

Lyrics for Pages 180 – 182

1. For thirty-five years I've been sober and wary –

Mm favorite tipple came straight from a dairy –

I kept guinea-pigs and a Belgian canary –

A squirrel, white mice and a small Black-and-Tan.

I played on the flute, and I drank lemon Squashes-

I wore chamois leather, thick boots, macintoshes,

And things that will some day be known as galoshes,

The type of a highly respected man!

2. For the rest of my life I abandon propriety-

Visit the haunts of Bohemian Society,

Wax-works, and other resorts of impiety,

Placed by the moralist under a ban.

My ways must be those of a regular satyr,

At carryings-on I must be a first-rater—

Go night after night to a wicked theayter—

It's hard on a highly respectable man!

3. Well, the man who has spent the first half of his tether,

On all the bad deeds you can bracket together,

Then goes and repents – in his cap it's a feather—

Society pets him as much as it can,

It's a comfort to think if I now go a cropper,

I shan't on the whole, have done more that's improper

Thank he who was once an abandoned tip-topper,

But now is a highly respected man!