

Must You?

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and Dave Montgomery.

Composed by Bert Brantford
arr. by Karl L. Hoschka.

Allegro moderato.

Piano. *f*

ff

I must have been a sil - ly sort of Josh When I went and spiced Ma-til - da
I nev - er can have half e - nough to eat That is why I'm in this skin - ny

p

Jane. I thought at the time — I was in for some-thing prime. But
state, And she thinks it jol - ly fine When we sit down to dine. She

ver - y soon found out I was in - sane. The fact is she's a
 puts a pile of mus-tard on my plate. And if I say why

lump too fond of me Nev-er on my own shall let me stray, And
 don't I have some meat You know I can't eat the mus-tard raw, She'll

if by chance I should go in to a pub All my pals will look at me and say:
 look at me and turn up her ras-ber - ry nose And then ex-claim oh lor!

CHORUS.

Must you have the mis-sus with you Can't you come out on your own,
 Must you have beef with your mus-tard Can't you sop it up with bread,

Must you al - ways have a keep - er Aint you old e - nough to be a -
 Aint it just the stuff to warm you Make you sneeze and al - so clear your

lone - Why dont you take her out and lose her
 head. In that mot - to be o - blig - ing

Why be such a sil - ly elk, If there's a - ny beer wants
 Have you real - ly no be - lief, Cant you sit and eat the

mop - ping Cant you mop it up your - self. - self.
 mus - tard Let me and the child - ren have the beef. beef.

MUST YOU?

EXTRA VERSES.

1.

This morning I turned in at three twenty five
I knocked upon the door and rang the bell,
But she sleeps so sound and so far above the ground,
I had to stand out in the street and yell
Matilda, do come down and let your hubby in,
I'm freezing and so weak for want of sleep,
But she only put on airs and said it's too far down the stairs,
Now please be content in the street.

Chorus.

Must you have a bed to sleep in?
Can't you stand up in the corner for a nap?
Think of those six day bicycle riders,
Have to sleep in every other lap.
Don't you know that sleeping's all a habit?
I feel it coming on and must turn in,
Now you stay there until the morning
And I'll call a cop and run you in.

2.

Well talk of warm, she's very warm indeed,
For when I went to dress last Sunday morn,
Vainly I looked 'round for my trousers, then I found
As per usual they'd been sent to pawn,
Because I said it seem'd a trifle hard
To be obliged to stick in bed all day
When I might be out with some pals for a walk,
She only did a grin and then did say.

Chorus.

Must you always have your trousers?
Can't you go without for once?
Don't you know that poor old Adam
Never had a pair at all for months.
Won't they last you all the longer
While your uncle them has got,
Make a kilt of my old apron
And think that you're Sir Walter Scott.

3.

In the summer wife goes to the country,
Takes the children, the cook and the maid,
I felt rather glad, but you bet that I was sad
When I got on to all the plans she'd made
She locked each door from parlor to fourth floor
Closed our little "comfy" folding bed,
She made the house look just like a beastly morgue
Then that woman calmly to me said:

Chorus.

Must you, dearest, use the kitchen?
Can't you stay out in the yard,
You can sleep in the dog kennel
If you find the door-step is too hard
You can bathe beneath the rain spout
With the grindstone, you must shave,
Oh! you'll have a jolly summer.
If you only can behave.

4.

One day I said to myself "I am a guy
If I stand this treatment any more,
I'm going to get gay, I'll throw some cash away,
A blonde and giddy show girl, I'll adore?"
Took the fairy out to dine at Rectors
Spent a lot of cash to treat her right,
She left me in the cold upon the sidewalk
Shut the cab door and sweetly said "Good Night".

Chorus.

"Must you ride in cabs, Oh dear me!
Can't you go and use the car?
Don't forget to pay the cabby
Just to Harlem, that's not far
How dare you ask me sir to kiss you,
Well I never! On my life!
Oh you horrid awful creature,
Go right home and kiss your wife!"