Something To Play With - song lyrics

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SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH.
Copyright, 1892, by Francis, Day & Hunter.
Written by W. F. Lytton. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Now it's often been sung that the old and the young
Should all have their toys to amuse.
And it's true, every bit, though, of course, we'll admit,
Their playthings they sometimes abuse.
Borne mothers complain that it gives them much pain
When baby will chew dad's old boot,
Or when dressed spick And spun, nurse an old frying pan.
And joyfully lick off the Boot,

Chorus.
They must have something to play with, they've got nothing else to do;
For a strong appetite is a youngster's delight, And it's only a toy it's true.

When a felonious card gets fourteen days hard.
Of nothing has he to complain.
For lodging And board, more especially board,
He's able in jail to obtain;
When once he's inside, all his wants are supplied
To make the dull moments pass quick;
Though the law might refuse him his labor to choose.
His oakum he knows he can pick.

Chorus.
He must have something to play with, he's got nothing else to do;
And there's always a hope or plenty of rope-well, it's only a toy it's true.

When Harry gets boozed, he's down-right amused,
As happy as happy can be;
Rolls home to wife, who exclaims on my life.
You've been drinking again I see;
But the fond-hearted boy yells out with joy,
And playfully kicks her down stairs,
Then on her he jumps, with his soft patent pumps,
And breaks up the tables and chairs.

Chorus.
He must have something to play with, he's got nothing else to do;
He throws at her pate a dish or a plate-well, they're only his toys it's true.