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All in a Row

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ALL IN A ROW.

Sung by CHARLES DEANE.

Nineteen of us the other night went out upon the spree,
And we were lively, very lively.
We'd lately backed some winners, and with tons of £ s. d.,
We were lively, very lively.
We got into the nearest pub, from which we couldn't stir,
The smell of whisky seemed to have a charm.
In half an hour don't think that we were boozed, because we were;
And we started strolling homewards arm in arm.

CHORUS.

All in a row—all in a row,
We went toddling down the street,
A little bit *rocky* about the feet;
The girls we met *said* mind how you go—
Nineteen jolly good boys, all in a row.

When we counted up our oof, and found that we were broke—
That was lively, very lively,
I proposed to pawn my watch, they quickly saw the joke,
Which was lively, very lively.
Nineteen watches and chains that day, we all popped up the spout,
On the spree again we all were *bent*;
We blocked up all the roadway, not a blessed soul could move,
And straight towards a music-hall we went.

Chorus.

When we reached the music-hall they wouldn't let us in,
That was lively, very lively.
But I said, "Where's the Manager?" Oh! when I spotted him,"
It was lively, very lively.
Said he, "You're boozed—you shan't come in"; we shouted, "Yes, we shall."
We shoved him down and got in, but oh, lor!
He whistled, when the coppers came, and nineteen jolly boys,
Once again came struggling through the door.

Chorus.

I only know next morn that nineteen boys began to shout—
For a liv'ner—a little liv'ner.
At ten o'clock the warders said, "Just mind what you're about,"
Which was lively, very lively.
The blessed lies the bobbies told the *beak*—well, strike a light!
But the Magistrate, who was a decent sort,
Fined us just five bob a piece; of course, we quickly paid,
And then we started strolling from the Court.

Chorus.