

TO ALL PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR PLAYERS.

IT'S

BILLIARDS ON THE BRAIN.

MUSIC BY

A. CAROM.



Words by GRACE CARLETON.

Sketch by WM. B. SOUTHWORTH, Esq.

LADIES' VERSION.

GENTLEMEN'S VERSION.



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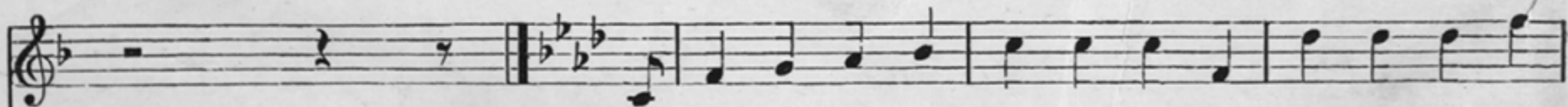
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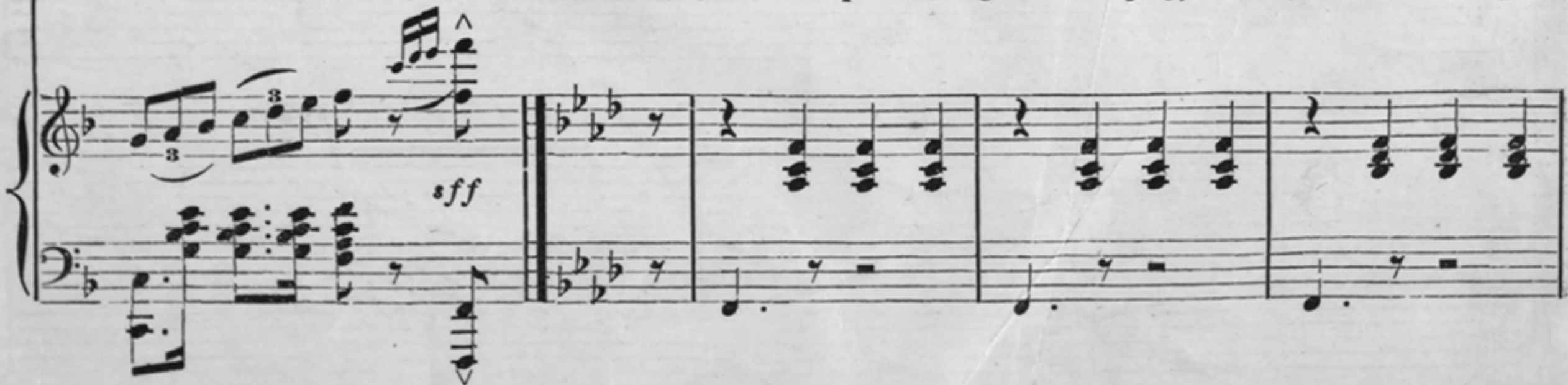
Words by GRACE CARLETON.

Music by A. CAROM.

Allegretto.



1. Of all the pleasant games we play, What game can e - qual



this? We prac-tise it by night and day, Its joys we nev-er miss. Where-

- e'er we go, it is our lot, To hear this one re - frain; "Come

in and play,"—the world has got, This Bill - iards on the brain.

CHORUS.

The.... balls go roll - ing round the ta - ble in this lit - tle game, It.....

matters not which ball you hit, the count is all the same. We take our cues and chalk them up, and

ca - rom on the red, But ve - ry oft we make a scratch, and hit the white in - stead.

GENTLEMEN'S VERSION.

- 1 Of all the pleasant games we play,
What game can equal this?
We "practise" it by night and day,
Its joys we never miss.
Where'er we go it is our lot
To hear this one refrain:
"Come in and play,"—the world has got
This billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 2 The game of life resembles it,—
We often make a "miss;"
At other times we make a "hit,"—
And frequently we "kiss."
Some new beginner plays near by,
He lifts his cue again,
And gently pokes you in the eye,—
That's billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 3 Quite oft while looking at a friend,
Who makes a splendid "run,"
The game is drawing to an end,—
You think it splendid fun.
When suddenly, before you know,
You feel a twinge of pain,—
A ball comes bouncing on your toe,—
That's billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 4 Young Jones, he was as nice a man,
As ever you did see,
And when the game he once began,
He counted splendidly.
He played all night, and played all day,
With all his might and main;
Alas! he died!—the people say,
Of billiards on the brain!—CHO.

LADIES' VERSION.

- 1 Of all the horrid games I know,
That one is hateful quite,
To which the men in crowds will go,
And play at, day and night.
I wonder what the charm can be,
It must be great, that's plain,
For young and old, it seems to me,
Have billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 2 I had a beau, so nice and sweet,
He used to call each eve;
And every time our eyes would meet,
His smiles I would receive;
But now he talks of "shots" so fine,
As if he were insane;
I really think he does incline,
Towards billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 3 There's Mister Jones, who lives next door,
He comes home very late,
And vows he couldn't come before,
All owing to his state.
His wife believes he's "at the store,"—
Alas! the case is plain,—
It's only just one noodle more,
With billiards on the brain!—CHO.
- 4 Take my advice, young maidens, pray,
When beau have distant grown,
And smell of "smoke" by night and day,
And leave you sad and lone;
Just say, "to wed is not your plan,"
Nor bid them call again;
A girl's a fool to wed a man,
With billiards on the brain!—CHO.