The Street Singers

When the summer day is closin',
An we're on the doostep dozin',
Werry tired an' cross an' lazy wiv the 'eat,
—Don't the babbies stop their whinin',
Don't their sleepy eyes grow shinin,
If they 'ears the music comin' down the street?
Oh, the music in the street!
There is nuffin arf so sweet;
It can make yer dance an' caper
Though you've 'eavy 'earts an' feet;
Yus! it drives away your sadness,
An' it fills yer full o' gladness,
When the merry, merry music
Comes a-crashin' froo the street.

'Ow we loves to 'ear the organ!
Why, there's me an' Maggie Morgan,
We will eel-an'-toe beside it arf the day.
And the German band is splendid,
Though its toons are quickly ended,
Cos it don't get many coppers down our way.

Then a kiddy comes a singin'—
You should 'ear the echoes ringin'
When she's shoutin' out "The Soldiers of the Queen"!
And a crowd is sure to foller
When they 'ears 'er start to holler
"Annie Rooney" or "The 'Ouses in between"
Oh, the music in the street!
There is nuffin arf so sweet;
—Makes yer clean forget the worries
An' the bothers an' the 'eat,
Though you're werry low an' weary,
It is sure to make yer cheery
When you 'ear the jolly organ
Or the singers in the street.

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