

Cabby Knows His Fare - song lyrics

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CABBY KNOWS HIS FARE.

Written by F. Bowyer. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Wise men write of life's great contrasts, but have they true knowledge got?
Can they from their lofty station truly read life's mingled plot?
To know actual men and manners, we must mix amid the throng,
"Cabby " marks the varied thousands as they pass the streets along.

Refrain.

Seated on his box so smart, contemplates the crowd below,
Merchants hurrying to the mart, beggars plodding slow.
"Ere y' are, sir; jump in, please; all right, sir; I know the square!"
Off he goes, wall at his ease, Cabby knows his fare.

Now come two domestic lovers, cook has had her evening out.
To the play she's been escorted by her young man, tall And stout;
"Oh! I say, it's past eleven; if I'm not by half-past back.
Won't the missis get the needle-ten to one I gets the sack.

Refrain.

"Call a cab; what! got no cash? 'Ere you are, Joe, take my pus.
It's a hansom; ain't we flash! me pay-what looks was?
Ask him first; what! half a crown; can't be helped, I must get there;
Full up at the Goose And Gown, " Cabby knows Lis fare.

In the dim and misty nightfall steal a guilty pair away;
he has lured her from her husband, she has left her home for aye;
Words of passion he has spoken to that wretched wife so weak;
Even now she shrinks and shudders, thus the cabman hears her speak:

Refrain.

"Will you swear that you'll be true? " Watch her as she tearful pleads,
"All my future rests with you! " and his he succeeds.
Nevermore her way she'll take to her home and children fair;
Her husband's honest heart may break. Cabby knows his fare.

Now the sound of music floating-from a ball-room come a pair,
Golden youth and petted darling form the subject of this fare.
"Let me help you with your cloak, dear. "Thank you, I'm not feeling cold"
He's been dancing with her rival, a lover's tiff, the same of old.

Refrain.

"Don't let me drag you away, she'll so disappointed be."
"She; explain yourself, dear, pray, you're the girl for me!"
Pouting lips are hard to keep. Kisses them and smooths her hair,
Cabby doesn't dare to peep, Cabby knows his fare.

Hurrying, with a look of terror, hat pressed down to hide his face,
Panting, gasping, nearly speechless, from a hot, exciting chase;
'Tis a hunted murd'rer living from the crime his hand has wrought:
Hark! the sound of his pursuers-" Drive like--, I'll not be caught."

Refrain.

"Hark! I hear them drawing near-Faster, faster make her go.
Ten pounds if you get me clear; God's sake don't say no;
They shall not take me alive; I am innocent, I swear;
A pistol-shot-thus ends the drive of Cabby And his fare.