The Kick-up-a-row Brigade - song lyrics

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THE KICK-UP-A-ROW BRIGADE.
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Words by Harry Boden and Gus Williams. Music by Felix McGlennon.

A week ago, this very night, with half a dozen more of good old pals,
Jolly old pals:
We went up-town, the usual place, for fun and jollity,
The spot, you know, where fellows go when out upon a spree;
Johnson, we made leader of the band;
He took us in band, marched us off so grand;
Arm in arm, we to each other clung.
While every comic song he knew old Johnson loudly sung.

Chorus.
All of us did the same, all of us played the game:
Every one was a good old chum, rum-ti-iddly-inn-ti-um;
None of us cared a hang how much noise we made;
We were all boys, good boys, of the "Kick-up-a-Row Brigade."

We then went up the Bowery, And soon were in the midst of all the fun.
Bowery fun:
It was both fast and furious, as you are well aware:
We saw the elephant, the fox, the tiger and the bear;
After which, the theatre we tried;
Entrance was denied, we were put outside;
Police then came to put matters right.
When Johnson lost his temper and pulled off his coat to fight.- Chorus.

For half an hour or more, we had what any one might call a friendly scrap,
A playful scrap,
And language sweet and beautiful ascended to the skies:
We'd broken noses, digo hats and numerous black eyes;
To the station-house we all were borne.
Ragged, bruised and torn, and the Judge next morn
Scratched his head, on Johnson fixed his gaze,
And said, "Ten dollars fine, or take the usual thirty days." - Chorus.