HUMOROUS HUMOROL

New Zealand Broadcasting

AND THE RAIN CAME POURING DOWN

CONCERTED

GEORGE ARTHURS

COMPOSED BY

CUTHBERT CLARKE

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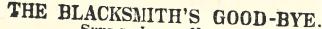
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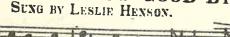
New Zealand Broadcasting Board

FOUR SUCCESSES

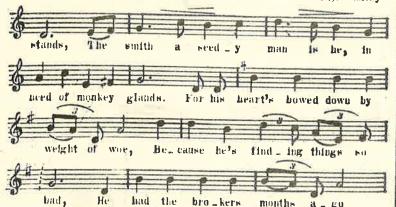
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Robert Rutherford and Harold Arpthorp.





Un_der a spreading chest-int tree the vil_lage smilly



And one by one he's had to sack his strikers, For since the motors came he has no trade, sturdy and strong, they're quencing along With the boys of the 'dole' brigade

For it's made such a jolly good garage,
The smithy's turned into a garage,
The blacksmith's old shack's now a garage,

JUST WAIT TILL I'VE POLISHED MY GLASSES.





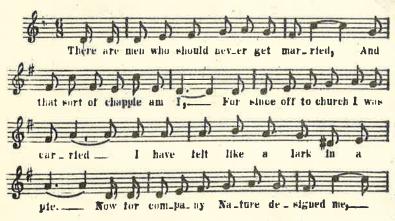




It sometimes occurs that my 'specs' get obscured, */
A thing that is more than can well be endured—
For then I am thrown, as it were, in the dark,
And that is the reason I oftlines remark;

Just wait till I've polished my glasses!
My glasses! My glasses!
I feel the most frightful of asses!
Yes asses! Jack-asses!

AT HOME I'M MY WIFE'S HUSBAND, BUT WHEN I'M AWAY I'M "ME."



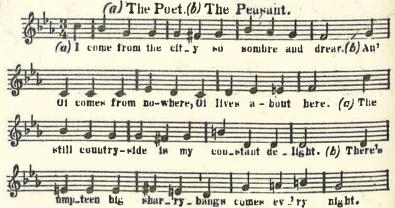
And the same all the time isn't right;
It's like making a map who's a cinema fan
Watch the same bally film ev'ry night.

REFRAIN.

Home! Home! There's no place like Home!
That's why from my home I'm so anxious to roam.
For when I'm away I feel like a ray
Of smishine that's done its good deed for the day.
I've heard of poor books getting home-sick,
But I'm sick of home, don't you see;
For at home I am my wife's husband,
But when I'm away I'm ME!

THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

DUET FOR TWO GENTLEMEN.



(a) And here inspiration divine I shall get.

(b) Of topen as you won't, or you'll need see the vet.

(a) While peace o'er my soul shall steal down like a veil.
(b) That's just how Oi feels when O'ive had too much ale.

(both) Oh! oh! The countryside!

(a) Oh! That's where I would abide!

(b) It drives me to suicide!

(a) No?

(b) Aye, it's a fact.

(a) I think it's delightful!

(b) An' Oi calls it frightful!

(both) The countryside.

Price 2/1 each post free.

THE RAIN CAME POURING DOWN. Rober of



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One night my younger sister went out to a Fancy Dance,
When she put on her fancy gown she took an awful chance,
You couldn't see how she was dressed until a second glance,
But the Weather Clerk took three looks and he fainted!
And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,
And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew,
And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed,
Her gown blew off, but she was veiled,
And the rain came pouring down!

3

A gang of Prohibitionists a meeting held one day,

Out in the open air, and people tell me, by the way,

They all had water on the brain, for all that they could say

Was, "There's nothing else on earth we want but water!"

And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,

And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew,

And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed,

And the blizzard blizzed, and the breezes brizzed,

They all drank water till they fizzed,

And the rain came pouring down!

One day I saw a house to let, the landlord said to me, "The rent is twenty pounds a year, the fittings all are free, I pay the rates and taxes and provide you with a key,

And I don't require a premium at all, sir!"

New Instant Broadcasting Found And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,

And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew, And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed, And the blizzard blizzed, and the breezes brizzed, And the breakers broke, and the quakers quoke, I took that house and then I woke,

And the rain came pouring down!

I saw two lovers courting once, you know how lovers court, They'll do most anything when they have had a glass of port, She said, "Am I your first love?" And he answered like a sport,

"Yes, I never loved a girl till I met you, dear!"

And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,

And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew, And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed, And the blizzard blizzed, and the breezes brizzed, And the breakers broke, and the quakers quoke, And the frost it frist, and the blast it blist, She said "I've never yet been kissed!"

And the rain came pouring down!

Poor father has been out of work for many a long year, In fact he's never worked, if it is true all that I hear, The other day the neighbours came and gave as hearty cheer, For he said he meant to start work that same morning.

And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,

And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew, And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed, And the blizzard blizzed, and the breezes brizzed, And the breakers broke, and the quakers quoke, And the frost it frist, and the blast it blist, And the flood it fled, and the mud it med, So father toddled back to bed,

And the rain came pouring down!

One morning in the Courts a judge made quite a funny joke, In Parliament the Speaker for two minutes never spoke, One member paid his railway fare, then said he wasn't broke, And another member kept awake all morning!

And the rain came pouring down, and the rain came pouring down,

And the wind it blew, and the snow it snew, And the hail it hailed, and the gale it galed, And the blizzard blizzed, and the breezes brizzed, And the breakers broke, and the quakers quoke, And the frost it frist, and the blast it blist, And the flood it fled, and the mud it med, And the sleet it slit, and the lightning lit, They said this song would make a hit,

And the rain came pouring down!

But whether the weather is cold, or whether the weather is hot, We've all got to weather the weather, whether or whether or not!

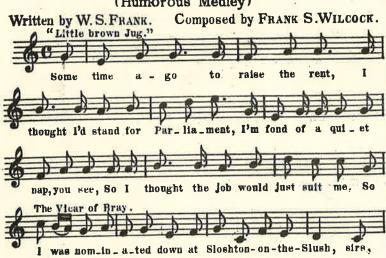
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FOUR SUCCESSES FRANK S. WILCOCK.



(Humorous Medley)



And I felt quite elated down at Sloshton-on-the-Slush, sira, I held a great mass meeting, there were hundreds turned away, sira, Yes, sad to say they turned away when the Vicar began to bray, sire. Tune "DRINKING"

As I went to the meeting hall my courage it was sinking, And so to keep my spirits up, I kept drinking, drinking, drinking.

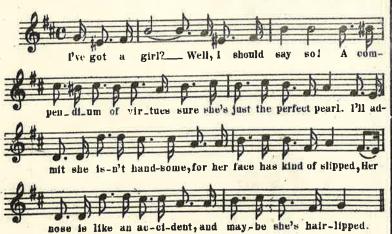
Tune "JOHN BROWN'S BODY".

Then poor old John Brown's number's up they sang, He can't fool the British working man. Then they each gave me another bang, As they all went marching home

SOME GIRL-GEE WHIZ!

Written by W.S.FRANK.

Composed by FRANK S. WILCOCK.

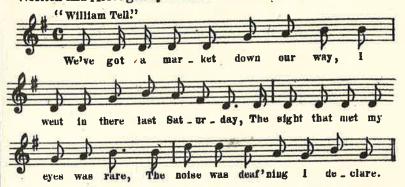


But with charms I needn't mention, well, I guess she's well equipped, And she's some girl! Gee whiz!

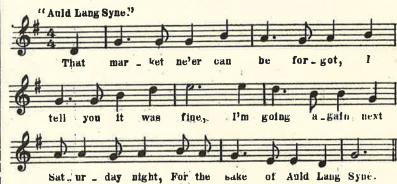
> Can she talk? Well, I should say so! etc. Can she smile? Well, I should say so! etc. Well, I should say so! etc. Can she sing? Can she kiss? Weil, I should say sol etc. Can she cook? Well, now you re asking! etc.

THE MARKET. (Humorous Medley)

Written and Arranged by Kenneth Blain & Frank S.Wilcock.



Etc., introducing "Mary of Argyle;" "Swanee River," Death of Nelson;" "Poor Old Joe," I dreamt that I dwelt," Killarney," etc., and finishing

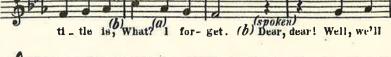


AN"EXTEMPORE" DUET.

Written by W. S. Frank. Composed by Frank S. WILCOCK. (Also suitable for Lady and Gentleman)

NOTE: This Duet is intended to be given by artistes who are already en rapport with their audience as in Concert Parties. The making it up as we go along'idea should be kept in view throughout.







(b) A very good notion. (a) You bet!

(b) pauses and thinks hard, bus.

Who once went to bed with his hat on, (a) spoken Splendid! That's the idea. (thinks) His wife, who was vexed, Said,"What will be do next!"

(b) (triumphantly) So she gave him what for with his baton, etc.

Price 2/1 each, by post.