

MAN, MAN, MAN

OR,
GIRLS YOU'RE THINKIN' TOO MUCH OF THE MEN



VESTA VICTORIA'S NEW SONG HIT

WORDS BY
FRED MURRAY



MUSIC BY
CHAS. HILBURY

MAN, MAN, MAN.

or

(Girls You're Thinking Too Much Of The Men.)

Written and composed by
FRED. MURRAY and CHAS. HILBURY.

Tempo di Valse.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

This section continues the piano introduction. It includes a first ending marked with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second ending is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

The first vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The lyrics are: "Girls you'd keep sin - gle that's if you were wise, Men are the I'll bet there's sin - gle young girls here to night, Whose hus - bands treat Mar - ried men they're the worst bound - ers by far, They're more in de -". The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

The second vocal line continues the lyrics: "spid - ers and you are the flies, If you knew as much a - bout them in a way far from right, Girls take my tip now don't mand than the sin - gle chaps are, A man who is mar - ried you'll". The piano accompaniment continues in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major.

them as I know, You would - n't run af - ter and pam - per them
 let them kid you, For they'll wear the trous - ers so sure as you
 tell him with ease, The girls have worn all the nap off of his

so, When you're so young their de - ceit you can't see,
 do, Give them a yard and they'll soon take a mile, Un -
 knees, He'll kiss his dear wife - y good - bye on the mat, With a

Wait till you've found out the bound - ers like me, They're pret - ty
 less it's a yard of tongue that makes them smile, I pit - y the
 rose for an - oth - er girl stuck in his hat, Girls to be

ob - jects to love and o - bey, When you grow old - er you'll
 fel - low that gets hold of me, I'll be a sur - prise pack - et
 hap - py their games you must stop, And keep them down there with your

see things my way, Ex - cuse me but I can't help us - ing this
for him you'll see, They're no use nor or - na - ment full of de -
thumb on the top, Ev - 'ry one's self - ish and mean as can

term, Where wo - man's con - cerned why a man is a worm. Girls you're
ceit, And chock full of lies as their boots are with feet. Girls you're
be, They'd col - lar the bless - ed milk out of your tea. Girls you're

poco rit.

Refrain.

think - ing too much of the men, ——— If you knew what I

p-f

know a - bout men, ——— You'd look be - fore you leap,

Men are all right when they're fast a - sleep Oh I've had some so

I ought to know ——— If you can't see through them I can, ———

— It's some - thing that's stuck in a ten dol - lar suit, That's a
 — It's some - thing that loves ev - 'ry girl but his wife, That's a
 — It's some - thing to put your cold feet on at night, That's a

1. 2.
 man, man, man. ——— Girls you're man. ———
 man, man, man. ——— Girls you're man. ———
 man, man, man. ——— Girls you're man. ———