DON'T DO IT AGAIN MATILDAl

by Fred Murray

Allegro moderato

VERSES

1. Matilda’s a lady I’ve known many years, And I
2. Matilda and I went to Brighton on one day, And she
3. I’ll never forget on the day I got wed, (And there’s

D call’d on Matilda one night. I walk’d in the parlour and
G stood on the shingle with me. The wind was so windy it
B7 play’d an original part; She smother’d her “chivvy” with
Em only “yer humble” to blame. Matilda insisted on
A7

G sat on a chair. And I had such a terrible fright. I
B7 collar’d Matilda, And blew her right out in the sea. I
Em raspberry jam, And she went as a raspberry tart. I
A7 washing my shirt, as I only had one to my name. She
felt something bite me, and fell on the floor, And I
saw her come up with a smile on her face, And she
sent it along; and when I could n't get loose, I said

roll'd my self up in a knot. When I found it was on ly her
start ed to yelp like a pup. She came up a gain to the
strug gled like hav ing a fight. I said, "If you want ed to
"Til ly, old girl, you 're a jay!" She 'd starched it all o ver, from

set of false teeth. Which she 'd laid on the chair, I said, "What!
top of the wa ter Said I, "That 's your se cond time up!"
make an im pres sion, You 've jol ly well done it to night,"
bottom to top. So I wrote her a let ter to say.

CHORUS

"Don't do it a gain, Ma - til da! don't do it a -
"Don't do it up a gain, Ma - til da! don't do it a -
"Don't do it a gain, Ma - til da! don't do it a -
"Don't do it a gain, Ma - til da! don't do it a -
-gain! Your beau - ti - ful teeth may be quite tip - top, But they
-gain! That’s twice you’ve come up to the top, yer fool! And
-gain! That rasp - ber - ry jam must be made with glue. A
-gain! The dic - key’s as rough as a rus - ty nail. And the

Em A7

seem to take me for a steak or a chop. Help! help! they’re mak - ing me yelp! they
three’s so un - luck - y to you as a rule. Don’t kick! you’ve got to be quick, and
lot of my whis - kers are stick - ing to you. Your face, it looks a dis - grace, and
back of it’s wag - ging a - bout like a tail. My shirt, oh does n’t it hurt! Do

E7 A7 D A7

ought to be kept on a chain. Put ’em back in their place in that
swal - low a lot of the main, And then I can get your in -
I’ve got a hor - ri - ble pain, For you’re tak - en the skin from my
tod - dle ar round and ex - plain. It’s a stiff as a tin, and I

E7 B7 Em A7

1. hole in your face, and don’t do it a - gain!”
2. -gain!”
-sur - ance, old pet, so don’t do it a - gain!”
-gain!”
nose and my chin, so don’t do it a - gain!”
-gain!”
can’t tuck it in; so don’t do it a - gain!”
-gain!”

D A7 D A7 D

D.C.