

## **I'm a bit too young and tender.**

Leighton, Harry, 1871-1913; Noble, Gordon

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# "I'M A BIT TOO YOUNG AND TENDER."

By  
**HARRY LEIGHTON,**  
AND  
**GORDON NOBLE,**

CHORUS.

"I'm a bit too young and tender—  
A bit too young and shy!  
S'pose I tumbled off and broke my crust,  
And—lor' lummy!—if my bloomers bust!  
I don't bike like others of my gender,  
No—you don't cop Ria with a punctured tyre—  
I'm a bit too young and tender!"



CHORUS.

"I'm a bit too young and tender—  
A bit too young and shy!  
If I dabbled in the briny sea,  
The sprats and kippers would be after me;  
I don't bathe like others of my gender,  
And it makes me thin, for you know my skin,  
Is a bit too young and tender."



Sung by  
**DAN CRAWLEY.**

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Telegraphic Address.

ARPEGGIO LONDON.



# I'm a bit too young and tender.

By HARRY LEIGHTON and GORDON NOBLE.  
Allegro moderato.



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F. & D. 6078.



I re-col-lect, when I was a kid-die, Pa-pa

used to pro-phet-sy Some day I'd be a

poor lone wid-dy-Ah! but I'm not such a "pie?" If

ev-er a chap with a love-struck "kite" Comes



round with his spoon - ey tricks, I tell him straight he'll

have to wait Till the hens lay hard - boil'd

bricks. I let them squeezeme, but as soon as they

*colla voce*

Ask me to mar - ry, I sigh and say—



CHORUS. 1<sup>st</sup> time *p* 2<sup>nd</sup> *ff*

"Im a bit too young and ten\_der— A bit too young and shy!

Take on mother, for we've just lost dad, She's had three husbands and she will be glad;

I don't wed like oth\_ers of my gen\_der, For to go in yet for a

bas\_si\_nette—I'm a bit too young and ten\_der?" "I'm a ten\_der?"

*ff* Fine. D.C.

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# "I'M A BIT TOO YOUNG AND TENDER."

By HARRY LEIGHTON and GORDON NOBLE.

Sung by DAN CRAWLEY.

KEY D.

1. I re-collect when I was a kid-die, Pa-pa used to pro-phe-sy Some day I'd be a poor lone wid-dy—Ah! but I'm not such a "pie;" If ev-er a chap with a love-struck "kite" Comes round with his spoon-ey tricks, I tell him straight he'll have to wait Till the hens lay hard-boiled bricks. I let them squeeze me, but as soon as they Ask me to mar-ry, I sigh and say—

CHORUS.

"I'm a bit too young and ten-der— A bit too young and shy! Take on moth-er, for we've just lost dad, She's had three husbands and she will be glad; I don't wed like oth-ers of my gen-der, For to go in yet for a bas-si-nette—I'm a bit too young and ten-der." "I'm a ten-der."

2.  
One day my mash took me for a beano  
Down to Margate by the Sea,  
He got hopping about serene O,  
Like a lively Southend flea.  
He cried, "Darling Gertrude" (that's my front name),  
As he held my waist so slim,  
"My own peach plum, yum, yum, yum, yum,  
I should like to see you swim!"  
I said, "My dear, but we're not in France,  
I wouldn't swim if I had the chance"—('Cause)

CHORUS.  
"I'm a bit too young and tender—  
A bit too young and shy!  
If I dabbled in the briny sea,  
The sprats and kippers would be after me;  
I don't bathe like others of my gender,  
And it makes me thin, for you know my skin  
Is a bit too young and tender."

3.  
Some people get ideas in their noddles  
That it's lovely girls like me  
Gets fine jobs as the artists' models  
At the Royal Academy;  
A bloke who painted for Brooks' soap  
Came up to me once and said,  
"I say, look here, I'll paint you, dear,  
As a *Venus*"—but I fled.  
I blushed all over, and as I guyed—  
"I would oblige you, old chap," I cried—(But)

CHORUS.  
"I'm a bit too young and tender—  
A bit too young and shy!  
Try our slavey, she's a fat girl, see—  
You can paint her, but you can't paint me,  
I don't pose like others of my gender,  
For to wear no clothes but a paper rose,  
I'm a bit too young and tender."

4.  
It seems that some girls show off their figures  
Riding on their dumbflop bikes,  
They look like monkeys on their jiggers,  
Dodging carts and poor stray tykes.  
My Ma says I ought to go in for one,  
Especially as I've left school;  
Why, bless your socks, I'd give you shocks  
If I rode a bicycull.  
I sometimes think I should like to try,  
But it might hurt me, I'll tell you why—

CHORUS.  
"I'm a bit too young and tender—  
A bit too young and shy!  
S'pose I tumbled off and broke my crust,  
And—lor' lummy!—if my bloomers bust!  
I don't bike like others of my gender,  
No—you don't cop Ria with a punctured tyre—  
I'm a bit too young and tender!"

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ARPEGGIO LONDON



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	SUNG OR COMPOSED BY
'E 'as the as-er-dacity to grumble ...	GUS ELEN
New Cut coon ...	GUS ELEN
Coster's mansion ...	GUS ELEN
We always have our little bit at home	HARRY BEDFORD
Cockney coon ...	G. H. CHIRGWIN
De risin' ob de moon ...	MISS NELLIE NAVETTE
Oh, Mr. Soldier man ...	MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN
Say nothing ...	MISS KATIE LAWRENCE
I've gone out for the day ...	MISS KATIE LAWRENCE
Cheap excursion train ...	MISS LILLIE LANGTRY
On the Margate Boat ...	MISS LILLIE LANGTRY
I'll oblige ...	FRANK COYNE
Same sweet Mary May ...	MISS MILLIE HYLTON
And I didn't go to work that day ...	FRANK SEELEY
Whistling Blue-coat boy ...	MISS CONSTANCE MOXON
Birthday presents ...	J. H. HURST
Cuckoo ...	MISS ETHEL HAYDON
I didn't get a wink all night ...	HARRY CHAMPION
Fair lady mine ...	MISS LILY BURNAND
Oh, what a lovely game ...	ARTHUR REECE
When the day begins to dawn ...	MISS MARIE COLLINS
Cabbies' lament ...	HARRY TATE
I'se gettin' up a water-melon party ...	KELLER BROTHERS
Whistling Willie ...	CHARLES MILDARE
Pet o' the Pantomime ...	MISS ROSE SYLVESTER AND DAN PAULTON
Hanging on behind ...	WATTY ALLAN
Give me your answer now ...	MILNER VERREN
Oh, it's homely! very homely!	GEORGE BROOKS
When mamma and pa have gone to bye-bye	MISS MAUD FRANKLIN
When the gent'e breezes blow ...	BURT SHEPARD
Where are all the Irishmen? ...	PAT CAREY
Piccaninny's lullaby ...	J. W. DRIFFIELD
At Waterloo ...	ARTHUR LENNARD
One's enough ...	HARRY ROSE
Milk O! ...	MISS CONSTANCE MOXON
Little bit further down ...	FRANK SEELEY
Good-bye, and God bless you, Jack	MARIE WILTON
Leave me, comrades ...	J. A. RADCLIFFE
How do I go? ...	A. G. SPRY
It don't go well with Scroggs ...	TOM COSTELLO
Arcade Johnny ...	MISS SABLE FERN
Hello! ma baby ...	HOWARD AND EMERSON
More than likely ...	MISS ADA BLANCHE AND GUS GARRICK
She'd never been in Pantomime before	ARTHUR ROBERTS
Where do I come in? ...	ARTHUR ROBERTS
How de-do-de? ...	GEO. BEAUCHAMP
Who's going to mash me to-night? ...	TOM COSTELLO
That's mine when you've done with it	CHARLES BIGNELL
Song from the heart ...	WALTER MUNROE
Terrible things in the papers ...	TOM LEAMORE
Crossing-sweeper ...	TOM LEAMORE
What is one amongst so many? ...	GEO. ROBEY
That's work ...	GEO. ROBEY
One at a time ...	MISS MARIE LOFTUS
Nothing shall part us now ...	MISS MARIE COLLINS
Oh! if mamma only knew ...	MISS VESTA VICTORIA
Binks' wife ...	MISS MILLIE LINDON
Johnny without his trousers ...	MISS MARIE KENDALL
German bandsman ...	PAUL MILL
Millie the Millie-ner ...	WALLIS ARTHUR
Ze boxes and Mossoo ...	WALLIS ARTHUR
Flo, the waterman's daughter ...	MISS ROSE CHANDON
It didn't come up to the sample	GEO. BLAKEMORE AND WALLIS ARTHUR
Isn't it hard to find? ...	ARTHUR RIGBY
Persian girls ...	THE SISTERS LEVEY
It grows on yer ...	WILL E. EDWARDS
He didn't know geography	FRED EASTMAN, EDWARD LEWIS, AND MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN
Game of life (Duet) ...	MISS MARIE DANTON AND EUGENE STRATTON
Callaghan does it for me ...	PAT CAREY
Walking in my sleep ...	ERNEST HEATHCOTE
Has anybody seen my dolly? ...	THE LITTLE SPARK
Houp-la! Allez! Clear the way!	MINIATURE MARIE

	SUNG OR COMPOSED BY
I love another love ...	HAL KENDALL
My heart is your heart	MILNER VERREN, MISS ETHEL HAYDON, AND ERNEST D'ALMAINE
We all went following on ...	TOM FANCOURT
Darling blue-eyed Norah ...	J. E. MURRAY
Two hearts made one ...	MISS KITTIE RAYBURN
Has any one seen our cat? ...	WILKIE BARD
It takes a very strong imagination ...	EDWARD KENT
Slips of the tongue ...	EDWARD KENT
Jane Shore ...	THE SISTERS LEVEY AND WALTER STOCKWELL
Sit down ...	TOM DRIFFIELD
Nice thing for a man like me ...	HARRY FREEMAN
Keep the gates open for Daddy ...	MILNER VERREN
Hulloa! Hulloa!! Hulloa!!!	MISS MARIE LLOYD
Shout hurrah. Shout hooray (Topical Duet)	DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL
Nay, nay, Pauline ...	MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
Kiss me, honey, do ...	(Sung in "Hurly Burly")
On top ...	HARRY CHAMPION
Oh, the nursemaid ...	WALTER KINO
He was one of the old brigade ...	PAT RAFFERTY
If I hadn't been a Sunday school teacher	JOHNNY WORMAN
Song of the kettle ...	MISS MILLIE LINDON
Rich and the poor man's storyum ...	TOM BASS
Sabre and gun ...	HARRISON BROCKBANK
Giving the game away ...	WALTER STOCKWELL
Hush, ye night winds ...	MISS ELAINE RAVENSBURG
Good-bye, Tilly ...	MISS ROSE HARVEY
Dar's somethin' about yer I like	JOHN T. KELLY
My Creole Sue ...	GUSSIE L. DAVIS
Keep away from Emmeline ...	MISS FAY TEMPLETON
Girl can't do everything ...	MISS JOSEPHINE HENLEY
Bird on the bough ...	MOHAWK MINSTRELS
Things that don't concern me	HERBERT CAMPBELL
Ballad-monger ...	ARTHUR REECE
I 'aven't told 'im ...	ALEC HURLEY
Oh, the lady guide ...	HARRY ANDERSON
It's only once a year ...	J. W. ROWLEY
Lass for a plain British tar ...	MISS ADA BLANCHE
I'm not a-going to move ...	HARRY FREEMAN
If you want to come in, come in	MISS FLORRIE GALLIMORE
What a friend we have in mother ...	ERNEST HEATHCOTE
All's well (Parody) ...	WILL NEWMAN
Coals ...	CHARLES VINCENT
Don't cry, mamma ...	THE LITTLE SPARK
Heads and tails ...	EDWARD LEWIS, TOM CRAVEN, AND H. C. BARRY
I'll pay you when my ship comes home ...	MARK MILTON
I can't now ...	GUS GARRICK
I'm waiting here for Ju-li-a ...	JOE LAWRENCE
In our locality ...	FRANK SEELEY
It's just beginning to grow ...	FRANK COYNE
It doesn't belong to me ...	DAN CRAWLEY
Language of London Town ...	ARTHUR LENNARD
Let 'em all Go ...	HARRY CHAMPION
Steeplejack ...	WILL DALTON
Take her, and be to her as I have been	WILL GODWIN, MISS FLORRIE GALLIMORE, AND WILL HEBDEN
There's a nice little home a-waiting	MISS KATE CARNEY
Up came Brown with a lot like mine	ALF CHESTER
When the stars are peeping ...	MISS KATE CARNEY
You do get something for your money	MISS MARIE KENDALL
All he left was a pair of trousers	MISS ADA CERITO
I'm much better off where I am	DAN CRAWLEY
It'll take a bit of wearing out ...	WILL DALTON
Nice quiet way of doing it ...	CHARLES LEVERTON
Proud of her Irish boy ...	MICHAEL NOLAN
Red Riding Hood ...	THE LITTLE SPARK
She wears no crown of gold ...	MISS FLORRIE FORDE
Troubles ...	WILKIE BARD
Two eyes to see with ...	MICHAEL NOLAN
What can I do for you? ...	T. E. DUNVILLE
The Cake Walk ...	EUGENE STRATTON
A little bit off the top ...	HARRY BEDFORD
It suddenly dawned upon me ...	GEORGE ROBEY
Dotty-otty ...	CHARLES BIGNELL
When I go out in the garden ...	WILL DALTON

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