

JUST AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT!

A
Humorous
Song



WRITTEN,
COMPOSED
AND
SUNG BY

QUENTON ASHLYN.

Price 2/- nett.

LONDON
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, LIMITED,
32, GREAT PORTLAND ST. W.

Quenton Ashlyn

*Photo-Tint, by James Akerman, 6, Queen Square, London, W.C.

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Just at that Critical Moment.

Written and Composed by

QUENTON ASHLYN.

VOICE.

PIANO. *mf*

Some

ve - ry crit - i - cal mo - ments in eve - ry life we see, And

just at such a time I lost my wife that was to

be; Down by the sad sea waves I met my

charm - ing lit - tle Rose, And one fine eve - ning

on the pier I start - ed to pro - pose! But

CHORUS.

Just at that critical moment.

J.W. 13907.

just at that crit - i - cal mo - ment the band be - gan to play — A

p

live - ly dance I lost my chance of what I meant to say; — The ve - ry next day

af - ter fair Ro - sy gave her hand — To the chap that played the trom - bone in that

same brass band. —

f

Just at that Critical Moment.

1.

Some very critical moments in ev'ry life we see,
And just at such a time I lost my wife that was to be;
Down by the sad sea waves I met my charming little Rose,
And one fine evening on the pier I started to propose!

CHORUS. But just at that critical moment the band began to play
A lively dance I lost my chance of what I meant to say,
The very next day after fair Rosy gave her hand
To the chap who played the trombone in that same brass band!

2.

Some ladies held a meeting once the speeches were so nice,
A wicked boy had brought with him a basket full of mice;
A lady spoke on women's rights, said she, "I wonder why
Men say that we have got no pluck I pause for a reply!"

CHORUS. And just at that critical moment the wicked little boy
Let out the mice upon the floor and shouted in his joy,
Quite fifty ladies fainted and others yelled with fright,
And they have not held another meeting since that night.

3.

I'm very, very fond of eggs and when I think they're nice,
I buy them by the dozen and I don't care what's the price;
I saw some beauties in the Strand out side the shop, you know,
I bought a bagful straight away and then turned round to go!

CHORUS. But just at that critical moment a piece of orange peel
By some mischance or other got just under my left heel,
I danced a sort of polka then up went both my legs,
And down I sat an awful smack on the new laid eggs!

4

The 'bus was full the lady stout— she had to stand inside,
And when she left she crossly said, "I thought I should have died!
I'm not the kind of woman who delights to make a fuss;
But I've been standing on one foot since I've been in this 'bus!"

CHORUS. And just at that critical moment a timid little man
Just gave a quiet little cough and modestly began,
"You're rather heavy, madam, but I do not repine,
Though now you come to mention it *that foot was mine!*"