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Father, Father, Do Come Home

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FATHER,
FATHER, DO COME HOME.

Sung by MARK MILTON.

Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,
We want your new trousers to pawn,
You promis'd, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your wages were gone.
The tea in the teapot's too weak to come out,
And poor little Sal's got the croup;
And mother has taken the nails from your boots,
To make you some nice hob-nail soup.
Come home, come home, come home.

Chorus—

For the brokers are hanging on the back-yard wall,
Waiting for the two pound two;
And the poor little bantam in the rabbit-hutch,
Hasn't got the strength to Cock-a-doo-dle-do-do-do;
The cat and the lodger have shot the moon,
The poodle's ate the small tooth comb;
Mother's got the rolling pin, waiting for you to come in,
So father, father, do come home.

Our old chimney-pot refuses to smoke,
And says it could do with a chew;
We've propped up the table with bundles of wood,
And ma's put the legs in the stew.
The broker's man threatens to call in the police,
If he cannot doss in the yard;
This morning at him I threw our only fork,
It stuck in his bladder of lard.
Come home, come home, come home.

Chorus.

Poor Benny is boozed, and he can't get about,
His wooden leg's fell down a plug;
And poor little John was a dirty boy, so
He's having a bath in the jug,
The fire's gone outside to look for some coke,
The baby has swallowed a tack;
And mother has pawned Tommy's evening dress-suit,
So he's gone to the ball in a sack.
Come home, come home, come home.

Chorus.

Now poor little Carlo ain't got any meat,
His hair's coming out by the root;
And Molly is cuttiug your Sunday socks up,
To make little Sammy a suit.
The clock, like the butcher refuses to tick,
The boiler has threatened to burst;
The poor little fleas have all packed up their trunks
And scooted next door in disgust.
Come home, come home, come home.

Chorus.