Little Flower-Sellers

1

We've bin waitin' 'ere since mornin',
Wiv our vi'lets, fresh and sweet;
Now the gas-lamps are a-shinin'
On the puddles in the street,
But we can't go home to supper
Till we've earnt the bread to eat.

2

Oh, we likes to earn for muvver,
Sal and me, we never shirk.
But Augustus—e's a caution!
—Doesn't do a stroke o' work.
There 'e sits and 'owls and 'ollers
Like a reg'lar little Turk.

3

'E's been plaguin' me to nuss 'im,
Cos the pavement's 'ard and cold,
Though 'e knows my arms are achin'
And 'e's sich a lump to 'old.
Yus, 'is conduck's simply shameful,
But it aint no good to scold.

4

There's the rain a-fallin' faster;
Is it any use to stay?
No one finks o' buyin' vi'lets
As they 'urry on their way.
Come we're going 'ome, Augustus.
Better luck annuver day!

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