The Future Mrs 'awkins - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS.
Written and Composed by Albert Chevalier.

I knows a little doner, I'm about to own 'er,
She's a goin' to marry me.
At first she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't,
Then she whispered, "Well, I'll see."
Sez I, "Be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Aw kins,
Or acrost the seas I'll roam;
So 'elp me bob, I'm crazy; Lizer, you're a daisy;
Won't you share my 'umble "ome?"
Spoken or Sung.-" Won't yer?"

Chorus.
Oh! Lizer! Sweet Lizer!
If yer die an old maid, you'll 'ave only yerself to blame.
D'y'ear Lizer! Dear Lizer!
"Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for yer other name.

I sha'n't forgit our meetin'; "G'arn," was 'er greetin',
"Just yer mind wot you're about;"
'Er pretty 'cad she throws up, then she turns 'er nose up,
Sayin', "let me go, I'll shout!"
"I like your style," says Lizer: thought as I'd surprise 'er,
Cops'er 'round the waist like this!
Sez she "I must be dreamin', chuck it, I'll start Screamin'."
"If yer do," sez I, "I'll kiss!"

Spoken on Sung.-" Now then "- Chorus.

She wears a' artful bonnet, feathers stuck upon it,
Coverin' a fringe all curled;
She's just about the sweetest, prettiest and neatest
Doner in the wide, wide world!
And she'll be Missis 'Awkins, Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins,
Got'er for to name the day;
Settled it last Monday; so to church on Sunday
Off we trots the donkey shay!
Spoken or Sung.-"Now then"-

Chorus.
Oh! Lizer! Sweet Lizer!
If yer died an old maid, you'll 'ave only yerself to blame.
D'y'ear Lizer! Dear Lizer!
Missis 'En'ry 'Awkins is a first-class name.