

Where One Goes, We All Go - song lyrics

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Where One Goes, We All Go!

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Written and Composed by Charles Williams.

I have some pals, and on my word, they fairly beat creation!
There's Green, and Jones, and Smith, and Snooks, And Briggs, and dear old Brown;
And I can safely say, without the slightest hesitation,
We are the best and truest friends you'll find in all the town!
We never have an angry word, are more like loving brothers,
And each of us knows very well the other fellows' "biz;"
We also know each other's wives, and sisters, dads, and mothers,
But after all is said And done, our good old motto is:

Refrain.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
If one wants to go on the spree, you must know, we all go too!"

Among this jolly crowd of chums, there's only one unmarried,
P'rhaps you can guess which one it is-why, poor, unlucky me!
I have a sweetheart-oh, dear yes! but why so long we've tarried,
Is really quite a myst'ry to my married friends, you see.
The other night I said, "Dear boys I really must be leaving,"
Of course you will excuse me, for at nine I meet my "belle!"
Then with the glow of love I felt my bosom heaving,
Till they all shouted with one voice, "That tale's all very well" -
Refrain.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
There's no need to part, go and meet your sweetheart, and we'll all go too!"

Now, by a strange co-incidence, each old pal and his "missis,"
At twelve o'clock last Tuesday night, had quite a dreadful row!
They'd "jaw" instead of supper, "devil'd tongue" instead of kisses;
(A pretty way that is, indeed, to keep the marriage vow.
On Wednesday we all chanced to meet, and started taking liquor,
Each paid for drinks, until, at last, we all were "stony broke,"
Then good old Brown observed, "Dear boys, I'm off to spout my ticker!"
When all of us in Chorus said, the minute that he spoke:

Refrain.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other whatever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
If Brown's ticker goes, so will ours I suppose, and they all did go too!"

Upon the coin the watches brought, we all got fairly "frantic!"
I never saw Bill Brown in such a shocking state before;
We went in for all sorts of larks, and every Kind of antic,
Till all at once we found ourselves outside a workhouse door.
Bill laid hold of the knocker and commenced a dreadful banging,
And when he pulled the bell, oh, dear, the place with echoes rang;
The porter came and asked the cause of all this row and clanging.
Said Brown, "I'm going in the 'lump!" and we in Chorus sang:

Refrain.

"Where one goes we all go, there's no sense in parting,
Old pals, dear pals, trusty, tried and true!
To stick to each other what ever occurs, we made up our minds at starting;
In the morning the "beak" sentenced Brown for a week, and we all went too!"