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Tableaux Vivants

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TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

(There's a Picture for You!)

Sung by R. G. KNOWLES.

It's getting all the rage just now, to see upon the stage just now,
Some most artistic mixtures—they call them living pictures—
Well, I've got a big idea, I'll show you one or two down here,
Take for instance, the hotel crank, who's mopped up too much beer,
He goes to the door and rings the bell, what the porter says I dare
not tell,

He goes up-stairs and he holds on tight; at last he gets to his room
all right;

Has no match, so he does without, puts on his night shirt inside out—
Goes to bed at half-past four, somebody else comes thro' the door
He wakes up, and through the gloom, sees a female in his room
She sees him, has hysterics, and then they both are in a fix,
Twig'em I implore you, Tableaux Vivants—there's a Picture for you!

Did you ever see a smart young coon just going on his honey-moon,
Bran new suit and cady, and by his side a lady?
The porter in a mob they grab his luggage from the hansom cab,
He pays his fare to the cabby there, with a face like a fresh boiled
crab,

He takes tickets for Brighton town, gives the porter half-a-crown,
He gets to the platform with his bride—first-class carriage—they
jump inside.

Guard comes up, and with a grin pockets a bob and locks him in.
Lady then begins to tease, hubby says he'd like a squeeze,
Says that married life is bliss, to top it all he wants a kiss.
Now they're off, it's yum yum yum—but quickly to a stop the train
has come,

And the guard is there before you—Tableaux Vivants—there's a
Picture for you.

Did you ever spend a week or two down yonder by the waters blue
And while the waves are dashing, you think you'd like a splash in.
You strip upon the sands like a fool, and jump into the ocean cool,
When by-and-bye there comes along a sweet young ladies' school,
They romp about for an hour or two, they see your clothes, but they
don't see you,

You catch a cramp, but you daren't cry oh! when a lobster grabs
you by the toe;

You swear and curse till your nose turns red, and you wish they'd
shift or else drop dead,

By-and-by when the lights are low, off with your clothes the
whole lot go,

You pop out, and you holler out "Hi!" when two old maids come
passing by—

One says "Ooh!" the other said "Oh!" how dare you, sir, play at
Peep Bo

Send for the p'leeco, we saw yer!—too blue murder, there's a Picture
for you!