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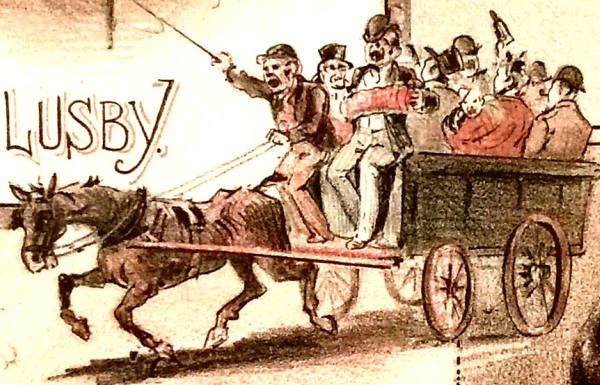
WILLIAM LUSBY!

# LIFE IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

Written and Composed

By

ARTHUR WEST.



SUNG  
BY

J. W.

ROWLEY.



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# LIFE IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

Written & Composed by  
ARTHUR WEST.

Arranged by  
JOHN S. BAKER.

**PIANO.** *Allegretto.* *mf*

The musical score is for piano accompaniment, marked 'PIANO.' and 'Allegretto.' The tempo is indicated by a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The second system also has four measures, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests. The bass line is more active than the treble line in the first system, while in the second system, the treble line has more complex figures.

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F & D.

First system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a melody in G major. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: "If you want to see the bus-tle of our East end Lon-don life,"

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "'Tis a mat-ter ver-y eas-y— soon you're in the bu-sy strife

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes a melisma on the word "me!". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with some grace notes. The lyrics are: "“Here you are, Sir!” “Mile End Road, Sir!” “Jump up here a - long o’ me!”

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic drive. The lyrics are: "O'er the bridge and through the cit-y off you rat-tle spee-di-ly

F & D

Hear the mer-ry 'bus-man's ban-ter with the cab-men on the way,

"Now then, old 'un!" "Come pull up there!" aint you had a fare all day?

Up through Fenchurch Street he takes you, and before long you get down,

'Midst the scenes you've come to vis-it in the wild, wild East of Town.

F & D.



## REFRAIN.

There you see the bu - sy throng, How they push each o - ther a - long!

*mf*

Some with a jo - vial laugh and song, Some with woe quite un - done;

Who shall ev - er stay that tide? To the end it will a - bide,

Riches and pover - ty side by side, That is life in the East end of Lon - don!

*f*

F &amp; D.

# LIFE IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

Written and Composed by  
ARTHUR WEST.

Sung by  
J. W. ROWLEY.

If you want to see the bustle of our East-end London life,  
'Tis a matter very easy—soon you're in the busy strife.  
"Here you are, sir!—Mile-end Road, sir!—Jump up here along o' me!"—  
O'er the bridge and through the City off you rattle speedily.  
Hear the merry 'busman's banter with the cabmen on the way:—  
"Now then, old-un!—Come, pull up there! Ain't yer 'ad a fare all day?"  
Up through Fenchurch Street he takes you, and before long you get down  
'Mid the scenes you've come to visit in the wild, wild East of Town.

CHORUS.—There you see the busy throng—  
How they push each other along!  
Some with a jovial laugh and song,  
Some with woe quite undone.  
Who shall ever stay that tide?  
To the end it will abide—  
Riches and poverty side by side.  
That is Life in the East-end of London.

See the coster with his barrow, loudly shouting "Buy! Buy! Buy!"  
"Fine and large—who'll buy a marrow?" sells his lot—feels "bloomin' dry"—  
Goes into a "pub"—"close handy"—but he knows the one to choose—  
Stops until he's "chucked out," singing "rorty songs," and full of "booze."  
Then on Sundays he and others take their "donas" for a drive,  
(And to seat behind one "gee-gee" they can manage twenty-five),  
Off to Epping—good old Epping!—late at night come home again;  
No one knows which is his "dona"—each one shouts a different strain:—

CHORUS.—"When the Bloom is on the Rye"—  
"Hi-tiddley-hi-ti-tiddley-hi-ti-ti!"  
"Drink up Boys, and Never say Die!"  
(Never is the fun done).  
"Gipsy Maid" must harmonize  
With "Two lovely fine Black Eyes,"  
"Happy-go-lucky the Coster Boys!"  
That is Life in the East-end of London.

Mark the Jew there, old clothes selling;—swears the coat's "a perfect love"—  
"Fitsh yer where it touches, does it?—S'elp me! fitsh yer like a glove!"  
See the loafing drunken ruffian—children clinging to his knees—  
"Come home, father! we're *so* hungry!—*Do* come home to mother, please!"  
See the chickaleary joker—does the "dipping"—knows his game;  
See the outcast on the pavement—once so pure, now lost to shame;  
See the heartless, wealthy "sweater"—fat and sleek, and "knows his book,"  
Then upon his toil-worn victim let us cast a pitying look—

CHORUS.—Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty  
Every night and day is she  
For her starving children three—  
Harder work by none done.  
Stitch! stitch! stitch! while bread they crave;  
Doomed to die the sweater's slave—  
Her only rest is the pauper's grave.  
Such is Life in the East-end of London.

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(F. & D.)



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SUNG BY		SUNG BY	
Hush I the Broker's Man	CHAS. COBORN	McAnulty's garden party	PAT RAFFERTY
Pretty Girl, Rather	J. W. ROWLEY	I'm so happy	J. E. CHEVENS
I've worked eight hours to-day	TOM COSTELLO	A lot of wet	HERBERT CAMPBELL
Katie Connor	PAT RAFFERTY	The brick came down	MICHAEL NOLAN
Carriage waits M'Lord	ARTHUR COOMBS	I whistle and wait for Katie	MICHAEL NOLAN
Half past twelve	G. H. MACDERMOTT	You can't think of everything	LESTER BARRETT
We all of us know what that means	CHAS. CHAPLIN	There's no deception there	HERBERT CAMPBELL
Every day life	CHAS. CHAPLIN	Bang goes the bell, Ting, Ting	LESTER BARRETT
Maria Martin's Bogie	ARTHUR LENNARD	I know where to find 'em	LESTER BARRETT
The Cannibal Nigger	JAMES HELSBY	Never to return again	LESTER BARRETT
Poor Auntie	JAMES HELSBY	Pious Polly Payne	LESTER BARRETT
Katie Molloy	ALICE MAYDUE	Dance with me	LESTER BARRETT
The football match	GEO. RIFON	The Lady, the Gent, and the other one	CHAS. BIGNELL
Johnny's got the shutters up	FRANKIE WILTON	Give him my kind regards	LESTER BARRETT
Life in the East of London	J. W. ROWLEY	Take 'em off	LESTER BARRETT
Norah Delaney	SWENEY & RYLAND	Three Individuals	WAL. PINK
That's what the wild waves say	ARTHUR COOMBS	Playmates	BESSIE BONEWELL
Life's highway	JENNY HILL	Hextry Special	CHAS. COBORN
Advance, advance Australia	PAT MURPHY	I dreamt that I was dreaming	J. C. RICH
They discharged him because he was old	TOM COSTELLO	Do as I tell you	J. C. HEFFRON
Oh I dear me what's the matter	G. W. HUNTER	Down went McGinty	SWENEY & RYLAND
Courting, or seven stages of mash	G. W. HUNTER	Song that reached my heart (Parody)	LITTLE THOMAS
The Dancing Deacon	TOM SQUIRES	We saved it for the lodger	LESTER BARRETT
I know, you know and I know	CHAS. BIGNELL	Waltzing as she is waltzed	MCCALL CHAMBERS
A pity to waste it	HERBERT CAMPBELL	My son, my son, my only son	CHAS. GODFREY
Round and round	ALEC HENLEY	Johnny Doolan's Cat	RHODES & CONLEY
Smiles	LITTLE TICH	Where did you get that hat?	J. C. HEFFRON
The fellow who played the drum	GEO. RIFON	English as she is spoke	CHAS. COBORN
It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there	THE TWO MACS	Pong, Pinga Pong	HARRIET VERNON
Wake'em up	W. BINT	Bang went the Door	TOM SQUIRE
They notice it so, you know	ARTHUR RING	Old Pals	HARRY ANDERSON
On the steamboat (6d. nett)	G. W. HUNTER	We drew his Club Money this Morning	J. W. ROWLEY
(Parody on "In the Gloaming.")		Search the Page of History	WALTER MUNROE
McDougall's Sister (6d. nett)	HARRY CHAMPION	The Sheeney Man	J. C. RICH
(Parody on "The Kerry Dance.")		A Little Peach in an Orchard grew	JOHNNY DANVERS
Whist I the Bogie Man	MOHAWK MINSTRELS	The Postman	JAMES FAWN
I picked it up	HARRY RANDALL	The Earl of Fife	WALTER MUNROE
'Blige a Lady	CHARLES GODFREY	The Whistling Wife	HARRY RANDALL
For the sake of Old Times	ALICE LEAMAR	Caller Herrin' (Parody)	G. H. CHIRGWIN
I've done it	CHAS. BIGNELL	Our Village	HARRY RANDALL
She's not a Princess	ALICE MAYDUE	The Village Blacksmith (Parody) (6d. nett)	G. H. CHIRGWIN
Ere the Lamps are Lit	VESTA TILLEY	White Wings (Parody)	G. H. HUNTER
Up to Date (a Muddled Medley)	CHAS. BIGNELL	That is Love	MARIE LOFTUS
I promised	TOM COSTELLO	Just to show there's no ill feeling	G. W. HUNTER
They bloom in Summer	TOM COSTELLO	Little Annie Rooney	MICHAEL NOLAN
Back again	GEORGE LESTER	They never will invite you any more	G. W. HUNTER
The Wild Man of Borneo	THE TWO MACS	That's when you feel all right	CHAS. E. STEVENS
The Wild Man of Poplar	TENNYSON & O'GORMAN	He's in the Asylum now	TOM COSTELLO
I don't know	ALICE MAYDUE	Haul me back again (Parody)	G. W. HUNTER
Not a return	BEN NATHAN	Ask a Policeman	JAMES FAWN
Hi-tiddley hi-ti	CHAS. GODFREY	That's the Latest	SAM REDFERN
Yes, you shall be a sailor	BEN FIELDING	Masks and Faces	JENNY HILL
Shut it!	WILL PRESTON	I'm waiting for him To-night (6d. nett)	DAN LENO
We all had one	CHAS. WATERFIELD	(Parody on "Queen of my Heart.")	
Comrades	TOM COSTELLO	Gilhooley's Supper Party	WALTER MUNROE
He's a good old has-been	PAUL PELHAM	The Automatic Battery	HARRY RANDALL
Sailing Home	WILTON SMART	Across the Bridge	CHARLES GODFREY
Keep it up	TED YOUNG	Oh! What an Alteration!	CHARLES COBORN
We did have a lively time	WILTON SMART	Many a Time	HARRY FREEMAN
He was one of the Light Brigade	ALF. CHESTER	The Mystery of a Hansom Cab	WALTER MUNROE
As you were before	ARTHUR TINSLEY	The Magpie said "Come in" (Banjo Song)	HARRY HUNTER
He's very, very ill indeed	PAT RAFFERTY	Quite English	HENRY C. ARNOLD
		Sister Mary walks like that	JOLLY JOHN NASH

**FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER,**  
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Publishers of SMALLWOOD'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR—the easiest to teach and to learn from.

# LIFE IN THE WEST END OF LONDON. 26

Written and Composed by ARTHUR WEST.

Sung by ARTHUR ALBERT.

KEY G.

1. If you want to see the life of Lon - don as it is up in the West, Where the la - dies and the gentle are  
 al - ways dress'd up in their best, Call a han - som—"This way, Cab - by!" "Right you are, sir—right you are!"  
 "Drive me where you like, old fel - low—but keep this side Tem - ple Bar." "Right you are, sir—jump in - side, sir!" o'er the bridge he  
 rat - tles on— Par - lia - ment, Tra - fal - gar Square are quick - ly seen and quick - ly gone; When the shades of  
 night have fall - en, bet - ter to dis - charge your fly— "Thank yer, Cap - tain, you're a good 'un!"—there you stand out - side the Ori—  
 CHORUS.  
 And there you can see them, and you'd bet - ter mind the lords and the la - dies of e - ve - ry kind— waists that are dain - ty and  
 dress up be - hind;— face with a bloom ne'er by sun done— "Now won't you stand me just a pint of cham - pagne!—and will you call  
 round, dear, and see me a - gain? Stand me a cab, love—it's go - ing to rain!" That is life in the West End of Lon - don!

2.

See them coming from the opera—rows of carriages there stand;  
 See the thief amongst the bustle—very tricky with his hand;  
 See the inside of Romano's—Captain Jenks and all his crew,  
 Ev'rybody at the bar knows what he's done and going to do.  
 "I say, waiter, come here—damn you! six more bottles—mind the ice.  
 By Jove! Charlie, who's the new one?—pretty girl and deuced nice!  
 What! you want her?—come, old fellow, let us act upon the square!  
 Strictly kept to business this time—here, I'll toss you for her there!"

REFRAIN.

"Well, I say! look here, boys, it's going to rain—I'm going home—I've had too much champagne."  
 He rows with a bobby, gets run in again—when in the cell he is fair done:  
 "Oh dear! oh dear! this poor old head of mine—I shall be careful again with the wine"—  
 "You are fined forty shillings"—"I'll soon pay the fine."—That is life in the West End of London.

3.

See the youth that's just appearing with his elders round the town—  
 How they teach him to play billiards—see them do him nice and brown;  
 Introduce him to the ballet—prettiest girl of all the lot,  
 He buys diamonds and a brougham—her pet name is Little Tot.  
 See them at the club that evening—how they welcome that young chap—  
 Teach him all the mysteries of fame and baccarat and nap;  
 No, not all—they have not taught him how to keep his head from booze;  
 I've but told you how it should be—they have taught him how to lose.

REFRAIN.

"Good-night, old fellow, I've lost all I've got—five hundred pounds, isn't it a lot?  
 And from the governor I'll cop it hot when he has heard what his son's done:"  
 A row with his pater next morning at eight—ladies of rank with him later won't mate—  
 A rake and roué he ends up his state.—That is life in the West End of London.

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London: FRANCIS, DAY, & HUNTER, 195, Oxford Street, W.

New York: T. B. HARMS & CO., 18, East 22nd Street.

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