The Shoes Of Husband "Number One"
(As Worn by "Number Two")

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

My wife was her first husband better
When I tell her that I work like a
dog,
She married me and now she's "the whole thing!"
Her
She says, Oh, yes! you track in muddy feet!
You
"first" may not have meant it for a laugh-
But
plant yourself and slumber like a log-
And

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his last words were, "Death, where is thy sting?"
and hung a-round for some-thin' good to eat!

Now

lived here, man and boy, meat all his life—
my first hus-band I then I let her rave—

And

"He

no one ev-er liked him speak-ful well!
loved me and he nev-er cared to roam!"

But, now he's gone, if you'll be-lieve "my"
And yet the lit-tle tomb-stone o'er his

wife—

His vir-tues were too nu-mer-ous to tell! Why, he de-
grade—

Says "He has gone un-to a hap-pier home!" Well he de-

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Poco animato

serves to have a monu­ment erected to his mem­o­ry, With
serves to have a monu­ment erected to his mem­o­ry, For

"say­ings" on it by some fa­mous po­et! We’re
he was a teetot­ler and a deacon!

nev­er smoked nor gam­bled none, Nor cursed, nor had a bit of fun, Or
dif­fer­ent as we can be, A “bright and shin­ing light” was he, While

if he did, you bet she didn’t know it. He
I am just a kind of “warn­ing beacon!” My
often said that he would like to "beat her plumb to death," But
bating avrage is the lowest in the hus band's league! I've

he was called before his work was done.
never made a "hit" nor scored a run! But

I got her I nev er know. How hard it is for "Num ber Two" To
my worst error till I die. Has been as "Num ber Two" to try To

fill the shoes of hus band "Num ber One!"
fill the shoes of hus band "Num ber One!"