

Putting On the Style

1867 Henry B. Funk 1957 Lonnie Donnigan

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9_MRT6rJRGk LIVE

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8udDaQReiK8&list=RD8udDaQReiK8&start_radio=1 ORIGINAL

John Lennon was playing this at the Wolton fete when Paul McCartney met him

INTRO: D D



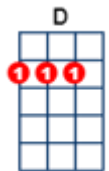
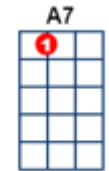
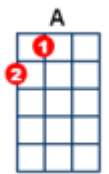
VERSE 1

D D D A
Sweet sixteen goes to church just to see the boys
A A A7 D
Laughs and screams and giggles at every little noise
D D D7 G
Turns her face a little then turns her head a-while
A↓ A7↓ D
But everybody knows she's only putting on the style

CHORUS: ENDING INSTRUMENTAL of THIS - SING CHORUS to FINISH

D D
Yeah, Putting on the agony,
D D
Putting on the style;
A A
That's what all the young folks
A7 D
Are doing all the while.
D D
As I look around me
D7 G
I'm sometimes apt to smile,
A A
Seeing all the young folks
A7 D D D
Putting on the style

D D
Yeah, Putting on the agony,
D D
Putting on the style;
A A
That's what all the young folks
A7 D
Are doing all the while.
D D
As I look around me
D7 G
I'm sometimes apt to smile,
A A
Seeing all the young folks
A7 D
Putting on the style



VERSE 2:

D D D A
Young man in the hot-rod car, driving like he's mad
A A A7 D
With a pair of yellow gloves he's borrowed from his dad
D D D7 G
He makes it roar so lively just to see his girlfriend smile
A↓ A7↓ D
But she knows he's on-ly putting on the style ⇒ CHORUS

VERSE 4:

D D D A
Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his might
A A A7 D
Sing Glory Hallelujah with the folks all in a fright
D D D7 G
Now you might think he's Satan, that's coming down the aisle
A↓ A7 D
But it's only our poor preacher, boys, he's putting on his style ⇒ CHORUS

PUTTING ON THE STYLE by HENRY B. FUNK 1867

Eighteen Sixty-Seven,
January First;
Thought I 'd write a poem,
If I *could*, or *durst*
Looking through the window,
Something made me smile:
I saw a fellow passing,
"Putting on the style!"

CHORUS Putting on the agony,
Putting on the style;
'Tis what many people
Are doing all the while.
'When I look about me,
I very often smile,
To see so many people
Putting on the style.

Young man in a carriage,
Going it "like mad;"
Pair of spanking horses,
Borrowed of his "dad;"
Cracks his whip sublimely,
Makes "my lady" smile;
Gracious! how he flashes,
Putting on the style!

City ignoramus,
Big in self-esteem,
Thinks himself quite worthy
To drink the "public cream;"
Wants an office—people
Tell him "wait awhile;"
For they think he's only
Putting on the style!

Preacher in the pulpit,
Shouts with all his might,
"Glory, hallelujah!"
People in a fright,
Think the deuce is coming
Up in double file,
But the preacher's only
Putting on the style!

Country youth and maiden
Going to see the scenes,
Looking most as fresh
As a bunch of garden-greens!
Gingerbread and candy
Eating all the while;
"Going to see the show,"
And putting on the style!

Young "blade" just from college,
Makes a grand display,
Using long "jawbreakers"
In all he has to say.
They can't be found in "Webster"
No, not "by a mile;"
Wonder if he's only
Putting on the style?

Young "swell" at the grog-shop,
Smoking dirty pipe;
Looking like a pumpkin
Only partly ripe!
Drinks, swears and gambles,
Thinking all the while
That there is nothing equals
Putting on the style!

Country town coquette,—
Impudence and paint,—
Finger-rings and brooches
Enough to "vex a saint!"
Has for every fellow
A soft and winning smile:
Wonder if she isn't
Putting on the style?

Sweet sixteen at meeting—
Goes to see the boys;
Turns her head instanter
At every little noise;
Squinting first on this side,
Then on that awhile:
Boys, isn't she going it,
Putting on the style?

Young man most of age,—
Eighteen year old sprout,—
(Wonder if his ma
"Knows the boy is out?")
Ring upon his finger,
Hair besmeared with "ile,"
(Brass and lard are "heavy,"
For putting on the style!)

CHORUS Putting on the agony,
Putting on the style;
That's what stylish folks
Are doing all the while.
And if you think my poem
Has not been true the while,
Why—you may say that I've been
Putting on the style!