

Our Little Nipper - song lyrics

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OUR LITTLE NIPPER

Words by Albert Chevalier. Music by Charles Ingle.

I'm just about the proudest man that walks,
I've got a little nipper, when 'e talks
I'll lay yer forty shiners to a quid,
You'll take him for the father, me the kid.
Now as I never yet was blessed wi' wealf
I've 'ad to bring that youngster up myself,
And though 'is education 'as been free
'E's allus 'ad the best of tips from me.

Chorus.

And 'e's a little champion, do me proud well 'e's a knock out,
Takes after me and ain't a bit too tall;
'E calls 'is mother "Sally" and 'is father "good old pally",
And 'e only stand? about so igh, that's all.

'E gits me on at skittles and 'e flukes,
And when 'e wants to 'e can use 'is dooks;
You see 'im put 'em up, well there, it's great,
'E takes a bit of lickin' at 'is weight.
'E'll slick up like a Briton for 'is pals,
An' ain't 'e just a terror with the gals;
I loves to see 'ini cuttin' of a dash,
A-walkin' down our alley on the mash.

Chorus.

There 'e's a little champion, do me proud well 'e's a knock out,
I've know'd 'im take a girl on six foot tall;
'E'll git 'imself ap dossy, say "I'm goin' out wi' Flossie,"
And 'e only stands about so 'igh, that's all.

I used to do a gin crawl ev'ry night,
An' very, very often come 'ome tight;
But now of all sich 'abits I've got rid, rid,
I allus wants to git 'oine to the kid.
In teachin' 'im I takes a reg'lar pride,
Not books, of course, for them 'e can't abide;
But artful little ikey, little ways,
As makes the people sit up where we stays.

Spoken-Only last Sunday, me an' the missus took 'im out for a walk-I should say 'e took us out. As we was comin' 'ome I says to the old pal, "Let's 'pop into the 'Broker's Arms' and 'ave a drop o' beer." She didn't raise no objection, so in we goes, followed by 'is nibs. I'd forgotten all about 'im. I goes to the bar and calls for two pots of four'alf. Suddenly I feels im a-tuggin' at my coat. "Wot's up?" sez I. "Wot did yer call for?" sez 'e. "Two pots o' four'alf," sez I. "Oh," eez 'e, "ain't mother goin' to 'ave none?"

Chorus.

Well, 'e's a little champion, do me proud well 'e's a knock out;
"Drink up," sez 'e, "three pots, miss, it's my call."
I sez, "Now, Jacky, Jacky!" 'e sez. "And a screw of baccy,"
And 'o only stands about so 'igh, that's all.