Scrub-Night

1

Our mother bids us try to be
Like little Freddy Hill,
Who does his hair in sausage-curls,
And wears a Toby frill.
I wouldn't be like Freddy
For the gold beneath the sun;
He looks so awful tidy
That I'm sure he has no fun.

2

Now me and Jack and Emerly,
We have a lovely time,
Though on our cheeks you see the streaks
Of soot, an' mud, an' grime.
I think its only once a week
We're ever really white,
And that is on a Saturday,
Our tub-an'-scrubbin' night.

3

Then 'Tilda grips us one by one,
And soapsuds fly around;
She pours the boilin' water on
Until we're nearly drowned.
And then she scrubs us awful hard
An', spite of all our cries,
She takes a lot o' yaller soap,
And rubs it in our eyes.

4

I think it is a cruel thing,
And very, very mean,
To torture little children
Cos you want to make 'em clean,
I'm happy when I'm dirty,
And I'm sure I only hope
That some fine day I'll have my way,
And *never* use the soap.

UB Braunschweig http://www.digibib.tu-bs.de/?docid=00000392