



## Toasted Nuts.

On the  
occasion of

King Nut Olaf's

# LADIES NIGHT.

MIDLAND HOTEL,  
BIRMINGHAM.

February  
6th,  
1925.

*What a lot of "lads" these were.*

Designed by  
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in conjunction with  
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# Toasted Nuts.

Tune and Chorus.—“It ain't gonna rain no mo.”

□   □   □

VERSE. 1. When King Olai sits on his throne,  
No Glory shall he lack,  
A Carburetter for his crown,  
And on his back Amac.

CHORUS. It ain't a gonna rain no mo, no mo,  
It ain't a gonna rain no mo,  
But how in the world can the old folks tell.  
It ain't a gonna rain no mo.

2. When Olai to his Queen returned,  
With tales of valour, plenty,  
She put him safely into bed,  
But found his pockets empty.
3. Our Prince's eyes will soon be valves  
His nose a rheostat,  
Cats-whiskers on his arms and legs,  
And anodes on his back.
4. Our Princess can't from Wireless flee.  
It haunts her like a ghost,  
Hong Kong comes through the coffee  
pot,  
And New York on the toast.
5. Alf. Terry is a Meridian,  
We know that by his pose,  
But when offended he will place  
his fingers on his nose.
6. Oh Mrs. Terry's full of vim,  
One thinks she's blest with wings,  
Fatigue and aches she never knows,  
Her secret lies in springs.
7. If Cob Nut Clarke should get to  
heaven,  
They'll make him the Recorder,  
Until he tries to oust St. Paul,  
Upon a point of order.
8. This sweet brunette is quite unique,  
A Cob Nut is her mate,  
She primes her engine up with Shell,  
And drives a Bean in state.
9. Billie Butterfield's beyond reproach,  
And has charge of our money,  
But when we ask him for a sub,  
He says “Now don't be funny.”
10. When charming Doris buys a frock,  
Her husband says “That's grand,”  
But when she passes him the bill,  
He mutters “Well I'm d——d.”
11. Now Cob Nut George has travelled  
far,  
Of miles he's long lost count;  
But on this point I'll stake my life,  
A Rambler *bike* was not his mount.
12. Poor Mrs. Blood is fading fast,  
Her worries make her groan;  
Unless her husband mends his ways,  
She'll soon be skin and bone.
13. Now Charlie Gough no storm upsets,  
He laughs whate'er the weather;  
A suit he dons of untanned hide,  
And shirt and pants of leather.



14. Poor Mrs. Gough must weep alone,  
Should all her eggs be addled,  
For oh! she knows that with her  
woes,  
Her husband won't be saddled.
15. There's a prehistoric Napier Car,  
Owned by our pal Jack Moysey,  
He ought to blow the darned thing up  
Or change his name to "Noisy."
16. When Alec went to Oxford,  
He soon was in a fix,  
He missed his train and taxied home,  
Eight pounds nineteen and six.
17. Now Franks, our steward, a smart  
man he,  
"Have another" is his motto,  
And when we meet to fix our plans,  
We always end up blotto.
18. The Nuts Committee now we hail,  
They are our Stay and Guide,  
Although they look a middling crew,  
They're really sound inside.
19. The Nuts of Brum are a dazzling  
band,  
And a wonder to behold,  
Inspired with awe, we tell ourselves  
All that glitters is not gold.
20. When the Rendition Nuts hear a well  
told tale,  
They laugh till their jaws disjoint,  
They can see a joke through a  
needles eye,  
And never miss the point.
21. Now the Nuts of Wolverhampton,  
Are prepared for any fine,  
They've walked the thirteen miles  
to Brum,  
And each saved one and nine.
22. Now the Coventry Nuts are a  
wondrous lot,  
Of society they are the cream,  
In artificial silk they retire to bed,  
And of Lady Godiva they dream.
23. The Walsall Nuts desire our prayers,  
They're down in the dumps you see,  
Their football team can't win a  
match,  
And they've lost their new M.P.
24. Nottingham is rightly proud of her  
Nuts,  
In fashion they set the pace,  
Yards of insertion adorn their pants,  
And their shirts are trimmed with  
lace.
25. Oh what do you think of the Taby  
Nuts,  
With their little pink cheeks and  
toes,  
They all have a bottle to keep them  
good,  
And they don't care if it snows.
26. One London Nut is here to-night.  
The rest could not be spared,  
St. Paul's great dome they're holding  
up,  
With their backs and shoulders  
bared.
27. Our visitors we welcome now,  
May they be merry and bright,  
Forget their worries while they're  
here,  
And live just for to-night.
28. The ladies bless their little hearts,  
Inspire our best endeavour,  
For a nut without a screw would be  
Like a cock without a fever.
29. Now if our absent Nuts from home  
And overseas were here,  
We'd show them that where e're  
Nuts meet,  
There's friendship and good cheer.
30. Now here's to the Nuts, the jolly old  
Nuts,  
We all must drink this toast,  
May their shells and skins never  
shrink or split,  
And their kernels never roast.

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