

HE LED ME UP THE GARDEN

HUMOROUS SONG

WRITTEN
BY

E.A.
SEARSON

COMPOSED
BY

FRED
GIBSON



PERFORMED BY

EDITH FAULKNER

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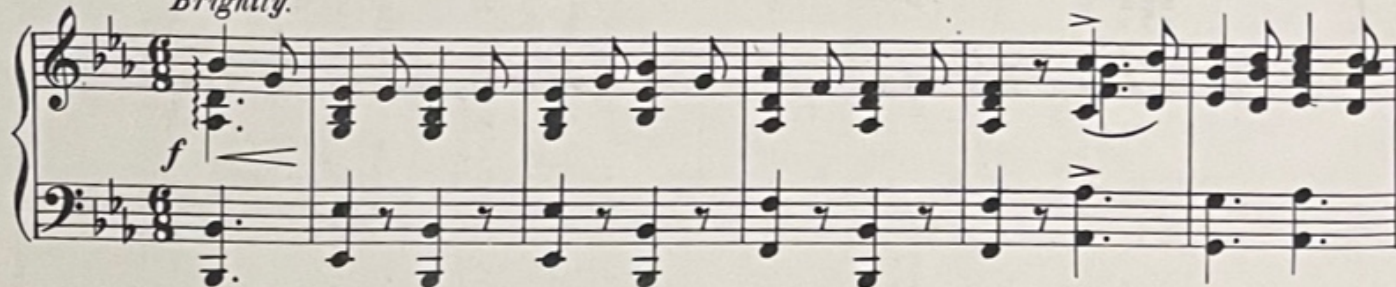
PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

"HE LED ME UP THE GARDEN".

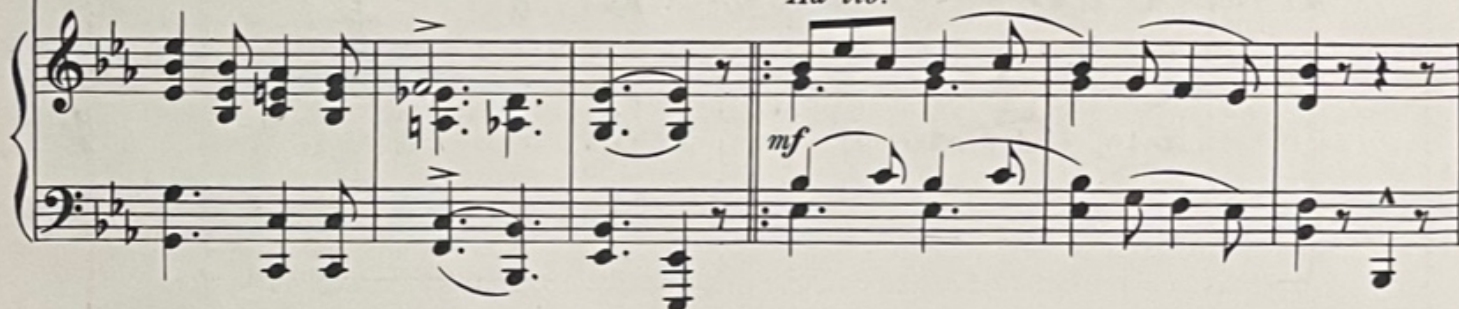
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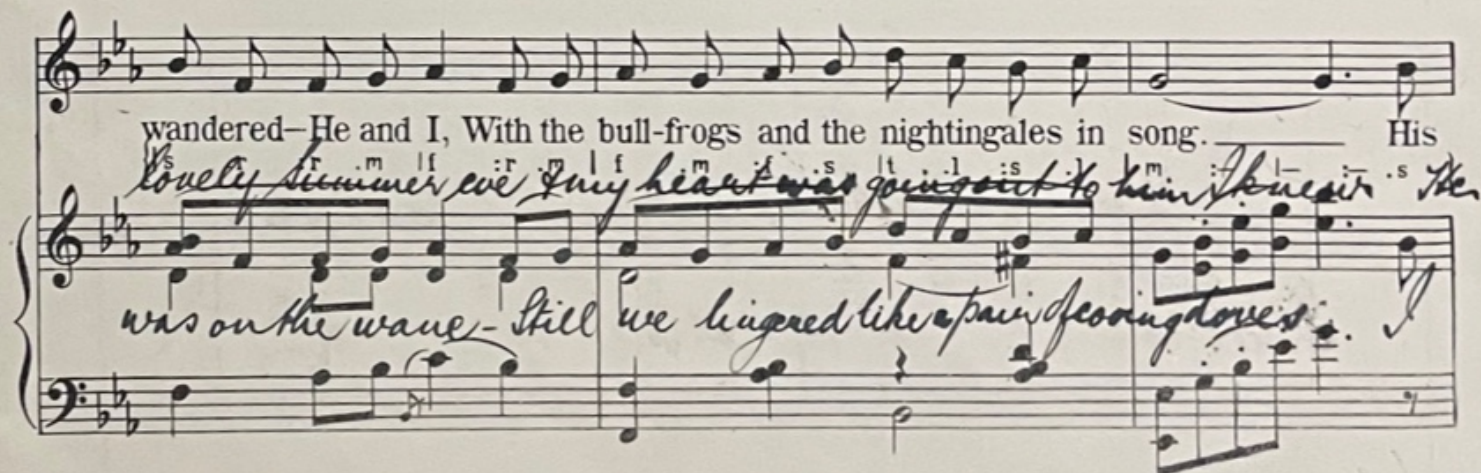
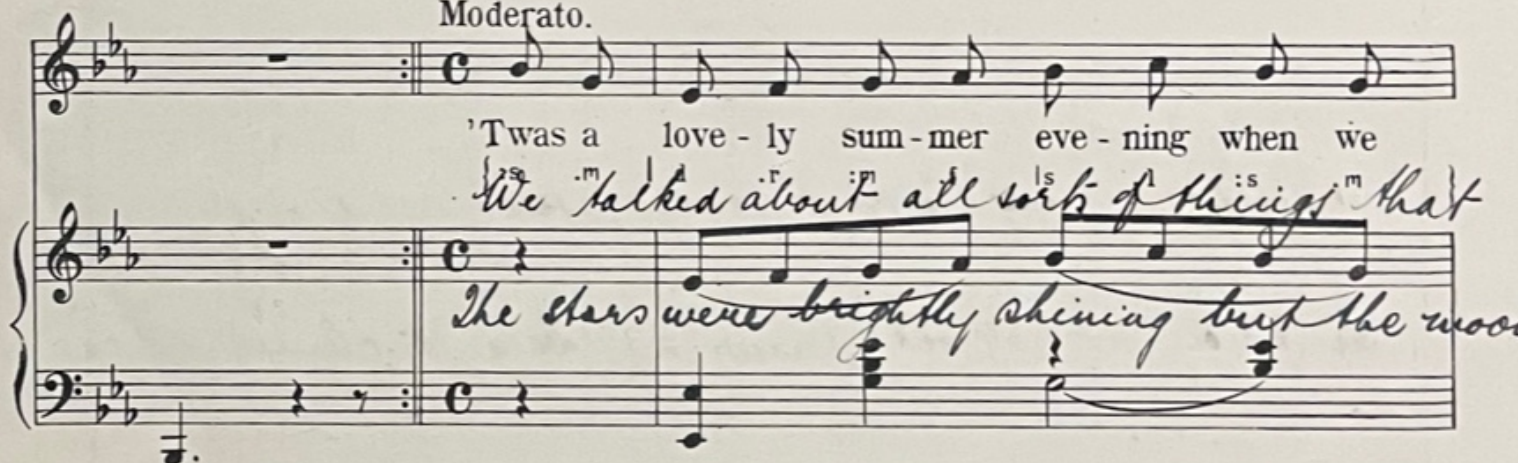
Brightly.



Ad lib.



Moderato.



glances were so lov-ing I could not re-press a sigh, As I
~~had lots of cash in my pocket so he asked me to believe~~ though the
 missed my bit of supper for we wanted ~~more~~ again just to

soft-ly mur-mured "Now we shan't be long". He
~~dividends like the flowers were over~~ ~~dear~~ ~~we~~
 interchange the story of our loves. I'd

whispered "Youth's the time for love, we'll pass the hap-py hours Where the
~~walked until my heart just like my future full of pain~~ then he
 started out at 6 o'clock - now ten began to chime Dead beat

moon is gen-tly beam-ing all a-mongst the pret-ty flowers."
~~leaned toward me whispering~~ "shall we wander on again?"
 I still consented for the third of final time

CHORUS.

So he led me up the gar-den all a-mong the Brussels sprouts, He
So he led me up the garden all among the turnip tops. He
 And he led me up the garden all among the curly kale. It

told me that he loved me, but I some-how had my doubts,— He
said I was his only love, his little popsy wops
 made me feel so happy just to hear him tell the tale. He

took my hand in his, — and at first I thought it "biz," For he
kept my eyes downcast but I was thawing fast though
 stayed till it was late breathing nothings at the gate. Then he

said I was his lit-tle "Dol-ly Var-den;" — He
tried my little virgin heart to harden.
 had to go for which he asked my pardon.

touched me with the sto - ry of his love for me, he did, And he
look :- d ld :- d ld :- m lf :- r lr :- r lr :- lf :- m
 took my hand & squeezed it to my maidenly alarm *though he*
missed him & missed him & of hope I felt bereft *He stole*

touched my lips in kiss - es, and his arm a - round me slid, And be -
lr :- m lr :- m lr :- f ll :- f ls :- m lm :- m lm :- ls :- s
 squeezed my waist so slender I could not resist his charm And he
 my young affections which was not his only theft - *then he*

fore he said "Good-bye" to me he touched me for a quid, Oh! there's
ll :- se ll :- t ld' :- t ld' :- l ls :- l ls :- f lm :- ll :- t
 squeezed me for the bangle that I wore upon my arm -
 left me - that was pretty nearly all the bouncer left

no mis - take he led me up the gar - - - den. D.C.
ld' :- t ld' :- t ld' :- s lf :- m lr :- l :- ld :- ll

'Twas a lovely summer evening when we wandered, He and I,
 With the bull-frogs and the nightingales in song.
 His glances were so loving I could not repress a sigh,
 As I softly murmured "Now we shan't be long".
 He whispered "Youth's the time for love, we'll pass the happy hours,
 Where the moon is gently beaming all amongst the pretty flowers".

CHORUS.

So he led me up the garden all among the brussels sprouts,
 He told me that he loved me, but I somehow had my doubts,
 He took my hand in his, and at first I thought it "biz",
 For he said I was his little "Dolly Varden".
 He touched me with the story of his love for me, he did,
 And he touched my lips in kisses, and his arm around me slid,
 And before he said "Good-bye" to me he touched me for a quid,
 Oh! there's no mistake, he led me up the garden.

We talked about all sorts of things, that lovely summer eve,
 And my heart was going out to him, I knew:
 He had lots of cash invested, so he asked me to believe,
 Though the dividends, like the flowers, were over *dew*.
 We walked until my heart, just like my feet, was full of pain,
 Then he leaned toward me whispering "Shall we wander on again?"

CHORUS.

So he led me up the garden all among the turnip-tops,
 He said I was his only love, his little popsy-wops,
 I kept my eyes downcast, but I was thawing fast,
 Though I tried my little virgin heart to harden;
 He took my hand and squeezed it to my maidenly alarm,
 When he squeezed my waist so slender I could not resist his charm,
 And he squeezed me for the bangle that I wore upon my arm,
 Oh! there's no mistake, he led me up the garden.

The stars were brightly shining but the moon was on the wane,
 Still we lingered like a pair of cooing doves;
 I missed my bit of supper, for we wanted once again
 Just to interchange the story of our loves:
 I'd started out at six o'clock, now ten began to chime,
 Dead beat, I still consented, for the third and final time.

CHORUS.

And he led me up the garden all among the curly-kale,
 It made me feel so happy just to hear him tell the tale,
 He stayed till it was late, breathing nothings at the gate,
 Then he had to go, for which he asked my pardon.
 I missed him, Oh! I missed him, and of hope I felt bereft,
 He stole my young affections, which was not his only theft,
 Then he left me,— that was pretty nearly all the boulder left,
 Oh! there's no mistake, he led me up the garden.