

WRONG AGAIN



A black and white oval portrait of a young man, Jas. Lyman, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a dark bow tie. The portrait is set within a decorative frame consisting of a dark blue background with white ornate scrollwork and floral patterns. Below the portrait, the text "WORDS & MUSIC BY" is written in a simple, sans-serif font, followed by "ARTHUR LONGBRAKE" in a larger, bold, sans-serif font.

WORDS & MUSIC BY
ARTHUR LONGBRAKE

NOT RETURNABLE

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J. MORRIS

WRONG AGAIN.

by **ARTHUR LONGBRAKE**
Writer of "The Preacher and the Bear"
"Brother Noah" etc.
"Parson Jones' Three Reasons"
etc. etc. etc.

Moderato.

Till ready,

The first system of musical notation is a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a series of chords and eighth notes, leading to a repeat sign. The word 'Till ready,' is written above the second measure of the repeat.

The second system shows the vocal line, a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It contains the first three lines of lyrics.

1. Ev-'ry-thing I try to do Proves to be an aw-ful blun-der,
 2. I grew tired of sin-gle life Thought that I'd try mat-ri-mo-ny,
 3. I went to a ball one night 'Twas to be a swell af-fair,

The third system shows the piano accompaniment, with treble and bass clefs. It includes a piano dynamic marking 'p' and concludes with several chords marked with 'V'.

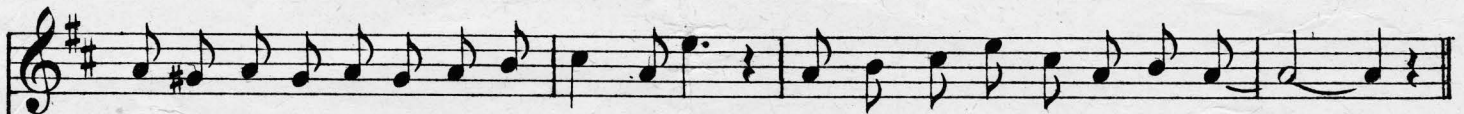
The fourth system shows the vocal line, a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It contains the next three lines of lyrics.

Why I aint like others too Oft-en caus-es me to won-der;
 Look'd a-round and found a wife Now I'm pay-ing al-i-mo-ny;
 Ev-'ry-thing came off all right Some guy copp'd my la-dy fair; . .

The fifth system shows the piano accompaniment, with treble and bass clefs. It concludes the piece with several chords marked with 'V'.



When I try to do something in the right way, Just as I have seen it done some other day,
Heard folks say that two could live for just the same As it costs for one and so I chang'd her name,
Friends all said go get him you can lick him Jim, You are big and husky while he's short and slim, Re-



I'm most always sure to hear some-bo-dy say As they point their finger at me
Hitch'd in double harness with a gal nam'd Jane, Felt as if to Heaven I'd gone
plied I hate to do it I'm too big for him, But I had to please my friends



Chorus.



Wrong . . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .
Wrong . . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .
Wrong . . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .



If I stand a-round I'm in some - bo - dy's way, If I make a move I hear some-
 Marriage the balloon which to the sky took me, Di-voce the par - achutewhich bròt me
 Gee,when he let loose I thought a mule kick'd me, Found out af-terwards it was Joe

bo - dy say; Wrong . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .
 back you see; Wrong . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .
 Gans you see; Wrong . . a - gain, . . . wrong . . . a - gain, . . .

Ev.'rything I try I hear that old cry Wrong . . a - gain. . . Wrong . . a - gain.
 Ev.'rything I try I hear that old cry Wrong . . a - gain. . . Wrong . . a - gain.
 Ev.'rything I try I hear that old cry Wrong . . a - gain. . . Wrong . . a - gain.

fz

Saw a horse run down the street
Thought that I would be a hero,
Stop the horse—I braced my feet—
Aspirations went to zero;
When I came to life again I was in bed
Found a lot of bandages around my head
Then somebody to me very kindly said:
'Twas a Texas pony, my boy.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
I might stop a chicken when he's passing by,
Anything with four legs won't attract my eye;
Wrong again—wrong again—
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Read about those ships that fly,
Thought that I would try to build one,
Took it out one day to try,
Chest with pride had surely filled some;
Asked my friends to come and see me make
a trial,

Told them on my first trip I would sail a mile;
Bands were playing gayly and I wore a smile,
From a big high building I sailed.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
Airship was no angel and it wouldn't fly,
For some days my friends expected me to die;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Had a date with a gal of mine,
Had to be there on the minute,
She told me to be on time
Or I'd find I wasn't in it;
Told me I must be on hand promptly at eight,
Went around to call for her and keep my date,
Found my watch had fudged on me and I was
late

And she'd gone with someone I hate.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
Bought that watch of Cohen at a three-ball
shop;
Cohen said, "Upon my word that watch won't
stop;"

Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

For some reason, I can't tell,
Dogs with me are never friendly,
Always liked a dog so well
Never gave a one a flea;
When my girl went out to live upon a farm
Bought a nice big bull dog to shield her from
harm

Then went to a vodo man and got a charm
"Said a dog can't bite you with that."

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
When I called around I had to climb a tree,
Bull-dog ate my charm and licked his chops
for me;

Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Once when I had lots of dough,
In some glad rags I invested,
Studied out some place to go
Where I would be interested;
Thought about the race track and 'twas there I
went,

For a tip from some wise tout a five I spent,
Said he'll walk right and bet my last cent
Figured up the money I'd win.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
First time 'round he led them all and now I
laughed,

But, for sure, that blamed horse walked the
second half;

Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Climbed into a melon patch
Just to gaze upon some melons,
Two of them I quickly snatched,
Appetite was surely tellin';
Half way home a tempting fowl crossed my
track,

Laid the melons down to go and bring him
back,

Corns began to hurt me and my pace I slacked,
Came back and my melons were gone.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
Two melons from two melons don't leave none
for me,

No chicken from no chicken leaves the same,
you see;

Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Once I had a dear old friend,
But he didn't have a lollar,
Gave him board and dough to spend,
Even let him wear my collars;
Thought that he'd get on his feet all right
some day

And those little favors he would all repay,
But one night he took my clothes and went
away,
Never stopped to say good-bye.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
His faith in my desire to help him was so
strong
That when he left he also took my wife along;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

My old dad once bought a mule
From a shouting Baptist preacher,
Drove her home from Sunday school
Where for years he'd been a teacher;
Said you'll find her gentle as a lamb can be,
Bought her of the parson with this guarantee;
Don't you be afraid to clean her thoroughly,
Next day followed dad's advice.

Chorus.

Wrong again—Wrong again,
When I raised her tail she said hello to me,
Reception that she gave me was too much,
you see;

Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Went into a menagerie,
At a cage of bears I stared,
Then the boss man said to me:
How'd you like to be a bear?
Said to me we'll dress you in a big bear hide,
With the other bears you'll have to go inside,
They are phony like yourself, and I replied:
"If that's true I'll take the job."

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
For the only phony bear in there was me,
All the rest of them were real live grizzlies
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

Doctor said to me one day
You are now a lucky father;
Hurried home then right away,
Found a crowd of neighbors gathered;
How I pushed my chest way out with manly
pride

As I hurried through the crowd and went in-
side,

Asked is it a boy, and then the nurse replied:
"Yes, all three of them are boys."

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
There's trouble when that doctor sends his
bill to me,

Only ordered one and I won't pay for three;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

To the country once I went,
Just to spend a short vacation,
With the birds and bees content
I enjoyed the situation;

With a red bandanna 'round my neck one day
Leisurely I started 'cross the fields to stray;
Cross bull's in that field, I heard the farmer
say,

I replied he cannot catch me.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
There occurred another battle of Bull Run,
I surely was disabled, I was almost done;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

I went home from work one night
Feeling very tired and weary,
Things had not been going right,
And my temper wasn't cheery;
Found my wifey sitting on a stranger's knee,
Said I to myself it's her affinity,
What I did to him was worse than "Twenty-
three,"

Then I heard my wife exclaim:

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
It was just her brother who'd come home from
sea;

Doctor bill I had to pay almost broke me;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

My wife's mother came one day
Just to make a visit only,
But she said in her sad way,
"Where I live is very lonely;"
I'm so tender-hearted that I said, "You may
Bring your clothes and with us you can al-
ways stay,
From our house no more you need to go
away,"
And she moved right in at once.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
Life has lost it's happiness with her about,
Even had the nerve one night to lock me out;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

(After election.)

Met some friends election day
Loaded down with real money,
What these friends to me did say
Sounded just a little funny;
Said "We'll bet you two to one on William
Taft,

Felt so sure of Bryan that it made me laugh,
And to win their money looked like easy graft,
Pet them ev'ry dollar I owned.

Chorus.

Wrong again—wrong again,
Next time that I bet it won't be Billy B.,
Always place my money now on William T.;
Wrong again—wrong again,
Ev'rything I try I hear that old cry—WRONG
AGAIN.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

MY AFFINITY.

Words and Music

by ARTHUR LONGBRAKE.
writer of "Brother Noah," "Preacher,
and the Bear" etc.

Chorus.

He's my af - fin - i - ty — He is so good to me, — I could not

live with - out him — With - out my Jim I'd die; — He left his

wife you see — And did it all for me, — Why look here man, —

— He's my af - fin - i - ty. — He's my af -