

That's How He Carries On - song lyrics

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THAT'S HOW HE CARRIES ON.

Rung by Miss Jennie Hill.

Man's a noble animal, there isn't any doubt;
He's like the gay kaleidoscope when twisted well about;
I've studied physiognomy, so something ought to know
Of this omnivorous biped, so his ways I'll try and show.
See him in good temper, how he'll rub his hands and smile,
"Delighted boy to see you, come and dine And stay awhile,
Here's a check to get that bonnet, dear; so sorry I forgot."
That's when his temper's nice and smooth, but see him when it's not.

Chorus.

Off will go his coat then, bangs it on the ground,
What d'ye say? you take a run I'll give it to the hound-
Put 'em up at once, sir. hang your pro and con!
When's he got the needle, well, that's how he carries on.

See him in the summer when it's bountiful and warm,
His check suit is the cheekiest, it takes the world by storm;
The latest pattern he must have, no matter what the charge;
It takes two suits to show it. for it is so fine and large.
His hat is at an angle, say of forty-five degrees;
He does a sort of knowing wink at every girl he sees;
he is a lovely picture, fit for any frame of gold-
That is, you know, in summer-but you see him when it's cold:

Chorus.

Up will go his collar then, mooching down the road.
Nose as red as beetroot-" ain't it, jolly code?"
His back up like a greyhound, don't he look a don?
See a "toff" in winter time, that's how he carries on.

See him when he's dancing with the girl he loves,
Snatching at her madly, see him split his gloves.
Hear him say, "Thanks awfully, a very jolly dance"
And hear him pop the question-that's, when he gets the chance.
See him when he's married, Augustus and Maria.
Tossing head or woman who's to rise and light the fire;
See him bring his wages home and give her all the lot;
I'm assuming that he's sober, but you see him when he's not.

Chorus.

What d'ye say? it's two o'clock? wrong, my dear, I'm sure;
Excuse me coming into bed, I'll sleep upon the floor;
Get up and pay the cabby, dear, brought me from "the swan."
When's he's had a drop too much, that's how he carries on.

See him when Mother England is calling on her sons
To rally round the standard, brave the foemen's guns,
All his little follies then vanish in the air.
Proving, when it's wanted, the British pluck is there.
Hear him say. "Good-bye, love; God guard you when I'm gone.
Let me kiss the children," and then away he's borne
Over miles of ocean to some distant land.
Where the battle's raging, fighting hand to hand.

Chorus.

See him grasp his sword then, dashing left and right.
Mowing down the foemen with a giant's might;
Hear him shout, "Hurrah! boys, the victory we've won."
That's the way an Englishman in battle carries on.