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Someone to Mind the Children

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SOMEONE TO MIND THE CHILDREN.

Sung by Arthur Weese.

Twelve month have passed since my poor little missis
Was taken away from my side ;
I've done my best to look after the kids,
As I promised poor Nell when she died.
The job ain't been easy, their ain't no denying.
A man can't be father and mother as well
And what with the feeding, the washing and dressing,
It's worried me more than I am willing to tell ;
So lately the notion's grown up in my mind,
I'll have to buck up, and look round me and find

Someone to mind the children,
Someone's that's good and kind,
Someone to see to them while I'm away,
And send them to school every day :
She must be a motherly soul,
And shield hem in all sorts of weather
And if she's as good as I'd like her to be,
We might knock our heads together.

Two little nippers is all that I've got, and
I'm glad that there ain't any more !
One—that's young Jim—he's a six-year-old terror
And Nellie—the girl's nearly four.
I'm up every morning a-getting their breakfasts,
I don't get much time for my own as a rule ;
And when I've washed over their hands and their faces,
I start off to work and I leaves 'em at school.
But I can't do it all, and I feel myself bound
For the sake of them youngsters to start looking round.:

No kid about it, a man is a mug, when
He comes to have dealings with kids ! (months
If you could know what I've gone through this twelve
You wouldn't have my luck for quids ;
I've tried all I know to do right by nippers,
But lor ! how they've altered in one little year.
It just takes a woman to bring kids up properly—
You see, it's a line that comes natural to her ;
When I get home, from work of an evening, dead tired,
And look round the place—well, I know what's required—