I'm In The Chair - song lyrics

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I'M IN THE CHAIR
Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

P'r'aps you'll wonder why I'm frisky;
'Tisn't all through chain' and whiskey:
For the wife, you see, has presented me
With a charming little baby boy.
When the news, without a warning.
To my office came this morning,
I, with shouts of joy, kissed the office boy,
And said, "Now we'll have lots of fun!"
I called on Brown, who'd come to town, and said, "Come on, old chappie,
L't's have some Cham', and I'll stand ' Sam'-I feel so deuced happy!*
Old Brown was dry, and so was I; we both were very "lappy;"
And to all in the bar I said, "Boys, hip-hurrah!
I'll stand you a drink-just one!"

Chorus.
"I'm in the chair, so have what you like to drink with me;
I'm in the chair, I reckon I'm fairly on the spree;
I've just been made a father, And it tills me with delight;
With a 'ri-too-rooral-ooral-ay,' we'll all get boozed to-night."

They proposed, "The happy father!"
Did I stand 'em drinks! well, rather!
And the barmaids blushed, as they madly rushed
To the customers who stood about.
Then two ladies started winking,
As the boys my health were drinking,
Brown said, "Oh! let me introduce Miss G.,
And Miss J., you know, no doubt."
They wished me joy, and said, "Old boy, we're dying for a liquor;"
I sang a song with words all wrong, my head was growing thicker,
The policeman came and stopped my game; the ladies stole my ticker;
And to give me a chance, on a police ambulance
I was laid, where I shouted out- Chorus.

In the morning, rather early,
Right before a beak so burly,
I was dragged, half-dead, and the Justice said,
"Pray explain your artful little game?"
"Well," said I, "your worship, maybe
'Twas through having my first baby" -
"Girl?" said he-"No fear!" -"What, a boy? That's queer,
For yesterday I had the same.
If you speak true, I can't fine you; I know a father's feeling."
Let's have some chain', and I'll stand ' Sam;' your woes we'll soon be healing."
"I'll pay!" -" You wont!" -"I will!'-" No, don't!" he cried in tones appealing;
"Close the court for the day! Now, then, boys, shout 'hooray!'
Get boozed and I'll take the blame!" -Chorus.