

The Typical Mashers - song lyrics

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THE TYPICAL MASHERS.

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By Edgar Selden.

In ages past and gone, dear boys, and likewise so to-day,
The gallant knights und ladies fa' were ruled by fashion's sway.
Most loyal subjects to their king, his freaks their dearest joys,
To sing his praise it is, you know, the proper thing, dear boys.

Chorus.

I am a typical masher, that is the name to-day,
Valiant knights, errants have vanished, their castles are left to decay;
We are the latest edition-match us in style if you can;
The ladies all say, Oh, isn't he gay? the model And modern young man.

We all effect the English drawl, And carry canes like clubs;
Our coats are very short, indeed, our hats inverted tubs.
But what care we, it is the style, old London has it so;
We walk and stalk about New York, the proper thing, you know.- Chorus.

We bang our hair, we use perfume, and write an English hand
That looks just like a picket-fence And hard to understand.
We scorn the good old-fashioned style we wrote long years ago-
That's out of date, And not at all the proper thing, you know. -Chorus.

The vulgar atmosphere we breathe is hard for us to bear;
Instead of London's smoke and fog, our skies are bright And fair.
We can't reverse this state of things so common and so low;
We long for rain And smoke And fog, the proper thing, you know.-Chorus.

When we go out to take a stroll, we're made to feel so blue;
We have no strand to promenade, so Broadway has to do;
But then the girls, the dear, dear girls, who walk with pug in tow,
They grow more English every day, the proper thing, you know.-Chorus.

I say, old chappies, don't cher know it's deuce'd 'ard to bear
The price the 'orrid laundries charge for collars that we wear?
Of course, it takes a lot of starch to make them stand up so,
But, on the other 'and, it is the proper thing, you know.-Chorus.