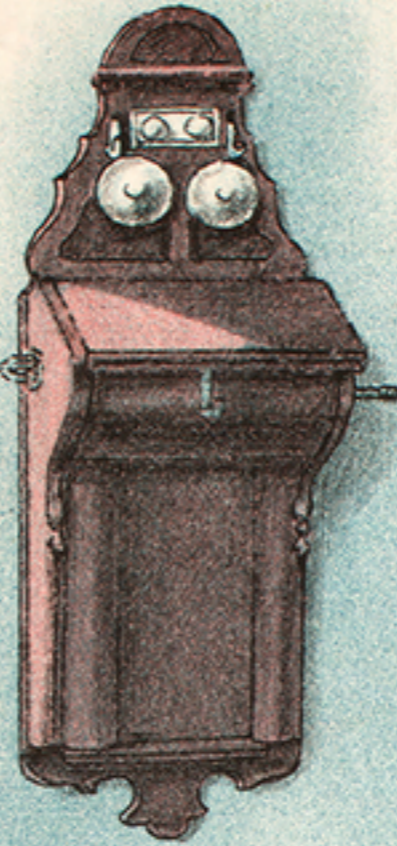


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"I'M WANTED ON THE 'PHONE."

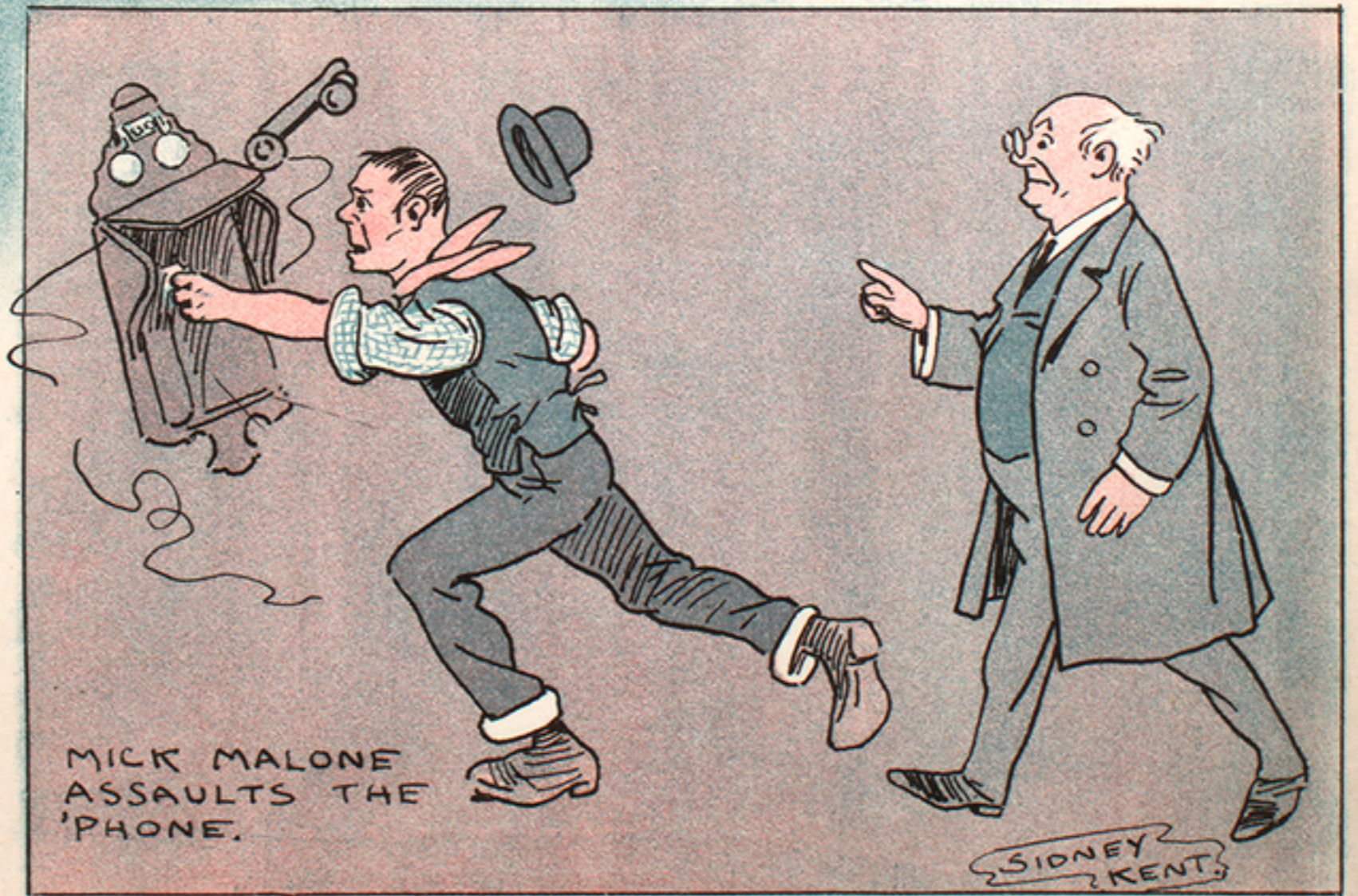


Written &

Composed by

FRANK

WOOD.



Sung by

BERNARD RUSSELL.

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"I'M WANTED ON THE 'PHONE."

Written and Composed by

FRANK WOOD.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

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F. & D. 10489.

1. Now the
2. An i -
3. Now a

mf *Till ready.* *p*

song I'm going to sing is a - bout a han - dy thing, And its
- de - a came to me, that a grand thing it would be With some
year or two a - go, I was out of work, you know, I was

use - ful - ness to ev - 'ry one is known; Well, it's
pals to start a new Dra - ma - tic Club; So we
sto - ney broke and fair - ly in a fix. I

not the Aer - o - plane, Tax - i - me - ter or the Train, It's the
learnt a tra - gic piece call'd, "The Win - kle Wash - er's Niece," And we
would - n't take my life, so I thought I'd take a wife, So I

lit - tle thing we call the Tel - e - phone. There's the friend that calls on you, when he
o - pen'd at the lo - cal vil - lage pub. We went on ve - ry gay, till the
pawnd my boots and knock'd up seven-and - six. I met a win - some maid, with a

wants a pound or two, He calls a - gain but does - n't mean to
third act of the play; 'Twas the part where Jim the land - lord met his
face just like a spade; She'd got nine - pence, so I cried, "We'll wed at

pay, Then he'll of - fer you ci - gars, then he
death. For Shock - er - lol, the Jew, put us
once." When I'd took the mar - riage vow, I said,

coughs and hums and ha's! Well, you know ex - act - ly what he's going to say.
all in such a stew, For he ve - ry near - ly stopp'd poor Jim - my's breath.
"Where shall we go now?" "Why," said she, "up - on our hon - ey - moon, you dunce!"

CHORUS.

Oo did - dley oo, you're think - ing what to do, As
 Oo did - dley oo, the crowd be - gan to boo. (*Very tragic*) "The
 Oo did - dley oo, I turn'd and said to Loo, "You'll

he's a - bout to ask you for the loan. Sim - ply
 Bells," he cried, as Jim - my gave a groan, "They have
 have to hon - ey - moon up - on your own, Here's a

smile at him and say, "I - er - real - ly must a - way, (*Bell*) You'll ex -
 come to haunt my soul!" Shout - ed Jim, "You're up the pole, (*Bell*) Get
 shil - ling?" She said, "Joe, Do have sense, where shall I go?" I

-cuse me, but I'm want - ed on the 'Phone."
 off my neck, I'm want - ed on the 'Phone."
 said, Go to - (*Bell*) I'm want - ed on the 'Phone?"

Fine.

V D. C.

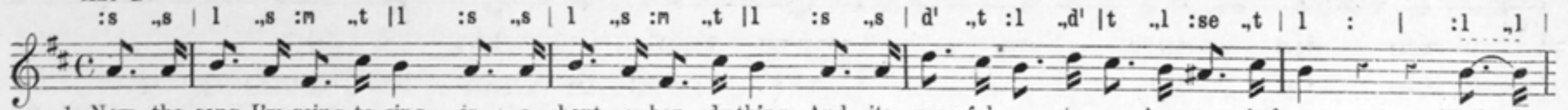
"I'M WANTED ON THE 'PHONE."

Written and Composed by

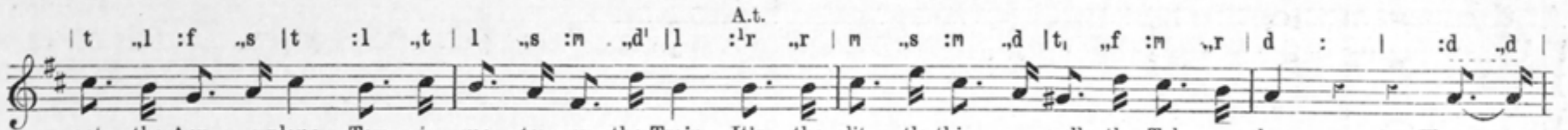
FRANK WOOD.

Sung by BERNARD RUSSELL.

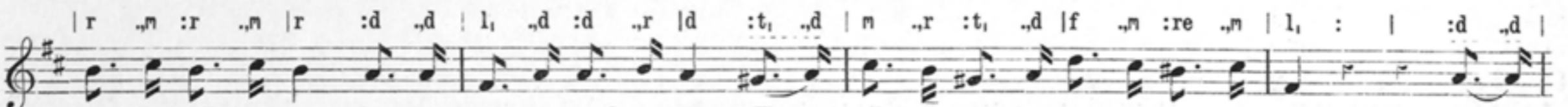
KEY D



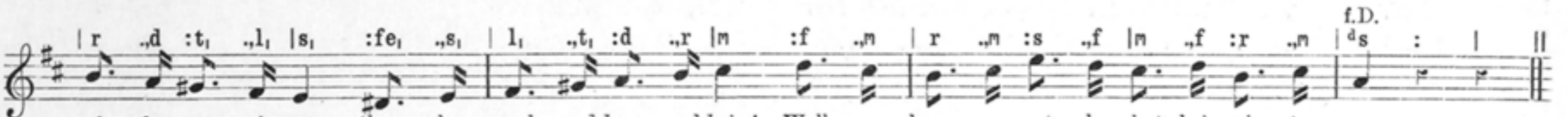
1. Now, the song I'm going to sing is a - bout a han - dy thing, And its use - ful - ness to ev - 'ry - one is known; Well, it's
2. An i - de - a came to me, that a grand thing it would be With some pals to start a new Dra - ma - tic Club; So we
3. Now, a year or two a - go, I was out of work, you know; I was sto - ney broke and fair - ly in a fix. I



not the Aer - o - plane, Tax - i - me - ter or the Train, It's the lit - tle thing we call the Tel - e - phone. There's the
learnt a tra - gic piece, called "The Win - kle Wash - er's Niece," And we o - pened at the lo - cal vil - lage pub. We
would - n't take my life, so I thought I'd take a wife, So I pawned my boots and knock'd up seven - and - six. I

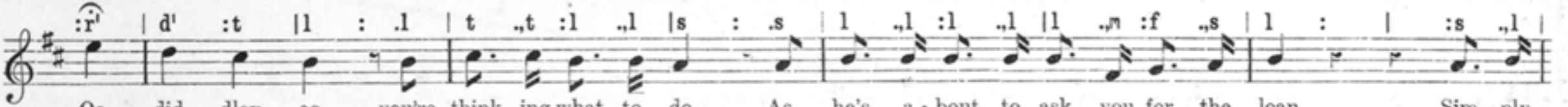


friend that calls on you, when he wants a pound or two, He calls a - gain, but does - n't mean to pay. Then he'll
went on ve - ry gay, till the third act of the play, 'Twas the part where Jim the land - lord met his death. For
met a win - some maid with a face just like a spade, She'd got nine - pence, so I cried, "We'll wed at once." When I'd



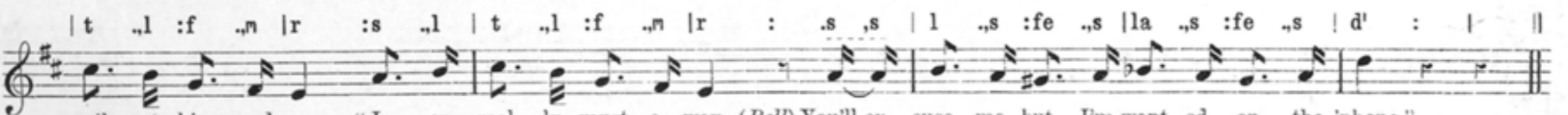
of - fer you ci - gars, then he coughs and hums and ha's! Well, you know ex - act - ly what he's going to say.
Shock - er - lol the Jew put us all in such a stew, For he ve - ry near - ly stopp'd poor Jim - my's breath.
took the mar - riage vow, I said, "Where shall we go now?" "Why," said she, "Up - on our hon - ey - moon, you dunce."

CHORUS.



Oo did - dley oo, you're think - ing what to do, As he's a - bout to ask you for the loan. Sim - ply

Oo did - dley oo, The crowd be - gan to boo. "The Bells," he cried, as Jim - my gave a groan, "They have
Oo did - dley oo, I turned and said to Lou, "You'll have to hon - ey - moon up - on your own, Here's a



smile at him and say, "I - er - real - ly must a - way, (Bell) You'll ex - cuse me, but I'm want - ed on the 'phone."
come to haunt my soul!" Shout - ed Jim, "You're up the pole, (Bell) Get off my neck, I'm want - ed on the 'phone."
shil - ling." She said, "Joe, Do have sense, where shall I go?" I said, "Go to - (Bell) I'm wanted on the 'phone."

4.

In a factory, Mick Malone thought he'd try the telephone,
So he seized the tube and held it in his fist,
Then he cried, "Hullo there, Burke, are yer there, yer - lazy Turk?"
"Yes, I am," said Burke, "yer lump of O'irish Twist!"
"Begorra," said Mickee, "if yer talk loike that to me,
I'll give yer such a swipe across the jaw."
"Yer try it on," said Pat. Shouted Mick, "Take that—and that—(Bus.
If yer speak another word ye'll get some more." action).

CHORUS.

Oo diddley oo, he broke the thing in two.
The boss came up. Then shouted Mick Malone,
"I've dealt him such a crack, and he'd like to hit me back,
But he can't, bedad, I've broke the telephone!"

5.

Monday night I chanced to go to a Fancy Ball, you know,
Where I met a fascinating little maid;
She'd a dainty little foot, and I really thought she put
The famous "Merry Widow" in the shade.
Well, we had a dance or two, then we disappeared from view,
To a corner where we sat in lonely bliss;
Then I murmured, "May I ask you just to remove the mask?"
"I will," said she, "if you'll give me a kiss."

CHORUS.

Oo diddley oo, I sidled up to Sue.
She whispered, "Kiss me," in a tender tone;
But her mask fell out of place. Heavens! what a chivvy chase!
(Bell) I said, "Pardon me, I'm wanted on the 'phone!"

6.

Now, the wife that shares my food is to me unkind and rude,
And to her I haven't spoken for a week;
And although it seems absurd, I've not spoke a single word,
For I couldn't interrupt her, so to speak.
But to - day she bought some steak, and a pie she tried to make
I ate the steak, which nearly made me bust,
I'd pains inside my "tum"; then I knew my time had come,
When she cried, "Now come, you'll have to eat some crust."

CHORUS.

Oo diddley oo, what was I to do?
'Twas certain death to eat that paving stone.
Was there naught to save my life?
"Come on, eat it," said the wife.
(Bell) I shouted, "Can't!—I'm wanted on the 'phone!"

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