Baccarat - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BACCARAT.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

The Prince said, "I'll be a banker," and then he wank a wink, And with old Lady Wilson did an absinthe cocktail drink; he stroked his royal stomach, pulled down his princely vest, "Oh, drop some sovereigns in the slot and I will do the rest; For I'm a randy dandy of the William Rufus line, Hoes racing and gam-bo-ling I have gof down very fine. I only race and gamble with the loftiest of the loft, Oh, let us make it lively while we stay at Tranby Croft."

The Prince he was the banker; he gave the cards a flip, He said: "Now this is earnest; it's bullion and not lip; The more you put up here, my friends, the less you will rake down. I'm bound to bust this party if I have to spout the crown. Oh, yellow is the water where the Yellow Paint Creek flows, Oh, yellow are the sovereigns that buy such chips as those; Those chips I carry with me, and I use them oft and oft, For I'm a handy dandy, and the cream of Tranby Croft."

The Prince he was the banker, and he diligently dole,

But Gordon dimming won the cash, and not a smile he smole;
And then said Gordon Cumming: "Your luck I do deplore,
If you stay here with me all night you'll owe eight millions more."
Oh, always let his Highness win. To beat his game was rash,
It wasn't hoss-pitality to win the Prince's cash.
You've won the Prince's good hard stuff and then you've gone and coughed,
And called the world's attention to the ways of Tranby Croft

Victoria, Victoria! may you be long on earth,
America sends tribute to your greatness and your worth;
Oh, make your will, Victoria, and will the English throne
Back to the English people, and let poor Wales alone.
The people they can rule themselves, and then it will be fine
To have a noble sovereign end off a royal line;
And Wales will like it just as well, the snap will be so soft,
He won't have anything to do but stay at Tranby Croft.