IT GITS ME TALKED ABAHT

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Moderato.

Piano.

It ain't a easy thing in life to 'old yer'ead up 'igh, To

see if I'm mistak'en, just you go an' 'ave a try. There's
al - lus some one at yer 'eels a - try.in' to drag yer down,  My

shad - der, just at pres - ent, is a bloke named Bil - ly Brown.  'E

's - n't got a soul a - bove a quart pot and a pipe,  'E's

'an - dy wiv 'is dooks, an' al - lus rea - dy for to swipe,  An'
"If I'm seen 'ob-nobbin' wiv a bloke of that low type, It gits me talked a baht.

'E ain't partickler wot 'e sez, an' allus hinterferes,
There's sure to be a shindy when 'is ugly mug appears;
'E told a pal o' mine as I'd done eighteen months in quod
For sellin' two planners as I'd 'ad in hon' the nod.

Well, wot am I to do? It ain't no good to say 'e's tight,
'E drinks, but never takes too much, 'e don't think it's right,
I calls 'im "'oly friar," an' of course that means a fight,
An' it gits me talked abah!

I ain't a bit stand hoffish, and I never lose my 'ead,
But flirtin' ain't my line at all, I don't intend to wed.
There's Tilly Smith, a decent gal, but forward, that's to say
She will make heyes an' wink, until I longs to git away!

She's took a fancy to me, an' I'm blowed hif I know why!
I gives 'er no encouragement, I wouldn't dare to try;
But hif she will carry hon like that, I'm certain bye-an'-bye
It'll gits me talked abah!

They say as I've got talent in the 'istrionic line,
Playin' 'ind legs of the helephant in East End Pantermine.
My "people" was agin it, but I gradually riz,
Now my 'eart is in them 'ind legs an' I dearly love the biz.

It hupset our 'ome circle, the selectest in New Cut,
When in a play by William Shakespeare I made my debut,
Sez Ma, "I calls it hinferadig! 'E must be hoff 'is nut!
It'll gits us talked abah!"

ENCORE VERSE.
To keep the pot a bilin' when all other work was horf,
I patented a mixture for the gout or 'oopin' corf:
It wasn't too successful, so I calls it "pills" instead—
"Green Pills for Yaller People" was the way the advert. read.

One patient most impatient swore it only brought on chills.
Says I, "You ain't a yaller person; you're the kind it kills!"
'E 'ad me up at Bow Street—but it advertised the pills—
It got 'em talked abah!