

Tot - song lyrics

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

TOT.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

I once did meet a charming Britisher, a howling swell,
A "dook," or something of the proper sort;
He'd lots of cash to throw away, you'd very quickly tell,
And stacks of "sparklers "he had bought.

Chorus.

He said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along?" said he,
"And we'll sail the deep blue sea, on a little pleasure trip,
In a yacht, little Tot, with your mamma, don't you see?
And when we're down at Brighton we will take a dip."

He tipped a theatre box for me on ev'ry blooming eve,
Weut out for drives and lunch, an awful lot;
But he was married, tho' he tried so hard to make believe
I was his only little Tot.

Chorus.

He said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along?" said he,
"And we'll sail the deep blue sea, on a little pleasure trip."
I said "Not," he said "What?" "I won't go along with thee,
Nor when we're down at Brighton will we take a dip."

So then I went upon the stage to soothe my aching heart,
Got letters from the Johnnies by the score;
I dressed In tights and played a very, very "killing" part-
With all the chaps at my stage door.

Chorus.

They said "Tot!" I said "What?" "Will you come along with me?
And then all the sights we'll see, while the moon is shilling bright."
I said "Not," they said "What?" "I won't go along with thee,
I beg to be excused upon this blooming night."