When You’re Wearing the Ball and Chain

JOE WEBER offers

THE ONLY GIRL
A MUSICAL FARCE COMEDY

THE BOOK AND LYRICS BY
HENRY BLOSSOM
THE MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT

Staged by FRED G. LATHAM

M. WITMARK & SONS
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"When You're Wearing The Ball And Chain"

Trio

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Fresh, Corksey and Bunkie

Animato

Mezzo mosso

FRESH

Bach-e-lors don't learn a bit of sense. From their mar-ried
I am up and out at break of day, Wif- ie bare-ly

CORKSEY

friends' ex-pe-ri-ence! They just stick their heads in-to the noose
makes the mat-i-nee! My wife phones for ev'-ry-thing we buy.

Like a sil-ly sen-ti-men-tal
Then she won-ders why the bills are goose!

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FRESH

Each one thinks the other man a fool! He's the one exception to the rule!
My wife drags me out most every night. Does this Tango stuff while I get tight!

BUNKIE

He says "I'll be happy when I'm wed" Later on he makes it "when I'm
dead!" For when you've got the ball and chain around your ankle And the

REFRAIN

Mine can't keep a cook but half a day! As a rule we eat at some ca-

FRESH

rit.

rit.

ALL THREE

a tempo

fr.it.

p a tempo.

fr.it.

Stone-hearted jailer in your wife, There's no virtue in repentance, You have

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got to serve the sentence, which is "Labor-hard-for Life!" You've a number and you bet your wife has got it! Any hope of a reprieve is all in vain! Matrimony is the crime for which they've got you doing time. While your ankle wears the ball and chain. Repeat for Dance.