

Mrs. Worthington

Noel Coward

Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington

Don't put your daughter on the stage

The profession is overcrowded

And the struggle's pretty tough

And admitting the fact

She's burning to act

That isn't quite enough

She has nice hands

Give the wretched girl her due

But don't you think her bust is too

Developed for her age?

I repeat, Mrs. Worthington

Sweet Mrs. Worthington

Don't put your daughter on the stage Regarding yours

Dear Mrs. Worthington

Of Wednesday the twenty-third

Although your baby

May be keen on a stage career

How can I make it clear

This is not a good idea?

For her to hope

Dear Mrs. Worthington

Is, on the face of it, absurd

Her personality

Is not, in reality

Exciting enough

Inviting enough

For this particular sphere Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington

Don't put your daughter on the stage

She's a bit of an ugly duckling

You must honestly confess

And the width of her seat

Would surely defeat

Her chances of success

It's a loud voice

And though it's not exactly flat

She'll need a little more than that

To earn a living wage

On my knees, Mrs. Worthington

Please, Mrs. Worthington
Don't put your daughter on the stage
Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington
Don't put your daughter on the stage
Though they said at the school of acting
She was lovely as Peer Gynt
I fear on the whole
An ingenué role
Would emphasize her squint
She's a big girl
And though her teeth are fairly good
She's not the type I ever would
Be eager to engage
No more buts, Mrs. Worthington
Nuts, Mrs. Worthington
Don't put your daughter on the stage

Songwriters
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