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THEY COP THE ENGLISH OOF AT MONTE CARLO.



Written by
HENRY A. DUFFY,



Composed by
JOSEPH TABRAR,

Sung by

LEO. DRYDEN.

From a photo by HUGHES 433, Strand W.C.

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THEY COP THE ENGLISH OOF AT MONTE CARLO.

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Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano score is written for two staves, treble and bass, in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has six measures, the second has five, and the third has five. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the final measure of the third system.

You've heard of Mon-te Car-lo, and the man that broke the bank, The

migh-ty for-tune he made in one day How

by a sim-ple sys-tem it was ve-ry eas'-ly done, Com-

-pre-nez vous that man was in my pay Yes

he was my ac - complice, whom I quick - ly made the rage, I

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line contains the lyrics "he was my ac - complice, whom I quick - ly made the rage, I". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

worked it so his praises were each night sung on the stage; Then

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment maintain the same structure and key signature. The lyrics "worked it so his praises were each night sung on the stage; Then" are present. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note pattern.

all the sim - ple Jos - sers from old England quickly fled, And

The third system of music follows. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are consistent with the previous systems. The lyrics "all the sim - ple Jos - sers from old England quickly fled, And" are included. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern.

came to break the bank but oh, the bank broke them in - stead

The fourth and final system of music on this page. The vocal line and piano accompaniment conclude the piece. The lyrics "came to break the bank but oh, the bank broke them in - stead" are present. The piano accompaniment ends with a final cadence. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 6/8 time signature.

CHORUS.

For you all see here the gay Croupier, From the Monte Car-lo Bank... I am

up to ev-ry prank... and I'm down on ev'-ry franc.... The

coin you stake the Bank to break, But you find you make a great mistake For we

cop the English oof at Monte Car-lo. For you -lo.

1^o 2^o

THEY COP THE ENGLISH OOF AT MONTE CARLO.

Written by HENRY A. DUFFY.

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I.

You've heard of Monte Carlo and the man that broke the bank,
The mighty fortune he made in one day,
How by a simple system, it was very easily done,
Comprenezvous? that man was in my pay.
Yes, he was my accomplice, whom I quickly made the rage,
I worked it so his praises were each night sung on the stage,
Then all the simple jossers from Old England quickly fled,
And came to break the bank, but Oh! the bank broke them instead.

CHORUS.

For you all see here the gay Croupier,
From the Monte Carlo bank,
I am up to every prank, and I'm down on every franc;
The coin you stake the bank to break,
But you find you make a great mistake,
For we cop the English oof at Monte Carlo.

2.

The English are a moral race, no gambling they allow,
No game of chance will they now tolerate;
If little boys play "pitch and toss"—the game called "ha'penny push,"
The birch rod and the prison is their fate.
But when they heard that mines of wealth were made in my saloon,
Their conscience they put on one side— their ideas alter soon;
In England even lotteries are wicked from their view,
But when abroad they see no harm to do as others do.

(Chorus.)— For you all see, &c.

3.

The so called English moralists who virtue's laws will preach,
Are not particular how they make their pile,
The goody, goody people who such pious doctrines teach,
Will sit around my table with a smile.
The moral British Matron, and the giddy demoiselle,
To make some money do not mind a foreign gambling hell;
With all the coin they can command they will cross the treach'rous foam,
But have to send to England for the oof to take them home.

(Chorus.)— For you all see, &c.

4.

I've now left Monte Carlo, and I'll start a new career,
With brilliant thoughts my fertile brain abounds,
I want to sell some patents if there's any lady here;
Who'll just advance me eighteen thousand pounds.
One patent is a garden hose which gives a gentle spray,
Of water that will make a fruit tree grow up in a day;
My patent Sunshine's sure to cause much wonder and surprise,
Which will transform your London fogs, to clear Italian skies.

(Chorus.)— For you all see, &c.

LATEST COMIC SONGS.

POST FREE 24 STAMPS EACH.

DO, RA, MI, FA.

CHORUS. Sung by CHARLES COBORN.

Do, Ra, Mi, Fa, that's how we practised be-fore her pa-pa, Sol, La, Si,
Do, kiss-ing and cud-dling when-e'er he would go, Do, Si, La, Sol, I
knew if he caught me he'd give me the sack, But we al-ways un-cuddled be-
fore he came back, Fa, Mi, Ra, Do, Do.

THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ME.

CHORUS. Sung by ARTHUR CORNEY.

No room! no room! Happy I ne'er shall be; In vain I've tried, the
world is wide, But there is no room for me! me!

A VERY GOOD GUESS.

CHORUS. Sung by ARTHUR CORNEY.

A ve-ry good guess! (Although I did-nt own it A ve-ry good guess, My
blush-es must have shewn it, It made me feel em-bar-rased for A time. I must con-
fess, For 'pon my word it real-ly was A ve-ry good guess. guess.

ASK YOURSELF THE QUESTION.

Sung by ARTHUR CORNEY.

Ask your-self the ques-tion-you know well, Ask your-self the ques-tion,
you can tell, With a wife and fourteen kids Can I sing without the "quids?" Why you've
on-ly got to ask your-self the ques-tion. ques-tion.

THE PUBLICAN.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.

They won't let us doc-tor the whiskey they won't let us wa-ter the beer, They've
stopp'd us from "fa-king" the Old Tom, we col-or the Bran-dy with fear, We
can't treat a p'liceman on du-ty... Though we man-age it on the Q. T... It's
get-ting so hot we are wondering what will the end of the Pub-li-can be.

SHE WASN'T FAR OFF IT.

CHORUS. Sung by JAMES FAWN.

She was -n't far off it and no mistake That knowing young woman was
wide awake She certainly ought to have taken the cake She guess'd it first time & won it

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

CHORUS. Sung by ARTHUR COMBES.

'Twas the old, old sto-ry ov-er a-gain, And a sto-ry that never grows stale; What
joy, what bliss, when lovers first kiss, How sweet is the old, old tale! 'Twas the tale!

HE WANTED ME TO HAVE SOME.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.

He want-ed me to have some, but I was -n't taking it on, It
was-n't ex-act-ly up to my taste, My ap-pe-tite for it was gone; I
may be ve-ry pe-cu-liar, But it wouldn't a-gree with my cough, I
fancy he wanted to play me at "Spoof," It was off, right off, He off.

NOW AND THEN.

CHORUS. Sung by J. J. DALLAS.

But not too of-ten, not too of-ten on-ly now and then! It's proper we should
have our rights as British working men; We want our lit-tle luxuries just like the up-per
ten, They ne-ver hurt you if you on-ly take 'em now and then! But then!

TWO MARINERS BOLD,

Duet Sung by HARRY MONKHOUSE & ALBERT JAMES.

(P) Someone ought to tell 'em of it, what say chum? (B) For ev'ry op-tic seems upon the
gold; (P) Well I wouldn't be the swab, for to undertake the job, For I am a mariner bold

WHERE WILL YOU FIND SUCH ANOTHER?

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.

And if you succeed, I'll say "guess'd it in once!" And all par-ty feel-ing we'll
smother, If they're good, say "bra-vo!" if they're bad let 'em go, And
then I shall ask you a - no - ther. And no - ther.

IT'S THE ONLY BIT OF COMFORT THAT I'VE GOT.

CHORUS. Sung by J. J. DALLAS.

For I've had a deal of trou-ble in my mar-ried life of late, I've a
wife I think could fairly talk the hinges off a gate, But it's going to be different in that
happy future state, That's the on-ly bit of comfort I have got! For I've got!

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.

CHORUS. Sung by ARTHUR COMBES.

An-gels are ho-ver-ing round, An-gels who scarce make a sound
At you they're peep-ing, and while you are sleep-ing, In some an-gels
arms you are found; An-gels are ho-ver-ing round Such
dear lit-tle fair-y-like things, An-gels ca-ress you, and kiss you and
bless you, An-gels with-out a - ny wings! wings!

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