Don't Have Any More Missus Moore

Written and Composed by

HARRY CASTLING & JAMES WALSH.

Moderato.

Missus Moore, who lives next door, she's such a dear old soul,
Of the local inn she uses most is call'd the Wooden Hut,
She's had no end of husbands that in love with her have fell,
And children she's a score or more, her husband's on the dole.
I don't know how she manages to first one in at opening time, and last out when they shut.
And when she's had a few, it's true, she this one is her seventh one, and he don't look too well.
She married him a year ago, and keep that lot I'm sure, I said to her today as she was standing at the door:
can't go very far. And you can hear them singing this to her across the bar:
on their wedding day, as they were walking down the aisle, I heard the parson say:

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CHORUS.

Don't have any more, Missus Moore, please don't have any more. The more you have the more you want, they say, but enough is as good as a feast any day. If you have many more, Missus Moore, you'll have to rent the house next door. They're all-right when they're here but take my advice old phone get to your street door. Too many double gins give the ladies double don't know what we'll do, I'm sure. Our churchyard is so small there'll be no room for them dear. Don't have any more, Missus Moore. So don't have any more, Missus Moore. Bb F7

Bb Eb G7 Cm F7 Bb D7 Gm Bbm6 F C7 F C7 G7 F Bb Eb m Bb Bb Bb Bb7 Bb+ Eb G7 Cm Eb m Bb D7 Eb E7

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