

LOCAL LYRICS

FREE ADVICE TO CANDIDATES

Brush the teeth and shave the whisker; trim the moustache; grease the hair;
Shine the shoes and press the clothing; choose the shirt and tie with care;
Stock a line of honeyed phrases; give the sex-appeal a chance;
Study "It" in all its phases; bear down heavy on romance;
Tell the flappers of their beauty; hand the matrons out the same;
Waste no idle talk on Duty; speak not of your Country's fame;
Be a mould of Form and Fashion; be a shiek in word and deed—
And the women-folk will give you all the votes you'll ever need.



ANY CONFIRMED BACHELOR AT ANY WEDDING

What do they see in it, taking a wife?
Try and rope me in it—not on your life!
Look at him standing there; Oh, what a sap!
You think the bride is fair? don't like her map;
Don't like her old man's style; don't like her brother;
Don't like that prehensile jaw on her mother;
What a tough break he got—bet you he'll be
Sorry he ever sought matrimony—
Still, don't suppose that guy cares what we think—
What say we go and buy ourselves a drink?