

# Upper Ten And Lower Five - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

UPPER TEN AND LOWER FIVE.

Nobleman.-I have no coppers, my good man.  
Three times to you I've told.

Beggar.-I don't object to silver, sir,  
And I ain't too proud for gold.

N.-But I am one of the upper ten, good man.  
So to be polite contrive.

B.-I begs your pardon, my good lord,  
I'm one of the lower five.

Chorus.

N.-Well, I belong to the upper ten, the upper ten, the upper ten,  
Eight thousand a year is my income clear,  
And I manage to spend it too.

B.-And I belong to the lower five, the lower five, the lower five  
I live in a dive, and sometimes contrive  
To pick up a copper or two.

N.-My coat is of the latest cut.  
No doubt you can perceive.

B.-My coat is cut all over, And  
I've cut away the sleeve.

N.-For a good fit no boots like mine you'll see,  
For, in fact, there are none such.

B. -Vell, my boots ain't like yourn at all,  
'Cos mine fit me rather much.-Chorus.

N.-My uncle lent me all his tin  
When I was quite a lad.

B.-My uncle lent me 'alf a crown  
On the last good coat I 'ad.

N.-Lady de Vere, of the upper ten,  
I shall wed when twenty-five.

B.-I'm going to marry Sukey Scraggs,  
Who belongs to the lower five.-Chorus.

N.-Please call my carriage, my good man,  
And pray don't make a fuss.

B.-I never in a carriage ride,  
I go by Walker's 'bus.

N.- Well, as you seem to-be hard up, good man,  
A gold sovereign I will give.

B.-Ah! you rich men, sir, scarcely know  
How half of this world do live.-Chorus.