

When performing this number in Public, artistes are requested to notify same on the Performing Right Soc. Ltd. form which is available at all places of Public Performance

CATTY CONVERSATIONS.

MAY WINDSOR.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

Allegro

L.H. *f*

Moderato.

There's noth - ing half so

KEY A. } : s₁ | d : - . r i m : : l }

pleas - ing, As just a lit - tle praise, And

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

if it is - n't of - fered, We seek it all our
 || f : - . f l m : r | s : m | : r | d : l, l t, : d }

days. For in - stance I'm en - chant - ed with my
 || r : | : s, | m : d | l, : r | d : s, l s, : s, }

lat - est } eve - ning gown, } So show it to my
 wife's new } } She shows it to her
 || m : d l t, : r | d : - | : d | t, : s l f e : m }

dear - est friends, Who look it up and down:
 || r : re l m : t, | r : d l t, : l, | s, : - | - ||

Why you've got a new frock, *how* o - rig - i - nal, De -

{ :s, :s, | l, :l, :d ll, :d :l, | l, :l, :s, | : :s, }

signed it your - self? well I'm sure, I

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

cer - tain - ly ought to have known it, I've

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

not seen one like it be - fore! Of course

{ | r :m :r | ll, :t, :d | r :- :- | :s, :s, }

I al - ways wear Par - is mod - els, They're ex -

pen - sive, but then they're so chic, Not that

your lit - tle frock is - n't nice dear, It suits

you and that's that - so to speak! Miaow!

Now when a couple marry
 They may be young or old,
 The little home they start with
 Is worth its weight in gold.
 She thinks it all delightful,
 It looks so fresh and gay,
 And so she asks her friends to call,
 And this is what they say:-
 What a dear little house, quite a bird's-nest,
 Two twigs and a wee bit of moss.
 How on earth did you manage to pack yourselves in?
 I'm sure I'd have been at a loss.
 Furniture's nice, it's amazing
 How that cheap stuff is made to look good,
 Of course it won't wear, but you're not starting young,
 So I don't see much need that it should. Miaow!

Now don't imagine men-folk
 Aren't sometimes catty too,
 They turn their manly noses up
 The same as women do.
 For instance over motor cars
 They never give and take,
 The other fellow's car's *no good*
 Whate'er its size or make.
 So that's the new bus, not so dusty!
 What make? Oh they're never much good,
 Their crank shafts are weak, carburettors all wrong,
 And the engines don't run as they should.
 Now my little car is a daisy,
 Does eighty as quiet as a lamb,
 No, I'm sorry, old boy, but in my eyes your car
 Looks more like a Ford or a pram'. Miaow!

But p'r'aps of conversations,
 The cattiest of all
 Is when designing mothers
 Meet each other at a ball.
 The one has got a daughter
 Just recently engaged,
 The other's girl's still fancy free,
 And so she feels enraged!
 I *must* offer my congratulations,
 Your daughter's engaged, so I hear,
 You must be delighted she's got off at last,
 She's tried hard enough this last year.
 Seems a nice boy, not too brilliant,
 No prospects or cash I'm afraid,
 Still I s'pose you are glad she's got *anyone* now,
 It's so awful to be an old maid. Miaow!