

HUMOROVS SONG

Written, Floranged
and Sung

VELSON

JACKSON.

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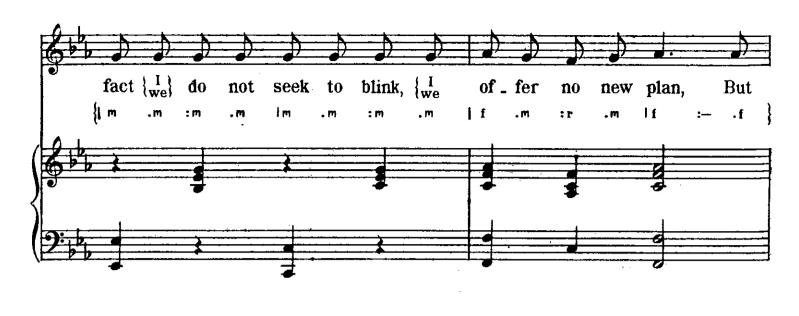
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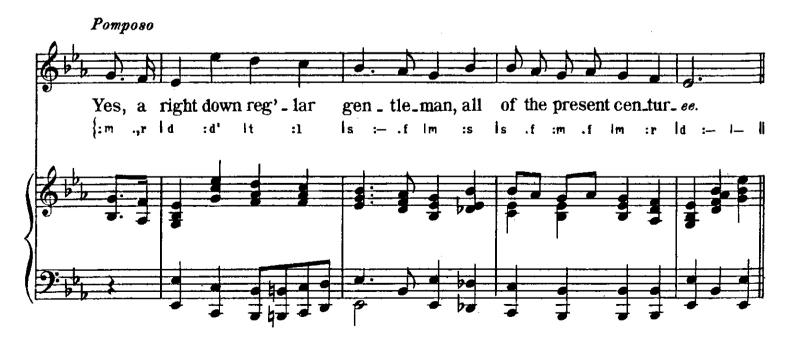
## PERFECT GENTLEMEN.

WRITTEN, ARRANGED AND SUNG BY NELSON JACKSON.













As a Coster Gal I'll tell you just as briefly as I can—What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I likes a bloke wot takes yer aht upon bank 'ollerday,
Right up to 'appy 'ampstead in 'is little donkey shay.
A bloke wot's togged up reg'lar smart wiv pearlies on 'is 'at,
Wot smokes cigars wiv bands on, yer can see 'e's clarss by that.
Wot buys yer beer an' pickled eels, an' rides on rahndabahts,
Wot puts 'is arm around yer waist, an' changes 'ats an' shahts.
Wot 'ollers "wot cheer, Liza, strewth I nearly copped yer bendin',"
An' if anuver feller looks at yer, 'e knocks 'is blinkin' end in.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a flapper I will tell you just as briefly as I can—What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a West End Johnnie's just the sweetest thing on earth, Who throws his weight about as if he don't know what he's worth. Who takes you out to night clubs, and the Regent Pal. Hotel, Who takes you out to dinner, and who does you jolly well. Who whirls you round the west end into all the saucy shows, Who gives you choos in boxes all tied up with purple bows. Who says "I think you're rippin', may I see you to your flat? And you let him, and you leave him, standing pensive on the mat.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a Lockhart's waitress I will tell as briefly as I can—What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a perfect gent is one 'oo eats 'is food perlite,
Wot takes 'is kipper dainty like, not all in one big bite.
'Oo don't make rude remarks about the eggs, nor yet the 'am,
And don't complain of beetles bein' in the strorbry jam.
And when you serves 'im tea wot's 'ot, don't blow on it like that, (business)
But pours it in 'is sorcer, an' just fans it with 'is 'at.
Wot passes you the time o' day, an' doesn't give no lip,
An' when 'e pays 'is bill 'e leaves you tuppence for a tip.

And that's her idea of a gentleman, all of the present centures.

Riddle me ree, etc.

As a Curate I will tell you just as briefly as I can—What, in my opinion, is a perfect gentleman.

I think a perfect gentleman is one who shuns all liquar Who shows profound respect to me, and also to the Vicar. Supports the Church of England, and despises Churches pseudo, And plays the game of Spillikins, and Tiddly Winks and Ludo. Who comes to Mother's meetings, and who gives us penny readings, Who "makes a few remarks" at all our festivals and feedings. Who's very well to do, and has the courage to endure it, And whose daughter is distinctly interested in the Curate.

And that's his idea of a gentleman, all of the present centuree.