

TAX THE BACHELORS

Written and Composed by R. P. WESTON

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* is present.

This section continues the piano accompaniment with two staves. It includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and D major key.

VOICE

They've taxed to - bac - co, our whis - ky too, They're tax - ing all that they
The bloat - ed bach - e - lor smokes ci - gars And blows his friends in the

The vocal line is written on a single staff in 6/8 time, D major. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below, starting with a dynamic marking of *p*.

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Nove Music Publishing Company, 1367-9 Broadway, N. Y.

WM. F. PAGE
MUSIC CO.
610 J. ST.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
LOTUNHAMMER Bldg.

can it's true, But there's one thing and it's just as good, They
gil - ded bars, The man that's mar - ried must shake his bunch For a

have - nt taxed our Bach - e - lor - hood! The Bach - e - lor leads a
glass of beer and a free lunch, The Bach - e - lor in the

sel - fish life, Ve - ry few bach - e - lers keep a wife, Yet he
morn - ing at three, Has noth - ing to cud - dle ex - cept his key, But the

squan - ders e - nough on ci - a - rettes, To keep a doz - en Suf - fra - gettes.
mar - ried man has the twins, oh! lorl, And finds his tax up - on - the floor.

CHORUS.

Tax the Bach-e-lors Tax 'em ev-e-ry one; Twen-ty dollars a

year And then you'll hear, All the sin-gle girls Shout-ing "Hip-hoo-

ray!" And all the mar-ried men Wish-ing they had to pay. pay.

Recitative after 2^d Verse and Chorus.

Chair-man, La-dies and Gen-tle-men, Is it right? is it fair? is it just?—What were

Bach-e-lors made for? I ask you, But to mar-ry, they won't! But they must!! Now I

Repeat till cue "Therefore I say"—
D.C. to Chorus.

TAX THE BACHELORS.

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1
They've taxed tobacco our whiskey too,
They're taxing all that they can 'tis true
But there's one thing, and its just as good,
They haven't taxed our bachelorhood
The bachelor leads a selfish life,
Very few bachelors keep a wife,
Yet he squanders enough on cigarettes
To keep a dozen suffragettes.

2
The bloated bachelor smokes cigars
And blows his friends in the gilded bars
The man that's married, must shake his bunch
For a glass of beer and a free lunch.
The bachelor in the morning at three,
Has nothing to cuddle except his key,
But the married man has twins and "Oh, Lor"
He finds his tax upon the floor.

Chorus.

Tax the bachelor, Tax them every one,
Twenty dollars a year,
And then you'll hear
All the single girls
Shouting "Hip Hooray"
And all the married men
Wishing they had to pay.

Recitative.

Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman:
Is it right, is it fair, is it just?
What were bachelors made for I ask you,
But to marry, they won't! Well they must.

Now I ask you tonight, shall our sisters,
Go uncuddled, unkissed and unwed,
While those great big dubs lie all night on the floor
'Cause there's no one to put them to bed!

Shall the old maid forever look under the bed
For a man, and in vain, is it fair?
I say, no, it's disgraceful, the remedy's this
Let us put an old bachelor there.

Let us tax every bachelor, make him fork out;
If he won't let the police for his sins
Make him walk every night for a month in his shirt
'Round the room with some other man's twins.

Am I wrong when I say, there are thousands of girls
(Really kissable girls I'll remark)
Who have never smelt cigarettes through a stiff beard
Being rubbed on their face in the dark.

Am I wrong when I say, there are bachelors here
Who are learned in science and law
Who if they were to kiss, would say, "Pardon me, miss"
Do I blow when I kiss you or draw?"

Married men are our Dreadnoughts for if they had dreaded
They wouldn't be married today.
And as we need more Dreadnoughts who ought to buy 'em?
The bachelor, therefore, I say.

Chorus.