100 COMIC SONGS.

MUSIC AND WORDS;

TO WHICH HAVE BEEN ADDED

MANY VALUABLE COPYRIGHT PIECES,

BY

J. W. TURNER, E. T. BATES, AND OTHERS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY,
277 WASHINGTON STREET.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index Entry</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Frog he would a wooing go</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away down East</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Traveler stopp at a widow's gate</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abraham's Widow</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Heart for sale</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As soon as I got married</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Hungry Fox</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lesson in Grammar</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bobbin' around</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betsy Baker</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowd Sojer Boy</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef and Cabbage</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonny Lad</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beware all maidens</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie's Nose</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Boy</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Blauncy</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney Braughton's Courtship</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston Gals</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cork Leg</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creditor and Debtor</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. Bell</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash vs. Heart</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dearest Mae</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dost thou love me, sister Ruth</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eight Dollars a Day</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaph on Gales</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fat TAL ha</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine old English gentleman</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine Old Irish Gentleman</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine old Irish Gentleman's (Girl)</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female Auctioneer</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Ignorance is Bliss</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four Bushes</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to Jane Glover</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giles Scroggins</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gee up, Gee Oh</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoop! Hoop! hurrah!</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He's always just the same</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He comes not yet</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Having a Hedged Husband</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Piousum Valley</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In some way a busness</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I've nothing else to do</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I was not in love or debt</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I want a nun</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll be no submissive wife</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenney Gyrn and Kay Daly</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan is a hard road to drabbed</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnny Sands</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Hardy</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Nott</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack's Discoveries</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kittie Oliver</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitty's Lover</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lords of Creation</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry O'Gaff</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love in a hayband</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Lovel</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Live legged tables</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looney Macrower</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monkey's Wedding</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Wife</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Blane</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Lucy Long</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Uncle Ned</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Grandmother</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monsieur Nong-tong-pau</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matrimonial Sweets</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Maggy Adair...................................... 41
Maidens young and tender......................... 45
My old horse John................................ 48
Miss Patty Dolly Stone.......................... 29
My Horse......................................... 52
Nice young man.................................. 58
Not married yet.................................. 58
Nothing at all.................................. 38
Ned and I........................................ 44
Old Yankee Lady.................................. 13
Oh! I should like to marry....................... 8
Over there...................................... 11
Old Robin the Bean................................ 14
Old Bachelor..................................... 15
Oh! Susanna...................................... 18
Old Colony times................................. 30
Out John......................................... 49
Origin of Yankee Doodle........................ 44
Old Pauper's Burial.............................. 51
O! Dear! what can the master be................ 55
Over hill, over dale............................. 62
Old maid........................................ 51
Please to ring the bell......................... 5
Pope goes the question.......................... 21
Paddy Haggarty.................................. 31
Pretty Polly Hopkins............................. 31
Paddy O'Blarney................................ 33
Poor Tom......................................... 39
Poor Johny's dead................................. 44
Poor Thomas Day.................................. 47
Patrick's Serenade................................ 55
Pope goes the Wizard............................. 3
Rory O'More...................................... 6
Razor Strap man.................................. 27
Root, Hog or die................................ 17
Squire Jones' daughter........................... 10
Squire Jones' daughter's song................... 11
Sing, sing, darkest song........................ 18
Successful suitor................................ 28
Someday......................................... 33
Song of Satan.................................... 35
Schoolmaster..................................... 42
Spider and Fly................................... 46
Sleeping in the cars................................ 54
Song of the Vermonts............................. 56
St. Patrick was a gentleman..................... 58
Spyring.......................................... 63
Sparkling Sunday night......................... 16
Ten O'clock..................................... 7
Tom King......................................... 16
Three things sought for......................... 37
Thou' fifty, I am still a bean.................. 47
To-day I'm sixty-two............................. 47
Three blind mice................................. 55
The Comet........................................ 63
Uncle Sam's Farm................................ 24
Uncle Sam's Farm................................ 34
Used up man...................................... 33
Villkins and his Dinah............................. 5
Widow Machree.................................... 2
Who are you going, may pretty maid.............. 8
Wouldn't you like to know......................... 8
Why don't the men propose....................... 20
Why are you wandering here, I pray.............. 25
Why! what's the matter now....................... 50
Why, bless her, let her go....................... 50
Yankee girl's song................................ 12
Yankee Baby Show................................ 41

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by OLIVER DITSON & CO. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.
COMIC SONGS.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

1. Queen Victoria's very sick, Napoleon's got the measles, Soon bus-top is wore at last, Pop, goes the Weasel.

2. When the night walks in as black as a sheep, And the hen and her eggs are fast asleep, When the Cobbler's house, The In-to her nest with a serpent's creep, Pop, goes the Weasel; Of all the dance that ever was pian'd, To monkey hunt the people, And after them in double haste Pop went the Weasel, gal-van-ize the heel and the hand, There's none that moves so gay and grand As Pop, goes the Weasel.

WIDOW MACREE.

S. LOVER.

Risled.

Widow Macree, 'tis to wonder you frown, Och home! Widow Macree! Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown, Och home! Widow Macree! How after's your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis destroying your hair That should be flowing free, Be no longer a chart Of its black silk'en curl, Och home! Widow Macree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've tow'd, Och home! Widow Macree, But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowd, Och home! Widow Macree.

With each sin on your head, Sure your pence would be f'd, Could you sleep in your bed Without thinking to see Some ghost or some sprite, That would wake you each night, Crying, Och home Widow Macree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Macree, Och home! Widow Macree, And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me, Och home! Widow Macree.

You'd have me to desire Then to stir up the fire; And sure Hope is no liar In whispering to me That the ghosts would depart, When you'd me near my heart, Och home! Widow Macree.
THE LITTLE MERRY FAT GREY MAN. J. BLEWITT.

Allegro con spirito.

There is a little man,
He drinks without counting
If the rain thro' the roof.
dress'd all in grey,
the number of glasses,
his garret floor was,
He lives in the city,
And he's always gay,
He lives in the city,
And he's always gay;
flirts with the lasses; He sings merry songs,
And flirts with the lasses, He has debts, he has дана, When
rain he forgets, In his bed, snoring snuggly, The
pump as a pear,
has not a shilling, nor has he a care,
has he a care. Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he laughs, Yet he laughs and he sings, and he

* A natural jolly good laugh.

THE OLD MAID.

Tempo.

When I was a girl of eighteen years old, I was scornful as scornful could be, I was

taught to expect wit, wisdom, and gold, And nothing less would do for me.

Ah! those were the days when my eyes beam'd bright, The next was a dandy, who had driven four in hand,
And my cheek was like the rose on the tree; Reduced to a Gig — d'ye see;
And the rufflets they cur'd o'er my forehead so white, In getting o'er the ground, he had run through his land,
And lovers came courting to me. So he would not do for me.
The first was a youth and girl might adore; I'd a sailor from the South, and another from the West,
And as ardent as lover could be; I think from the state of Tennessee;
But my mother having heard the young man was poor, But one was rather old, the other badly drest,
Why! he would not do for me. So neither of them suited me.
And then hobbed in, my favor to beg; These were nearly the last — I was then forty-four,
An officer in our navy; I am now only just fifty-three;
But tho' famous in arms, he wanted a leg, But I really think that some I rejected before
So he would not do for me. Would now do very well for me.
And now came a lawyer to claim to support; Then all ye young ladies, by me warning take,
By proceeding from Chancery; Who scornful, or could chance to be;
But I told him I was judge in my own little court, Last ye from your fond silly dreams should awake,
And he would not do for me. Old maidens of fifty-three.
VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Moderate.

It is of a rich merchant I am going to set tell, Who had for a dar - ter an un-

(Chorus — which I sing by myself) — Too-ral-li, &c.

for - tin in sil - ver and gold.


Now, as Dinah was walking in the garden one day,
(The front garding)

The papa came up to her, and thus he did say;
(Chorus) — Too-ral-li, &c.

(Chorus — in favor of the parent’s desire, and the wedding break fast he was about to order of the pastry cook round the corner) — Too-ral-li, &c.

(Right this is what the Infant Progeny said in reply to the
Horror of her being.)

“Go, father, dear papa, I’ve not made up my mind,
To marry just yet I don’t feel inclined;
And all my large fortin I’ll gladly give o’er,
If you’ll let me live single a year or two more.”

Singing, Too-ral-li, &c.

Wheedling and persuading Chorus — on behalf of the off-
spring’s remonstrance to the Author of her being —
Too-ral-li, &c.

Now this is what the parental parent said again to the daugh-
ter, and tells you what the proscripted papa parentheti-
cally and peregrinously pronounced, with all the paradoxi-
cal particulars —

“Go, go, boldest daughter,” the parent he cried.
“If you don’t consent to be this here young man’s bride,
He was breaches maker to the Highland Repeignets, and ex-
ported bade bates to Tumbacco for the Hottooters.
I’ll give all your large fortin to the nearest of kin,
And you should reap the benefit of one single pin.”

Singing, in a Californian tone,Too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus of the enraged parent against his progeny, Too-ral-
li, &c.

Now this is the most melancholy part of it, and shows what the progeny was done in consolatation of the mingled
chagrinfulness and fecocity of the inconsiderable parent.

As Villikins was a walking the garding all round,
this was the back garding,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground,
With a cup of cold pison all down by her side,
And a bitlet-tux, which said as how — twas by pison
she died.

The label was marked British beauty.

Singing Too-ral-li, &c.

Mournful and desponding Chorus of the sympathizing spous-
ors, the sad and smoke-dried spectators of this malignant
and misanthropic case of unfortunate sowericide.
Too-ral-li, &c.

This here is what the longer did on the dictionary.
Then he kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o’er,
And called her his dear Dinah, though she was so more;
Then he swallowed his pison, and sung a short stave—

PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE.

(Another Morial — Number 0)

Now the moral is this — number one is not reckon’d —
So this is the first moral, though it comes second:
You may learn from my song, which is true every word,
All this wouldn’t have happened if it hadn’t have occurred.
[And there would have been no occasion for singing.]

Singing Too-ral-li, &c.,

Nur for the comprehensive and categorically conclusive
Chorus of Too-ral-li, &c.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers are at,
Will run like a guess, when she hears a rat tat;
So fancy run up, and in two seconds more,
Hand guzzle the stranger, and answered the door.

THE MEETING was bliss, but the parting was woe,
For the moments will come when such courses must go,
So she kissed and whispered, poor innocent thing,
‘The next time you come, Love, pray come with a ring.’
A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO.

Off he sat with his open hat, Heigh, &c.
Heigh, &c.
On the road he met with a Rat, With a rowly powly, &c.
They soon arrived at the Mouse's Hall, Heigh, &c.
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call, With a rowly powly, &c.
Pray Mrs. Mouse are you within, Heigh, &c.
Yes kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin, With a rowly powly, &c.
Come Mrs. Mouse now give us some beer, Heigh, &c.
That Froggy and I may have some cheer, With a rowly powly, &c.
Pray Mr. Frog will you give us a song, Heigh, &c.
Let the subject be something that's not very long, With a rowly powly, &c.
Indeed Mrs. Mouse replied the Frog, Heigh, &c.
A cold has made me as hobbles as a hog, With a rowly powly, &c.
Since you have caught cold Mr. Frog, Mouse said, Heigh, &c.
I'll sing you a song that I have just made, With a rowly powly, &c.
As they were in love and a merry making, Heigh, &c.
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in, With a rowly powly, &c.
The cat she seated the Rat by the crown, Heigh, &c.
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down, With a rowly powly, &c.
The cat put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright, Heigh, &c.
He took up his hat and he wished them good night, With a rowly powly, &c.
As Froggy was crossing it over a brook, Heigh, &c.
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up, With a rowly powly, &c.
So here is an end of one, and three, Heigh, &c.
The Rat, the Mouse and little Froggy, With a rowly powly, &c.

RORY O'MOORE.

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dew, He wished'd in his heart pretty.
"Oh, bring me, bring me, bring me, sweet Kathleen, my native town, With a rowly powly, &c.
Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, Groom.
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike, The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound," Faith, says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground.
"Oh, says Rory, 'that same I'm delighted to hear, For dreams always go by contrarieties, my dear; Oh, Jewell! keep dirminating that same till you die, And morning, will give dirty night the black ill; And 'tis pass'd that I am, and why not to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.

IN POSSUM VALLEY.

Ah, me! poor me! I am undone, She has my heart, and I have none; Now heartless the world must roam, Am exile, banished from her home!
But do not think that I will grieve, Nor sadly gaze at heart desire; In thinking so more, I can find A maiden suitable to my mind.

In Possum valley there doth dwell A comely lass I knew full well; Her home is in a pleasant dell—The sweet one's name is Molie Ella.
Yet I am sorely grieved to think, She brought me nigh to ruin's brink, In telling me my hope is vain—That she will ne'er or love a swain.

No, rather than be such a fool I'll drown myself in a dry pool, Or hang myself by the great tree, To be a scare crow for the crow;
And now to you a kind farewell, My sweet, my fairest, Molie Ella; Hoping that you indeed may find, A lover suited to your mind.
BOBBIN' AROUND.

IN August last, on one fine day, A bobbing around, a-round, round, When Josh and I went
We walk'd a-long to the mountain ridge, A bobbing around, a-round, a-round, Till we got near Squire
to make hay. We went a bobbing a-round. Says Josh to me, 'Let's take a walk, A
Slipshod's bridge, As we went bobbing a-round. Then Josh and I went on a spree, A
bobbing around, around, round, Then we can have a private talk, As we go bobbing a-round,'
obbing around, around, round, And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me, As we went bobbing a-round.

Then Josh's pluck no longer tarried,
A bobbing around, around, around,
Says he, 'Dear Patience, let's get married,
Then we'll go bobbing around.'
Now I knew he lov'd another gal,
A bobbing around, around, around,
They call'd her crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal,
When he went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,
A bobbing around, around, around,
I cut and left Josh in the lurch,
Then he went bobbing around,
Now all you chaps what's got a gal,
A bobbing around, around, around,
Do think of crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal,
When you go bobbing around.

TEN O'CLOCK.

Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night, I ever shall remember, And every star shone sparkling bright, In
gloomy cold December. When at my window tap, tap, tap, I heard his gentle, well-known rap, And
with it too these words most clear: Remember ten o'clock my dear. Remember, love, re-member.

Now Mam sat dozing by the fire,
And Dad his pipe was smoking; I dare not for the world retire,
And was not that provoking?
At last the old folks fell asleep,
I hasten'd my promis'd vow to keep,
But his absence to denote,
Had on the window-shutter wrote,
Remember, love, remember.

But did I need the hint so sweet?
No, no, for mark the warning,
Which meant that we at church should meet,
At ten o'clock next morning,
And there we met, no more to part,
There join'd together hand and heart,
And since the day in wedlock joined,
The window-shutter brings to mind,
Remember, love, remember.

HOOP! HOOP! HURRAH!

As hoops are all the rage, now you mustn't think it strange If I say a few words all about them;
For the safety of our race, I should like to see a change; Why can't the ladies get along Without them?

Hoop, hoop, hurrah! shall be my theme; O, 'tis a good thing for discussion; O,
whether I am awake or whether in a dream, I'm in fear of a hoop, hoop concussion, I declare!

They say, the other day, that a lady on the street
Had hoops of such very large dimension
That they suddenly burst, threw some gents off their feet!
O, they cried, "What a horrible invention!"
One cold, blustering day, when the wind blew very high,
A lady thought she'd venture out a walking;
A sudden gust took her—you'd a laughed to see her fly!
It was funny! O, there's no use in talking!

Since the good days of Eve, O, it is very true
That ladies all have ever been good looking;
But I think it rather queer, now, ladies dear, that you
Can't get along without such a hooping!
O ladies, please excuse me, and do not take offence
At what I have seen fit to mention;
Don't come with a "cooper shop" in self defence,
Or denounce me as a "woman's right" convention!
OH! I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY.

Allegretto.

GENT. Oh! I should like to marry, if that I could find A very pretty lady. Suit-ed to my mind, Oh!

LADY. Oh! I should like to marry, if that I could find A very handsome fellow, suit-ed to my mind, Oh!

I should like her wit-y, Oh! I should like her good, With a little money, Oh yes, in deed I should.

The lead-er of the flock, And man-dy of the day.

GENT. Oh! I should like her hair
To cluster like the vine,
I should like her eyes
To look like sparkling wine,
And let her brows resemble
Sweet Diana’s crescent,
Let her voice to me
Be always soft and pleasant.

LADY. Oh! I should like his hair
As Truth’s wigs divine,
The sort of thing each fair
Would carry being mine!
He mustn’t be too short—
He mustn’t be too bony—
But slim and tall, and straight,
With mustache and whiskers curly.

GENT. Oh! let her feet be nearly
Like to the Chinese,
Who little feet to make,
In wooden shoes do squeeze,
Oh! let her form be spright,
Both elegant and free;
With a gentle temper,
Oh then we shall agree.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Allegretto.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, to blue mountain free, Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me, It’s every Sunday morning when I am by your side, We’ll jump in to the Wagon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, Wait for the Wagon, and we’ll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin Phillis, and something good to eat,
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into the wagon, and off we will start,
Wait for the Wagon, &c.

Do you believe my Phillis dear, old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half as happy as I with youth and health?
We’ll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow,
And you will mind the dairy, while I will guide the plough.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

Allegretto.

‘Where are you going, my pretty maid? Where are you going, my pretty maid?’ ‘I’m going a milking, Sir,’ she said, ‘Sir,’ she said, ‘Sir,’ she said, ‘I’m going a milking, Sir,’ she said.

‘Shall I go with you my pretty maid?’
‘O, yes, if you please, kind Sir,’ she said,
‘O, yes, if you please, kind Sir,’ she said.

‘What is your father, my pretty maid?’
‘My father’s a farmer, Sir,’ she said,
‘My father’s a farmer, Sir,’ she said.

‘Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?’
‘Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?’
FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Allegretto moderato.

I'll sing you a fine old song, that was made by an old sage, Of a worshipful old gentleman, who had an old es-tate; He kept a brave old mansion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate, Like a brave old English Gen-tle-man.

All of the old en time. Like a fine old English Gentleman, All of the old en time.

The Hall so old was hung around With pikes and guns, and bows, With swords and staves and bucklers That had stood against old foes, And there his worship held his state In doubles and trunk hose, And quaff'd his cup of good old wine To warm his good old nose, Like a brave old English Gentleman, All of the old time.

When Winter cold brought Christmas old, He open'd house to all, And tho' three score and ten his years, He feebly led the ball; Nor was the houseless wanderer E'er driven from the hall, For while he feasted all the Great, He ne'er forgot the Small, The brave old English Gentleman, All of the old time. But Time, tho' old, is strong in flight, And years went swiftly by, And autumn's falling leaf forecasted The old man he must die; He laid him down and tranquilly Gave up life's latest sigh, A heavy sadness fell around, And tears dimm'd ev'ry eye For this fine old English Gentleman, All of the old time.

THE CORK LEG.

J. BLEWITT.

Moderato.

A tale I'll tell you with-out a ny flam: In Hol-land there dwelt Mynheer Von Clam, Who
ev - e - ry morn - ing said, 'I am The rich est merchant in Rot - ter - dam.' Ri

too ral loo ral, too ral loo ral, too ral loo ral, ri too loo ral, lay.

One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg, When a poor relation came to beg: But he kic'd him out without broaching a leg, And in kicking him out he broke his own leg. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation, Came and made a long oration; He wanted a limb for anatomization, So finish'd the job by amputation. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work, 'By your knife I lose one fork; But upon catches I'll never stalk, For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork.' Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, twould seem, Had made cork legs in study and scheme; Each joint was as strong as his iron beam, The works a compound of clockwork and steam. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted right, Inspection the artist did invite; The fine shape gave Mynheer delight, And he fix'd it on and swore'd it tight. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walk'd through squares and past each shop, Of spare he went at the very top; Each step he trod with a bound and a hop, Till he found his leg he couldn't stop. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face, The neighbors thought he was running a race! He clung to a post to stay his pace, But the leg remorseless kept up the chase. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He call'd to some men with all his might, 'Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite!' But, though they heard him aid invite, He, in less than a minute, was out of sight. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain, To ease his weary bones, he fain Did throw himself down, but all in vain,— The leg got up and was off again. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walk'd of days and nights a score, Of Europe he had made the tour; He died,—but though he was no more, The leg walked on the same as before. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight, A skeleton on a cork leg tight;— No cash did the artist's skill requite, He never was paid—and it suits him right! Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free, Of the richest merchant that could be; Who never was buried, though dead, ye see, And I have been singing his L E G. Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.
THE SPRIG OF SHILLELA.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillela, &c.
His clothes spick and span new without e'er a speck,
A nice necktie tied round his next neck,
He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knits him down,
With his sprig of shillela, &c.

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
With a sprig of shillela, &c.
He meets with his shalah, who frowning a smile,

Cries, 'get you gone Pat,' yet consents all the while,
To church they soon go—and nine months after that,
A young baby cries,—'how do ye do father Pat?'
With your sprig of shillela, &c.

Long life to the land that gave Patrick his birth,
To the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
With a sprig of shillela, &c.
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine,
Round the sprig of shillela, &c.

BETSY BAKER.

From noise and bustle far away, Hard work my time employing, How happily I passed each day, Content and health enjoying; The birds did sing, and so did I, As heart did beat, As we sung psalms together; So pleasantly she hung her head, The trudged over each acre, I never knew what 'twas to sigh, Till I saw Betsy while her voice did shake, ah! I thought if ever I did wed, Twould be with Betsy Baker, I never knew what 'twas to sigh, Till I saw Betsy Baker.

From her side I could not judge,
And sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bade the mite the sarment;
When church was over, out she walked,
But I did overtake her,
Determined I would not be baulked,
I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool,
I found, on conversation,
She'd just come from a boarding school,
And finish'd her education;
But love made me speak out quite free,
Says I, 'I've many an aree,
Will you give me your company,'
She shunts,' says Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight
And I was forced to leave her,
I got no sleep all that there night,
For love had brought a fever;
The doctor came, he smit his cane,
With long face like a quaker,
Said he, 'Young man, pray, where's thy pain?'
Says I, 'Sir, Betsy Baker.'

Because I was not bad enough,
He bobbed and he pilled me,
And if I'd taken all his stuff,
I think he must ha' killed me;
I put an end to all the strife,
'Twixt him and the undertaker,
And what 'd ye think 'twas saved my life,
Why thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went,
Once more with love attacked her,
But meantime she got acquainted
Wi'a ramping mad play actor:
If she would have him he did say,
A lady he would make her,
He gammoned her to run away,
And I lost Betsy Baker.

I fretted very much to find
My hopes of love so undone,
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind,
If I came up to London,
But though I strive another way,
My thoughts will ne'er forsake her,
I dream all night and think all day
Of cruel Betsy Baker.
THE GREEN BUSHES.

As I was a walking, one morning in May, To hear the birds whistle, and see lambs play, I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sung she, Down by the green bushes, where she chanced to meet me.

'Oh! why are you loitering here, pretty maid?'
'I'm waiting for my true love,' softly she said—
'Shall I be your true love, and will you agree To leave your own true love, and follow with me?
'I'll give you fine wavers, and fine silken gowns—
I'll give you smart petticoats bound'd to the ground,
I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,
If you'll leave your true love, and follow with me.'
'I want none of your bawiers, nor fine silks nor hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;
But if you'll be constant and true unto me,
I'll leave my own true love, and marry with thee.'
'Come, let us be going, kind Sir, if you please,—
Oh! let us be going from under these trees;
For yonder is coming my true love, I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me.'
And when he came there, and found she was gone,
He look'd very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,
'She's gone with another, and forsaken me.
And left the green bushes, where she vow'd to meet me.

OVER THERE.

Oh! Potatoes they grow small Over there! Oh! Potatoes they grow small Over there!
Oh! the candies they are small Over there! Oh! the candies they are small Over there!

Silent.

There! Oh! Potatoes they grow small 'cause they plant 'em in the fall, And then eat 'em tops and all over there! Oh! the candies they are small 'cause they plant 'em in the fall, And then eat 'em tops and all over there!

Strain.

Oh! I wish I was a geese,
All forlorn!
Oh! I wish I was a geese,
All forlorn!
Oh! I wish I was a geese,
'Cause they lives and dies in peace,
And accumulates much grease
Eating corn!

Oh! they had a clam pie
Over there!
Oh! they had a clam pie
Over there!
Oh! they had a clam pie
And the crust was made of rye—
You must eat it! or must die,
Over there!

SQUIRE JONES'S DAUGHTER.

Sweet is the gush of water-falls, The murmer of the breeze, The ripple of the Bright is the sun whose gold-en ray Can reach from heav'n to earth; And bright the tin-pan rivulet, The sigh-ing of the trees; And sweet the sound of lute and voice, When borne across the newly sown'd, Placed on the blazing hearth; And bright the sword while yet unstained, With blood in bloody water; But sweeter still the charming voice Of Squire Jones's daughter. Oh!..............

'Squire Jones's daughter, The prettiest girl in the State of Maine, Is 'Squire Jones's daughter.

Red is the rosy posies hue,
That grows down in the hollows,
And red is Uncle Nathan's barn,
That cost a hundred dollars:
And red is sister Sally's shawl
That cousin Levi bought her,
But redder still the blushing cheek
Of Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh! 'Squire Jones's daughter, &c.

Hot is the lava tide that pours
Adown Vesuvius's mountain,
And hot the stream that bubbles out
From Iceland's gushing fountain;
And hot a boy's ears boxed for davin'
That which he had n't aghter,
But hotter still the love I feel
For 'Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh! 'Squire Jones's daughter, &c.
THE MONKEY'S WEDDING.

The Monkey married the Baboon's sister, Smack'd his lips and then he kiss'd her; He
What do you think the bride was dress'd in? White waistcoat and a green glass broach-pin,
kiss'd so hard it could not stick faster, Sure it was a mad dis-senter. But it soon got well.
Black silk stock that cost a deil of a price, Large false whiskers, the fashion to follow: He cut a monstrous swell.

What do you think they had for supper?
Black eye'd peas and bread and butter,
Ducks in the duck-house all in a flutter,
Pickled oysters too.
Cheesnuts raw and boil'd and roasted,
Apples slice'd and Onions toast'd,
Music in the corner post'd.
Waiting for the cue.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

Who is it that comes to the garden gate, And sings of Love's young dream, While the
Is it that comes to the old back door, And gives you that signal to go?— The maiden sigh'd, And
Blushing replied, 'Well wouldn't you like to know?' Well wouldn't you like to know:

What is it that makes you look down the lane
So oft with eager eyes?
At every knock—the stroke of the clock—
Why with such impatience rise?
And why with such care arrange your dress,
For a walk in the fields to go?
The maiden sighed, and smiling replied,
Well wouldn't you like to know?

THE YANKEE GOLIATH'S SONG. 'My Mary Ann.'

Moderate.

Fare you well, my own Mary Ann: Fare you well for a while; For the ship it is ready, and the
wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann; And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.

Fare you well, my own Mary Ann! Fare you well for a while; For the
ship it is ready, and the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.

Don't you see that tortoise drive,
A lobster in a lobster pot,
A fish rigging on a hook,
A lobster in a lobster pot,
A blue fish rigging on a hook,
A horse in a horse box.

The pride of all the produce cars,
'Fascinating' as our bards declare,
'That in our kitchen garden grew,
The pride of all the produce cars,
That in our kitchen garden grew,
That in our kitchen garden grew.

And so to sea, my dear,
And so to sea, my dear,
And so to sea, my dear,
And so to sea, my dear,
And so to sea, my dear,
And so to sea, my dear.
I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

A. LIBBY.

This good old Yankee lady,
One of the olden time,

Beneath the parlour table stood, upright the best tea trays:
And the best china never used, except on Sabbath days;
Or when the minister came in, to make his pastoral call,
War in the little cup-board, made in the parlour wall,
By this good old Yankee lady,
One of the olden time.

Her husband was a general, or some such noble thing,
And her brother general you know looks down upon a king.
Here comes the oldest son of the good old Yankee lady,
Here comes the oldest son of the good old Yankee lady,

By this good old Yankee lady,
One of the olden time.

When she could live no longer, this Yankee lady died,
She lay below the tombstone on which her husband lied,
Then sitting 'ere the social glass, she told how to make them wonder.
For he said he was accomplished, and should be all his life,
When the second year was out, he took a second wife,
By this good old Yankee lady,

One of the olden time.

THE OLD YANKEE LADY.

Andante.

By permission of Russell & Richardson.

I'll sing you a good old song, 'tis now so much the rage,
Of a good old Yankee lady Who had lived to a good old age, And who had no servants in her house; Such things were then unknown, But help she had in plenty, And she helped 'em ev'ry one. This good old Yankee lady, One of the olden time.

And if the company, said nothing very wise,
At least they ate hot buckwheat cakes, and excellent mince pies;
For she was a good manager, and always ruled the roost—
I'm speaking lit'ly you know, and do not mean to boast:
This good old Yankee lady, One of the olden time.

Like other men the general was fond of ample living,
And still this Yankee lady kept the best until Thanksgiving,
Then sons and daughters came to eat the pumpkin pies and cake,
From this good old Yankee lady, One of the olden time.

This Yankee lady ever neat, in calico was dressed,
But a black satin or a French marino was her best.
She very early went to bed, and very early rose,
She knew how to drink and dance, and sung them thro' her nose,
Like a good old Yankee lady, One of the olden time.

When she could live no longer, this Yankee lady died,
She lay below the tombstone on which her husband lied,
Then sitting 'ere the social glass, she told how to make them wonder.
For he said he was accomplished, and should be all his life,
When the second year was out, he took a second wife,
By this good old Yankee lady,

One of the olden time.
OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

I've travell'd the wide world o'er, And now to another I'll go; I know that good quarters are waiting To welcome old Rosin the Beau; To welcome old Rosin the Beau, To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Get four or five jovial young fellows, And let them all stagger go, And dig a deep hole in the meadow, And in it toss Rosin the Beau. And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones, Place one at my head and my toe, And do not fail it to scratch on, The name of old Rosin the Beau. The name, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching, That cruel, implacable foe, Who spares neither age nor condition, Not even old Rosin the Beau. Not even, &c.

THE FINE OULD IRISH GINTELMAN.

By permission of Russell & Richardson.

I'll sing you a fine ould song made by a fine old Paddy's pate, Or a fine Ould Irish Gentleman who had the devil's taste of an est-a-te, Except a fine ould patch of pittance that he liked exceedingly.

Good boy to me, for they were beef to him and mutton too, and barring a red herring or a racy rather of bacon now and this almost to death.

His cabin walls were cover'd o'er with fine ould Irish mug, Be-cause he could afford to have any paper hangings, and between you and me he would 'n give a pin for them if he could, And he's as proud as Julius Caesar, or Alix: ander the Great.

This independent ragamuffin stood with a glass of fine ould Irish whisky in his fist, which he's decidedly of opinion will do a mighty dale of good.

To this fine ould Irish Gentleman, All of the rat's ols stock.
Now this fine ould Irish gentleman wore | mighty curious clothes, Tho' for comfort I'll be bail that they'd bate any of your fashionable beau's.
For when the sun was very hot the gentle wind right through his ventilation garments most beautifully blows, And he's never troubled with any corns, and I'll tell you why, because he despises the weakness of wearing anything as hard as leather on his toes.

Yet this fine ould Irish gentleman was one of the rate ols stock. Now this fine ould Irish gentleman has a mighty curious knack, Of nourishing a tremendous great shilly in his hand and letting it drop down with a most un-compromising whack,
So of most superior shindies you may take your oath if you ever happen to be called upon, for it he very nearly never had a lack.
And it's very natural and not at all surprising to suppose that the fine ould Irish mud was well ac- quainted with the back of this.

Fine Ould Irish Gentleman, All of the rate ols stock.
This fine ould Irish gentleman he was once out upon a spree, And as many a fine ould Irish gentleman has done and more betoken will do to the end of time, he got about as drunk as he could be, His senses was completely mulvouched, and the consequence was that he could neither hear nor see, So they thought he was done dead and gone infamy.
So the best thing they could do was to have him waked and buried decently, Like a fine Ould Irish Gentleman All of the rate ols stock.
So this fine ould Irish gentleman he was laid out upon a bed, with half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen more or less about his head, But when the wassy bottle was uncorked he couldn't stand it any longer, so he 'is right up in bed, and when shish mighty fine stuff as that is going about, says he, you don't think I'd be such a soft headed feel as to back down.
Oh this fine Ould Irish Gentleman it was mighty hard to kill.
THE OLD BACHELOR.

When I was a schoolboy aged ten, Oh! mighty little Greek I knew; With my short striped trousers and now and then, With stripes upon my jacket too! When I saw other boys to the play-ground run, I threw my old grudges by, And I left the task I had scarce begun, “There’ll be time enough for that,” said I. “There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

When I was at college my pride was dress, And my groom and my bit of blood; But as for my study, I must confess That I was content with my stud; I was deep in my tradesman’s books, I’m afraid; Though not in my own, by the bye; And when rascally tailors came to be paid, [“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.] I was just nineteen when I first fell in love, And I scribbled a deal of rhyme; And I talk’d to myself in a shady grove, And I thought I was quite sublime; I was torn from my love, ’twas a dreadful blow, And the lady she wiped her eye; But I didn’t die of grief, Oh, dear me no, [“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.] The next was a lady of rank, a dame, With blood in her veins, you see; With the leaves of the Feregor she fann’d the flame That now was consuming me: But though of her great descent she spoke, I found she was still very high; And I thought looking up to a wife no joke, [“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.] My next penchant was for one whose face Was her fortune, she was so fair! Oh! she spoke with an air of enchanting grace, But a man cannot live upon air; And when poverty enters the door, young love Will out of the casement fly; The truth of the proverb I’d no wish to prove. [“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.]

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

My wife is very musical, She tunes is over much, And teases me with what they call Her finger and touch; She’s instrumental to my pain, Her very Broadwood quakes, Her vocal efforts split my brain, I shiver when she shakes!

She tells me, with the greatest ease Her voice goes up to G! And proves it till her melodies Are melodies to me— She’s “Isabella” I fear From where my books lie hid, Or “Oh! I’ll never mention her”— I wish she never did!

Her newest tunes turn out to be The same as heard last year; Also! there’s no variety In variations here. I see her puff, I see her pant Through ditties wild and strange;— I wish she’d changed her notes—they want Some silver and some change.
JEMMY GLYNN AND KATY DALY.

Young Jemmy Glynn, the broth of a duck, He courted Katy Daly; But Jim was doomed to terrible luck,

For late one night when he was sitting up wid Katy, Old Daly come sprig of shi-la-ah!

But Jemmy, he was 'niver bluffed,'
So early in the mornin',
With Katy warmly gloved and mufflered,
He started off in a wagon at high pressure speed, without giving the old man a hoppin' of warning.

When Katy was missed at early dawn,
Old Daly asked the reason—
Was told that she and Jim had gone,
And he flew after the runaway pair, swearing vengeance on the Glynnans, and declaring Jim's conduct 'worse than high treason.'

He overtook the wagon load
About a mile from starting,
And then upon the open road,
Daly and Jim regaled themselves by a very 'gentle fight,' in which the former came off second, and chuckled into a goose pond, after which Jemmy was for departin'.

Just then the sheriff seized poor Jim,
To take him off to prison,
But Katy she let into him,
And sent him into the pond after old Daly—declaring that she'd 'tache him to be decent, and not meddle with affairs which were none of his'n.

But bad luck following yet the twins,
For off the donkey started;
Kicked up his heels and broke the rein,
And poor Jemmy's neck, and left the disconsolate maiden alone in the world, and almost broken hearted.

Pat Glanders loved the maiden then,
And married her so nicely;
She's happy now, exceptin' when
She thinks of her first lover; but Pat affords her great consolation by telling her it's all for the best, and adds to himself 'faith, an' it's just as well—an' a great deal better, precisely.'

TOM KING.

I am, perhaps, as you will say,
A very curious creature; For

I am changing every day,
My name, and shape, and nature.

Tom King I am, and so am known;
But isn't it provoking?
Whenever I jest am prone,
They tell me I am Jo King.

Though fat I am as any bull,
With appetite for stinking;
If I by chance seem rather dull,
At once they say I'm thin King.

In figure I am short and squat;
Yet if with ladies walking,
I laugh and chatter, and all that,
They vow that I am tall King.

As night they do admit my claim,
When 'tis to rest is sinking;
They call me by my proper name,
And really find me Winn King.

MARY BLANCE.

I once did love a yel-low gal,
I'll tell you what's her name; She

came from old Virgin-i-a,
And they call her Ma-ry Blance.

Chorus.

Den fare-well, den fare-well, Den fare-well, Ma-ry Blance, O

do take care your self my dear, I'm com-ing back again.

They've sung of charming Lucy Neale,
They've sung of pretty Jane.
But I will sing of one more fair,
My own sweet Mary Blance. Den, &c.

Saint Louis boasts of pretty girls,
But oh! 'tis all in vain,
They have no gal that fills my eye,
As does my Mary Blance. Den, &c.

We lived together many years,
And she was still the same;
In joy and sorrow, smiles and tears,
I loved my Mary Blance. Den, &c.

I was taken very sick one day,
It gave my Mary pain;
Oh! den I learn'd how kind she was,
My own sweet Mary Blance. Den, &c.

The doctor gave me medicine,
But said 'twas all in vain;
He said that I must surely die,
And leave my Mary Blance. Den, &c.

Oh! Mary, now before we part,
Come smile on me again;
'Tis you can ease this lying heart—
My own sweet Mary Blance. Den, &c.
ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

I'm right from old Virginia, wid my pocket full ob news; I'm
worth twenty shillings, right square in my shoes: It don't make a dif of bitterness to
nether you nor I, Big pig or lit-tle pig, Root, hog, or die.

Cross.

I'm chief cook, &c.

De Boston gals dey do beat dem all,
Dey wear high heel shoes for to make demself's tall;
If dey don't hab dem de Lor how dey'll cry,
De boys hab got to get dem, or else Root, hog, or die.

I'm chief cook, &c.

De Shanghaie coats dey're getting all de go,
Whar de boys get dem I really don't know;
But dey're bound to get dem if dey don't hang too high,
Or else dey make de Tailors run, Root, hog, or die.

I'm chief cook, &c.

ANOTHER VERSION, ADAPTED TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'll tell you of a story that happened long ago;
When the English came to America, I 'pose you all know,
They couldn't whip the Yankees, I'll tell you the reason why,
Uncle Sam made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

John Bull sent to Boston, as you shall plainly see,
Forty large ships, loaded clear up with tea,
The Yankees wouldn't pay the tea tax, I'll tell you the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

They first met our armies on the top of Bunker hill,
When it came to fighting, I guess they got their fill,
The Yankee boys chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they met our Washington at Yorktown,
There the Yankees novels 'em down like grass from the ground,
Old Cornwallis gave up his sword, I'll tell you the reason why,
General Washington made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they came to Baltimore forty years ago,
They tried to take North Point, but found it wouldn't go,
The Baltimoreans chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they marched their armies down to New Orleans,
That was the place, I think, that Jackson gave 'em beans,
They couldn't take our cotton bales, I'll tell the reason why,
General Jackson made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

New Johnny Bull has been kicking up a fuss,
He'd better keep quiet, or he'll surely make it worse,
We're bound to have Cuba, I'll tell you the reason why,
For Uncle Sam will make 'em sing, Root hog or die.

MISS LUCY LONG.

Words by J. W. TURNER.

Allegro.

I've come again to see you, I'll sing another song, Just listen to my story, It isn't very long. O take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lucy Long, O take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lucy Long.

I went to see Miss Lucy,
I got her to consent,
And up to Deacon Snowball's
did child and Lucy went.
O take your time, &c.

He an't us what we wanted,
I told him he knew best:
He put our hands together,
I cannot explain the rest.
O take your time, &c.

An now we have got married,
I spec to have sum fun:
If Lucy don't mind me,
Dis negger'll cut and run.
O take your time, &c.

Miss Lucy she is handsome,
Her teeth is white as snow,
And when she rocks the cradle,
I plays the old banjo.
O take your time, &c.
THE FARMER'S GIRL.

Up in the ear-ly morning, Just at the peep of day, Strain-ing the milk in the Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, Hunting for eggs at the barn, Clean-ing the turnips for dair-y, Turning the cows away— Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, Spreading the whit'en-ing lin' en—

Making the beds up stairs, Washing the breakfast dishes, Dusting the par-lier chairs.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday, Churning the snowy cream, Rinsing the plates and strainer, Down in the running stream—

Feeding the geese and turkeys, Making the pumpkin pies, Jogging the little one's cradle, Driving away the flies.

OH! SUSANNA.

Allegretto.

I came from Al-a-ba-ma wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm wan' to Loi-si-

I jumped a board de tele-graph, And trabbeled down de river, De Leo-tric fluid mac-

a-nu my true love for to see, It rain'd all night the day I left, The ni-ful, And kil'd five hundred nigger. De bull-gine bust, de horse run off, I

weather it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Sus-an-na, don't you cry. real-y tho' I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Sus-an-na, don't you cry.

Oh! Sus-an-na, Oh! don't you cry for me, I've come from Al-a-ba-ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

SING, SING! DARKIES SING.

Chorus by all de Darkies.

Sing, Sing! dar-kies sing. Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, dar-kies sing.

Sing for the white folks, sing.

Since run-sic is de meat ob love Made by ole. 'Pol-lio Dar's Dan-dy Jim ob Car-o-line, An' od-er airs dat's

from a-bove, De sweetest words is ob de kine, An' in de darkies' strain di-vine,

quite as fine; Dar's Dan el Tucker, Lu-cy Neal Dat makes de frame all o-ver feel,

Con esperience with much de color. D. C.

With lo-dious voice An' eber an'-ple hand, Come raise de noise An' make de wool straight stand.

An' shake de bones An' scrape de fid-dle line, Come twang de ban-jo, shake de tambourine.
DEAREST MAE.

Now Niggers listen to me, A story I'll relate; It happened in the Old Mus-sa gib me holiday, An say he'd gib me more: I tank'd him ber-ry
val-ley, In de old Car-li-na state; Way down in de meadow, Twas dere I mow'd de kindly, And shov'd my boat from shore; O down de river I glides along Wid my heart so light and
hay; I al-ways work de hard'er When I think ob Lub-ly Mae.
free, To de cot-tage ob my lub-ly Mae I'd langed so much to see.

O dearest Mae you've lub-ly as de day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine so bright, When de moon am gwine away.
O dearest Mae, &c.

On de banks ob de river,
Where de trees day hang so low,
De oon among de branches play,
White de milk he keeps below;
O dar is de spot,
An Mae she looks so neat,
Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars,
Her lips are red as best. O dearest Mae, &c.

Bened de shady old oak tree,
We sit for many an hour,
Happy as de Hussard bird
Dat flies about de flower;
But O dear Mae I left her,
She cried when dey parted,
I bid sweetest good-bye,
An back to Massa started. O dearest Mae, &c.

JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRABEL.

I just arrived in town For to pass de time away, And I set-tled all my
look to the East, I look to the West, And I see ole
his-ness ac-cord-in'; But I found it so cold When I went up de
Kos-suth a comin', With four bay horses hitch'd up in
street Dat I wish'd I was on de oder side ob Jordan. So take off your
front, To tole his mon-ey to de oder side ob Jordan. So take off, &c.
cost boys, And roll up your sleeves, For Jordan is a hard road to trabel.
So take off your coat boys, And roll up your sleeves, For Jordan is a hard road to trabel I be-lieve.

David and Goliath both had a fight,
A curless man come up behind 'em,
He hit Goliath on de head, wid a bar of soft soap,
And it sounded to de oder side ob Jordan.
So take off, &c.

If I was de legislator ob dis United States,
I'd settle de feds question according:
I'd give de Brit's all de bone, and de Yankees all de meat,
And stretch de boundary line to de oder side ob Jordan.
So take off, &c.

Der's been excitin' times for de last year or two,
About de great Presidential election;
Frank Pierce got elected, and sent a basty platter ob soup
To his opponent, on de oder side ob Jordan.
So take off, &c.

Louis Napoleon, after all is emperor of France,
And all Europe begins to tremble accordin';
But de Yankee don't care, for if wit he wants to fight,
He'll wish he'd shall on de oder side ob Jordan.
So take off, &c.
WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?  H. RUSSELL.

Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men propose? Each seems just coming to the point, And then away he goes! It is no fault of yours, mamma, That every body else's sons I'm ever on the watch: I've hopes when some distinguished beau A glance upon me knows; You see the finest men in town, Yet oh, they won't propose; they won't, they throws; But though he'll dance and smile and flirt, Alas he won't propose; he won't, he I've tried to win by languishing, And drooping like a blue; I've bought big books and talk'd of them, As tho' I'd read them through, With hair cropped like a man, I've felt the heads of all the beaux; But Spumheim could not touch their hearts, And oh! they won't propose! &c.

I threw aside the books, and thought That ignorance was bliss: 'Tis felt convinced that men preferred A simple sort of Miss; And so I lip'd out naught beyond Plain "yeses!" or plain "noes!" And won a plain unsensation smile: Yet, oh they won't propose! &c.

Last night at Lady Bamble's rout, I heard Sir Harry Gale Exclaim, "Now I propose again;" I started, turning pale; I really thought my time had come, I blushed like any rose; But oh! I found 'twas only at E caro he'd proposed, &c. And what is to be done, mamma! Oh what is to be done! I really have no time to lose, For I am thirty-one! At balls I am too often left Where sputumors sit in rows; Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men propose? &c.
POP, GOES THE QUESTION.

By permission of Lee & Walker.

List to me, sweet maid-en, pray, Pop, goes the ques-tion! Will you mar-ry me,

yes, or nay? Pop, goes the ques-tion! I've no time to plead or sigh, No patience to wait for

by and by; Save me now, or I'm sure to fly; Pop, goes the ques-tion!

"Ask papa," Oh! siddle deecle,
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

Fathers and loxers ne'er agree;
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

He can't tell what I want to know,
Whether you love me, sweet or no;
To ask him, that would be very slow;
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

I think we'd make such a charming pair,
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

For I'm good-looking, and you're very fair;
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

We'll travel life's round in gallant style,
And you shall drive every other mile,
Or, if it please you, all the while,
Pop, goes the ques-tion!

JOHNNY SANDS.

SINCLAIR.

Mirthfully.

A man whose name was John-ny Sa-nos, Had mar-ried Bet-ty Hayes, And though she brought him

"For fear that I should con-true- lach, And try to save my life, F'ry tie my hands be-

gold and hands, she pro-v'd a ter-rif-ic plague, For, Oh, she was a resid-ing wife, Full

in my back," he ex-plained his wife. She tied them fast, As you may think, And

of ca-price and whim, He said that he was tired of life, And she was tired of him, And

when se-cure-ly done, "Now stand," she says, "up on the brick, And I'll pre-pare to run, And

she was tired of him, And she was tired of him; Says he, "then I will drown myself, The

I'll pre-pare to run, And I'll pre-pare to run." All down the hill his loy-ing bride Now

ri-ver runs be-low," Says she, "pray do, you silly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says

run with all her force, To push him in-he stepped a-side, And she fell in of course, Now

be, "up on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might." Says

splash-ing, dash-ing, She a fish, "Oh, save me, John-ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, thes' much I wish, For

she, my love, I will, says she, "my love, I will," Says she, "my love, I will,"

you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."
JOE HARDY.

PIERPONT.

Yes, I know that you once were my loyer, But that sort of thing has an end;
The love and its transports are over, You know you can still be my friend; Don't kneel at my feet, I implore you, Don't write on the drawings you bring, Don't ask me to say I adore you, For in deed it is now no such thing.

I confess when at Bangor we parted, I swore that I worshipped you then; That I was a maid broken hearted.

And you the most charming of men; I confess when I read your first letter, I blotted your name with a tear; I was young then, but now I know better; Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here?

Dear me, how you fret, how you worry, Repeating my vows to be true;

If I said so I told you a story, For I love Hardy better than you;

Yes, this fond heart is another, I sigh so whenever he's gone;

I will love you indeed as a brother, But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

S. LOVER

Oh, there's not a shade that's going, Worth showing, or knowing, Like that from growing, For a bowld sojer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will bowld sojer boy; 'Tis then that ladies fair, In despair, Tear their hair, But the bowld sojer boy!

Oo' the bowld sojer boy! There's not a town we march thro' But Div' a one I care, Says the bowld sojer boy; For the world is all before us, Where the bowld sojer boy!

Oh! that's the chap For me," says she, "Oh, is n't he a darling, The bowld sojour boy!"

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

Gaily.

The Lords of creation men we call, And they think they rule the whole; But they're much mis-taken, Ye Lords who at present hear my song, I know you will quickly say; "Our size is more large, our af-ter all, For they're un-der woman's con-trol, As er-er since the world be-gan, It has nerves more strong; Shall the stronger the weaker o- bey?" But think not tho' these words we hear, We shall al-ways been the way; For did not Ad-am, the very first man, The ever mind a thing you say; For as long as a woman's pos- sesses of a tear, Your
THE LORDS OF CREATION. Concluded.

versely woman o-hey, o-hey, o-hey! The
pow-er will van-ish a-way, a-way, a-way! Your
pow-er will van-ish a-way.

But should there be so strange a wight
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
If it has been well.

Now, Ladies, since I've made it plain
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
And we'll manage it so that the very last man,

Shall the very last woman obey, &c.

A TRAVELER STOPT AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

Allegretto.

A Trav- el- er stopt at a Wid- ow's gate,
She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bate.
She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bate, But the Wid- ow she sight-ed her guest, But the

Wid- ow she sight-ed her guest, For when na-ture was mak-ing an ug-ly face, She

 cer- tain-ly moulded the trav- el- er's face, As a sam- ple for all the rest, As a sam- ple for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crick,
The money immediately altered the case:

A hump isn't handsomely, no doubt;
Tho' he still might have frighted the Devil.

And tho', 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes
He paid like a prince; gave the widow a snack;

Very strongly in favor of wearing a nose,
And stop'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack;

Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.
While the landlord, touching the chink,

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
Cried 'Sir, should you travel this country again,'

T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid!
I hastily hope that the sweetest of men

And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
Will stop at the widow's to drink.

WHY ARE YOU WAND'RING HERE, I PRAY?

Vivace.

"Why are you wand- ring here, I pray?" An old man ask'd a maid one day;-- "Looking for
poppies so bright and red, Father," said she, "I'm bi-ther led!" "Fie! fie!" was the

old man's cry,—"Poppies, tis known to all who rove, Grow in the field, and not in the

grove, not in the grove, not in the grove—Grow in the field, and not in the grove.

'Tell me again,' the old man said.
"Why are you loit'ring here, fair maid?"

The nightingale's song so sweet and clear,
When Lubin jump'd o'er the side hard by;

Father," said she, "I come to hear.
The sage look'd grave, the maiden shy.

"Fie! fie!" was the old man's cry,—
"Nightingale's song so sweet and clear,
Warble by night, and not by day;

As not to be moved by a tear,
Lubin he swaddled his finger and thumb.

And of such nightingale's songs beware.
AWAY DOWN EAST.

Allegretto.

There's a famous fa-bled country, never seen by mor-tal eyes, Where the pumpkins are growing, and the sun is said to rise: Which man doth not in-ha-bit nei-ther reptile, bird, or beast, And this fa-mous fa-bled coun-try is a-way Down East.

It is call'd a land of notions, of apple sauce and greens, A Par-adi-se of pumpkin pie, a land of pork and beans; But one thing we're assur'd of, 'tis way Down East. Once a man in Indiana took his bundle in his hand, And he came to New York city to seek this fabled land; But how he scorces on learning what is now to him at least, That this famous fa-bled country is further Down East. Then away he post for Boston with all his men and goods, And he puts up at the Tremont House, quite sure that all is right, But they tell him in the morning a curious fact at least, That he hasn't yet begun to get away Down East.

EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY.

Moderato. Mirthfully.

At Wash-ing-ton full once a year, do pol-i-ti-cians throng, Con-triving there by various arts, to make their ses-sions long; And many a rea-son do they give why they're ob-liged to stay, But the clear-est rea-son yet ad-duced is Eight dol-lars a day.

Just go with me to the Cap-itol, if you really would behold All that imagination craves, and more than was told; D'ye see the city of its awnens with members grave and gay, 'Tis time to think of it's Eight dollars a day. There is an axiom known to all, rather old I own, For 'tis a common household phrase, and very often seen; The one who's fool'd enough to dance, the fiddler too must pay, So Congress fiddles us the tune of Eight dollars a day. All Wash-ington now is wide awake, and all the big hotels Are filled with Representa-tives, and O' how gin-darous sales! It cannot well be otherwise, for think you men will play The National tune without their greg, of Eight dollars a day. A startling scene will now be play'd before the gazing world, For from the nation's Cap-itol her banner is unfur'd; The Cong-ress men are trudging on, each in his chosen way, And all keep time to the glorious tune of Eight dollars a day.

Now to the Senate chamber first, then to the House we'll go, And learn a lec-ture while we may, of patrio-tic show; For 'tis the time of the quor-um form'd, when the Chap-lains rise to pray; And then the National work begins, at Eight dollars a day. Then every member takes his seat in the velv'et chair of state, Thinking that in his dignity he has gained the na-tion's fate; The roll is called and quor-um form'd, when the Chap-lains rise to pray; And then the National work begins, at Eight dollars a day. But all are agreed when the question comes of Eight dollars a day. Then every member takes his seat in the velv'et chair of state, And all are agreed when the question comes of Eight dollars a day. And next in the order of the day comes the mad cry of war, While very few of the longest heads can hardly tell what's for; But war exists, all parties cry, and thence you must away, So Congress backs the Pres-ident up at Eight dollars a day. And then the question comes of Eight dollars a day. And next in the order of the day comes the mad cry of war, While very few of the longest heads can hardly tell what's for; But war exists, all parties cry, and thence you must away, So Congress backs the Pres-ident up at Eight dollars a day. And then the question comes of Eight dollars a day.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

By permission of Russell & Richardson, proprietors of the copyright.

Of all the migh-ty na-tions In the East or in the West, O this glorious Yankee na-tion Is the greatest and the best, We have room for all cre-a-tion, And our ban-ner is unfur'd, Here's a gen-er- al in-vi-ta-tion To the peo-ple of the world.
Then come along, come along, make no delay, Come from every nation, Come from every way, Our lands, they are broad enough, Don’t be alarmed, for Uncle Sam is rich enough To give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our Northern line, As fast her water flows; And the Rio Grand our Southern bound “Way down to Mexico.”

From the great Atlantic Ocean, Where the sun begins to dawn, Leap across the Rocky mountains, Far away to Oregon. Then come along, &c.

While the South shall raise the Cotton, And the West, the Corn and Pork, New England Manufactories Shall do up the finer work:

For the deep and flowing waterfalls That course along our hills, Are just the thing for washing Sheep and driving Cotton Mills. Then come along, &c.

Our fathers gave us Liberty, But little did they dream The grand results that poor along This mighty age of Science; For our mountains, lakes and rivers, Are all a blaze of fire And we send our news by lightning, On the telegraphic wire. Then come along, &c.

Yes! we’re bound to beat the nations, For our motto’s “Go ahead,” And we’ll tell the foreign poopers That our people are well fed; For the nations must remember Uncle Sam is not a fool, For the people do the voting, And the children go to school, Then come along, &c.

Larry O’Gaff.

Near a bog in old Ireland I was born, My father, poor man, cried out, What a green born I was, Just three months I’m married, oh dear how they’ll laugh. Says he to my mother, Troth Judy I’ll leave you joy, Judy to him, Och the dickens may care my boy, Faith says he by the powers I’ll leave you both here to cry.

What shall we do for our Mister O’Gaff. With my did o whack, off I am, none of your blarney, malarky keep your brat to him chat, all the day so you may; By the powers I won’t tarry, so there he but Larry, And I ne’er saw more of my daddy O’Gaff.

Then I grew up, and a nate looking chack I was, Always the devil at handling the stick I was, But somehow or other, my number never thick it was, Go where I would, every creature would laugh. I rambl’d to England, and met with a squad of boys, Who got me promoted to carry the hod my boys, I creep up the ladder like a cat newly shod my boys, It’s a steep way to riches says Larry O’Gaff. back. Singing did o whack, and the crack, ladder crack, break your head out, round about, tumble down, break your crown. Says a man, Mister Larry, that hod that you carry Disgraces the shoulders of Mister O’Gaff.

So they get me a master, and dress’d like a fop I was, Here new, and span new, from bottom to top I was, But the cold fellow pupp’d in, as taking a drop I was, Says he Mister Larry, you’s a bag rotting cack, Be out of my house, or I’ll lay this upon your back. Hed a twig in his fist like the mast of a herring smack, It’s over my napper he soon made the switch to crack, And turned off poor Larry O’Gaff, Singing did o whack, hushahow, drums beating row do row, Odds my life, play the ffe, Patrick’s day, fire away, In the army so friarky, we’ll tipple the whiskey, And drink to old Ireland, and Mister O’Gaff. So they made me a Soldier, and oh how freted I was, Scarlet and rape from the head to the heel I was, But it so happened, when brought to the field I was, Says I Mister Larry, you don’t fight by half. Then we fought like the devil as Irishmen always do, Nately we beat Mister Bony at Waterloo. Now the war’s over, and pace we’ve brought home to you, Welcome to Ireland, sweet Larry O’Gaff. Singing did o whack at my ear, living just as I please, With a wife, spend my life, sport and play, night and day, In old Ireland so glorious, now landed victorious, Long life, and success attend Mister O’Gaff.
IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait up on a lady, if she lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer, That the
when he leaves the lady, Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary That the
meaning all may know, Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau? The curtain should be drawn, To save from further trouble.

Is it any body's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?

Is it any body's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this,
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?

If it is or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If 'dis, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until every body learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

MY UNCLE NED.

Dar was an ole nig-ger, and dey call him Un-ke Ned, For he died long ago, long ago,

And he had no wool on de top of his head, On de spot where de wool ought to grow.

Den lay down de shamble and de Ho-o-o, Hang up de sled-de and de bow;
MY UNKLE NED. Concluded.

Dars' no more hard work for my Unkle Ned, He is gone where de good nigger go.
Unkle Ned he got married, when he was bery young,
To a valer gal ob color, Rosa Lee.
She says, "now dey be weared by de master, among.
In de big swamp ob ole Tennessee.
Den lay down de shuffle, &c.

Unkle Ned he shed tears, but he couldn't bring her too,
So he berry her, den look for shuffle.
De days he had no, dat day all at him flew,
Dat my Unkle Ned, almost smadder.
Den lay down de shuffle, &c.

Unkle Ned he had fingers like de cane brake,
Dough he had no eyes for her to see,
He had n't any teeth to eat de corn cake,
So he had to leave de corn cake be.
Den lay down de shuffle, &c.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN. Words by J. W. TURNER.

In pas-sing thro' State Street, I saw a great crowd; I heard a man shout-ing a
nasty voice loud; I thought that some one had been guilty of theft, 'Till I heard him sing out, "I've a

Few more left," "Few more left," "Few more left," "Till I heard him sing out, "I've a Few more left."

Thinks I to myself, "What does few more left mean?"
In a short time, however, he came to a stop;
I says, "Master how much do you ask for a Strop?"
Says he, "Twenty five cents," and soon I began

"Razor Strop Man," &c.

He was spinning poetical rhyme by the yard;
Had Shakespeare been living 'twould astonish the bard;
And up stops a green-horn, says he, "Well I swan,"
If that ain't the great living "Razor Strop Man."

"Razor Strop Man," &c.

"Come walk up here gentlemen, row is your time,
To get a good "Strop," I will warrant them prime;
"T'll sharpen your "Razor" as natural as life,
'Em should they be dull as an Old Oyster Knife.
"Old Oyster Knife," &c.

I handled my pockets and pulled out the cash,
And ended our bargain as quick as a flash,
Then left him, and soon round the corner I left
To the tune of walk up—"I've a few more left."

"Few more left," &c.

My subject if ever ye chance to read,
If you like it, my pleasure O taught can exceed;
And should I ever be of my genius born,
Like the "Razor Strop Man," "I've a few more left,"

"Few more left," "Few more left."

Like the "Razor Strop Man," "I've a few more left."

CREDITOR AND DEBTOR. J. W. TURNER.

CREDITOR.

Can't you pay this bill to-day, sir? am much in want of cash? No. I can't at-
Mon.-day last you know you told me That you'd surely pay to-day. Since that time, sir,

CREDITOR.

Can't you pay this bill to-day, sir? am much in want of cash? No. I can't at-
Mon.-day last you know you told me That you'd surely pay to-day. Since that time, sir,

DEBTOR.

You should never get to debt sir,
Then you'd have no illa to pay.
You had better leave my house, sir!
Go sir, get away!
Your language is abrupt, sir!
You're a surly pup, sir!
Your language is abrupt, sir,
Any man would say.

Yes, in-deed, I know it. Well then I wish you'd pay me! I'm in want of cash.
Can't you plain-ly see sir? But that is naught to me, sir. When you have to pay.

CRED. Well sir, if you do not pay me
'Twore another week is past.
Tell you what it is, you'll rue it.
Bitter, sir, at last.
For I shall prosecute you—
Anything to suit you.

CRED. (Together,) Sir, if you don't pay.

DEBT. (Together,) Oh anything to suit you,
Sir, good day! good day!
MY GRANDMOTHER.

My Grandmother lived on yonder little green, As fine an old lady as ever was seen,
She oftentimes taught and instructed me with care, Of all false young men to beware,

Ti di um dum dum dum di di di di air, Of all false young men to beware.

And now my dear daughter, pray don't you believe, For they will fib and cunningly deceive, They will cruelly deceive you before you are aware, Then away goes poor old Grandma's care.

The first who came courting was honest young Green, As fine a young gentleman as ever was seen, But the words of Grandma so rang in my head, I could not attune to one word that he said.

Ti di um dum dum dum di di id-i-aid, &c.

The next who came courting was honest young Grover, With him I engaged in a joyful love, Such a joyful love you need never be afraid, For 'tis better to be married than to die an old maid.

Ti di um dum dum dum di di id-i-aid, &c.

O dear what a fuss those old ladies make, Think I to myself there must be some mistake, For if all the old ladies of young men had been afraid, Why, Grandma herself would have died an old maid!

Ti di um dum dum dum di di id-i-aid, &c.

NOT MARRIED YET!

H. RUSSELL.

Allegro Moderato.

I'm single yet, I'm single yet, And years have flown since I came out! In vain I sigh, In vain I fret! Ye gods! ye gods! what, what, what, what are the men about? I vow I'm twenty! Oh! ye powers! A spinster's lot is hard to bear! On earth alone to pass her hours! And afterwards lead apes down there!

No offer yet! No offer yet! I'm sure, I'm sure I cannot make it out! For every bean my cap I set, What, what, what, what, what, what, what are the men about? They don't propose! They won't propose! For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes"! I wish they'd try, for heaven knows I'm tired of single, single blessedness!

THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR.

T. H. BAILEY.

Allegretto.

A Lady heard a minstrel sing One night beneath her bow'— In wrath she cried "Oh, what can bring A stranger at this hour?" She closed the casement, veil'd the lamp, The minstrel paused in sorrow, Yet said, "This now I must decamp, I'll try again to-morrow."

The minstrel came again next night, The lady was not sleeping; She sitsly (though she veil'd the light) Was thro' her casement peeping. She heard him softly breathe her name, Then saw him go with sorrow. And cried, "I wonder where he came! Perhaps he'll come to-morrow."

Again she heard the sweet guitar, But soon the song was broken: Two songs are sweet, oh! sweeter far Are words in kindness spoken. She loves him for himself alone, Deceive no more he'll borrow. The minstrel's rank at length is known, She'll grace a court to-morrow.
THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

Well, here I am, and what of that? Methinks I hear you cry; I am come and
that is past! To see if you will buy; A female auctioneer I stand, But not to seek for
pelf. For the only lot I've now on hand, is just to sell myself! And I'm going, going,
going, going. Who bids, who bids for me? For I'm going, going, going, going, Who bids, who bids for me?

Though some may deem me pert or so,
They deal in idle strain,
For where's the girl I'd like to know
Would not become a Wife?
Indeed I really think I should,
In spite of all alarms,
So Bachelors pray be so good
As just to take me to your arms,
For I'm going, going, going, going, &c.

To Bachelors, my way towards you
Should not your thoughts mislead,
I've never yet been called a flirt,
Or coquette, no indeed!
My heart and hand I offer fair,
And if you buy the lot,
I'll vow all Oaths I will spare,
When Hymen ties the knot,
For I'm going, going, going, going, &c.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

O Whack, Cau-pil's Manikin, Smack on my heart he gave me a pocti-ter,

Good luck! Judy O' Flanikin, Dear she loves nate Looney Mac-twol-ter.

Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers, An heir ess 'tis clear, for her fa ther sells beer,

He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuff-tar. She's so smart, from my heart, I cannot bolt her.

O Whack, Judy O' Flanikin, She is the girl for Looney Mac-twol-ter,

O Whack, Judy O' Flanikin, She is the girl for Looney Mac-twol-ter.

Oh home, good news I need a bit,
We'd correspond, but learning would choke her;
Marry, I cannot read a bit.
Judy can't tell a pen from a poker;
Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her,

She's true as the moon, only one afternoon
I caught her asleep with a hump-backed shoemaker,
Oh! she's smart, from my heart, I cannot bolt her;
Oh! Whack, Judy O' Flanikin,
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

BOUND. "GO TO JANE GLOVER."

Go to Jane Glover, and tell her I love her, And by the light of the moon I will come to her—
MONSIEUR NONG TONG PAW.

John Bull for pastime took a prance, Some time a go, to peep at France; To

talk of sciences and arts, And knowledge gained in foreign parts. Monsieur obsequious

heard him speak, And answered John in heathen Greek; To all he asked, "Bout

all he saw, To all he asked, "Bout all he saw, "Twas Monsieur Je vous n’en tânds pas.

John to the Palais royal come; His splendor almost struck him dumb; I say, whose house is that there here? House! Je vous n’entends pas, Monsieur. What! Nong Tong Paw again, cries John; This fellow is some mighty foe; No doubt he’s plenty for the maw, No doubt he’s plenty for the maw; I’ll breakfast with this Nong Tong Paw.

John saw Versailles from Martin’s height, And cried, astonished at the sight, Whose fine estate is that there here? Star! Je vous n’entends pas, Monsieur. His! what, the land, and houses too? The fellow’s richer than a Jew; On every thing he lays his claw,

On every thing he lays his claw; I should like to dine with Nong Tong Paw.

Next, tripping came a courtly fair; John cried, enchanted with her air, What lovely wench is that there here? Vench! Je vous n’entends pas, Monsieur. What, he again! Upon my life, A palace, lands, and then a wife Sir Joshua might delight to draw, Sir Joshua might delight to draw; I should like to sup with Non Tong Paw.

But hold, whose funeral’s that, cries John; Je vous n’en tânds pas! What, is he gone? Wealth, fame and beauty could not save Poor Nong Tong Paw, then, from the grave. His race is run, his game is up; I’d with him breakfast, dine and sup; But since he chooses to withdraw, But since he chooses to withdraw,

Good night, t’ye, Monsieur Nong Tong Paw.

OLD COLONY TIMES.

In good old Colony times, When we were under the king, Three

The first he was a Miller, And the second, he was a Weaver, And the

roguish chaps Fell into mis-haps, Because they could not sing, Because they could not sing,

Be-darn, he was A lit-tle Tail-lor, Three roguish chaps to-geth-er, Three roguish chaps to-geth-er,

cause they could not sing, Cause they could not sing, Three roguish chaps to-geth-er, And the

roguish chaps Fell into mis-haps, Because they could not sing.

third he was A lit-tle Tail-lor, Three roguish chaps to-geth-er.

Now the Miller he stole corn, And the Weaver he stole yarn; And the little Tailor

Stole broad cloth, for, To keep these three rogues warm, To keep these three rogues warm, To keep these three rogues warm, And the little, &c.

The Miller got drown’d in his dam, And the Weaver got hung in his yarn; And the devil clapped his claw On the little Tailor, With the broadcloth under his arm, With the broadcloth under his arm, With the broadcloth under his arm, And the little Tailor, &c.
PADDY HAGGARTY.

Allegretto.

Twas at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel, Pad- dy Hag-gar- ty kept a neat she-teen; He sold pig’s meat and bread, kept a good log-in’ bed, And was lik’d round the country he lived in; Him-self and his wife both struggled thro’ life: In the week days Pat mend-ed the ditches: And on Sun-day he dress’d in a coat of the best, but his pride was his old leather breeches, Whack fol de ral la d’ral fal de ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral la d’ral li do.

For twenty-one years at least, so it appears, His father those breeches had ran in; The morning he died, he to his bedside Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in: Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave, He bid him take care of his riches; Says he, its no use to pop into my shoes, But I wish you’d step into my breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

Last winter, the snow left provisions so low, Poor Paddy was eat out completely; The snow coming down, he could not go to town, Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly, One night as he lay dreaming away, About creecours, frogs, and witches, He heard an uproar just outside of the door, And jump’d to steal on his old breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

Says Bryan McQuirk, with a voice like a Turk, Paddy, come get at some eating; Says big Andy More, I’ll burst open the door, For this is no night to be waiting: Source had he spoke when the door went in broke, And they crowded round Paddy like leeches; By their great mortal gob, if he didn’t get them prog, They’d eat him clean out of his breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

Now Paddy in dread slipt into his bed, That held Judy, his darling wife in, And there he agreed to get them a feed — He slipt out and brought a big knife in;

He took up the waist of his breeches,—the beast, And cut out the bottoms and stiches: He cut them in stripes,—by the way they were tripes, And boiled them his old leather breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

When the tripes were strow’d, on a dish they were strow’d, The boys all cried out, Lord be thanked! But Haggart’s wife was afraid of her life, She thought it high time for to thank it: To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had boiled some mutton and beef of the richest, But little they knew it was leather hurgoo, That was made out of Paddy’s old breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

They wollo’d the stuff,—says Andy, it’s tough, Says Patty you’re no judge of mutton; When Bryan McQuirk, on the point of a fork, Lifted up a big ivory button! Says Darby, what’s that? sure I thought it was fat; Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches, By the powers above, I was trying to shove My teeth through the slap of his breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

They made at Pat, he was gone out of that, He run when he found them all rising; Says Bryan, make haste and go for the priest, By the holy Saint Jackstones I’m poisoned! Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke All the chairs, tables, bowls, and dishes, [daylight And from that very night they will knock out your If they catch you with a leather breeches. Fol de ral, &c.

CATCH. “PRETTY POLLY HOPKINS.”

Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, How d’ye do pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins?

None the better, Sir, for see-ing you, None the better, Tom-my Tom-pkins, for see-ing you.

None the better, None the better for see-ing you Tom-my Tom-pkins.

Polly, Polly, Polly Hop-kins, How d’ye do Polly Hop-kins? 
ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Never yet was a name so band-ed by fame, Thro' air, and thro' o-cean, and thro' land, As one that is wrote up-on ev'-ry bank-o-tone, And you all must know A-bra-ham New-land. Oh A-bra-ham New-land! no-to-ri-ous A-bra-ham New-land! I've heard peo-ple say, sham A-bram you may, But you mustn't sham A-bram New-land.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts, It matters not where you land, [speak, Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they That's the language of Abraham New-land. Oh Abraham New-land, Wonderful Abraham New-land; Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack, By the credit of Abraham New-land.

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind, Lawyers know very well she can view land: But, what of all that? she'll blink like a bat, At the sight of an Abraham New-land. Oh Abraham New-land, Magical Abraham New-land; Tho' justice 'tis known can see through a mill-stone, She can't see thro' Abraham New-land.

Your patriots, who bawl for the good of us all, Kind souls, like mushrooms they grew land; Tho' loud as a drum, each proving Orator Mum, If attack'd by Stout Abraham Newland. Oh Abraham New-land, Invincible Abraham New-land; No argument's found, in the world, half so sound As the logic of Abraham New-land.

The French say they're coming, but sure they are hum-Bow! I know what they want, if they do land; [ming, We'll make their ears ring in defence of our king, Our country, and Abraham New-land. Oh Abraham New-land, Darling Abraham New-land; No tri-color'd elf, nor the devil himself, Shall e'er rob us of Abraham New-land.

LOVE IN A HAYBAND.

Did you ever hear of one Richard Short's his-to-ry? If you did'n't, I'll tell it you now: All o-ver our parts it was thought quite a mys-te-ry, He was a young man that fol-low'd the plough; But he got tir'd of that kind of life did, Was hir-ed as ost-ler, at sign of the Crown; Fell in love with a maid, for the want of a wife did, 'Twas very well known to the folk in our town.

This lass, Nelly Long, she was dres'sh in dapper, And though our Dick was a good lookin' lad, She snub'd him, and scoot'd him, for she was a snapper, So he twirled a hay-band, and made him a halter, And told him quite plumpish, she wasn't to be had; For she lov'd a man much more handsome and bigger, And he cam' fra' Lemmon, and wasn't a clown; His name it was Lyle, and he was a grave digger, And he was very well known to the folk of our town. He hung himself up to a tree in a meadow, He felt all over he couldn't tell bow; When up came by chance farmer Giles' old cow, She snapped at the hay, and took hold of the band fast, Pluck'd out a mouthful, which brought Dicky down; He jump'd on his legs, and away then he ran fast, And was never more seen by the folk in our town.
PADDY O'BLARNEY.

1. Be my country you'd know, I'm an Irishman born, And they christened me Paddy O'Blarney.

2. In hay-making time I slept over one morn, All the way from the lakes of Killarney.

3. I'm going to the town where they sell mahogany, All the world is going to the town where they sell mahogany.

Then, what does I do? the next calling I seeks, Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney.

Next I turned to a chairman, and got a good job, Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst, Ah! the world for the lakes of Killarney.

SOMEBODY.

1. Were I obliged to beg my bread, And had not where to lay my head, I'd creep where you'd steed, And steal a look at somebody: My own dear somebody, My constant somebody.

2. When I'm laid low, and am at rest, And may be number'd with the blest, Oh! may thy heartless feeling heart

But should I ever live to see That form so much ador'd by me, Then shall I reward my constancy, And I'll be blest with—Somebody:

Ah! will you drop one pitying tear, And sigh for the loss—Somebody?
WHY! WHAT’S THE MATTER NOW?

My seventeenth year scarf over, Blyth Damon wooing came; A young and tender lover, He

own’d his tender name. Such a pitiful tale he told me, Of his poor wounded heart, ‘Twas

heaven to be nigh me, But death if we must part, O dear! O dear! O dear, my heart it beats so

strangely, I felt I can’t tell how, Lord! Lord! thinks I, what ails me? Why, what’s the matter now?

The question soon was answer’d,
Sly Cupid’s dart was broken,
I loved as well as Damon,
But that I would not own;

For if he talked of dying,
Or mourn’d his hapless case,
I seldom fail’d replying,
By laughing in his face:

O dear! &c.
At length his patience failing,
He proudly swore he’d go,
Not yet, I said, half smiling,
Why! what’s the matter now?

He singly seiz’d that moment,
To press me to his bosom; Lord! how it was, I know not, I thoughtless answered, yes;
O then, when first we married,
How easily I reign’d,

If check’d, my point I carried,
With sighs and tears well sigh’d.
O dear, &c.
The poor good soul was melted,
Nor proof against my woe,
And coaxingly consented,
With what’s the matter now?

Alas, these times are over,
And I have had my day;
No more a doating lover,
He swears he’ll have his way;
To all entreaties callous,
What days from me he’ll roam,
Gears tipsy at the ale-house,
And then comes staggering home.

O dear, &c.
If then I weep, or chide him,
With consequential brow,
He sets his arms beside him,
With what’s the matter now?

GILES SCROGGINS.

Allegretto moderato.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown, Fol de riddle lo! di, Fol de riddle lo! di.

The fairest wench in all the town, Fol lo! di riddle lo! di, He bought her a ring with posy true,
If

you loves me as I loves you, No knife can cut our love in two, Fol lo! di riddle lo! di.

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And quite unsartin’s all our lives,
Fol de riddle, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate’s scissors cut poor Giles’ thread,
So they could not be married.
Fol de riddle, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep.
Fol de riddle, &c.
When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tell her night no more could last,
And it cried, ‘T’ beer Giles Scroggins’ Ghost;’
Fol de riddle, &c.

The Ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol de riddle, &c.
‘Oh Molly; you must go with me,
Fol de riddle, &c.
‘All to the grave your love to cool;’
She says, ‘I can’t dead you fool!’
Says the ghost, says he, ‘Ye that’s no rule;’
Fol de riddle, &c.

The ghost he seiz’d her all so grim,
Fol de riddle, &c.
All for to go along with him.
Fol de riddle, &c.

‘Come, come,’ said he, ‘ere morning’s beam;’
‘I vont,’ said she, and she screamed a scream;
Then she weke, and found she’d dreamt a dream.
Fol de riddle, &c.
A HEART FOR SALE.

For sale, for sale a priceless gem!
For sale a guileless heart; in kind, his true, a
dimension'd by God's art,
Enwrought with joys, never dash'd by care, With
hopes that ne'er will fade, With passions that 'twere bliss to share—In brief, a splendid trade.

'Twas generous, brave, and constant, too;
'Tis worth its weight in love.
The sin is high to dare and do,
Though coined and stamped with charms divine,
And God will never perish.
For he is wise and just.
A priceless gem—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Faultless as those above.
Like leaves no winter's wind may kill,
A priceless gem—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Like shells that lay upon the sea,
'Ain't gone, at least I heard a sigh;
Its vows I'll pledge it will fulfill,
Another—sold to who?
Its prayers all breathe of thee.

THE SONG OF SATAN.

There's no sin in nature, To damn the poor soul, Just fraud in the measure, O wood and cool. Send
down to perdition, That coward to me, Who makes in cold winter His four out of three.

He's worse than the cut-throat,
He's worse than the cut-throat,
Whom all ought to shun,
Exalt a free Gospel,
Who weighs fifteen hundred,
Evangel by grace.
And calls it too soon,
And counsel the people.
He may get him riches,
'Gainst me and my place—
And feasts on good cheer,
Yet they are my servants.
But I'll give him comfort
The best of my friends,
When I catch him here.
Neeah mark of the Christian
Some get them a name
They forward my ends.
'Mong the saints of the Lord,
I wish them good speed
Spin sanctified yarns
On their pleasant broad road;
'Beat God and his Word;
I'll soon have them here,
For He is my redeemer.
In my warm abode.

CATCH.—"BEef AND CABBAGE."

B, E, E, F; That spells Beef, Whether fat or lean matters not—

Beef and Cabbage, Spell beef with B, E, E, F— Spell cabbage, Beef and cabbage,

Spell Beef, B, I declare I can't, I've forgot, I've forgot, I've forgot how to spell

C, A, B, B, A, G, E, Spells cabbage, that's flat—

Beef and Cabbage now I've spell, give me some, C, A, B, E, B, A, G, E spells Cabbage;

Beef, B, E, E, E, Beef, Repeat Beef and cabbage give me some, give me some—
FOR IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Tom on a journey went, one day,
And crossed the railroad track;
He could not read the 'look-out' sign,
And therefore said not back.
A train advanced, which struck him, and
Throw all down an abyss—
Though Tom was killed, it went to prove
That ignorance is bliss.

Now, Adam went so nice to see
A Miss who was his dear;
And popped the question, that he might
Her joys and sorrows share.
But she, alas! would not consent,
And thus he missed the Miss—
For she had learned his motto was:
'O, ignorance is bliss.'

Next, Billy, too, must 'eat a dash,'
Must prove the motto true,
So goes to hear a young actress
Who makes a grand debut.
The audience are cheering her,
When Billy gives a bless—
They kick him out, and crack his skull,
Yet ignorance is bliss.'

At last the old man died, and then
His property was sold
To pay his creditors, who could
Not get a cent of gold.
A tombstone near his head was rais'd,
The epitaph was this:
'Here lies the man who surely proved
That ignorance is bliss.'

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

There was a young man by the name of Brown,
And he wore two dangling curls; While his

hair was combed quite back from the crown, And hung down behind like the girls.

Oh! his

ponts were like drawers, and he'd gloves on his paws, And he carried a neat white fan, And

wifrons, maid's and wives, said they never in their lives had seen such a nice young man.

The tailors were shy of this winning youth,
For his bills he never paid;
And the girls, dear sons, believed he spoke the truth,
Whenever a word he said.
One night he told a miss there was heaven in her kiss,
While he stole her jewels he began,
And yet the silly maid smil'd while she said
'La! sir—you're a nice young man.'

He used to go to church with great sobriety,
And he sung the hymns out loud;
But still he ne'er could see much impropriety
In slight-of-hand amongst the crowd.
He taught a Sabbath class and oped every lass,
While preaching life's narrow span;
The old folks were blind, for they didn't make up their minds But everybody sighed 'twas a pity that he died,
That he was such a nice young man.

He traveled round and preached to the multitude,
And his looks were quite divine;
He counterfeited well, for that he understood,
And his eloquence was fine.
He forged a heavy draft, while in his sleeve he laugh'd,
Then off—and catch him who can;
The people look'd aghast—but soon the wonder pass'd,
For he was such a nice young man.

At length the gallows claim'd a fashionable prey,
And who should the victim be?
'Twas a nice young man who had a winning way,
And dingle dangle went he.
The old folks shew'd surprise, the ladies wip'd their eyes,
And some were pale and was;
The nice young man who made up their mind But everybody sighed 'twas a pity that he died,
For he was such a nice young man.
MATRIMONIAL SWEETS. Duet.  FREEMAN.  37

\[ \text{VOICE.} \]

Do cease your clack and hold your tongue, You're always teasing, squailing, howling.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You're always quarreling all day long, And ugly names are calling. You know you never can be at peace. Now pray do let your passion cease. You're never quiet. I deny it. Madam you'll my rage increase.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ever I became your wife, Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ever I became my wife.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You know you're always gadding about, Dancing, walking, chatting, talking.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

You know from morn till night you're out With other ladies walking.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You know you're always after fellows.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Tis only you're so very jealous.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You'll own you do it.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh you shall run it.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

We're a happy pair, so people tell us.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, &c.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You'll own your temper's very bad;

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Looks so floating, always spoiling.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Your's is enough to drive one mad;

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Suspicious, jealous, doubting.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You know my passion don't remain.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

But soon as of begins again.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh bow vexing.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

How perplexing.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

You'll put me in a rage again.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, &c.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Madam, we had better part,

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Than by living constant din.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh, I'll agree with all my heart,

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Let's be the task beginning,

\[ \text{HE.} \]

I hereby bid a last adieu.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

And I now take a final view.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Nothing.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

South.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

East.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

West.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Take which corner you like best.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, I now for life,

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Am rid of my tormenting wife.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, I now for life,

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Forsakes the office of a wife.

Well then, Madam, as you are determined to go—

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Good bye.—Good bye, sir.—You'll recollect, madam,

\[ \text{HE.} \]

'Tis all your own fault—I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault.—I say 'tis yours.—Sir—Zounds, madam, I say 'tis years. You knew I never was in a passion.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

My dearest love, don't leave me so;

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Without measure you're my pleasure.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

You knew, my love, I could not go;

\[ \text{HE.} \]

For you're my darling treasure.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Then for the future let's agree.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

And live in sweetest harmony.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Not to-morrow.

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

Bring forth sorrow.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

To crush our sweet felicity.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the joy of my life,

\[ \text{SHE.} \]

That ever I became your wife.

\[ \text{HE.} \]

Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the joy of my life,

\[ \text{HE.} \]

That ever I became your wife.

ROUND. "THREE THINGS ARE SOUGHT FOR."

1 2 3 4

Three things are sought for, Pow'r, pleasure, and wealth; One spoils our temper, and two spoil our health.
GEE UP, GEE O!

Allegretto moderato.

At - ten - tion pray give, while of hob - bies I sing, For each has his hob - by, from
cob - bier to King; And some favorite hob - by we all get astride, And when we once mounted, full
gal-lup we ride; All on hobbies, all on hobbies, all on hobbies, Gee up, Gee O!

Some hobbies are restive, and hard ones to govern,
E'en just like our wives, they're so wilfully stubborn;
The hobby of scolds, is their husbands to tease,
And the hobbies of lawyers are plenty of fees.

That's their hobby, that's their hobby, that's their hob - by, Gee up, Gee O!
The beaux, those sweet gentlemen's hobby good lack,
Is to wear great large poultries tied 'round their neck;
And think in the ton and the sippy they're drest,
If they're breeches that reach from the ankle to chest.

That's their hobby, &c.
The hobbies of sailors, when safe moor'd in port,
Are their wives and their sweethearts toy with and sport,
When our navy's completed, their hobby shall be,
To show to the world that America's free.

That's their hobby, &c.
The hobbies of soldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and scars;
But in peace you'll observe that quite different their trade is,
The hobbies of soldiers in peace are the ladies.

That's their hobby, &c.
The American's hobby has long since been known,
No tyrant or king shall from them have a throne;
Their States are united, and let it be said,
Their hobby is Washington, peace and free-trade.

That's their hobby, &c.

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

Duet.

Allegretto moderato.

Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!
As I fain would
speak the truth, Yea! yea! yea!
Long my heart hath yearned for thee,
pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth; That has been the case with me, dear en - gag - ing youth!

Wilt thou promise to be mine?
Maiden fair.

Take my hand, my heart is thine,
There, there, there.

Let us thus the bargain seal,
O'! dear me, high - ho!

Lark! how very odd I feel!
O'! dear me, high - ho!

NOTHING AT ALL.

B.

Allegretto con moto.

I Der - ry down dale, when I wanted a mate, I went with my dad - dy, a court - ing of Kate;
With my nose-gay so fine, in my ho - liday clothes, My hands in my pocket - is a court - ing I go.

The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot; My heart in a gal - lop — my mare in a trot — No
NOTHING AT ALL. Concluded.

I was so bashful, so loving wishful, My tongue stuck to my mouth, and I said Nothing at all!

When I came to the house, I looked bashful and grim,
The knocker I held swivled my finger and thumb,
Kap went the knocker, Kate shuffled her chins,
She chuckled and buckled, I bowed and went in.

No I was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me;
So I laugh'd, and I grin'd, and let my hat fall,
Glanced, scratched my head, and said—Nothing at all!

If bashful was I, the more bashful she mad;
She simper'd and sign'd, with her apron-strings play'd;
The old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that my Kitty and I should be one.

Nobody.

If to force me to sing, it be your in-tension, Some one I will hint at, yet

no-body mention; No-body you'll cry, pishaw, that must be stuff; At sing-ing I'm no-body,

that's the first proof; No, no-body, no, no-body, no-body, no-body, no.

Nobody's name everybody will own,
When something they ought to be ashamed of have
'Is a name well applied to old maid's and young beans,
What they were intended for, nobody knows.

No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should break plate crack,
The faith is still laid on poor nobody's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blamed for it, is not that odd?

No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid;
She gently cries out, Sir, there's somebody hear us,
He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.

No, nobody, &c.

POOR TOM.

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat, and barge, farewell,

Never more at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then farewell, my trim-built

wherry, Oars and coat, and barge farewell; Never more at Chelsea ferry,

Shall your Thoms take a spell, Shall your Thoms take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heart I'll go;
Where, exposure to every danger,
Some friendly balm will lay me low.

Then maraud, when homeward steaming,
With the news my massacres come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom!
AS SOON AS I GOT MARRIED.

As soon as I got married, a happy man to be, My wife turn'd out a sor-ry jade, we never could a-gree; For what I thought my greatest bliss, was grief with-out com-pare,

A bout a week, or something less, a bonny thing she was, When I am for soberness, she gauges distracted mad,

An' if I chance to speak a word, she flies like fire frae flat, And when I am for sorrow, she is all in the air.

An' o' bairn claes an' plaid too, she keeps me naked bare. She's at the cause of my complaint's she's mine for-ev-er mair, For she's aye plague, plaguing, And she's pla-ning me; She's aye plague, pla-ning, And never las me be.

When I am for soberness, she gauges distracted mad, And when I am for sorrow, she is all in the air.

She's aye a fair, flagging, &c.

Right well she knew I dearly blee, a dainty dish o' meat, And when I am for sorrow, she is all in the air.

An' if I turn my mouth awry, or chance to shake my head, The gauges o' death will break the bands, and bury a' my care.

That marriage is a paradise, I've often heard folk tell, The first thing that comes to her right, she noes't 'en in my face.

An' she's a'ays dash, dashling, &c.

OUT JOHN!

Out John! Out John! what are you about, John? If you don't say out at once, you make the fol-

Out John! Out John! what are you a-bout, John? If you don't say out at once, you make the fol-

Bon, John! Ban, John! there's another dun, John, John, screech! If the Postman bid him to a-prowl week, at once, John; If he no's leaf in the wind, as he knocked, John, Makes a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are shock'd, John; Out, John, &c.

Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put it in your eye, John, Say your master's not for man to bid you tell a lie, John, Out, John, &c.

Go, John! Go, John! there's.Noddi's knock, I know, John; Tell him that a(yesterday) you sang him high and aw, John; I'll pop out the little door that opens to the stairs, John;

Say you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill, John; Then I think you'd better add that if I miss to-day, John, You're sure I mean to call were next I pass his way, John; Out, John, &c.

Be, John! Be, John! I will tell you why, John, If there is not Grizzelaw at the corner, may I die, John; He will hear of no excuse, I'm sure he'll search the house, John; Regard less how you're stuck in at the inside, John; Out, John, &c.

Go, John! Go, John! a noddi's knock, I know, John; Tell him that a(yesterday) you sang him high and aw, John; I'll pop out the little door that opens to the stairs, John; Out, John, &c.
THE YANKEE BABY-SHOW. J. W. TURNER.

The funniest thing in the world, Came off not long ago; 'Twas here, in this great Yankee land, There was a Baby Show. O, some were fat, and some were lean, And ev'ry kind that grow; In deed, I guess you'd like to've seen The Yankee Baby Show!

The people came from everywhere
To see the wondrous scene;
Young Jonathan, with sweet Keziah,
So verdant and so green.
They said, as sure as they were born,
Whoever they might go,
They never could find so sick a sight
As the Yankee Baby Show.

I'll bet there was an awful squall
Among the little 'uns;
For, when they all began to bawl,
'Twas like the Allies' guns

The thunder of this human tribe
Confused my senses so,
Indeed, I guess you'd have like to've seen
The Yankee Baby Show.

The plumpest one, among the lot,
Of course be off the prize—
Or his daddy did it for him—
Amidst the cheers and cries;
And those rejected mammas all
Who tried so hard, you know,
To get a bouncer, said 'twan't fair—
The Yankee Baby Show.

MAGGY ADAIR.

What's all the world to me? Desert and bare! Maggy won't go with me

To Dundee Fair. There it was deep for Ned, Gave her a ribbon's reel, For which I broke his head, All for... Maggy Adair.

Who made the space-pax shine?
Maggy Adair!
Who'd call nice dumplings mine?
Maggy Adair!
Who when they all were done,
Because I didn't run,
Es' um up every one?
O cruel Maggy Adair!

But now they art cold to me,
False, I declare!
Left me for Timothy,
Maggy Adair!
At the Brown Bear:
Now, in my garden twined,
I'll dangle in the wind;
Oh! no,—I'll change my mind,
So a fig for Maggy Adair.

HE COMES NOT YET.

He comes not yet, and still I wait; Plague take the man, he's always late; I soon shall hate him

I soon shall hate him quite. He said he'd come at last past seven, No doubt it will be near o' lev'; Twas so the other night, 'Twas so the other night.

I'm in a rage, he treats me so,
He cares not if I'm pleased or no,
'tall the same to him;
Oh! if he knew how sad am I,
As each lone hour is passing by,
My eyes with tears grow dim.
I will not love him any more—
Ah! what was that, he's at the door—
Oh, how my heart does beat;

I'll scold him well when he comes in:
No, 'tis not he, 'tis but a din
I heard upon the street.
O lady, where's the dear wings?
Fly swiftly, till the hour that brings
My husband to his wife:
Ah! 'tain he as is at last, and
With joy upon his breast would die!
I love him more than life.
THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BASS SOLO.
Announce.

Come, come, my children, I must see How you can say your A B C; Go get your books, and
hith-er come to me, And I will hear your E F G; Hold up your heads, and
frighten'd don't ye be, While you re-pet to me your L M N O P;....

Come, come, my dar-lings, now let me see How well you know your U X Y & Z.

TRIO.*
First Voice.

A B C D E F G, H I J K L M N O P, Q R S T

Second Voice.

A B C D E F G, H I J K L M N O P, Q R S T

Bass

A B C D E F G, H I J K L M N O P, Don't you be so much alarm'd

U W V, Q R S T U W V,

U W V, Q R S T U W V,

Don't you cry, you shan't be harm'd, Don't you laugh, you rogue, at me; mind, I say, your A B C,

X & Y & Z, oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

X & Y & Z, oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

Else: I will whip you, and send you out of school, For you are a naughty boy, and do not mind my rule.

* The 1st. and 2d. Voices repeat A, B, &c., during the following three verses.
THE SCHOOLMASTER. Continued.

3d. Vers.  (To One.)
Not so, not so, not so, not so, Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra - vo, boy, how
well your task you know.  (To One.)
Not so, not so, not so, stu - pid boy.

(To the Other.)
That's right, ah! my dear - est child, you are your master's joy; Take good care, now, that your books,
On your master fix your looks. If you miss what' er I tell you, And don't say the words I spell you,
Then I shall whip you and beat you all a-round; Si - lence, soft - ly, si - lence, let me not hear a sound.

4th. Vers.  B A B A B; B E B B E; Ba be bi bo bu; Ha re ri bo ru; C A
Ca and C & Ca, A B A B; E B Eb; I B I b; O B Ob;
B A A A; B E Be; B I Bi; B O So; L A B Lab; L E h Leb;
Na ne ni no nu; Sa sa, what d'ye mean you rogue, by twisting off my cue.

5th. Vers.  In it not a cru - el fate, a mas - ter thus to be, Doc'd to touch
such naughty boys, such blin - der - heads as these; Ah! who knows my mis - e - ry, or
half the pains endur'd. While my grief my trou - bles dire, I know can not be cured.

Nothing else but let ters tak - ing, Hat - ing books, and hard words spell - ing; Pens a mak - ing, boys
a shak - ing, Read - ing, writ - ing, scold - ing, fight - ing, Coaxing on the stubborn ones, but
push - ing on the fa - sy; Toils like these are hard en - ough to drive a poor man cra - zy.
**NED AND I.**

____

\[ \text{Allegretto.} \]

Woe Ned and I have glorious times, Going round and round? And won't I lead him

\[ a \text{ rich life? I will—} \text{you may be bound. Ice-cream, mint-ju-} \text{leps, we will have, But} \]

\[ \text{I will take the later; We will, in-deed, go} \text{ here and there. The money does not matter.} \]

\[ \text{I have bank-stock, of value great;} \]
\[ \text{And Ned, the darling honey,} \]
\[ \text{Can go and order what he will,} \]
\[ \text{While I cash down the money.} \]
\[ \text{Throw down the cash most willingly,} \]
\[ \text{No matter what's the charge,} \]
\[ \text{For the quantity can never run out,} \]
\[ \text{It is so very large.} \]
\[ \text{And Ned, besides my heavy purse,} \]
\[ \text{I'll tell you what I've too—} \]
\[ \text{A merry heart, that's always gay,} \]
\[ \text{And both are kind and true—} \]
\[ \text{And besides all that, I've something else—} \]
\[ \text{A wish that I will use;} \]
\[ \text{And submit you must to all my whims,} \]
\[ \text{And don't you dare refuse!} \]

\[ \text{If you subside, you'll find me sweet,} \]
\[ \text{Yes, sweet as any rose;} \]
\[ \text{But if you don't, you regale Ned,} \]
\[ \text{I'll surely pull your nose.} \]
\[ \text{I now propose how you must dress,} \]
\[ \text{With much taste, I do assure;} \]
\[ \text{Always in black, in winter time,} \]
\[ \text{And in summer, while looks pure—} \]
\[ \text{A moustache you must always wear,} \]
\[ \text{For then I do dote on so;} \]
\[ \text{And should you dare to set it off,} \]
\[ \text{Out with you I will not go.} \]
\[ \text{And when you come to Baltimore,} \]
\[ \text{Which soon you surely will,} \]
\[ \text{I'll pay you for past kindness,} \]
\[ \text{If you present your bill.} \]

**THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.**

\[ \text{Once a time old John-ny Bull, Flow in a rag-ing fu-ry, And said that Jon-ny—} \]
\[ \text{than should have No tri- als, sir, by ju-ry: That no e- lections should be held A- cross the} \]
\[ \text{in-ny wa- ters: “And now, said he, “I’ll tax the tea Of all his sons and daughters.”} \]

Then down he sat in early state,
And bluster’d like a grandee,
And in a minute made a tune,
Called "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle dandy"—these are facts—
"Yankee doodle dandy!"
"My son of war, your tea I’ll tax—
"Yankee doodle dandy."

John sent the war from over the sea
With heavy dinner gory;
On land and main, we breathe the strain
John made for his tea-party,
"Yankee doodle—be! be! be!"
"Yankee doodle dandy!"
"We kept the tune, but not the tea,
"Yankee doodle dandy!"

No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy;
And where’s the fair, can’t sing the air
Of "Yankee doodle dandy?"
"Yankee doodle—firm and true—
"Yankee doodle dandy,
"Yankee doodle, doodle doo!"
THE BONNY LAD.

Con dolce maniera.

Young Jamie is a bonny lad, None brother I can see, So trim he wears his

tar-tan plaid, So kind he blinks at me, As kind I blink at him ag'n, My

smiles I din-ta stin, Yet still he gives my bosom pain, He will nae take the hint.

Heuther day a poise brough, Ye favored lasses, of our town,
The rose, and lily too, Advise me if you can,
An emblem, I must own I thought, That I may a' my wishes crown
Might tell him what to do. Upon a modest plan,
I countled low, and smiled again, I'll do my best to gain his love,
My smiles I never stin, My dress shall be in print,
Yet still he gives my bosom pain, And I will ever constant prove,
He will nae take the hint.

CAPT. BELL.

Con brio.

When you took lodgings in my neat first floor, And your regiment first march'd in to town; Be-
fore I had seen your sweet face half an hour, I bent you, my jewel, half a crown.

Captain Bell! Captain Bell! Tis yourself that knows well how to borrow, And you put off the peo-
ple so well, Wit, your call and I'll pay you to-morrow? Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

And when you treated us all to the play, But if a rich widow would lie in your way,
Did not bid you the cash? 'Tis myself, Widow Brady's your man!
And when you asked us to come and drink ale, You shall live at free quarters, with nothing to pay,
My pigleg tay-ye cut the cash, Come, fellow me that if you can,
Captain Bell! Captain Bell! Captain Bell! Captain Bell! Tis better to marry than borrow,
'Tis not for my tay-ye I sorrow, And although you may think you're a swell,
Though I know it is safe mighty well; You must tune your bill, sir, to-morrow,
I beg you'll return it to-morrow, Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

MAIDENS YOUNG AND TENDER.

Con dolcissimamente.

Maidsuns young and ten-der, Take him from me! Never your heart sur-rend-

der,

Never married be! If you wed an old beau, Jealous he will prove;

Grebble me, and scorn you, All by way of love!... So maidens young and ten-
der,

Take a hint from me! Never your heart sur-rend er, Never married be!

If a youth you marry, And, though you weep your eyes out,
You're better not a whit; You'll not get your way;
Your plans will all miscarry, So maidens young and tender,
For he won't submit, Take a hint from me!
Should you marry, he cries out,-- Never your hearts surrender,
'Love, honor, and obey!' Never married be:
Kitty of Coleraine.

As beau-ti-ful Kitty one morn-ing was trip-ping, With a pitch-er of milk, from the
Fair of Coleraine, When she saw me, she stum-bled, the pitch-er it tum-bled, And
all the sweet but-ter-milk wa-ter’d the plain. Oh, what shall I do now, ’twas
look-ing at you, now, Share, shure, such a pitch-er I’ll nev-er meet a-gain; ’Twas
the pride of my dairy, O Barney M’Crea-ry, You’re sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and, before I did leave her,
She vow’d for such pleasure she’d break it again.

’Twas bay-making season, I can’t tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single, ’tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty’s disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The Spider and the Fly.

Will you walk in to my parlour, said a spider to a fly, ’Tis the prettiest lit-tle par-lour that
you ev-er did spy; Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis-
nev-er saw be-fore. Will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis-
ster Fly? Will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis-
ster Fly?

Will you grant me one sweet kiss, said the spider to the fly, To taste your charming lips, I’ve a curios-ity; But if, perchance, our lips should meet, a wager I would lay Of ten to one, you would not often let them come away.

The spider laugh’d, ha, ha, my boy, I’ve caught you at last Will you, &c.

Now all you men take warning by this foolish little fly; For pleasure is the spider’s web—to catch you it will try; And, although you may think that my advice is quite a bore, You’re lost if you stand parleying at the door.

Will you, &c.

Poor Johnny’s Dead. A Catch.

Poor John-ny’s dead, I hear his knell; Bim, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.

The bell doth toll; O, may his soul in heav’n for-ev-er dwell.
"THO' FIFTY, I AM STILL A BEAU."

Moderato.

Tho' fifty, I am still a Beau, My face is smooth and fair: No dandy in his teens can show finer head of hair. My wig, sus-pi-con has defied, I take observers in. For when the curls are comb'd aside, You'd swear you saw the skin! Tho' fifty, I am still a Beau, I'm still, I'm still a Beau.

* Ha Ha Ha Ha! He He He He! I'm still, I'm still a Beau, I'm still, I'm still a Beau!

My sight may fail, but you will never Behold a Beau in space; We've double glasses which we wear Suspended round our necks; Those spectacles proclaim decay, And make men look four-score; But double glasses seem to say, "Near sighted—nothing more."

To modern vocalists alone, I give my word of praise; But never own to having known The stars of other days.

THO' FIFTY, I AM STILL A BEAU.

Andante express.

Time with an eagle wing flies on, And I am left alone; Where are the friends of early youth, Sweet echo answers gone. They married, every one of them, As well as I could wish to do; The years have pass'd, I was a gem.

TO-DAY I'M SIXTY-TWO!

Two I'm at, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am sixty-twelve. I was a gem. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, I am sixty-two. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, I am sixty-twelve.

And now, young men, a word to you, You bachelors of middle age, I've no objection to say "yes." Let me propose to you, a, b, No more delay your wedding-day. If you to "pop" may choose: You'll soon be sixty-two. You'll soon be at, 1, &c.

POOR THOMAS DAY.—A Favorite Catch.

Look, neighbors, look; here lies poor Thomas Day, dead and turn'd to clay.

Does he, sure; what, old Thomas, what, young Thomas, what young Thomas lack, lack a-day.

Poor soul, No, no, Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

* A fashionable dandy laugh.
MY OLD HORSE, JOHN.

The days when I was young, I highly prize among The dearest in life, now old age is creeping on; With joy no words can tell, I now remember well
Riding on my old horse, John. Old horse, John, soon grows weary; His work is now most done; He's slow, but ever sure: I never can endure Parting with my old horse, John.
I now can feel the pride, When taking my first ride, My father did lead, and with one hand held me on; Each time new courage won, I soon could ride alone On my father's old horse, John. Old horse, John, &c.

Dear friends have pass'd away, With age my locks are gray, [high; Old John bows the head that when young he carried He's now my only friend, I'll faithfully attend Ever, and his wants supply. Old horse, John, &c.

JOHN NOTT.

Allegretto.

John Nott, he liv'd on Ludgate hill, (Twas there his trade began,) And, as he kept a lively, Was thought a stable man; Paper, and pens, and ink he sold, And tho' the times might vary, Thro' prudence, in his little shop, He still kept stationery, He still kept stationery;

He was Nott tall, he was not short; He was Nott dark, he was not fair; He was Nott fat, he was not lean, Ye Nott was very spare. His gross amount was very large, And people said indeed, Although John Nott did bear much weight, He always was in-kneed, He always was in-kneed. John Nott, why not, &c.

John Nott, he dearly loved Miss Twist, So did undisturb his love, And vowed, although a milliner, But she was cup-tous, and a dirt, And made John Nott her sport, For as she could love not no man long. She quickly cut Nott short, She quickly cut Nott short. John Nott, why not, &c.

John Nott declared he was undone, (And so he wrote her word,) For a conunplot Nott he hoped To prove, with her ac-cord; Miss Twist, you're frowned around my heart, Whatever may be my lot, Though we're not joined yet, we're a-part, Adieu, forget me Nott, Adieu, forget me Nott. John Nott, why not, &c.

John Nott resolved to put an end To all his mortal battles, And having none with him to chat, He sold off all his chattels; And so, forlorn, his home he sought, And tied a little knot; Twist broke his heart, and twined his neck, And poor John Nott, was not, And poor John Nott, was not. John Nott, why not, &c.
A HUNGRY FOX.

A hungry fox, passing by, Fa la la la la la la la la, Saw some ripe grapes that hung on high; Fa la la la la la la, And, as they hung, appeared to say, In their inviting, quiet way, If you can eat us, sir, you may, Fa la la la la la la.

The fox he tried, and tried in vain, Fa la la la la la la la la. The tempting mouthful to obtain; Fa la la la la la la.

He licked his chops for near an hour, But finding them beyond his power, He went and vowed the grapes were sour! Fa la la la la la la.

“BEWARE, ALL YE MAIDENS.”

Allegro.

Beware, all ye Maids-en, When the old with locks of sil-ver woo; For ‘tis sil-ver wins your mother’s, Tis sparkling eyes that must win you. Then hear the old man tell, “Your mother loves me well.” But whisper to the elf, Then let her marry herself. La, la, la, la.

What then are his treasures? What avail his horses or his gold? In vain he shows his jewels, Never can the heart be bought or sold.

Then hear the old man tell, “Your mother loves me well.” But whisper to the elf, Then let her marry herself. La, la, &c.

EPITAPH ON GUISE. A Catch.

Hers ly - eth Sir John Guise; No one laughs, and no one cries; Where he’s gone, and how he fares, No one knows, and no one cares.
WHY, BLESS HER, LET HER GO.

Moderato.

Some time ago I fell in love With pretty Mary Jane; And I did hope that

Bye-bye, bye-bye She'd love me back again. Alas! my hopes, a dawning bright, Were

All at once made dim; She saw a chap, I don't know where, And fell in love with him.

Next time I went—(now how it was I don't pretend to say)—

But when my chair moved up to hers,

Why, hers would move away.

Before, I always got a kiss,

(I own with some small fuss,)

But now, forsooth, for love or fun,

'Tis non-commas-a-buss.

Well, there we sat, and when we spoke,

Our conversation dwelt

On everything beneath the sun,

Except what most we felt.

Enjoying this delightful mood,

Who then should just step in,

But he, of all the world whom I

Had rather see than him.

And he could sit down by her side;

And she could, all the while

He pressed her hand within his own,

Upon him sweetly smile;

And she could pluck a rose for him,

So fresh and bright and red.

And gave me one which hours before

Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.

And she could freely, gladly sing

The song he did request;

The ones I asked were just the ones

She always did detest.

I rose to leave—she'd be so glad

To have me longer stay?

No doubt of it! No doubt they wept

To see me go away!

I sat down, I thought profound,

This maxim wise I drew;

'Tis easier far to like a girl,

Than make a girl like you.

But, after all, I don't believe

My heart will break with woe;

If she's a mind to love the chap,

Why, bless her, let her go!

BESSIE'S NOSE. B.

My Bes-sie hath a pretty nose, So ev'-ry one doth

say;.... 'Tis quite above the reach of prose, Its beauties to por-

tray.... So I must to the muses fly; They'll aid me to dis-

close... The beauties which I know to lie Conceal'd in Bes-sie's nose...

'Tis chisel'd, as the nov'lists say,

In purest alabaster;

Her ev'ry feature is en fâit,

As if Canova cast her.

But I forget, her lovely nose

Is now my pleasant theme;

The feature which around her throws

True beauty's splendid gleam.

It is, as I have said before,

A pretty little nose;

And though inclined aloft to soar,

Her little temper shou'red.
THE OLD PAUPER'S BURIAL.

Andante.

Bu - ry him there! No mat - ter where! Has - tile him out of the way!

Trouble enough We have with such stuff— Tax - es and mon - ey to pay.

Bury him there! No matter where!
Off in some corner, at last;
No matter for riches;
To mark his old bones;
Nobody'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there! No matter where!

Nons by his death are bereft!

Kitty Clover.

Sweet Kitty Clo - ver, she boh- ter'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!....  FINE.

Sweet Kitty Clo - ver, she boh- ter'd me so, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!.... Her

face is round, and red, and fat, Like pul - pit cushion, or red-der than that, oh!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, oh, oh, oh, oh.
She's three feet tall, and that I prize, oh, oh, oh, oh.
As just a fit sithe for a man of my size;
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh.

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh, oh, oh.
One moonlight night, ah me, awh bliss,

Cash vs. Heart.

Allegretto.

At eve, when the moonlight was shining, And the south wind in whispers a - rose, A youth, by the

Ashley re - clining, Thus pour'd forth its sub-colored woes: "I sigh, and I sigh for the maiden Who

dwells in the depths of your grove; Not the lily, its whiteness arrayed in, So beautiful seems to my love."

And the maiden, she drank in the dust
With keen ear and tremulous heart;
But there dwelt an old man in the city,
And he in her vealings had part;
She answered love's song by another,
To the very same air, but not sweet;
And some sighs, which she could not quite smoother,
Found their way to the youth in the street.

"Ah! me—I confess you are dearest,
But then you can buy nothing dear;
Your voice is the sweetest and clearest,
And I dote on your whiskers and hair.

But then the old man in the city
Has bonds, and bank-notes, and a store
Of treasures both costly and pretty,
And he promises gold with geble.

"With you I procure love by marriage,
But love is poor feeding alone;
With him I have horses and carriage,
With you but a crust and a bone.
He leaves me no time to consider,
Still pressing with tongue and with pen;
But if ever he leaves me a widow,
With his treasures—come sing to me then!"
MISS PATTY DOLLY STOWE.

Moderato con dolce maniera.

There was, in old Con-nect-i-cut, Some for-ty years a-go, A la-dy young and beau-ti-ful,—Miss Pat-ty Dol-ly Stowe. Of na-tur's han-di-work was she As fair a spec-i-men, As ev'er came out of her shop To cap-ti-vate us men.

She had a face as round and red As the rising harvest-moon, And smiles which gleamed as pleasantly As an April sun at noon; And then, a pretty nose and thin, In Cupid's livery dressed— A pair of eyes as bright and black As Day & Martin's best.

Her form was short, but knit With nature's best devices; In frame and shape, in all but length, A Venus de Medici, A pair of arms, full, fat, and plump, With nerve and muscle strong, She'd lift a cask of cider up, And drink out of the bung.

Indeed, she was a great beauty, Though somewhat overdone; If measured by the high Dutch scale, Who note it by the ton: And in these days of silk and lace You will not find, I row, A girl with such substan-tial charms As Patty Dolly Stowe.

But, though she was so comely, Her charms weren't thrown away; She'd wash and knit, and after spin Her forty knots a day: She'd roast a pig right gallantly, And broll a canvass-duck, But, oh! the dish which she could make Out of a head and pluck.

She was no sighing simperer, Miss Patty Dolly Stowe, And, if a man made love to her, She'd answer yes or no: When Abel Crane came courting her, She answered to the point— Without a sigh or blurt she said "Your nose is out of joint!"

And when he turned his face away, To curse his bitter fate, She pinched his arm, and gently said, "She thought he'd better wait": He snapped his fingers, scraped his heel, A kind good morning bid her; And, when a year or two had past, She was a blooming widow.

He waited for a month or two, Then met her at her gate, And asked her if she'd marry him— She said, "You are too late!" But Abel said he'd have her yet— She bid him try again; "He'd have her yet," he said, "as sure As he was Abel Crane."

The second was a tougher lad, And would not die so quick; And full ten years had passed away, When he was taken sick. His ailing was a typhus, and The doctors could not save; So, soon, poor man, she confined him, And bore him to his grave.

And, as she stood in widow's weeds Beside his lonely bier, Young Abel stiffly squeezed her hand, And whispered in her ear; But Dolly, in a husky tone, With sighs and sobbings broken, Returned the gentle squeeze, and said— "Young Daniel Jones has spoken!"

Now, Abel Crane, with grim despair Staring him in the face, Without a sigh or groan, replied— "I don't give up the chase! While Life preserves a single tree, For my Hope to climb; Should Daniel Jones be taken off, I speak for thee next time!"

MY HORSE. A Catch.

T.

My horse has run away, run a-way!...

Is that a fact, sir? say, run a-way!...

Oh yes, my hand-some bay!... my hand-some bay!...
THE USED UP MAN.

[Music notation]

I ain't got no dad,
Nor never had no mother,
No sister I ain't had,
Except an only brother;
And he poor soul is dead,
He died one windy mornin',
'Bout a dozen years ago,
The day that he was born in.
Oh, Ise a used up man, &c.

I spoof when I dies
From Satan I'll be driven,
And have to loaf about
Outside the walls of hell;
With none to take me in,
No friendly voice to greet me,
No one to cheer me up,
And not a soul to treat me.
Oh, Ise a used up man, &c.

When I arrive in town,
I kinder thought I oughter
Parsonise the bar,
So I called for soda water;
But the bar-keeper he wanted,
Says he he's use him up,
So he put his hand over the glass,
And put some poison in my cup.
Oh, Ise a used up man, &c.

Now after I had drank it
I kinder felt so queer,
I kept longing for more brandy,
And felt a burning sensation here:
So I went and drank
Till I got a pretty good load,
But I've come to the sad conclusion
That saltsports will explode.
Oh, Ise a used up man, &c.

I'd get along like a grease
If twas not these old clothes,
These old hat, and these old boots,
And these silly red nose:
Oh, Ise a victim,
Will no one here befriend me?
Take pity on a used up man,
And just a quarter lead me.
Oh, Ise a used up man, &c.

I WOULD NOT BE IN LOVE OR DEBT.

Moderato.

This one request I make of fate, that sits the world above, That I were free from out of debt, as I am out of love; O! then to dance, to drink and sing, I should be very willing: I should not owe one less a kiss, nor he or a knave a shilling.

The only being in love and debt that breaks us of our rest,
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is best;
He sees the golden age, wherein all things are free and common,
His ears, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man or woman.

Though Cymon compassed great wealth, yet he still craved for more;
He was as needy as the wretch that bears from door to door.
Though Giver was a merry man, love ever kept him sad;
He was as far from happiness as one that's raving mad.

Our merchant—he in goods is rich, and full of gold and treasure;
But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought destroys his pleasure:
Our lawyer chuckles mightily o'er his becoming fees,
But love will bring a cunning suit to rob his heart of case.
Our doctor says he shall shake his head o'er all his patient's ill,
And thinks of aches that can't be cur'd by poisons or by pills;
Our poet's case is worse of all, for either plague perplexes him;
For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not which most vexes him.
SLEEPING IN THE CARS.

Allegretto.

The cars were full of passengers, I can't recall the number, For I had just awakened from an unrefreshing slumber, When a lady, who sat facing me, Directly met my eye, But turned away immediately, And smiled—I knew not why.

When youthful folks, who strangers are, Are seated face to face In the silence of a railroad car — A grave and formal place — Their wandering eyes will sometimes meet, By some strange fascination, And they cannot keep their faces straight, Though dying with vexation.

Simpletons there doubtless are, Whose mouths are always stretching, But the guiltless mirth of maidens' eyes And dimpled cheeks is captivating: First she laughed, and then I laughed, I couldn't say what of; Then she looked grave, and I looked grave, And then she laughed at that.

She endeavored to repress her mirth, But couldn't hold it half in, For, with face concealed behind a book, She almost died a laughing. She paused when she found her lips Determined on a smile, But, twas very plain the pretty romp Was laughing all the while.

Thus happily the moments flew To me, at least, of course; Though, when she saw me smiling too, It made the matter worse. And when at last I left the car, I caught her laughing eye, And had one more grim before I tore myself away.

"Mine own" I sought in saddened mood, And with feelings of regret; Those brilliant eyes, I felt assured, I never could forget: And when arrived, a smile in hand, I paused—I can't tell why — Before a mirror on a stand, And gazed with curious eye.

My cravat was turned half round or more, And shocked was I to find That my hat was badly jammed before, And the rim turned up behind! Then while in haste my room I sought, I swore along the stairs That I would not again be caught A snappist in the cars!

BILLY BOY.

Allegretto.

Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy, Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? Have I been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing and can't be taken away.

Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a young thing, &c.

Did she set you a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy, Did she set you a chair, charming Billy? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing, &c.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy, Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy? She can make a cherry pie Quick as a cat can winkle her eye, She's a young thing, &c.

Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy, Is she often seen at church, charming Billy? Yes, she's often seen at church With a bonnet white as birch, She's a young thing, &c.

Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy, Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy? Yes, her eyes are very bright, But alas they're minus sight, She's a young thing, &c.

How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy, How tall is she, charming Billy? She's as tall as any pine, And as straight as a pumpkin vine, She's a young thing, &c.

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy, How old is she, charming Billy? She's three times six, four times seven, Twenty-eight and eleven, She's a young thing, &c.
O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

O dear! what can the matter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be, O dear,

what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair? He promised to bring me a

fairing would please me, And then for a kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me; He

promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear! what can the matter be, Dear! dear, what can the matter be!

O dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair?

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses;
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

PATRICK'S SERENADE.

Och! Bridge, ma-vor-need, joust o- pen the win-der, Abd give me a glimpse av your

boori-ful face; My an- cient du- scene is all burn to a cin-dor, And

boogs are quite thick in this mur- ther-in place, And boogs are quite thick in this mur- ther-ing place.

Sure, Biddy, my girl, it's no joke for a genius
To walk all the day 'nath the botherin' bed,
And then, in the night, serenade a young Vuropean,
Clane up to his knees in the muddy cold sod.

I'm cyn' wid rapture, my jewel of cromes,
And now a lover more willingly howled;
But don't ye let scorn wrinkle up your sweet features,
Because your poor Fiddy has got such a cowlid.

The lightnin' is roarin', the thunder is flashin',
The moon is no bigger than nothin' at all;
And such an outrageous and devilish splashin'
I never did hear, since the days I was small.

Thin open the winer, my queen av affection,
Or, what's as good—piaze open the door;
Nor thraze that you're sure of escapin' detection—
I know ye're awake, by the length av yer shnor!}

ROUND. THREE BLIND MICE.*

Three blind mice, See bow they

run! They all ran after the farm-er's wife: She

cut off their tails with a carv-ing knife. Did ev- er you hear such a
tale in your life A-bout three blind mice!

* This old ditty is found in a curious music book, entitled "Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musick's Melodies," 1690.
I WON'T BE A NUN.

Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I, Should be sent to a Nun-nery to pine away and die; But I won't be a Nun, No, I won't be a Nun; I'm so fond of pleasure that I can not be a Nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done; I love to hear men flattering, love fashionable clothes; But my mother often tells me that I must be a Nun: I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beau's: So I can't be a Nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, no, it would not do for me, So mother don't be angry now, but let your daughter be, For I like to go a shopping, and to see what I can see: For the Nuns would not like to have a novice wild as So I won't be a Nun, &c. And I can't be a Nun, &c. [me;

SONG OF THE VERMONTERS. 1779.

Ho! all to the borders! Ver-mont-ers come down With your breeches of deer-skin, and jack-ets of brown, With your red wool-en caps, and your mo-cas-ins, come To the gath-ering sum-mons of trum-pet and drum.

Come down with your rifles! Let gray wolf and fox Howl on in the chase of their primitive rocks; Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall, Here's a too-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our south come the Dutchmen, enveloped in green, And arming for battle while canting of peace; On our east crafty Moshech has gathered his band, To hang up our leaders and cut out our land.

Ho! all to the rescue! For Satan shall work No gains for the legions of Hampshire and York! They claim our possessions—the pitiful knife—The tribute we pay shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Brok with bribes in their hands, Still seek to divide us and parcel our lands, We've costs for our traitors, whoever they are—The wharf is of feathers, the filling of tar?

Does the "Old Boy State" threaten? Does Congress complain? Swarms Hampshire to arms on our shores again? Bark the war-logs of Britain aloud on the lake? Let'em come—what they can are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth Is comfort, contentment, and labor and health, And lands, which as freemen we only have trow, Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne; Our ruler is law, and the law is our own. Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men, Who can handle the sword, or the seythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters are fair, With their blue eyes of smiles, and their light flowing hair! Ho! all to the rescue! Vermonters come down!

All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall, Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the hussking and ball!

We've sheep on the hill-sides, we've cows on the plain, And gay-tasseled corn-fields, and rank growing grain; There are deer on the mountains, and wood-pigeons fly From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers which take Their course from our hills to our broad bosom'd lake; Through rock-arch'd Winniack the salmon leaps free, And the pretty shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sun-beam the pickerel glides through his pool; And the spotted trout leaps where the waters are cool, Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains which awfully rise, Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies; And ours are the forests, unwasted, unshorn, Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

Though savage and wild be this climate of ours, And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers, Far dearer the blast round our mountain which raves, Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slavers.

Hurrah for Vermont! for the land which we till Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill; Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows, And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Michicouc's wild valley, to where Pootoosneck steals down from his wood-circle hair, From Shockticoock river to Lutterlock town—
Bill Blarney was a chub-by lad, Who liv'd in Gar-den Green, Ap- prenticed to the turn-er's trade When he was sev- en- teen. But soon His mas- ter's pre- cepts cold, The youth be-gan to scoff; And turning out a way-ward child, His mas- ter turn'd him off.

And turn-ing down a nar- row lane He saw, just come from town, The prettiest girl, who turned his brain, Dressed in her satin gown. Said she, "My fair, my mas- ter calls, And scolds me night and morn, And now I'm going to catch- ing whales, And sail around the Horn."

And when he saw her tears let loose, He turned a little pale, To think while on a whal- ing cruise How she would weep and wail. She tried to speak, he tried to smile, But words were stum- bered out; And then she blubbered such a while, It made poor Billy spout.

At last he turned and went away To sail the briny deep, Where porpoises and dolphins play, And scaley monsters sleep.

Two years or more had rolled around, When to her native land The ship came home safe and sound, And anchored near the strand.

Then Billy soon the truth did know, His fair one proved a flirt; Had shifted for another boat, And given him the shirt.

Quoth he, with mind and heart at ease, "She's nothing in my eye; And she may swim where she doth please,— A fish of little fear."

"This is a turning world," he said, "That daily turns and round, And we are turned, he said, and upside down."

And Billy wooed another maid, Who soon became his wife, And working at the turner's trade He led a happy life.

Lord Loveil.

Lord Loveil, he stood at his cas-tle gate, A comb'ing his milk-white steed; When a-long came Lady Nan- cy Bell, A wish-ing her lov'er good speed.

"Oh, where are you going?" lady Nancy she said, "Oh, where are you going?" said he; I'm going, my dear lady Nancy Bell, Strange countries for to see—see—see.

"Oh, when will you be back?" she says, "Oh, when will you be back?" says she. "In a year or two, or three at the most, I'll return to your fair body—dy—dy."

He had not been gone but a year and a day, Strange countries for to see, Lady Nancy Bell he would see—see—see, Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

He rode, he rode upon his white steed Till he came to London town; And there he heard St. Tarnie's bell, And the people all mourning round—round—round, And the people all mourning round.

Is anybody dead?" Lord Loveil he said, Is anybody dead?" says he; "A lord's daughter's dead," a lady replied, "And some call her lady Nancy—cy—cy, And some call her lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith, And the shroud to be folded down, And there he kissed her clay-cold lips, Till the tears came trickling down—down—down.

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be to-day, Lord Loveil he died to-morrow; And out of her bosom there grew a red rose, And out of Lord Loveil's a briar—rar—rar, And out of Lord Loveil's a briar.

They grew, and they grew till they reached the church And there they couldn't grow any higher; [top, And there they entwined in a true lover's knot, Which true lovers always admire—rire—rire, Which true lovers always admire.
LIVE-LEGGED TABLES.

Hey! the world goes on improving, really, at an awful rate; Now we're got to table moving. Quite absurd, it seems, to state. People sitting round a table,

Haves combined upon it lay; Presently, unless they fail, It begins to spin away.

If mesmeric power is in you, And sufficient force of will, You can cause it to continue, Disconnected, spinning still. Am I sleeping, am I waking? In my boots or in my bed? Walking on my heels, or making Progress with inverted head?

All discoveries this surpasses, Which of marvel are a theme, None will now remark, but asso, "Wonderful invention, steam!"

What will it lead to? that's a question To be pondered on—became It concerns our digestion, Which must rather give us pause.

At our dinner whilst we're sitting, With viands imbued, Suddenly the board may, siting, Walk away with all our food. Headless of our prayer to tarry, It may start, deifying chase, Out of window, fly and carry Our provisions into space.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and came o' decent people, His built a church in Dublin town, and upon it put a steeple; His mother was a Caliga, his father was a Brady, His sister was an O'Higgins, and his brother an O'Grahy. Och! Success attend St. Patrick's fist, for he's the decent

stint, O, He gave the dogs and toads a twist, He's a beanty with out paint, O!

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Howth too; But I know a hill that's twice as high, and taller than them both, too.

Twas on the top of that high mount where St. Patrick preached his sermon; He made the frogs jump through the dogs, and he banished all the varmint.

Och! Success attend St. Patrick's fist, &c.

No wonder that we Irish boys should be so gay and frisky, For St. Patrick taught the happy knack of drinking of the whiskey, Twa he that brewed the best o' malt, and understood distilling, For his mother kept a shebeen shop, it the town of Inniskillen.

Och! Success attend St. Patrick's fist, &c.

Then should I be so fortunate as to go back to Munster, Och! I'll be bound that from that ground again I ne'er would once stir. Twa there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty o' the prairies, With pike salmon, a prah mather, and better milk and ladies.

Och! Success attend St. Patrick's fist, &c.
On a discovery north about, For many years had ventured Jack, But no discoveries he found out, But no discoveries he found out Like those he made when he came back. His wife when first he went to sea Hung out no lights the flats to trap, His wife when first he went to sea Hung out no lights the flats to trap, But neat and modest garments wore. Round Robin tuck-er, round Robin tuck-er, round Robin tuck-er, and close cap.

Exposed no beauty but her face, So closely all her tags were curled; When he came home, she'd not a grace But was exposed to all the world: But what 'bove everything beside, Did Jack most furiously displease, No pockets did she wear to hide Her pincushion, wipe, and bunch of keys. Round Robin tucker, &c.

Thus harum-scarum would she fling Her gear, at random, without rule; Her handkerchief, crammed in a thing, The woman call a Ridicule: As to the Ridicule, Jack said, He wished each girl such things who chose Might have the snuffles in her head, No mucktinker to blow her nose. Round Robin tucker, &c.

I tell you what, Poll, I'll be kind, If you'll but change your course, cried Jack; When vessels went fore the wind, We made 'em try upon a tack: Dowsed your faltahs, take up and mend, With all this stuff and nonsense part; So every one will be your friend, And you'll secure a constant heart. Round Robin tucker, &c.

Poll took the hint, reeded in her sails, No modest quaker half so prim, And with her Jack weathered life's gales, He true to her, she true to him. For faithful love gave up her pranks; Soon set a fashion not quite common; Gained of each worthy wife the thanks; And Jack discovered—a good woman. Round Robin tucker, &c.

She's not what fancy painted her; I'm sadly taken in;.... If some one else had won her, I should not have earned a pin.... I thought that she was mild and good, As maiden e'er could be;.... I wonder how she e'er could have so much humbugged me.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks, That on her shoulders fall; What would they say to see the box In which she keeps them all? Her taper fingers, it is true, Are difficult to match. What would they say if they but knew How terribly they scratch!
FAL LAL LA.

Andante.

A Shep'erd, wand'ring in a grove, Fal lal la la lal la la, Who ne'er had known the force of Love, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la, Who ne'er had known the force of Love, Saw through the glade a beau- teous fair, With ro- sy cheek, and grace-ful air, lal la la lal la la lal la la la la.

Her form was lovely as the morn, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la. With flow'rs her hair she did adorn, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la. With flow'rs her hair she did adorn, And sweetly sung with merry glee. What shep'herd saw will fancy me, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la la la.

Young Damon long'd to answer, I! Fal lal la la lal la lal la la. But fear repress'd the fond reply, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la. But fear repress'd the fond reply, Though still she sung, with sportive glee. What shep'herd now will fancy me. Fal lal la la lal la lal la la la la.

At length she saw the youthful swain, Fal lal la la lal la lal la la. And swiftly sought the path to gain; Fal lal la la lal la lal la la la. And swiftly sought the path to gain; But bolder grown, he caught the maid, And with his love her merit repaid. Fal lal la la lal la lal la la la la.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Marcato.

Of parts of speech, grammarians say, The num- ber is but nine... Whether we speak of men or things, Hear, see, smell, feel, or dine. At first we'll speak of that call'd noun, Be- cause on it are found-ed All the i-deas that we receive, And prin-ci-pals are grounded.

A noun is the name of anything, Of person, place, or nation; As man, and tree, and all we see That stand still or have motion. The articles are A and The, By which these nouns we limit; A tree, the man, a pot, the pan, A spoon with which to skim it.

The adjective then tells the kind Of everything called noun; Good boys or bad, girls glad or sad, A large or a small the town. The nouns can also agents be, And verbs express their actions; Boys run and walk, girls laugh and talk, Read, write, tell whole or fractions.

To modify those verbs again, The adverb fits most neatly;

As James correctly always writes, As Jane she sings so sweetly. The pronoun shortens what we say, And takes the place of names, With I, thou, he, she, we, you, they, Where sentences we frame.

Conjunctions next we bring to join These sentences together; As John and James may go to town, If it should prove good weather. With nouns and pronouns we have need To use the preposition; Which set before or placed between, Expresses their position.

The interjection helps to express Our joy and sorrow too; As when we shout hurrah! or cry. Alas! what shall we do?
BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

Moderato.

'Twas on a win-dy night, At two o'clock in the morning, An Irish lad so tight, All wind and weath-er scorn-ing, At Ju-dy Callaghan's door, Sit-ting up on the palings, His love-tale he did pour, And this was part of his wall-ings:

Oh list to what I say, Charms you've got like Venns; Own your love you may, There's only the wall between us. You lay fast asleep, Snug in bed and snoring, Round the house I creep, Your hard heart imploring. Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, I've got a sty to sleep 'em, A calf and a brindled cow, And got a cabin to keep 'em; Sunday hose and coat, An old gray mare to ride on, Saddle and bridle to boot, Which you may ride astride on. Only say, &c.

I've got an old tom cat, Thro' one eye he's staring; I've got a Sunday hat, Little the worse for wear ing. I've got some gooseberry wine, The trees had got no riper on; I've got a fiddle fine, Which only wants a piper on. Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it set with pears; I've got of baccy a pound, And got some tea for the ladies. I've got the ring to wed, Some whiskey to make us gaily, A mattress feather bed, And a handsome new Shilelagh. Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye, You've got some spelling and reading; You've got and so have I A taste for gentle breeding. You're rich, and fair, and young, As everybody's knowing, You've got a decent tongue, Whene'er 'tis set a going. Only say, &c.

For a wife till death, I am willing to take ye; But ooh! I waste my breath, The devil himself can't wake ye. 'Tis just beginning to rain, So I'll get under cover; I'll come to-morrow again, And be your constant lover. Only say, &c.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Scherando.

Sit-ting in a corner, On a Sun-day eye, With a ta-per finger Rest-ing on your sleeve;

Starlight eyes are casting On your face their light, Bless me! this is pleasant, Sparking on a Sun-day night!

How your heart is thumping Gainst your Sun-day vest, How wickedly 'ts working, On this day of rest! Hours seem but minutes, As they take their flight; Bless me! ain't this pleasant, Sparking on a Sun-day night, Dad and marm are sleeping In their peaceful bed, Dreaming of the things The folk in meeting said; "Love ye one another?" Ministers recite; Bless me! don't we do it, Sparking on a Sun-day night? One arm with gentle pressure Lingers round her waist; You squeeze her dimpled hand, Her pouting lips you taste;

She freely slips your face, But more in love than spit; Thunder! ain't it pleasant Sparking Sunday night? But hark! the clock is striking! It's two o'clock I sum; Sure as I'm a sinner, Th' time to go has come! You ask in peevish accents If that old clock is right? And wonder if it ever Spark'd on a Sunday night? One two three sweet kisses, Four five six—you hook; But, thinking that you rob her, Put back those you took; Then, as for home you hurry From the fair one's sight, Don't you wish each Day was only Sun-day night?
BOSTON GALS.

Allegretto.

White folks I come from Arkansas, To see the sites that can be saw; But none of them wid de bosom swell Can come up to de Boston Gals.

CHORUS.

Boston Gals, wid pretty faces, War dar dresses trim'd wid laces;

Boston Gals, wid pretty faces, War dar dresses trim'd wid laces;

Boston Gals, wid pretty faces, War dar dresses trim'd wid laces;

An' alee small, an waist so slender, Ah ha ha good-bye John.

An' alee small, an waist so slender, Ah ha ha good-bye John.

An' alee small, an waist so slender, Ah ha ha good-bye John.

De Boston gals, de little wizens,
Way day go lookin' for fixens,
Winkins at de counter hoppers,
While day change dar silver coppers.
Boston gals, &c.

De Charleston' gals, dey dress so bold,
Dey cross de bridge, an pay no toll;
An for de want of nair' s mussel
Dey war a double breasted bussel.
Boston gals, &c.

De Charleston' gals is in a passion,
De Boston gals gai a new fashion;
Little cloaks, dey call dem Josephs,
An little mouth, an little noses.
Boston gals, &c.

De ole dose he did rare an pitch,
He nock de neger in de ditch;
She got up in a devil or a flitter,
De ole dose he did rare an pitch;
Boston gals, &c.

As I was comin' down de street,
A pretty gal I chance to meet;
I stroll'd wid her, an had some talk,
Her ole heel ruberd de hole sidewalk.
Boston gals, &c.

I ask her had she seen ole Jim?
De neger wench begun to grin;
Says I, "ole gal you better start;"
She run her heel in a truckman cart.
Boston gals, &c.

De ole dose he did rare an pitch,
She walk six rod wid her heel in de gutter.
Boston gals, &c.

ROUND. OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

O - ver hill, O - ver dale, Through the bush, through the brier;

O - ver park, O - ver pale, Through the flood, through the fire.
"SPIVVINS."

Did you ever hear tell of old "Spivvin's"? I saw him one time in the ring; The old fellow had many bad failings, Such as tumbling, and drinking "gin-slings!"

Mark and I took a trip to the "circus,"
To see the old clown do his best;
And while we were there, we saw "Spivvin's,"
I'll bet he was clean "up and drest."

The old clown at first didn't know him,
But a glance or two more made him right;
Why, said he, "O that, sir, that's Spivvin's!"
Mark and I both remember the night.

Why, said he, &c.

THE COMET.

With every day, I've heard people say, There's something new starts in the marvelous way; Cork Legs, and Steam Arms, no doubt have their charms, But the tale that I sing of with wonderment swarms!

It's the tail of the fiery Com- et! This gay roving Spark of a Com-et! Once near it, you'll never get from it; You're book'd for a tenant en-tail!

Oh! this wonder-ful, won-der-ful Com-et! Whist! went the Com-et's long tail!

Some Sages declare it was known to appear Some centuries back, and that people could hear The Planets one night, all striking a light; When they saw it jump out of the tinder-box bright, And the stars scamper after the Comet!

She's a wonderful, &c.

Not long after this, some folks heard a hiss, And what do you really suppose was amiss? This comical Spark snuff'd the Sun for a lark, And left the whole world fifty years in the dark; What glorious fun for the Comet!

The Stars all made love to the Comet; They none of 'em would be kept from it, And Thirty-six days hung to his tail.

She's a wonderful, &c.

The planets agreed to slacken his speed, If nothing else would his rash progress impede, With a tenpenny nail, to fasten his tail; But the light-locked Comet soon gave 'em leg-bail:

Ha! ha! says the saucy young Comet, By Jingo! I'm very well from it; Only think of a handsome young Comet, With a tenpenny snick in his tail!

Oh! this wonderful, &c.

No sooner got clear of his foes in the rear, Than he vow'd that he'd live in the earth for a year; Of course he forgot his tail was so hot, That the fish in the sea were all boiled in a lot;

Oh! what a convenient tail.

He eat 'til it gave him a vomit, For he vow'd there was no getting from it; Oh! this wonderful, &c.

At last he found out while roving about, The' other couldn't 'existing, things off put him out, So he didn't bewail, when telling his tail, He'd resolved in the Aeriel-ship to set sail. I shall take a trip home, says the Comet, For I think I've been long enough from it. So there was an end of the Comet, And here is an end of the tail. (talu.)

Oh! this wonderful, &c.
I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

Allegretto.

It is but seldom that I sing, I hear so many mew Among the beans, but

now I'll try, I've nothing else to do. nothing else, nothing else, I've

nothing else to do, nothing else, nothing else, I've nothing else to do.

Some ladies are called cruel things,
By men who've try'd to woo;
Three years or so before they'd say,
We've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

But I, more fortunate, resist
Their soft and tender love;
I turn my back and laugh aloud,
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

I've have bears who often call
To beg a smile or two;
Tis then I turn and shed a tear,
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

Some ask me if I would them love,
If they'd to me be true;
Oh, yes I say, most certainly,
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

I'm often ask'd to take a walk,
In arm and arm with two;
I laugh to hear each press his love,
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

There's beans who have not common sense,
But brass enough to see;
Such are the ones I love to tease,
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

I've been so plagued with these poor things,
I wish there was but few;
I'd turn them off at once, and sing
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

But ah there's one, should he but come
And press his love so true,
I'd marry straight, I would not wait;
I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else, &c.

HE'S ALWAYS JUST THE SAME.

Barlando.

Let others speak just as they will, I speak for truth, not fame; I do not like the

man at all Whose's "always just the same." Who ped-dies out each word by weight, Whose

nerves are always cool, Who has a kind of measured gait, Whose pulse e'er beat by rule.

Upon whose unexpressive face
You note the self same look,
Though gazung on Niagara,
Or on the babbling brook.
I like a share of mountain-tops,
And then a share of plains;
And like a share of drifting snows,
And then a share of rains.

I like a share of thunder-casts,
And then a share of calms;
I like to see them meet and sleep
Within each other's arms.
I think I like most everything
Which from old Nature came,
But do not like that man at all
"Who's "always just the same."

A. B. KISSLER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, BOSTON.