The Bell Goes A-ringing For Sai-rah - song lyrics

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The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sai-rah.

If you please, you see I'm a domestic,
Or what some would call "servant gal;"
My Missis she calls Sai-rah.
But father, for short, calls me Sal.
I'm general slave round the corner,
My wages is small you'll agree,
I'm slaving from morning till midnight.
And I finds my own sugar and tea.
Spoken-And if I only sits down a minute to take breath-

Chorus.
The bell goes a ringing for Sai-rah,
Sai-rah, Sai-rah;
The bell goes a-ringing for Sai-rah,
From morning until night.

My Master's a clerk in the city,
At ten hundred and fifty a year;
They comes out like a Dook And a Duchess,
How they does it, to some's not quite clear.
They give parties and hold up their heads.
As though they was the first of the land;
Sometimes I've to wait for my wages.
Whilst they get a-doing the grand.

Spoken-But people as do the grand, very often do somebody else at the same time: the butcher's asked for his bill for the last six months, and if she hears me a-talking to him, oh! you should hear how-Chorus.

My Missis talks of her connections,
Says her grandfather's pa was a Judge;
Lady Muff "and Lord Puff are her cousins;
But, 'tween us and tl.u bed-post, it's "fudge."
She says her blood's "haristocratic,"
About that I can't speak, to be sure;
But folks for their money come knocking,
And vow they won't come any more.

Spoken-Yes, first I've got to go to the door, then I've got to go up four pair of stairs to make the beds, and, of course, just as I'm in the middle of 'em-Chorus.

There's but one day I've five minutes quiet,
That's Sunday; for then when I can,
I goes out, after tea, for an hour,
And 'scorted by my young man.
You must know, if you please, he's a sojer,
And he vows he's entirely mine;
I often wish there "Was four Sundays a week,
For I has to be in by nine.

Spoken-Yes, and if I don't show myself as the clock strikes, oh!-Chorus.

I'm ladies-maid, house-maid and cook,

I do every thing-honor, no joking;
I scarcely have time to draw breath,
For she'll ring if the fire wants poking.
With a book out of lib'ry, she'll loll
On the couch, in an indolent manner,
Or else, for a change, she'll sit down,
And thump away on the pianner.
Spoken-Yes, we've got a pianner; 'tisn't paid for; but I must be off, for, if she fancies I'm here, a-talking to you-Chorus.

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