

We Were Having A Regular Jamboree - song lyrics

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WE WERE HAVING A REGULAR JAMBOREE.

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Words and music by Harry Wincott

Yesterday a dear old pal of mine took for life a maiden fair divine,
When the clock struck one, the preacher said, "I'm done;
Now you're married," no one tarried, cabs were waiting, no debating,
Off we went while laughter filled the air, 'leven chaps and one young lady fair,
Ev'rybody gay, 'twas a wedding day, such fun, well, I declare.

Chorus.

We were having a regular jamboree
Ten chape, a bride and a groom out on a spree;
I shall never forget the way we marched in line,
And drank up the wine on Middle'sby's wedding day.

Next we went up to Belmonico's, where the wine and champagne freely flows,
Supper we had there, now talk about a fare,
Plates we broke, for a joke, threw potatoes at the waiters,
Over went the tables and the chairs, my high hat went flying down the stairs;
Fall as ticks were we, when the clock three we all began to cheer.- Chorus.