It's The Seasoning Wot Does It - song lyrics

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

It's the Seasoning Wot Does It.
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Written and Composed by Frederick Bowyer.
Arranged by John S. Baker.

I noticed once, while walking down the street,
A smell so odoriferous and sweet,
So pungent, that it really made me stop;
It came steaming out a little butcher's shop.
I found it was the British saveloy,
So rushed and bought a couple, in my joy.
I tasted one, then turned it 'round And 'round,
Then had it analyzed, and found-

Chorus.
It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The little bit of meat that's left, it does'nt do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, you'd never take it on.

To hear a clever orator's a treat;
His eloquence will glue you to your seat;
Against your will he seems to make you yield,
His meaning is so artfully concealed.
You come out And hear two "cabbies" have a "go,"
And their language, well-it makes you murmur, "Oh!"
It's far the more convincing, and it's free;
They, too, are speaking English, but you see-

Chorus.
It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The little bit of English left, it doesn't do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, they'd never take it on.

Your wife says, "Tom, I want another dress!"
You frown, she smiles, and then you answer, "Yes!"
You go with her, and keep well on your guard;
You choose the stuff-it's one and four a yard-
You think it cheap and wink the other eye,
But the trimmings she must stop behind and buy.
The dress comes home, the bill is five pounds ten,
You swear, the wife she smiles and says-

Chorus.
It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes it seem all gay;
But, oh! what a difference if you take it all away;
The thing would look so "skimpy "like, not fit for me to don;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, she wouldn't take it on.

I once went to a theatre of renown
To see the smartest actress in the town;
A boy's part, in a new burlesque, she played;
She bounded on in natty dress arrayed.
I said, "That's the kind of gal I could adore!"
So waited for her close to the stage-door;
When she came out, it nearly turned my head-
Well-a policeman saw me, and he laughed And said-

Chorus.
It's the seasoning wot does it, yes, and makes 'em look all gay;
But, oh! what a difference when the make-up is away;
The little bit of figure left, it doesn't do to con;
If it wasn't for the seasoning, you'd never take it on.