THE NIPPER'S LULLABY.

Words by MEL. B. SPURR

Sung by ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Music by BOND ANDREWS

Piano:

\[\text{Moderato.}\]

He's run his little legs off and at last he's gone to sleep. Lor!

\[\text{wot a puf-fick mint o' love lies in that little 'eap! He's a}\]
bab - by to be prahd on weigh - in' not fur off a stone, He's

worth 'is weight in thick uns, and 'e's all our wer - y own.

Sleep light - ly, Dream bright - ly, Rest un - til the
day light comes a - gen. Wake up in the morn - in', When the day is dawn - in', But
Jes see 'im of a mornin' as 'e sets up in 'is bed
And sez such things— it's wonderful 'ow they all come in 'is ead!
And he sucks his blessed bottle till it's drier than a bone_
Like his dad,'e likes 'is bottle!—and he's all our wery own. (Refrain.)

And the things that nipper swallers—well, you really wouldn't think.
If there is a thing he's muttier on than anything it's ink!
Drinks a glass full at a settin'—sich a thing was never known!
And he dines orff nails and matches— and he's all our wery own. (Refrain.)

He's got a narsty temper—"Like is dad," is mammy sez._
And wotever he's a likin' for that little warmint 'es.
He's the oraviest of ortocrats wot sits upon a throne,
For he does jest wot he bloomin' likes—and he's all our wery own. (Refrain.)

He's got 'is little failin's—which they're spreadin' every day—
He's a terror, and no error, when he doesn't 'ave 'is way.
But there ain't a nipper like 'im—sich a kid was never grown!
He's the champion of the light-weights—and 'e's all our wery own. (Refrain.)

It's 'is birthday in the mornin', 'e'll be just a twelvemonth old,
So to-night I blewed some ooftish, the old gal won't dare to scold.
'Cos I spent it on a present for his artful little nibs,
(takes out a penny trumpet)

True, it only cost a penny, but it means more than the dibs! (Refrain.)