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Pass no Rude Remarks

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PASS NO RUDE REMARKS.

Sung by HARRY RANDALL.

.....
Tho' my "physog" and my style may perhaps provoke a smile,
Pass no rude remarks ;
If you don't wish to offend, to this caution pray attend,
Pass no rude remarks,
My features may be funny, but before this place I quit,
At my expense I hope and trust you won't display your wit—
Although I'm not a fashionable beauty I admit,
Pass no rude remarks.

Chorus. Pass no rude remarks, dear friends,
Don't be so absurd !
Silence ! Hush ! Don't make me blush !
Mum's the blooming word.
Though my face may worry you
Like a bull-dog's barks,
Kindly pass no nasty, naughty, rorty, rude remarks.

If you see an old dame rush round the corner with her mush,
Pass no rude remarks ;
When her 'bus goes tearing by, and she shouts " Conductor ! hi !"
Pass no rude remarks,
Though in the same direction she begins to gaily trot,
Her skirt and poor old "Trilbies" somehow get into a knot ;
But when she slips and tumbles on her "who-the-why-the-what !"
Pass no rude remarks.

Chorus. Pass no rude remarks, dear friends,
Don't be so absurd !
Silence ! Hush ! Don't make me blush !
Mum's the blooming word.
When she rubs her funny bone—
Oh ! you gay young sparks,
Kindly pass no nasty, naughty, rorty, rude remarks.

If you spot a loving pair go spooning here and there,
Pass no rude remarks ;
Though the darkness of the night seems to fill them with delight,
Pass no rude remarks.
That they're engaged its very plain the moment you reflect,
The marriage will be *by-and-bye*, they'd have you recollect ;
But should there be a wedding when you least of all expect—
Pass no rude remarks.

Chorus. Pass no rude remarks, dear friends,
Don't be so absurd !
Silence ! Hush ! Don't make me blush !
Mum's the blooming word.
When they watch each basinette
Wheeled around the parks,
Kindly pass no nasty, naughty, rorty, rude remarks.

If you see a girl with pride mount a bike and start to ride,
Pass no rude remarks ;
Though she wears the rational dress, and looks tasty, more or less,
Pass no rude remarks.
She flies along the roadway in a style that seems all gay,
But as she strains and struggles hard to make a grand display,
When all the blessed buttons on the rationals give way—
Pass no rude remarks.

Chorus. Pass no rude remarks, dear friends,
Don't be so absurd !
Silence ! Hush ! Don't make me blush !
Mum's the blooming word.
When the crowd with hungry eyes
Gather round like sharks,
Kindly pass no nasty, naughty, rorty, rude remarks.