

Me And My "An English Gentleman"

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William of Hareford is diametrically in reality
By all of us it's understood, he'll never make the noble
rake
Theoretically quite opposed
That constitutes a gentleman, an English gentleman.
And that pathetic'ly, to all that appertains
That constitutes a gentleman, an English gentleman.
To gentle folk.

So we face, with grave dubiety, this sad lack

Of pure propriety.
He's no sense of High Society, the fellow even
Calls himself a bloke!

He takes his food with a horrid zest, he eats
One half and he wares the rest!
Though it may be true that his blood is blue:
It is nothing like as purple as his language!

He's rough!
He's crude!
He's tough!
He's rude!
By all of us it's understood, he'll never make the noble
rake
That constitutes a gentleman, an English gentleman!

We served him peas and they all shot forth to the east
and west,
To the south and north!
Then he let one fly and it struck the eye of
Lady Margaret Leicester!
Poor Lady M. What a fearful bore, she's never had a
pea in
Her eye before!

He's rough!
He's crude!
He's tough!
(Bill - spoken) : More bleedin' chutney!

He's rude!
By all of us it's understood, he'll never make the noble
rake
That constitutes a gentleman, an English gentleman.
That constitutes a gentleman, an English gentleman.

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