

# I Blew A Little Blast On My Whistle-1938

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Regal Zonophone MR2753 Formby

Now when I was a boy, my mother's pride and joy  
 She gave me a whistle this is it  
 And no matter where I go, band of hope or picture show  
 My little whistle always makes a hit.  
 It's been a pal to me it's as easy as can be  
 And to blow it doesn't use up any gristle,  
 A lady came to tea, and when she smiled at  
 Well I blew a little blast on my whistle.

I've been to London too, Leicester Square and to the zoo,  
 In the tube and even down the Strand,  
 But no matter where I went I had no accident  
 I always had my whistle in my hand.  
 But once near Waterloo a near squeak it's true  
 I trembled and my hair it seemed to bristle,  
 A lady smiled and stopped and then she nearly dropped  
 When I blew a little blast on my whistle.

When in a country lane, while sheltering from the rain,  
 I soon found out that I was not alone,  
 I heard a sound like this (kiss), it must have been a kiss,  
 Two lovers thinking they were on their own.  
 They carried on disgraceful, I went all goosey like,  
 But when the lady shouted "stop it Cecil!"  
 I took it for a hint, and I had a little squint  
 And I couldn't blow a blast on my whistle.

Ah well, I'm married now, and I really don't know how,  
 To tell you of the news that came today,  
 I've a little son and heir, yes one, no not a pair,  
 No wonder that I'm feeling bright and gay,  
 I'm feeling very proud, but I mustn't talk so loud,  
 I've been celebrating at the Rose and Thistle,  
 He's a lovely little kid, and the first thing that he did  
 Was to blow a little blast on his whistle.