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In the Sun

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IN THE SUN.

Sung by GEORGE ROBEY.

One summer day to Hampton Court
I went just for a spree,
And wandered in a garden where
They sell a shilling tea ;
The plate of periwinkles looked
A picture, without doubt,
I got a lady's hat pin
And began to pull one out—
In the sun—in the sun—
To extract that "festive joker" was no fun ;
For my nose began to twinkle,
And I dropped that periwinkle—
I concluded that it had been—in the sun .

On last election night I had
An awful lot of fun.
At ten o'clock I wandered in
A pub they call the "Sun."
I'd lost a half-a-guinea hat
And my grandfather's watch !
It so upset me that till midnight
I was shifting "Scotch,"
In the "Sun"—in the "Sun"—
When I got home to jaw my wife begun ;
Said she, "You're crank !" I said, "Maria,
You'll excuse me, you're a liar ;
I've been sitting with my hat off in the 'Sun !'"

One July morn at Southend,
Where the cockles make their home,
I took off my new summer suit,
And plunged into the foam—
Up came the tide, washed off my togs,
It gave me quite a shock ;
For six long weary hours I stood
Behind a massive rock—
In the sun—in the sun—
I roasted there until the day was done !
Then I cut a funny caper,
For I found a ha'penny paper,
I went home that evening wrapped up in "The Sun !"

Now, when I lived with mamma,
If my memory serves me clear,
We used to change our bits of linen
Reg'lar every year ;
It was always in the summer.
And if you were passing by,
You'd see the different little things
A-hanging out to dry—
In the sun—in the sun—
The neighbours' kids were always poking fun,
My father's cord'roy bloomers,
And my dear mamma's pyjoomers,
All were hanging on the clothes line—in the sun.