

'ARD UP AN' 'APPY

HUMOROUS
PATTER
SONG

WRITTEN BY

DION LANE

COMPOSED BY

HERBERT TOWNSEND

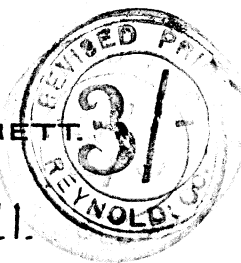
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Moderato.

The first system of music features a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a forte dynamic (*f*) and includes an 8-measure rest in the bass line.

The second system includes a treble clef staff with lyrics and a grand staff with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Key D. I'm a bloke that was reared in So - ci - e - ty, ————
{ : : s . f | m : d : d | r : f : r | m . f : s : - }". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

The third system includes a treble clef staff with lyrics and a grand staff with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Bar - nardo's I think was the name, ———— I
{ : - : s | m : d : d | r : m : f | s : - : - | - : - : s }". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

al - ways a - voids no - to - ri - e - ty, ——— 'Cos people might rumble my
 { l : l : l | t : l : t | d' . l : s : - | - : - : s | f e : m : r | m : f e : r }

game. ——— I sings out - side pubs in the neighbourhood, — With a
 { s : - : - | - : - : s | d' : d' : d' | t : l : t | d' . l : s : - | - : - : s . s }

voice like the breaking of day; ——— They gives me a bob to get
 { l : l : l | r' : r' : d' | t : - : - | - : - : t | d' : t : l | s : m : d }

rid o' me, ——— Then I chants as I goes on my way: ——— I'm
 { r . f : l : - | - : - : l . l | r' : d' : t | l : s e : l | s : - : - | - : - : s }

L.H.

CHORUS.

'ard up an' 'ap-py an' sat-is-fied, I don't en-vy Rothschild, no

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

fear, As long as I've grub and a ap-pe-tite, Some

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

fags and a pot of good beer. Li tooral I oo-ral I

{ r : fe : l | d' : t : l | s : - : | : : s | m : s : s | r : f : f }

ad-di-ty, I don't en-vy no-bo-dy 'ere, While I've

{ m . r : d : - | - : - : d | d : m : s | d' : r' : d' | t : - : - | - : - : s . s }

fried fish an' chips an' my lodgings paid, — Some 'gaspers' an' plen-ty o' beer.

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

PATTER:-

Eat, drink, sleep, and be contented, that's my motto! If you can't eat, drink: if you can't sleep, have another one; and if you can't be contented, put a froth on it.

Eh? work! Who said work? Don't you talk about work to me, or up goes my blood pressure. I'm all over goosey now! I don't believe in these foreign importations. As long as we've got football and cricket, put and take, crown and anchor, golf and shove 'a'penny, why should we worry about work? Ain't we got troubles enough without work?

Four shillings in the pound income tax. Well, what abaht it? I ain't *got* any income. If *you* 'ave, you're lucky. Who put the Income Tax on? Government! Well, let 'em take it off again. That's easy enough, ain't it?

I'm a typical British working man. That is, I don't do no work unless I'm obliged to. I tried for a job the other day. The boss he says "We don't want any more men. There's hardly enough work for the men we've got already". So I says, "Don't make me laugh, the little bit I'd do wouldn't make no difference.

I did get a job once, as a jobbing gardener, but I got insulted. It was all right till the guv'nor says, "Lean on the blooming shovel at least once an hour, if it breaks I'll pay for it".

Why should I work? Why should I deprive the 'orny 'anded son of toil of his tuny oppurty.

What is work? Now I ask you— what is work? Who invented it? Who was the bloke that went out and discovered it? There you are— you don't know— Neither do I. If I *did* know I'd dig him up and tell him to get on with it. Nah let's get down to solid rock bottom. When you've finished a job wot do you do? Put it down! There y 'are, them's my sentiments; down with it— it interferences with the liberty of the drinking classes. If I was in Parliament I'd bring in a short Act for the suppression of interference by the bloated aristocracy in the drinking habits of the sweated Proletariat. *We* don't interfere with *them* and their funny little ways.

But there I don't worry about them people, as long as I've got my own little bit of fodder. I always think of the old Latin quotation the only one I know— *multum in parvo*— which means "Live and let live".

That reminds me. I'm living at present in a charming bijou residence, fitted with all modern a ointments H. and C., and the usual offices, near the Elephant's Castle. It's called the 'Hotel de Rowton', and often of a night when we sits round the fire cooking our two eyed steaks and other indelicacies of the season, they says Eric (my name's Jeremiah but they call me Eric for short) they says, "You've had a dab at everything in your time, ain't yer?" I says, "I 'ave, I bin soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, scene shifter, actor— no, pardon, I never got *quite* down as low as that."

A theatrical life once attracted me,
 My 'eart with ambition it soared,
 So I took up a job as a sandwichman,
 For two bob a day and my board.
 I'm a dealer at times in commercial goods,
 All day in the gutter I shouts,
 I'm selling just now patent collar-studs,
 And this is the way that I spouts:-

I gets a little crowd round me at the corner of the street, or up a side turning – chucks my 'at on the ground, burnishes my tonsils, gets my ears well back, and starts like this:-

Now some of you might waken up late one morning. You say to your wife "Polly, my darling, where's my stud?" She says "Augustus my love, it's fell aback of the drawers". "Drawers, be jiggered, I can't lift the drawers, they weigh half a ton. You'll 'ave to go down to the village to buy me a stud." Well, she goes down to the village to buy you a stud. It takes her half an hour to go there, and it takes her half an hour to come back, and while she's gone the milk gets sour, and your temper gets a darned sight sourer. When she do come back she brings one of them common big-headed bone studs. Well, after struggling about in awful agony for the space of three quarters of an hour, off comes the head. The other half does a hop, skip, and a jump down the front of your shirt, and stops the circulation of your blood. You say to your wife, "Polly, my darling, bring us a button". She says "Augustus, my love, I ain't got no shirt button". "Bring us any blooming button", and eventually you goes to work with one of them common trouser buttons sticking out of the front of your shirt. You get to the station just in time to see the last carriage a-rolling out.

You meet the gov'nor at the door. He says "Hello Brown – late agen – ten times this week – take a month's notice and go at once". Well, you go home – black your wife's two eyes – she retaliates by dancing on your best Sunday hat. Now all this time you think it's your wife's fault, but it ain't. It's all on account of using one of them common big-headed bone studs. Now the article I 'ave 'ere is built on the patent improved Maxim automatic lock system – open and shut. There you are. If you was to go into any respectable establishment in the City of London and was to ask for that there article, they'd charge you half a guinea. I don't ask no such exorbitant sum. 'Cause why? 'Cause I know blooming well I shouldn't get it – but if any lady or gentleman standing round me 'ere to-night wishes to become possessed of that beautiful bit of mechanism the price is one penny – there y'are – a penny. You don't want it. Lor lumme, you soon will want it, that's just the time you can't get it 'Cause why? 'Cause my friend in blue comes along and pinches them – and me too: he do, sw 'elp me ten men. Hello! here he is. My name's Walker! "All right, sergeant – I'm goin' your way, but you don't mind me just humming to myself, do you? Give us your arm."

CHORUS:-

I'm 'ard up and 'appy and satisfied, etc.