

# "A Tedious Affair"

From "Child's Play"

Words & music by  
Peter Tranchell

**Vivace**

Voice

Piano

The fe-ver's ov-er now; the te-le-phone can't make me shi-ver now, he's

gone, he's gone. No furled um-brel-la dan-gles in the en-trance hall; no bow-ler bul-ges bold-ly

*rit.*

**% *Meno mosso***

from the wall. 1. It real-ly was a te - dious af-fair; and life has been a ti - ny bit un-  
5. It " " " " that din-ner for the boys to meet the  
9. It " " " " I knew I'd lost the day I saw belle

fair; for he had a face that fits in the back-ground at the Ritz, but he  
 Mayor; when he got a lit - tle skit-tish so fun - da - ment - 'ly Brit - ish, and  
 mère; Yes, I knew my time had come on the day that I saw 'Mum', like a

To Coda

**Piu mosso**

nev - er nev - er nev - er took me there: it real - ly was a te - dious af - fair. 2. I  
 slipp'd an ice be - tween me and the chair: it " " " " 6. He  
 bat - tle axe with sil - ver in its hair: [To Coda]

loved his count-ry suits for ci - ty chaps, I loved his puk-ka boots his rat - ting caps... so  
 took me to a show, but Cruft's of course, he taught me all I know a - bout the horse; the

rit.

**Meno mosso**

clean so strong so mas - ter - ful so male with all the pent - up pas - sion of a snail! 3. It  
 point to point, the ral - ly and the ball, I played kid sis - ter to him at them all. 7. It

real-ly was a te - dious af - fair;      though once or twice he stoop'd and stroked my hair      and there  
" " " "      that or - gy when he asked if I could care!      we sat

was that lit - tle trifle,      the day we climbed the Eiffel,      but that was due to vin très ord - in -  
drink - ing cham - pagne ci - ders, the hyd - ran - geas,      the spi - ders, on an old - e mould - y cold ba - ron - ial

aire.      It real - ly was a te - dious af - fair;      4. I tried to be a chum,      Oh  
stair.      It " " " "      8. He showed me racks of pipes,      they

good - ness I tried! —      I scream'd from scrum to scrum,      I cheer'd ev - ry side —      and  
all — had names,      Albums of bods and types,      and dogs — and dames,      he

rit. D.S. al Coda

spent whole aft-er-noon knee deep in 'mud' I wore a pink a plas-tic pix - ie hood. No  
spoke a lot of Jane; I fear'd a hitch, but Jane turned out to be a pedi-gree bitch.

rall.

won-der I feel some-thing worse for wear. it was a real-ly te - dious af - fair. For this

nau-se-at-ing trink-et is all that Am-or Vin-cit: it real-ly was a ted - ious af-fair.

Tempo primo

nau-se-at-ing trink-et is all that Am-or Vin-cit: it real-ly was a ted - ious af-fair.