The Teaze

1

With Peter and Paul
I've no trouble at all,
And Polly's as good as can be;
While Kitchener-Keith,
Though he's cutting his teeth,
He's never no bother to me.

2

But as for that Jim—!
When I talk about *him*
I quiver with rage as I speak.
In all Bethnal Green
There has never bin seen
A rogue with such wonderful cheek.

3

If he calls you to play,
You will find, on your way,
There's a string 'cross the door slyly tied;
If he gives you a sweet,
You are certain to meet
With a spoonful of mustard inside.

4

From morning till night
He is venting his spite
On poor little Polly or Paul.
He dances for joy
That detestable boy!
As soon as he starts 'em to squall.

5

I storm and I scold,
But the wretch is so bold,
No shame in that buzzum I find;
An' it makes my blood bile,
For he grins all the while
When I give him a bit of my mind.

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