Brown Kept One - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BROWN KEPT ONE.
Copyright, 1890, by M Witmar & Sons,
Written And composed by Arthur West,

I've a friend in dear old Brown, perhaps you do not know him-
He's a man about the town, nothing YOU can show him;
We were playmates years ago, mischievous like rakes;
I was hungry and I noticed in his hands he held two cakes.

Chorus
So Brown kept one and gave to me the other-
Oh, what a spree And what a jubilee;
Brown, said Thompson. I love you as a brother,
Everything I have you can share with me.

I met Brown the other night Brown said he was bully;
But I saw that he was tight, and was rather fully
Two girls he had on his arm pretty ladies, too
I said Brown you've got too many-one, I think, is enough for you.-Cho.

Once I thought I'd like to see a fighting match and did it-
Brown had got a ticket, too, but he quickly hid it
From his wife and said come on, to my intense surprise;
Interfering in the matter, Brown soon got two nice black eyes. Chorus.

Brown got married to a girl he met up in the city
Golden hair And teeth like pearl he did, and more's the pity:
One fine day there came to him a judgment for his sins
A nurse to keep the household right, And handed Brown two lovely twins.-Chorus.