

Let Us Raise A Row To-night - song lyrics

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Let Us Raise a Row To-Night.

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Words by Reginald P. Forrester. Music by Frank Addis Kent.

A bed-bug said to his brother bug,
Let us raise a row to-night;
We'll lie in the bed-tick warm and snug
Until the boarder shows his mug,
His mug, his mug,
Let us raise a row to-night.
And soon upon the stairs they heard.
Let us raise a row to-night;
The boarder victim they preferred;
Up to the slaughter came the bird,
The bird, the bird.
Let us raise a row to-night.

Chorus.
Oh, how they nipped their prey,
Oh, how he scratched away;
All night long and next day,
All night they fight,
Let us raise a row to-night.

The boarder kicked and the boarder swore,
Let us raise a row to-night;
he never had such luck before.
He grabbed his clothes and rushed for the door,
The door, the door.
Let us raise a row to-night.
But, ah! 'tis a sad tale to relate.
Let us raise a row to-night,
From loss of blood he was in such a state,
He fell to the floor and mashed his pate,
His pate, his pate,
Let us raise a row to-night.-Chorus.

The bed-bugs lived on fat and fine,
Let us raise a row to-night:
Among their fellows they will shine
As champions in the bed-bug line,
Bug line, bug line.
Let us raise a row to-night.
But where's the boarder? sad his fate.
Let us raise a row to-night,
He's in the grave-yard 'neath a slate,
On which is written in words sedate:
"Bug bit," "bug bit,"
Let us raise a row to-night.

Chorus.
Oh, how they nipped their prey,
Oh, how he scratched away,
No more on earth he'll stay.
That night, last fight.
Let us raise a row to-night.