Up Go The Fireworks - song lyrics

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

UP GO THE FIREWORKS.
Copyright, 1893, by Francis, Day & Hunter.
Words by Wal Pink, Music by George Le Brunn.

On the usual firework night at the Crystal Palace
See the lovers in the grounds-Joey mashes Alice,
Alice looks so happy, though: Joe's been on the fuddle,
For in the dark it's pretty safe to have a quiet cuddle.

Chorus.
She says, "This is nice;" he says, "It's bliss; give as a kiss."
"Shan't," says the miss; he says, "You shall," and for his kiss
In style we should admire works. At last she says, "I'll kiss you, Joe,"
And just as to fondly kiss they go, there's a blaze and a loudly sounding "Oh!"
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Workmen on a Saturday, mortal men, not sages,
Hop into a public house to try and melt their wages; "
They drink till one says something wrong, another one gets up, he,
And says, "That's bosh! "Another one says, "Go on, lie down, puppy!"

Chorus.
Well, then that upsets the loving cup; he says, "Who was
It called me 'pup'?" Then some one else cries, "Oh, shut up!"
His temper high'r and high'r works; at last it gets red, blazing hot-
"Come on if yer men, I'll fight the lot." His coat comes off and then, great Scott!
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Servants in a decent place, in the kitchen sitting,
To each other telling tales, sewing p'raps or knitting;
Talking of their lovers, too, tales that interest one,
And trying hard to each make out that she has got the best one.

Chorus.
"No, mine's the best." "Which one d yer mean?" "I've only one."
"D'yer think I'm green, Maria? You're got about sixteen."
Then in a rage Maria works-" You spooned the baker's man to-day.
The butcher, too!" "Oh, did I, eh? Well, how'bout the ginger slop?" Hooray!
Up go the blooming fireworks.

Out for a "beans "in a van goes a merry party
Down to Epping Forest, get merry, gay and hearty,
Spend a jolly, romping time; things go off so rosy,
They pack their traps and start for home all comfortable and cozy.

Chorus.
But coming back home in the van, says mother Brown
To Sairey Ann: "I saw you kissing my old man."
In here a jealous fire lurks. Says Sairey Ann: "What d' yer mean?
That I kissed your old man to-day?" "Corn! you kiss, my boot!" Whoi-Ay!
Up go the blooming fireworks.