

# ALGY'S ABSOLUTELY FULL OF TACT.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

FREDERICK CHESTER.

*Moderato.*

*VOICE.*

*PIANO.*

*KEY D.*      Now Al-gy's aw-f'ly fond of lob-sters

{ | : | : . . s | s . d' : t . l | s . f : m . f }

when he goes to dine, And so he or-dered one the oth-er night. But

{ | m . r : d . t, | d :- . d | r . m : f . s | l . se : l . f | r :- | - : . r }

when the waiter brought it Algy saw one claw was gone, So Algy told the waiter 'twasn't

{ m . m : f e . f e l s . s : l . l t . t : s . s l m : d' l t . t : r . r l m . m : f e . f e }

right. — The waiter said the lobsters were de-liv-er'd all a-live, And

{ l s : - | - : . s l d' . t : l . s l f . m : r . r l t . l : s . f l m : - . m }

kept down in the cel-lar on the floor, They were so fierce they fought Until 'twas

{ l . s e : l . s e l l . s e : l . f | r : - | - : . r | d . r : m . f | r . r : m . f }

time that they were boiled And — in a fight this one had lost a claw. — But

{ l s . d' : l . d' l s : l . t l d' . d : d . d | f . m : r . m | d : - | - : . d }

CHORUS.

Al - gy's ab - so - lute - ly full of tact, He

{ d' .,d' :d' .,d' | d' .,t :l .,t | d' :- | - : .s }

al - ways knows ex - act - ly how to act, — He said "Not this for din - ner, run down -

{ s .,s :s .,s | s .,fe :m .,fe | s :- | - : s | l .,l :t .,l | s .,s :l .,s }

stairs and fetch a win - ner," For Al - gy's ab - so - lute - ly full of tact.

{ f .,l :s .,f | m .d .- : .s d' .,d' :d' .,d' | d' .,t :l .,t | d' :- | - || }

Now at a dance the other night, where Algy chanced to be,  
 He saw a lady standing near the door;  
 The plainest thing he'd ever seen in all his long career,  
 A face like hers he'd never seen before.  
 He asked a Johnny next to him, "Who is that awful girl—  
 For dreadful frights she really heads the list?"  
 The man turned round and glared at him, and hissed in Algy's ear—  
 "Confound you, sir, MY WIFE," and clenched his fist!  
 But Algy's absolutely full of tact,  
 He always knows exactly how to act;  
 He said "Don't make a shine, you ought to just see MINE,"  
 For Algy's absolutely full of tact.

Once in a train the other day a lady had four boys,  
 And hadn't got them tickets— 'twasn't right;  
 And so she got the biggest one to lie flat on the seat,  
 And made the other *three* sit on him tight.  
 The inspector came with "Tickets, please"— she handed him her own,  
 And said "They're under age (which wasn't true,)"  
 "You haven't even half-ones, I shall have to take your name,"  
 When Algy chipped in quick and helped her through.  
 For Algy's absolutely full of tact,  
 He always knows exactly how to act;  
 He said, "Why can't you see the biggest's UNDER THREE,"  
 For Algy's absolutely full of tact.

Now at a Hotel that I know, where Algy stayed some days,  
 He was standing next a fellow at the bar;  
 And both had ordered modestly a glass of lager beer,  
 And Algy was discussing his new car.  
 But Algy drank the other man's, quite by mistake you know,  
 The glasses were the same, so 'twasn't queer,  
 The man picked up his empty glass and turned to Algy quick,  
 And said "You silly ass, you've drunk *my* beer."  
 But Algy's absolutely full of tact,  
 He always knows exactly how to act;  
 He said "That yours? how fine, then THIS ONE must be mine,"  
 So he drank that too— he's simply full of tact.

#### ENCORE VERSE.

Once Algy went to Paris, though he couldn't parley voo,  
 And in the street a funeral passed him by;  
 It was a huge affair, and Algy asked "Who's dead?"  
 "*Je ne comprends pas,*" the Frenchman made reply.  
 Algy thought it fearf'ly sad, "It must be someone great,"  
 Said he, and wandered sadly home to bed;  
 Next day he saw a wedding crowd, and asked "Who's being spliced?"  
 "*Je ne comprends pas,*" again a fellow said.  
 But Algy's absolutely full of tact,  
 He always knows exactly how to act;  
 He said "Now get away, he was *buried* yesterday."  
 For Algy's absolutely full of tact.