

# PERFECT GENTLEMEN

HUMOROUS SONG

*Written, Arranged  
and Sung*

*by* **NELSON  
JACKSON.**

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# PERFECT GENTLEMEN.

WRITTEN, ARRANGED AND SUNG  
BY NELSON JACKSON.

Voice.

*Pomposo.*

Piano

SOLO OR CHORUS.

What con-sti-tutes a gen-tle-man has long been in de-bate, In

KEY Eb .s | d .d :d .d | d .d :d .d | r .d :t, .d | r :- .r

fact since this old world be-gan it's puz-zled many a pate. This

{ | r .r :r .r | r .r :r .r | m .r :d .r | m :- .m }

fact {<sup>I</sup><sub>we</sub>} do not seek to blink, {<sup>I</sup><sub>we</sub> of - fer no new plan, But

{ | m .m :m .m | m .m :m .m | f .m :r .m | f :- .f }

<sup>I</sup><sub>we</sub> } will show what some folks think a per - fect gen - tle - man.

{ | f .f :f .f | f .f :f .f | s .f :m .f | s ||

*Pomposo*

Yes, a right down reg' - lar gen - tle - man, all of the present cen - tur - ee.

{ :m .,r | d :d' | t :l | s :- .f | m :s | s .f :m .f | m :r | d :- | - ||

A.

CHORUS.

Riddle-me-ree, Riddle-me-ree! What do you think should a gen-tle-man be?  
 {ld' :d' :d' ld' :-:- | t :l :s ld' :-:- | s :s :s lr :m :f | m :d :d ld ||

B.

SOLO.

As a scorch-ing road-hog mo-tor-ist I'll tell you if I can,  
 { :s :s | d .d :d .d ld .m :r .d | r .r :r .r ls :- }

*Rall.*

What in my o-pin-ion is a per-fect gen-tle-man.  
 { |m .s :m .d lr .f :r .t, | d .d :d .d ld ||

Repeat once from here.

I think a per - fect gen - tle - man is one who skips the gut - ter, When  
Who knows the road is mine, and let's me quite mo - nop - o - lise it, Who  
.s | d .d :d .d | d .d :d .d | r .d :t, .d | r .r : .r }

I whiz round the corner with a hoot, and with a splutter, A chap in country lanes who saves his  
knows that he is *nothing*, and is quick to rec-og-nise it, And if I catch him un - a - wares and  
{ r .r :r .r | r .r :r .r | m .r :d .r | m .m : .m | m .m :m .m | m .m :m .m }

ba-con and his breeches, By hurdling o - ver hedg-es, or by dump-ing in - to ditches.  
happen to sur-prise him, Just lies down like a gen-tle-man and lets me pul-ver-ise him.  
{ l f .m :r .m | l f .f : .f | l f .f :f .f | l f .f :f .f | l s ..f :m .f | l s .s ||

If Concerted Item back to A.  
If Single Item back to B.

CHORUS.

And that's <sup>his</sup> i - dea of a gen - tle-man, all of the present cen - tur - ee.  
{ m .,r | d :d' | t :l .l | s :- .f | m :s | s .f :m .f | m :r | d | - :- ||

As a Coster Gal I'll tell you just as briefly as I can—  
What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I likes a bloke wot takes yer aht upon bank 'ollerday,  
Right up to 'appy 'ampstead in 'is little donkey shay.  
A bloke wot's toggged up reg'lar smart wiv pearlies on 'is 'at,  
Wot smokes cigars wiv bands on, yer can see 'e's clarss by that.  
Wot buys yer beer an' pickled eels, an' rides on rahndabahts,  
Wot puts 'is arm around yer waist, an' changes 'ats an' shahts.  
Wot 'ollers "wot cheer, Liza, strewth I nearly copped yer bendin',"  
An' if anuver feller looks at yer, 'e knocks 'is blinkin' end in.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a flapper I will tell you just as briefly as I can—  
What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a West End Johnnie's just the sweetest thing on earth,  
Who throws his weight about as if he don't know what he's worth.  
Who takes you out to night clubs, and the Regent Pal. Hotel,  
Who takes you out to dinner, and who does you jolly well.  
Who whirls you round the west end into all the saucy shows,  
Who gives you chocs in boxes all tied up with purple bows.  
Who says "I think you're rippin', may I see you to your flat?  
And you let him, and you leave him, standing pensive on the mat.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a Lockhart's waitress I will tell as briefly as I can—  
What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a perfect gent is one 'oo eats 'is food perlite,  
Wot takes 'is kipper dainty like, not all in one big bite.  
'Oo don't make rude remarks about the eggs, nor yet the 'am,  
And don't complain of beetles bein' in the storobry jam.  
And when you serves 'im tea wot's 'ot, don't blow on it like that, (*business*)  
But pours it in 'is sorcer, an' just fans it with 'is 'at.  
Wot passes you the time o' day, an' doesn't give no lip,  
An' when 'e pays 'is bill 'e leaves you tuppence for a tip.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a Curate I will tell you just as briefly as I can—  
What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a perfect gentleman is one who shuns all liq-uar  
Who shows profound respect to me, and also to the Vic-ar.  
Supports the Church of England, and despises Churches pseudo,  
And plays the game of Spillikins, and Tiddly Winks and Ludo.  
Who comes to Mother's meetings, and who gives us penny readings,  
Who "makes a few remarks" at all our festivals and feedings.  
Who's very well to do, and has the courage to endure it,  
And whose daughter is distinctly interested in the Curate.

And that's his idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.