21a. When your clothes, from your hat to your socks

Pietro

**Allegro**

When your clothes, from your hat to your socks,
Have tickled and scrubbed you all day;
When your

If some

brain is a musical box,
(Mutton chop, with potatoes and beer);
When you

find you're too small for your coat,
And a great deal too big for your vest,
With a

pint of warm oil in your throat,
And a pound of tin tacks in your chest;
When you've

Piano

Allegro

When your

If some

brain is a musical box,
(Mutton chop, with potatoes and beer);
When you

find you're too small for your coat,
And a great deal too big for your vest,
With a

pint of warm oil in your throat,
And a pound of tin tacks in your chest;
When you've

Piano
Pietro

21

got a beehive in your head, And a sewing machine in each ear;
And you've

Piano

25

feel that you've eaten your bed, And you've got a bad headache down here;
When you've

Pietro

29

lips are like under-done paste, And you're highly gam bo in the gill;
And your

Piano

33

mouth has a coppery taste, As if you'd just bitten a pill;
And wher -
ev er you tread, From a yawning abyss You re coil with a yell You are

make up your mind That you're better in bed, For you're not at all, not at all well.

well!