Music: Tom Clare Lyrics: Fred (Frederick) Chester

Absolutely Wrong Humorous Song

Compiled into Sibelius by Ross Boyle.

(Tonic sol-fa included in 2nd line)

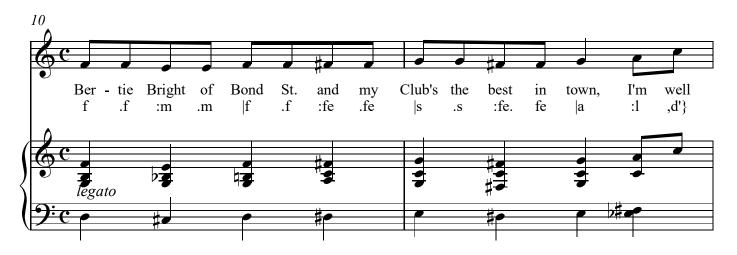
LONDON Reynolds & Co 1910

Absolutely Wrong

Fred Chester Tom Clare













Absolutely Wrong

1

I'm Bertie Bright of Bond St. and my Club's the best in town,
I'm well known from Hyde Park Corner to the Strand
I lead a really busy life, I can't stand men who loaf.
Though people puzzle me on ev'ry hand.
I know someone men who have no Club and always go straight home.
What fun is life to them? It must be awf'lly slow,
They don't get much amusement, that's quite clear.

How on earth do all those chappies manage.
Who haven't got a man to help them dress?
Fancy, studding shirts and putting bally boots on.
I'd be fairly done I must confess.
Fancy, having to fill your bath each morning
And shave your beard when that is growing long,
And yet I'm told there are some men who have to.
It's really simply absolutely wrong!

2

I never get up late, in fact I'm always down by twelve,
I reach my Club at half past twelve or so,
By two o'clock I'm sleeping, but wake up at half-past three
At four I walk down Bond Street or the Row.
At six my valet dresses me, at seven I go and dine.
The theatre or play bridge till four or five.
So people cannot say I don't get through my share.
But though I rush through life I seem to thrive.

How on earth do those poor blighters manage Who sit on stools and push a beastly pen?

I think I saw one once when I went to the City Fancy, getting up to have your breakfast And going by train with all the busy throng, And yet I'm told there *are* some men who have to, It's really simply absolutely wrong!

3

Some idiots love the country, wherever that may be,
I've never been out further West than Kew.
Who does the food in country holes? They can't cook out of town.
I can't see the idea at all, can you?
And once I met a chappie who was actually wed,
He really seemed a decent sort of bird,
He always dined at home, yet seemed quite fit in health.
I mean it's really hopelessly absurd.

How on earth do those poor Johnnies manage Who have to carry guns and go and fight.

Fancy, men in ships who've got no Club to go to, And human beings who've no electric light.

Fancy, having to spoon with girls and wed' em, I mean fine men like me both broad and strong, And yet I'm told there are some men who have to.

It's really simply absolutely wrong!