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Stand Up

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STAND UP.

Sung by HARRY FREEMAN.

I remember my school-master
Used to say to me,
"Little Billie Blake, there is no mistake,
Chastised you must be."
More than once I've worn a plaster,
Where I've ne'er forgot;
Being bigger p'r'aps, than the other chaps,
I copped all the lot.
He would make a grand display
On me, poor jay!
With a cane in his hand,
He used to say:—

Chorus.

"Stand up! Stand up!
I'll give you playing jokes,"
And in half-a-tick,
From a very naughty stick,
I'd copped a dozen strokes.
Stand up! Stand up!
And sure as my name's Brown,
If you give me any cheek,
It will be another week,
Before you dare sit down.

Just for a look I went one morning,
Into Old Bailey,
When I got inside, I was satisfied,
There was fun for me.
Up they brought a prisoner yawning,
Looking far from sweet;
First he did a grin, stroked his hairy chin,
Then took a friendly seat.
As he sat upon the floor,
The court did roar,
And the usher with a look,
Said "Well, I'm sure!"

Chorus.

Stand up! Stand up!
And silence in the Court,
But the cove in the dock,
Said "All right, cock,
To take a seat I ought."
Stand up! Stand up!
The judge said with a frown,
You are going on the mill,
For six months, Bill,
And there you'll not sit down.

Inside a bus one night a lady
Tried to find a seat,
Gentlemen were there, but they didn't care,
Just then to retreat.
She was dressed, well most balloony,
In the latest style,
Knickerbockered she took the room of three
But we had to smile;
For she sat upon a man,
Who said, "Mary Ann,
As we can't tell whether
You're a woman or a man—

Chorus.

Stand up! Stand up!
This is no seat for you;
To bear your weight,
I beg to state,
Is more than I can do.
Stand up! Stand up!
She used a naughty noun,
She stood no chance,
In those big pants,
In that bus to sit down!

There was a Beauty Competition,
Taking place one day,
Every ugly man who could bear a scan
Entered for the fray.
I paid my 3d. admission,
Just to see the fun,
Talk about a scene, noses blue and green,
Each man thought he'd won,
When a fellow in the race,
With much ease and grace,
Said "If there's anybody here
Can beat my face"—

Chorus.

Stand up! Stand up:
And I said "What price Blogg?"
Everybody looked at me,
And the referee
Said "Bust a blooming frog!"
Stand up! Stand up!
You've won the half a crown
We have never seen a face,
Like your chivy chase,
And then they all fell down!