A Man and his Little Brother

1

I'm sorry for you, Benjamin;
It must be awful bad
To wear a cape like Mary-Ann's,
And petticoats of plaid.

2

A cap that ties beneath your chin
With bows of pink and blue,
Indeed, old chap, is not the thing
For growing lads like you.

3

Your mother doesn't understand
How bad it looks to see
A fellow dressed in pinafores
When he is rising three.

4

And, bless your heart, d'you play with *dolls!*
Ah well, it only shows
What silly girlish habits go
With silly girlish clothes.

5

Just look at me, and try to be
As like me as you can;
Though, 'course, you can't be *quite* the same,
Cos *I'm* a grown-up Man.

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