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All Along the Rails

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ALL ALONG THE RAILS.

Sung by CHARLES DEANE

The other night I journey'd with some dear old pals of mine,
Into a little pub, a small harmonic club ;
A fellow there who thought himself a singer, if you please,
Tried to sing " The Anchor's weighed " in thirteen different keys ;
We cried " Encore," told him he was fine,
Just because he bought us lots of wine
At half-past twelve, a little bit insane,
Sixteen good boys made for home again.

Chorus.

All along the rails— what a lively gang !
Shouting out the chorus of every song we sang,
We laughed, we chaffed, and told some fairy tales ;
Playing the harp at two in the morning all along the rails

I acted as leader, for I thought I knew my way.
So shouted out with, " Now boys, you follow me."
We came across a policeman who was having forty winks
Tried to sneak his helmet and to make him toss for drinks.
We'd no gampe, so for nearly half an hour,
We tramped and tramped all through a lovely shower.
When all at once I tumbled, I declare,
We walked fifteen times around a square.

Chorus.

I clutched hold of some railings that were painted overnight,
Get covered all serene with such a lovely green,
The servant girl was waiting up, the saucy little sains ;
I cuddled her, and marked her cotton dress with spots of paint
The miss found out, there was a row of course,
Sacked our girl, and said she'd have a divorce,
But afterwards I made it right, What— ho !
And swore a swear that never more I'd go.

Chorus