

# Ursula - I

begin

96 *Andante*  
 I - see y - ou in the street  
 The men up there don't like a box of  
 97  
 think a girl who goes with a bore. Yes, on land it's much pre-ferred for la-dies not to say a word. And if you  
 98  
 all, dear, what is i-dle prate for? Come on! They're not all that im-pressed with con-ver-sa-tion. They  
 99  
 gen-tle men a - void it when they can. But they doze and sermon and fawn on  
 100  
 is - dy who's with - drawn. It's she who holds her tongue who gets her man. Come on, you  
 101  
 poor un - for - tu - nate soul! Go a - head! Make your choice. I'm  
 102  
 103  
 104  
 105  
 106  
 107  
 108  
 109  
 110 *A tempo*  
 111  
 112  
 113

#15 - Poor Unfortunate Souls

114  
 see y - ou in the street I have n't got all day It won't cost much, just your voice You  
 115  
 poor un - for - tu - nate soul. It's sad but true. If you  
 116  
 want to cross a bridge, my sweets, you've got to pay the toll. Take a gulp and take a breath and ju-ju  
 117  
*rall.*  
 head and sign the scroll. Flat-sam, Jet - sam, now I've got her, boys, the boss is on a roll. You  
 118  
*A tempo*  
 poor un - for - tu - nate  
 119  
 120  
 121  
 122  
 123  
 124  
 125  
 126  
 127  
 128  
 129  
 130  
 131  
 132  
 133  
 soul.

SECUE AS UNI

#15 - Poor Unfortunate Souls