



## **L.I.F.E. MUSIC MAKERS, YOUR SPRING QUARTERLY FREE GIFT IS HERE!!**

Greetings to all of our LIFE members as the spring season has finally arrived!! We continue our silly series of “Busker Tunes” with 1919 music hall song, “Abie My Boy”. “Abie My Boy”, the name pronounced AB, was composed by L. Silberman and A. Grock and the lyrics were written by Herbert Rule and Thomas McGhee.

Music hall songs were sung in the music halls by a variety of artists, and most of them were comic in nature. Music halls originated in saloon bars within public houses during the 1830s; music hall entertainment became increasingly popular with audiences, so much so, that during the 1850s the public houses were demolished and specialized music hall theatres developed in their place. These theatres were designed primarily so people could consume food and alcohol and smoke tobacco in the auditorium while the entertainment took place. By the mid-19th century, the halls created a demand for new and catchy popular songs. Music hall songs did not create their own unique style of music. Instead all forms of entertainment were performed: male and female impersonators, lions comiques (a parody of the upper-class), mime artists, trampoline acts, and comic pianists were just a few of the many types of entertainment the audiences enjoyed over the next forty years.

“Abie My Boy” was also a very popular and traditional rugby song. Back in the day it was sung in the confines of a rugby clubhouse, when rugby clubs were exclusively for men. What is unique to this song is that one could have gone into any rugby clubhouse in England, and others in the world, and start singing the song and most others in the clubhouse would join in, knowing the words and tune. For those involved in rugby, this song, and many others, represented the traditional atmosphere of community. Something we LIFErs know a lot about!!

This is just one of the many benefits of being a LIFE member! Until next time, we hope you are enjoying Lowrey’s Busker Tunes!!

*Musically yours,  
Jacqueline Mavros and the L.I.F.E Team*

# Abie My Boy

**Style:** *Dixieland* (turn off Orch+) or *2-Beat Piano*

**Tempo:** 150 +/-

**Style Setup:** Vintage Style Setup #8 (or other piano sound)

Use Intro/Ending 2 if on your Lowrey

**Lyrics:** H. Rule & T. McGhee  
**Music:** L. Silberman & A. Grock

**Intro**

A - bie court - ed Ra - chel; They

4  
were a lov - ing pair. He pro - mised he would

7  
mar - ry her one day. He

10  
pro - mised her a ring. To have her for his

13  
own. But Ra - chel said, "The on - ly ring you

16  
give is on the phone!"

**Chords:** F, F, C7, F, C7, F, A7, Dm, G7, Bb7, Dm, G7, C7, **Fill**

18 F G<sup>7</sup>

A - - - - - A - - - - - A - - - - - my

bie, bie, A - - - - - bie

21 F C<sup>7</sup>

boy, What are you wait - - - ing for

24 F C<sup>7</sup>

now? - - - - - You pro - - - mised to

27 A<sup>7</sup> Dm D<sup>7</sup>

mar - - ry me one day in June, It's

30 G<sup>7</sup>

ne - - ver too late and it's

32 C<sup>7</sup> F

ne - - ver too soon; All the fa -

35

- mi - - ly keep on ask - - ing me,

38 F G7

A - - - - - bie, A - - - - - bie, A - - - - - bie my

41 F C7

boy, What are you wait -

43 F *Fill - - - - - /*

- ing for now?

46 F

A - - - - - bie said to Ra - - - - - chel, "Now

48

when my ship comes in,\* I'll buy you lots of

51 C7 F

dia - - - - - monds at Wool - - - - - worth's, And

54 C7 F A7

when my ship comes in,\* I'll take you 'round the

\*original lyric = "home"

57 Dm G<sup>7</sup>

town." But Ra - chel said, "You cant' be - cause I

60 B<sup>b</sup>7 Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> *Fill*

know your ship's gone down!"

62 F G<sup>7</sup>

A - bie, A - bie, A - bie my

65 F C<sup>7</sup>

boy, What are you wait - ing for

68 F *Fill* C<sup>7</sup>

now? You pro - mised to

71 A<sup>7</sup> Dm D<sup>7</sup>

mar - ry me one day in June, It's

74 G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

ne - ver too late and it's ne - ver too

77 F

soon; All the fa - mi - ly

80

keep on ask - ing me,

82 F G<sup>7</sup>

A - bie, A - bie, A - bie my

85 F C<sup>7</sup>

boy, What are you wait - ing for,

88 F C<sup>7</sup>

What are you wait - ing for,

90 F C<sup>7</sup> F **Fill & Press Ending**

What are you wait - ing for now?