All On Account Of Nipper

Lyric by
Wm CARY DUNCAN

Music by
ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE

Allegrtto moderato

DUFFER

One day I took Nipper out
As often occurs when two

in to the part, For a bit of a stroll and all that sort of thing, Our
match making friends, Take a hand and encourage affairs of the heart, Our

haps I should say he was taking me out, Any how we were one at each
friendship soon ripened to something more dear, Our

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Mrs. FOPPITT

end of the string. And dear lit-tle To-to and I chanced to be, At the ripe from the start! We talked a-bout pick-les and chow-chow and prunes, Till we

BERNICE

ver-y same time in the ver-y same place. It may have been chance, moth-er found that our heart's beat as one, don't you see? It may be your hearts beat as

dear as you say, But it's strange how those chanc-es oc-cur in your case. Be one, as you say, But it sounds like your ap-pe-tites, moth-er, to me. Be

M.W.&SONS 1887
that as it may, it was plain to be seen, That Nip- per knew To- to, de-
that as it may, 'twas de- light-ful to hear, What Nip- per told To- to he

ci- ded-ly so, Or pos-si-ly To- to knew Nip- per, at least, It was
thought of the match, Or pos-si-ly To- to told Nip- per, at least, What they

Mrs FOPPETT

clear from their man-ner they'd met, don't you know. And of course, as they both were ex-
said was most flat-ter ing what we could catch! And of course, as they both were so

BERNICE

treme-ly well bred, They in-tro-duced Reg-gie and me on the spot. Well,
ver y well bred, We felt their ad vice we should nev er re-gret! Well,
moth-er for you there is this to be said: You make up a good one when ev-er you've caught, moth-er for you there is this to be said! If you go to the dogs, you de- serve what you get.

REFRAIN
DUFFER
It was all on ac-count of Nip-per, Most prop er, you'll a-gree! Like

BERNICE
DUFFER and Mrs. FOPPITT
Gin-der el-la's slip-per, Slip-er? He led the Prince to the maid-en shy.

DUFFER
Mrs. FOPPITT
DUFFER and Mrs. FOPPITT
I was the Prince. The maid was I. The Prince and the maid were
ALL

we!—So if you think it indiscreet, That Prince and maid-en fair should meet, Just

lay the blame at the in-no-cent feet, Or Nip-per, Nip-per, Nip-per—

DANCE Very lively

See ad lib.