
 Your lips are lovely, Sybil,
 Just a tiny little nibble,
 Only one, now do.

But Sybil only says with just a simple little smile,
 She doesn't flirt with fellows as a rule.
 Still the weather's rather gusty, and he's really not so dusty,
 He can take her to the Cafe in the cool.
 So they sit and swallow ices till they both begin to freeze,
 And he finds his money melting all away,
 Though the temperature's at Zero, he's a gallant little hero,
 And he sings to her the same sweet lay.
 Won't you spare a little kiss, now do,
 One you wouldn't miss, or even two.
 You needn't tell the mater,
 It's a secret you can keep,
 There's no one but the waiter,
 And he's just gone to sleep.
 I've finished up my ice and so have you,
 Don't you think it's time to woo?
 A kiss would be a killer,
 Now we're flavoured with Vanilla,
 Give us one, now do.

But Sybil's quite capricious, though she knows it's rather cruel,
 And murmurs in a manner most superb.
 Now don't be getting waxy you can take me in a taxi,
 There's a cabby just careering round the kerb.
 He coyly sits beside her in a corner of the cab,
 While the metre measures eight-pence ev'ry mile,
 Then growing rather bolder lays his head upon her shoulder,
 As the driver fakes the figures on the dial.
 Won't you spare a little kiss, now do,
 One you wouldn't miss, or even two,
 The taximeter's going,
 And I'm getting into debt,
 There's two and fourpence owing
 And you haven't kissed me yet.
 I think we'll have to stop, don't you?
 Or I shan't be worth a sou,
 I've only three and thruppence
 Now it's ticked another tuppence,
 Give us one, now do.