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# While London's Fast Asleep

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# While London's Fast Asleep.

Sung by Miss MARIE TYLER.

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The greatest city of the world is London,  
At least, that's what the wealthy people say,  
It's very nice for some, who always get the plum  
I only get what people throw away !

It's very nice for starving boys in winter ;  
It's very nice to camp it out at nights ;  
A doorstep for a bed, another for your head,  
Because you hav'nt sold your blooming lights !

While London sleeps and all the lamps are gleaming,  
Millions of its people now lie sweetly dreaming,  
Some have no homes, and o'er their sorrows weep ;  
Others laugh and play the game while London's fast asleep.

There's lots of wealth and happiness in London ;  
There's lots of starving misery as well ;  
There's people good and true who can't get work to do,  
Who've stolen bread, and found the prison cell.  
There's some of 'em can't stand it any longer ;  
So when they cannot earn an honest meal,  
They seek the river side and jump into the tide,  
Because they're far too proud to beg or steal.

Now, have you noticed some of 'em by daylight ?  
The good young man who leads the army band ;  
Your heart he wants to save, although he needs a shave,  
And the " tide-mark " round his neck looks very grand—  
But see him on the Q. T. of an evening,  
A-strolling round with someone else's wife !  
It takes a kid like me their little games to see.  
For I'm a chap what's seen a little bit of life.

The coppers' got a name for being bad 'uns—  
I don't mean " browns," I mean the men in blue ;  
They're called a shady lot, but some of 'em are not,  
Although I've caught it hot from one or two.  
There's one of 'em has been a pal to this child ;  
One night he found me " dossing " in the street,  
He didn't use his club, but let me share his grub,  
And with his lamp he let me warm my feet.

One night, when it was freezing hard and snowing,  
I sees a woman trudging through it all ;  
So thin and poorly dressed, the baby at her breast  
Was only covered by a shawl.  
I followed her—I felt as how I had to ;  
When suddenly she pulls the shawl aside,  
Then screams, " My God ! No, no," and sinks into the snow—  
From cold and want her little one had died.