

# WAITING FOR THE VERDICT



Who is he now—the big fat man,  
They try to crush him all they can,  
Since first the trial it began,  
To prove him an artful dodger.  
And witnesses they did appear,  
And Hawkins he did laugh and jeer,  
But cheer up Tichborne, never fear,  
You are the right Sir Roger.

## CHORUS:

Then Judge and Jury rattle away,  
But let the fat man have fair play,  
And everywhere the people say,  
O what will be the verdict.

Judge and Jury are sick of the job,  
Day after day—'twould tire a snob—  
Kenealey he's got a clever nob,  
And I'll back him for the winner.  
His witnesses they all did swear,  
To Roger's eyes, his nose and hair,  
To his feet and legs, and you know where  
As true as I'm a sinner.

Now Hawkins don't he laugh and grin,  
For the crown he thinks he's going to win  
But he'll find at last he's taken in,  
He can't humbug the Jury.  
And all the witnesses he got,  
The Carabineers could wollop the lot,  
And Captain Brown he fired a shot,  
Which put him in a fury.

New Hawkins he will make a speech,  
To Wagga Wagga it will reach,  
And like a parrot he will screech,  
To mesmerize the dozen.  
But Kenealey he's a clever chap,  
At Hawkins he will have a rap,  
And my Lord Tattoo will get a slap,  
And Roger's pretty cousin.

Kenealey he will fire away,  
For he's a stunner the people say,  
The ciever lawyer of the day,  
And a match for the Queen's Jester.  
Let us hope he'll prove the claimant  
stout,  
Is she right Sir Roger, without a doubt  
and put his foes to the right about,  
What a rumpus in Westminster.

The Judges they are one, two, three,  
They'll all sum up as we shall see,  
and I hope tye Jury will all agree,  
The Claimant is no dodger.  
And if they are good men and true,  
and studied this wonderful trial through  
there's nothing else for them to do,  
But turn him up Sir Roger.



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