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SHERLOCK HOLMES, D.T.



CHORUS.

I'm Sherlock Holmes, the man of mystery,
I'm Sherlock Holmes,
The marvellous wonderful D.
Just look at them now, they're sharing a bun,
I saw him last night with some other one,
I could tell a tale but I'd spoil the fun,
For I'm Sherlock Holmes, D. T.
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

WRITTEN AND
COMPOSED BY

SAM RICHARDS
AND
PAUL PELHAM,

SUNG BY

CHARLES BIGNELL.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES D. T.

Arranged by CHAS: BIGNELL.

Written & Composed by

SAM RICHARDS & PAUL PELHAM.

PIANO. Moderato misterioso.

The musical score is for a piano piece in G major, 2/4 time, marked "Moderato misterioso". It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system shows a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system features a triplet in the right hand and a triplet in the left hand. The third system features a triplet in the right hand and a triplet in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings (mf, ff, pp, f) and articulation marks (tr, V).

ad lib: till ready.

I am a man of great re-nown,

My pow'r of de-duc-tion is great.

I've got an eye like a hawk you know, I beg you'll al-low me to state.

All sorts of sec-rets and all sorts of crimes, I fathom with faintest of clues. And when

once I have got a grip on a case, The cul-prit I nev-er will lose.

CHORUS.

3

p, & f

I'm Sherlock Holmes, The man of myster - y, I'm Sherlock Holmes, The

marvellous wonder - ful D. Sup - posed to be dead, To life — I've come, And I

night - ly ap - pear at the Ly - ce - um. You bet I am go - ing to make things hum, For

I'm Sherlock Holmes. D. T. I'm Sherlock Holmes. I'm Sherlock Holmes.

ff con fuoco. *sf* *pp* *sf Fine* D.C.

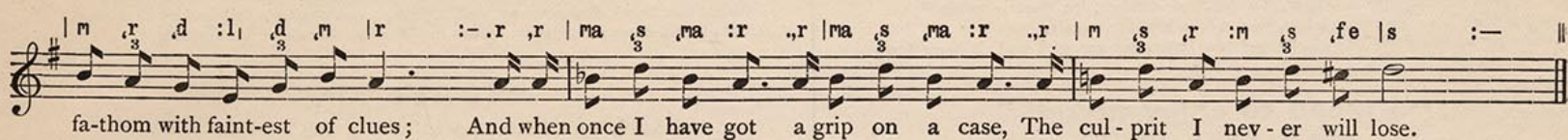
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SHERLOCK HOLMES, D.T.

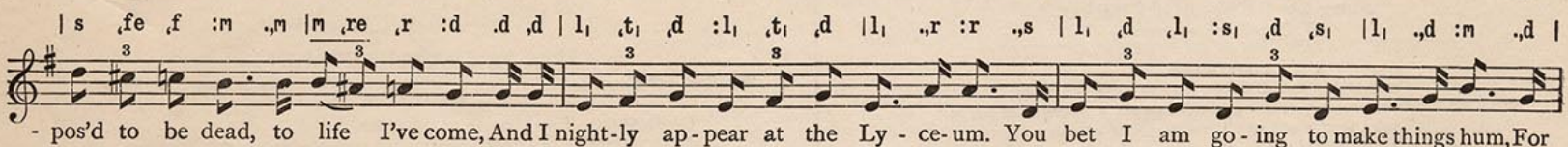
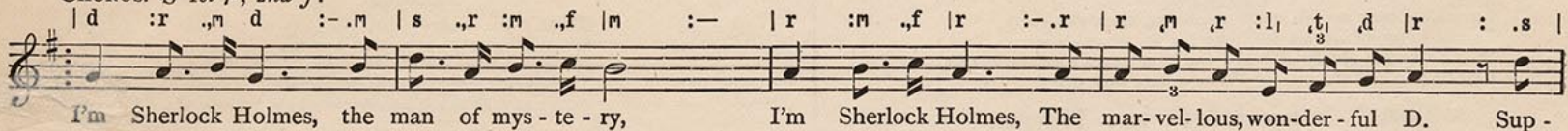
Sung by CHAS. BIGNELL.

Written and Composed by SAM RICHARDS & PAUL PELHAM.

Key G.



CHORUS. *8 1st p, 2nd f.*



- 2 I was wanted you will agree,
To clear up many a doubt,
Where is De Wet when a man is dry,
Oh that's what you'd like to find out.
I can tell if a man is single you know,
There's a don't care a hang kind of face,
And it's easy to see that he's happy and free,
For he's after each sweet bit of lace.

CHORUS.

I'm Sherlock Holmes, the man of mystery,
I'm Sherlock Holmes,
The marvellous wonderful D.
I can tell if he's wed, there's no need to chaff,
There's no seats in his pants and his boots are in half,
For the baby's white stocking he wears for a scarf,
For I'm Sherlock Holmes, .DT.
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

- 3 I was sent for the other day,
By a great opposition M.P.
This was the secret he wished to know,
Where was their lost policy.
He wanted a Rose, without Berry or thorn,
A Bannerman leading the fray;
Says I, "to find out what you really do want,
Is more than I'd like to say."

CHORUS.

I'm Sherlock Holmes, the man of mystery,
I'm Sherlock Holmes,
The marvellous wonderful D.
Some are pro Boer, some are pro war,
And some of them don't know whatever they're for,
I soon found their policy nothing but jaw,
For I'm Sherlock Holmes, D.T.
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

- 4 There are some people who are here to-night,
Of my wondrous powers take care,
Lots of things I could tell you know,
And scandal would fill all the air.
There's a couple, a man, and a maid,
And most attentive is he,
Just look at him now a chocolate drop,
He's just giving her don't you see.

CHORUS.

I'm Sherlock Holmes, the man of mystery,
I'm Sherlock Holmes,
The marvellous wonderful D.
Just look at them now, they're sharing a bun,
I saw him last night with some other one,
I could tell a tale but I'd spoil the fun,
For I'm Sherlock Holmes, D.T.
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

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"Three Women to Every Man."

Sung by GEORGE LASHWOOD.

Written and Composed by MURRAY & LEIGH.

CHORUS.

Wise men say there are more women than men in the world,
That's how some girls are single all their lives;
Three women to every man, oh, girls, say if you can,
Why can't every man have three wives.

"To-morrow."

Sung by TOM WOOTTWELL.

Written and Composed by HARRY WINCOTT.

CHORUS.

Oh! to-morrow, when we're sitting in the kitchen,
Oh! to-morrow, if she don't look more bewitching,
I shall slosh her with the pudding cloth,
Look out for somebody else, and tell her to push off.

"I wasn't born with a spoon in my mouth."

Sung by Miss LILY MORRIS.

Written and Composed by JOSEPH TABRAR.

CHORUS.

I wasn't born with a spoon in my mouth, or under a lucky star,
I wasn't born with a father, "a dad," or mother, "a dear mamma";
I wasn't born up in high life, so I never had far to fall;
As far as life goes 'twould have been better for me, if I hadn't been born at all.

"I mean to enjoy myself."

Sung by PAT RAFFERTY.

Written and Composed by NAT CLIFFORD.

CHORUS.

I mean to enjoy myself while I'm living upon this earth.
I mean to enjoy myself, and take life for what it's worth.
While I've got plenty of 'bacca and beer and a nice warm bed,
I mean to enjoy myself, for I'll be a long time dead.

"That's why I left my Home."

Sung by BERT SHEPHERD.

Written and Composed by ANDREW B. STIRLING & BARTLEY C. COSTELLO.

CHORUS.

I was a simple country maid, down on the dear old farm,
Milking the cows in the evening shade, never a thought of harm.
And I would take to the old red barn, pails of creamy foam,
But one day father asked me to milk the goat—that why I left my home.

"Revenge for Waterloo."

Written and Composed by FELIX MCGLENNON.

CHORUS.

Revenge, revenge, revenge for Waterloo,
He mutter's "Sacre bleu," this foolish Parleyvoe.
I asked him why the—when the, what the, dickens was to do,
But he charged two bob for one small Scotch—
Revenge for Waterloo!

"Don't go, Jane."

Sung by Miss FLORRIE FORD.

Written and Composed by MURRAY & LEIGH.

CHORUS.

Don't go, Jane, what should we do without you?
Don't go, Jane, it would cause no end of pain,
If you gave us the sack and never came back.
Oh, wouldn't it grieve us.
Don't go and leave us, Mary Jane.

"The way to Kiss a Girl."

Sung by MISS LILY MORRIS.

Written and Composed by RAYMOND A. BROWNE.

CHORUS.

First you place your loving arms around her,
And you hold her in a fond embrace;
Then you rest her head upon your shoulder,
And you look down in her face.
Hug her just as tight as you can squeeze her,
Then while your hearts are both a-whirl
Let your lips to her's be pressed, and she will do the rest;
For that's the way to kiss a girl.

"Then we went a-hunting."

Sung by TOM WOOTTWELL.

Written by C. OSBORNE. Composed by TOM WOOTTWELL.

CHORUS.

I shot at a fox, when a big mosquito
Stung my trousers in the seat—oh.
May I drown, if I've never sat down,
Since a-hunting we did go.

"An innocent young Maid."

Sung in "A Parlour Match," at Terry's Theatre.

Written by RICHARD CARLE.
Composed by RICHARD CARLE & MAURICE LEVY.

CHORUS.

The world is full of maids, of different kinds and shades,
Who seem to be perfection, when first they meet your eye.
But they're not upon the square, so you may as well beware,
Of the innocent young maiden with a glance so shy.

"The Lottery of Marriage."

Sung by WILL DALTON.

Written and Composed by MURRAY & LEIGH.

CHORUS.

When we get married, it ought to be understood,
That man has the right to change his wife if she's not good;
If the law allowed it, oh, it would be fine,
I'd marry somebody else's wife, anyone's welcome to mine.

"There's an Exhibition."

Sung by R. G. KNOWLES.

Composed by JAMES JEFFERSON.

FIRST VERSE.

Away in gay Patee, across the silver sea,
They've got an Exposition, we call it Exhibition;
But we have got on view some Exhibitions too.
Just go by cheap excursion down to Hampton Court or Kew:
The car is full of girls and chaps, lounging on each other's laps,
They look at you with a sort of air, "What the deuce do you want there";
But when a tunnel comes in sight, you're forgotten if there's no light,
Then some curious sounds you catch, feeling alarmed you strike a match;
What you think cannot be proved, although you couldn't swear they've moved,
You feel a strong suspicion, great fish-hooks, there's an Exhibition.

"There's 'air."

Sung by CHARLES DEAN & EDWIN BOYDE.

Written and Composed by MURRAY & LEIGH.

CHORUS.

There's 'air, There's 'air,
Oh, what a mop, you want a crop;
Do have a little bit off the top:
There's 'air, enough to stuff a chair,
Never saw so much before, what oh, there's 'air.

"Come along, 'Liza."

Sung by CHARLES BIGNELL.

Written and Composed by HARRY WINCOTT.

CHORUS.

Come along, 'Liza; come along, 'Liza,
Take no notice my dear: there's too many country cousins here.
If I listen to each little tongue,
It calls my memory back to the days when I was young,
So come along, 'Liza.

Dunville's "Washee Washee Man."

Written and Composed by CHARLES OSBORNE.

CHORUS.

Ching-ching; ting-a-ring-a-ring;
I'm a good China-mance—welly rum-rum-rum,
I'd sooner rubee-rubee
In a big tubee-tubee,
Than I'd have a dumee-dumee
In my tumee-tumee-tum.

"The Price of Peace."

Sung by ARTHUR REECE.

Written by J. P. HARRINGTON. Composed by GEO. LE BRUNN.

CHORUS.

How, how, how, how can he get any peace,
I'll tell my brother, you kissed another,
I'll pack my boxes and go home to mother.
Oh, that row, when is it likely to cease?
You the sequel can guess, a new ten guinea dress
That is the price of peace.

"That Old Fashioned Habit called Love."

Sung by Miss MILLIE LINDON.

Words and Music by J. P. KEEN.

CHORUS.

What makes a soldier take care of his clothes,
Look like a model wherever he goes.
Graceful in carriage—as trim as a rose.
Of dandies all others above?
What makes him suffer each flippant remark,
When with his "slavey" he's out after dark,
And freeze on a seat till midnight in the Park?
It's that old fashioned habit called love.

"The Khaki Pantomime."

Sung by CHARLES BIGNELL.

Written and Composed by KEEN & LEIGH.

So Master Joe produced the show and it ran with great success,
John Bull with joy said "Good, my boy, you've saved us from a mess."
Master Labby was awfully shabby, but down he had to climb,
For Master Joe was the hit of the show in the khaki pantomime.