POOR JOHN

by Fred Leigh and Henry Pether

Moderato

VERSES

1. I ought to think myself a lucky girl,
   I know, 'Cos
2. As soon as she could get me all alone,
   oh, dear!
3. She said, “Young girls today are all for outside show;

   I'm engaged, but still, somehow,
   I don't think so.
   asked clothes you see may look all right the rest oh no!

   John that's the name of my "fin nonce", you see
   Thought John too young to take a wife just yet;
   What she was driving at I soon made out;

   E7    Am   A7
There’s no mistake, he’s very fond of me. He asked when and where it was that we first met. She said no girl could help but worship her dear son, And told me pretty plainly what a girl she gave a sigh, and cried, “Oh, for! I wonder what on earth he wants to take me out for walks, and oh! he was so nice! He always used to kiss me on the same place twice. Of ten in the park we would sit and spoon. And these prize I’d won, Started fairly slow, then she made a spurt, And marriage for!” That was quite enough up my temper flew; Says I hoped that I knew how to put a tail-piece on a shirt. I, “Perhaps it’s so that he can get away from you!”
CHORUS

John took me round to see his mother! His mother his mother! And

while he introduced us to each other She weighed up every thing that I had on. She

put me through a cross-examination; I fairly boiled with aggravation.

Then she shook her head, looked at me and said, "Poor John! poor John!" John!"