

LISTEN TO ME AND I'LL PROVE THAT I'M RIGHT.

Tritten and Composed by

FRED EARLE, SAM MAYO. & WORTON DAVID.



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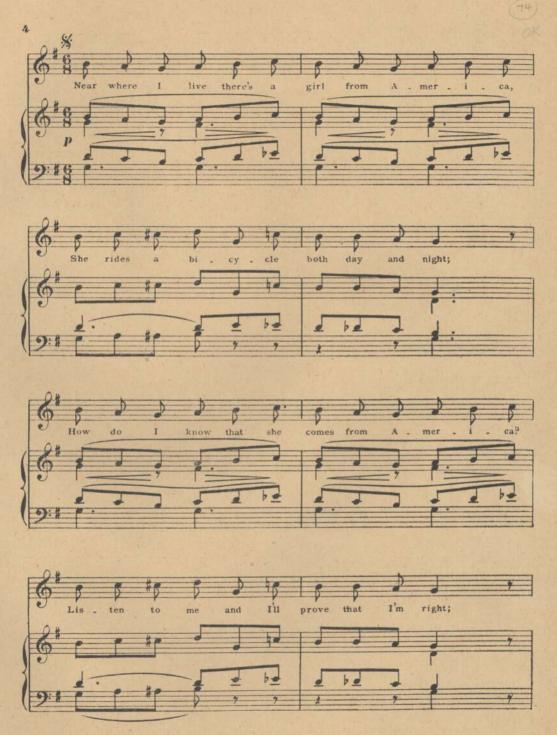
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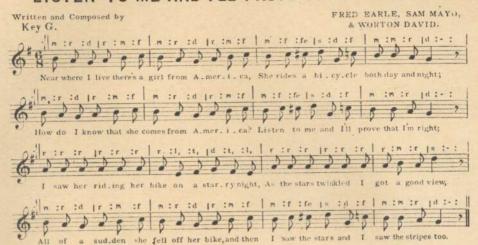
Listen to me and I'll prove that I'm right.



Listen to me and I'll prove that I'm right.

387.

LISTEN TO ME AND I'LL PROVE THAT I'M'RIGHT.



Patrick Magee was a soft-hearted Irishman,
He saw his wife, Bridget, drowning one night;
How do I know that poor Pat was soft-hearted?
Just listen to me and I'll prove that I'm right;
He seized a rope and he flung it around her waist,
She sank at once, there was really no hope,
Pat got five years for his KINDNESS, and just because
He'd tied a brick on the end of the rope.

Major Fitz-Jones was a gallant young volunteer,
He went to camp down at the Isle of Wight,
He took a girl on the beach for a ramble,
I know the girl well, so I'm sure that I'm right;
A boatman was painting a name on a boat there,
He painted "V. C." then he stopped for a rest;
Major Fitz-Jones came along and sat on it,
Now he's got the "V. C." but not on his chest.

I always study my wife first in everything,
We had a sausage for supper last night;
How do I study my wife first in everything?
Listen to me and I'll prove that I'm right;
I said "Do you like the END or the MIDDLE best?"
She said "The MIDDLE my palate commends"
I said "All right," then that sausage I cut in two,
There was no middle, so I had both ends.

Always return good for evil's a motto that I try to practice from morning till night; How do I always return good for evil? Just listen to me and I'll prove that I'm right; My dog once bit a chap's wife on the garden path He raved and cursed till I got in a fog; I said Don't worry because my dog's bit your wife, Send your wife round and let her bite my dog."

My wife advised me to go and see a doctor,
She said I was fading away from her sight;
Doctor said "Really, you ought to play football,
It's your only hope, Sir _ you'll find that I'm right;"
I said "But I don't know much about Football,
What part on the field shall I play, Doctor Reft?"
He took my coat off, examined me, then he said
"Play outside right _ you've got no inside left!"

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ALBERT'S SIXPENNY SONGS AND MUSIC.

1. In the Valle where Blue Birds Sing 89.
2. Always in the Way 70.
3. Just across the Bridge of Gold 4. When the Hurvest Moon is Shining 5. Rose of Killarney 6. I'll be with you when the Rosea 76.
Bloom Again 75.

Bloom Again
7. She was Bred in old Kentucky
8. Asleep in the Deep
9. Davy Jones' Locier
10. While Convent Bells were Ringing
11. Girl I Loved in Sumy Tennessee
12. I'm Trying so Hard to Porget You
14. Alexander, dister Convent Helt
15. I'm wearing my Heart away for you
16. Down on the Parent way for you
17. Munsion of Action Hearts 12

24

5. I'm wearing my Heart away for you
1. Down on the Farm
2. Mansion of Aching Hearts
3. A Picture no Artist can Paint
1. Barney, (Irish Comic Song)
1. Georgia Campmeeting, Cakewalk
1. Laughing Water
1. Would you Care?
2. Buil and Bush
1. Close your Dreamy Eyes
1. Fatal Rose of Red
1. Moving Day
1. Won't you wait Nellie Dear?
1. Day by Day, (a great favourite)
1. Cloir, (an excellent song)
1. If my Wink came True
1. Wait at the Gate for me
1. I've got my Ryes on You-oo-oo
1. In the Valley of Kentucky
1. Whating Rufus
1. Can't you see I'm Lonely
1. Man in the Overalls
1. Man in the Overalls
1. Man with the Laidder and the Hose
1. Why Don't they Play with Me
1. My Rosary
1. Walts me round again Willie
1. Good-bye my Lady Love
1. Ring Jown the Curtuin
1. Smoly Mokes
1. A Bit O'Blarney, song

3. Ring down the Curtain
4. Smoky Mokes
5. Anona, Cakewalk
6. A Bit O'Blarney, song
7. Meet me in St. Louis, Louis
8. Fishing
8. Mobile Prame
110. A Thousand Leagues under the Sea
111. When Fields are white with Cotton 171. And a Little Child Shall lead Them
112. Your Lips, your Hyes, your Golden 172. Dance of the Honeybees
113. Love Land Waltz
114. My Girl Waltz
115. When Fields are white with Cotton 171. And a Little Child Shall lead Them
116. Thousand Leagues under the Sea
173. Sons of the Southern Cross
173. Sons of the Southern Cross
174. Way down on the Old Swannee
175. When we listened to the Chiming the Old Church Bell 176. Heroes of the Fire Brigade
176. No Tongue can Tell
177. When the Whip-poor-will Sings
178. Song of the Angry Deep
179. Use went the Gas
179. When the Whip-poor will Sings
179. Song of the Angry Deep
179. Use went the Gas
179. Our went the Gas
179. Consensing the Dar
170. In Trying the Leaves
171. And a Little Child Shall lead Them
179. Dance of the Honeybees
179. Dance of the Flowse
179. Way down on the Old Swannee
179. When we listened to the Chiming the Old Church Bell
179. When the Old Shannee
179. When we listened to the Chiming the Old Church Bell
179. Throught Leaves
179. Way down on the Old Swannee
179. Way down on the Old Swannee
179. When we listened to the Chiming the Old Church Bell
179. Way down on the Old Swannee
179. Wang down on the Old Swannee
179. When we listened to the Chiming the Old Church Bell
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179. Wang of the Mospher
179. Dance of the Fing Brigade
179. Dance of th

In the City of Sighs and Tears



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Mobile Prance Calewayli PRICE 1/-; by post 2d. extra,

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Containing
The Wearing My Heart Away Don't Make Scandalous Ryes
The Got my Eyes on You
Maythows Schultriche
Trailed to Death Cale walk
Right du Byes Calewalk
Samining Byes Calewalk
PRICE 1/-; by Post 2d. extra.

No. S. Albert's American Annual. 1906

Right Waits

Since A securific balled

Baddy Desc.

Ramandher She's my SlateWe Bamboo Gueen

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No. 4. Albert's American Annual 1907

I'm trying so hard to forget Down in the Denths Barney Down in the Denths Would you Care Walts Your Dad gave his tile Byer shore I bring her May Yolshama Laily Under the Announce Bush PRICE 1/-; by post 2d. extra.

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Would you Care When You're Dreaming Manalon of Aching Hearts Mother Goose Lancers Day by Day the Day the Weng Song Walled Shows Hokes Calewalk Moving Day Buc Moon Massirks PRICE 1/-1 by Post 2d. extra.

No. 6. Albert's American Annual. 1909

I'm Tying the Leaves
You're Just the Girl
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Mr. Blackman Cakewall
Mr. Blackman Cakewall
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Boy in the Sallor Cap
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ALBERT & SON, 137, King St., Sydncy,
Dear Sire—As far hack as May 8, 1805, I won the Australian transpion
ship, a Gold Media, and a pures of Sooverelain with our size
BOOKERANG MOUTH OBEAT in a contest at the Golden Gare Club, George
Street, Sydney, Since then, circlumstances connecled me to play other
brands, but eventually came to the sonedwishin falter an additional expersons of eight Years. Theretical world that there is no Mouth Organ in Branus, but evaluate and the state of the st