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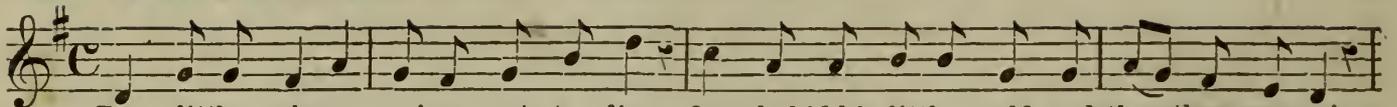
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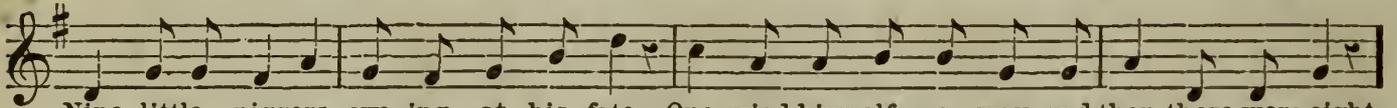
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616

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Ten little niggers going out to dine, One chok'd his little self, and then there were nine;
Eight little niggers slept until e - leven, One o - ver slept himself and then there were seven;

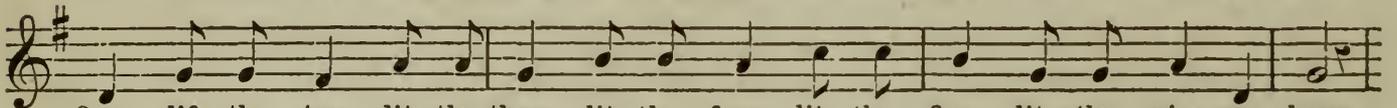


Nine little niggers cry - ing at his fate, One cried himself a - way, and then there were eight.
Seven little niggers cutting up sticks, One chopp'd himself in halves; And then there were six.

CHORUS.

Last Verse.

One lit - tle, two lit tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle, nig - gers more:



One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle nig - ger boys,



Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - ger boys.
Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle nig - gers more.

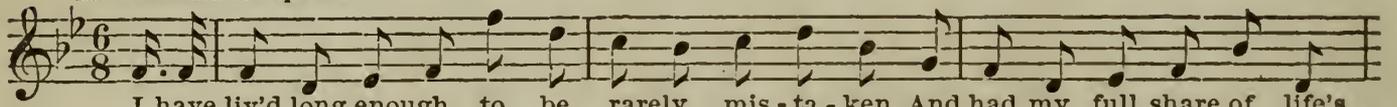
Six little niggers playing with a hive.
A Bumble bee kill'd one, and then there were five;
Five little niggers going in for law,
One got in chancery then there were four.

Four little niggers going out to sea, [three;
A red herring swallow'd one, and then there were
Three little niggers walking in the Zoo,
A big bear cuddled one, and then there were two.

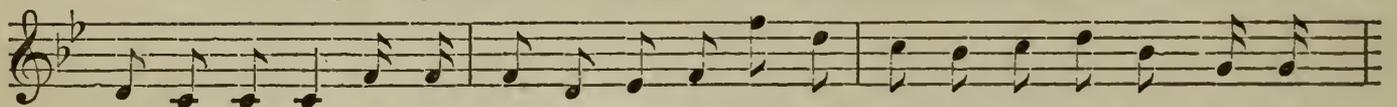
Two little niggers sitting in the sun,
One got frizzled up, and then there was one;
One little nigger living all alone,
He got married, and then there were none.

One little nigger with his little wife,
Liv'd all his days a happy little life;
One little couple dwelling by the shore
Soon raised a family of ten niggers more.

BACON AND GREENS.

Moderato ma con spirito.

I have liv'd long enough to be rarely mis - ta - ken, And had my full share of life's



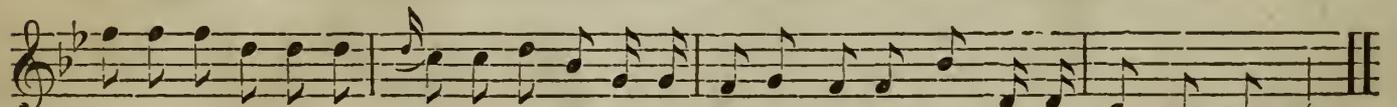
changa - ble scenes; But my woes have been solaced by 'good greens and ba - con, And my



joys have been doubled by ba - con and greens. What a thrill of re - mem - brance e'en



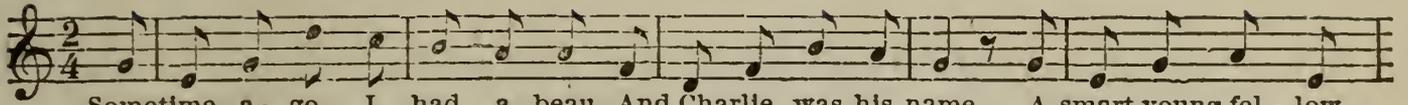
now they a - wa - ken, Of childhood's gay morning, And youth's sun - ny scenes; When, one



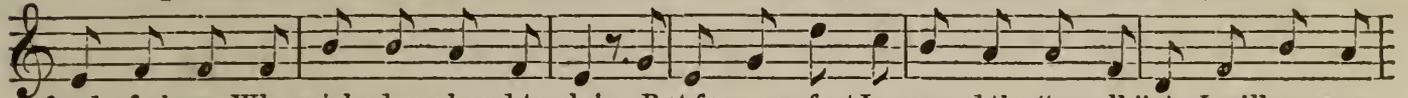
day we had greens and a plateful of bacon, And the next we had bacon and a plateful of greens.

Oh! how well I remember when sad and forsaken,
Heartwring by the scorn of a Miss in her teens;
How I fled from her sight to my lov'd greens and bacon,
And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.
When the banks refus'd specie, and credit was shaken,
I shar'd in the wreck, and was ruin'd in means;
My friends all declar'd I had not sav'd my bacon,
But I liv'd, for I still had my bacon and greens.

If a fairy a grant of three wishes could make one
So worthless as I, and so laden with sins,
I'd wish all the greens in the world. — then the bacon,
And then wish for a little more bacon and greens.
Oh! there is a charm in this dish rightly taken,
That from custards and jellies an epicure weans;
Stick your fork in the fat, wrap your greens round the bacon
And you'll vow there's no dish like good bacon and greens.



Sometime a - go I had a beau, And Charlie was his name, A smart young fel - low,
One moment still, he could not rest; He'd pass whole nights and days In drinking Mad - am
He promised me of times a score, That he the pledge would take. But acted just like



fond of show, Who wished my hand to claim. But from my feet I spurned the "swell," As I will now ex -
Cliquot's best, And smoking "Henry Clay's;" Then when to bed he'd homeward go with wild disorder'd
many more, And soon his word did break, Yes, if for one-half day complete, From drink he would ab -



plain; Although he liked me very well, He better lov'd Champagne! For Champagne Charlie was his
brain, He'd lay it to his studies, Though I knew 'twas to Champagne!
stain, He'd go and "res-o - lu - tion" treat to his rever'd Champagne!



name, Champagne Charlie was his name, Al - ways kicking up a frightful noise,



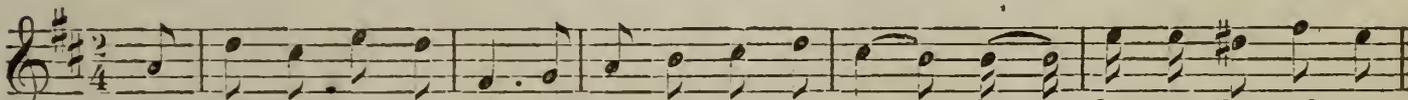
Always kicking up a frightful noise, Champagne Charlie was his name, Champagne Charlie was his



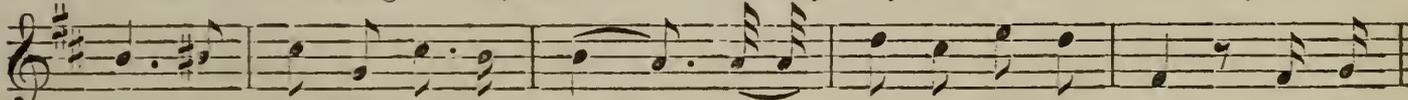
name, Kick - ing up a noise at night, boys, And always read - y for a spree,

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY.

By permission of WM. POND, & CO.



1. The sweet-est thing in life, And no one dare say nay, On a Sat - ur - day af - ter -

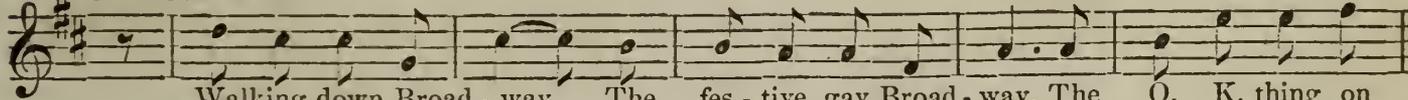


noon, Is walking down Broad - way. My sis - ters, thro' the Park And at

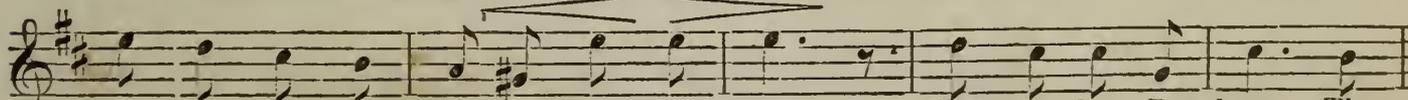


Long Branch wish to stay, But I pre - fer to walk down the fes - tive gay Broadway.

CHORUS.



Walking down Broad - way, The fes - tive, gay Broad - way, The O. K. thing on



Sat - ur - day, Is walking down Broad - way, Walk - ing down Broadway, The



fes - tive, gay Broad - way, The O. K. thing on Sat - ur - day, Is walking down Broadway.

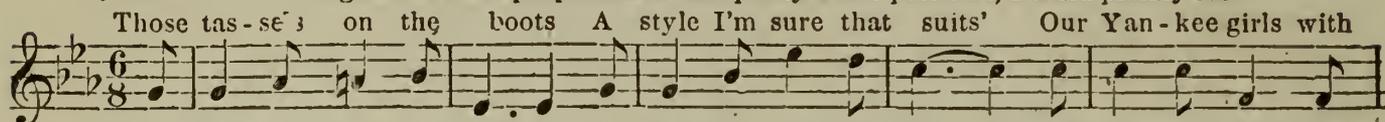
2 Last Wednesday afternoon,
My cousin Will did say,
Nellie, come along with me,
I'll take you down Broadway ;
To the Theatre Comique.
To see Captain Jinks so gay,
Then we'll dine at Delmonico's
'Fore returning down Broadway.

"THOSE TASSELS ON THE BOOTS."

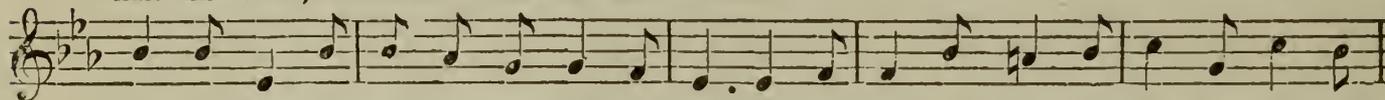
CHORUS. *moderato.*

FRANK COOPER.

Spoken. — Yes! through those little peep-holes in that pretty white petticoat, I could plainly see —



Those tas - se : s on the boots A style I'm sure that suits' Our Yan - kee girls with
 'Twas at a fan - cy ball I met my charmer fair . . . 'Midst waltzing swells and
 hair in cnrls, Those tas - sels on the boots.



dashing belles, The pret - ti - est dancer there, I watched her while the mu - sic played the



lat - est waltz of Coot's, And fell in love, no, not with her, With the tassels on her boots, Oh! yes.

I watched her up the stairs,
 Where we to supper went,
 Upon those tassels on her boots,
 My soul was so intent;
 They asked me to propose a health,
 Said I, "Here's one that suits,
 So fill your glasses up, and drink
 To the tassels on the boots."

SPOKEN. — [I meant to drink the ladies' healths, but I
 could think of nothing, but —]
 Those tassels on the boots, &c.

I asked this girl, "if I
 Might call;" she said, "You may;
 But tell me why you gaze upon
 The ground in such a way?
 You're sad, perhaps, for life is full
 Of very bitter fruits;"

"Oh, no!" I said, "I'm looking at
 Those tassels on your boots."

SPOKEN. — [What is a more lovely sight when you
 walk down Washington Street, than to look
 at—]

Those tassels on the boots, &c.

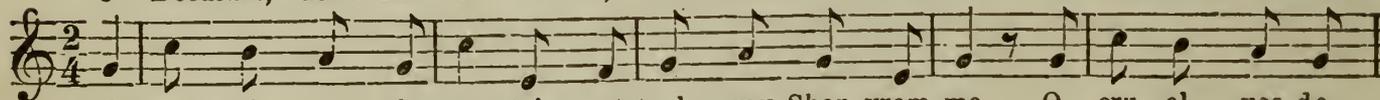
I called on her next day,
 And Cupid's cruel shoots,
 Soon made me throw myself before
 Those tassels on the boots;
 Now, when we're married, and we have got
 A lot of little toots,
 I'll make them, whether boys or girls,
 Wear tassels on their boots.

SPOKEN. — [If I were to have fifty children, they should
 every single one wear those pretty, pretty,]
 Those tassels on the boots, &c.

CRUELTY TO JOHNNY.

CHORUS.

O Deedlum, deed - lum di do di, Deedlum, deed - lum de di, Deedlum deedlum



O cru - el vos de cap - tain vot took my Shon vrom me, O cru - el vos de
 O cru - el ish de vin - ter vot now's a com - in' on, O cru - el ish de

do.



ship vot took him oer de sea, O cru - el vos de fust mate vot sends him up a -
 viskey punch vot isn't too quite strong enough, O cru - el ish de rain ven he valls down uf dem



loft; Und cru - el vos de can - non - ball vot shoot my Shon's legs off.
 skies, Und cru - eler vos de cap - tain's fist ven he knock his left eye outer.

Cruel vos de ouer ven I did leave mine home,
 Cruel vos de vind ven he blowed an orful storm,
 Cruel vos de ship vot rise to sink no more,
 Und crueler vos de piece of soap vot vouldn't vash my
 Shen ashore.

SPOKEN. — [Vasn't it, Shonny?
 I baet you, Leesy. Give 'em de koris.]

CHORUS.

Cruel is de cold vedder vos now a comin' on,
 Cruel ish de ahms-house man vot knows us two so long
 enough,
 Crueler ish de policemens, und crueler ish de laws,
 Und crueler you will be, mine vrens, uf you don't give
 us some applause.

SPOKEN. — [I'ent it, Leesy?
 Sartinlee, Shonny.]

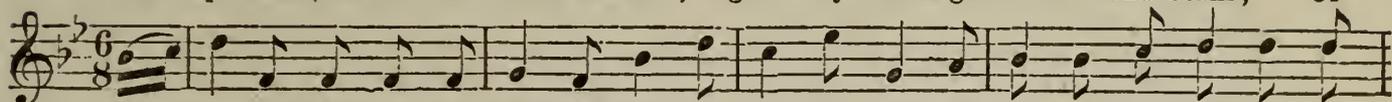
Vell, den, Leesy, de best ting is to give 'em de koris.]

CHORUS.

CAPTAIN JINKS.

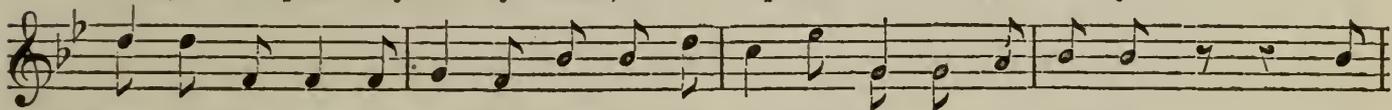
CHORUS.

I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I give my horses good corn and beans; Of

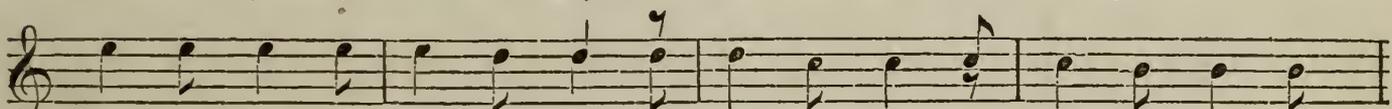


I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I oft - en live beyond my means; I

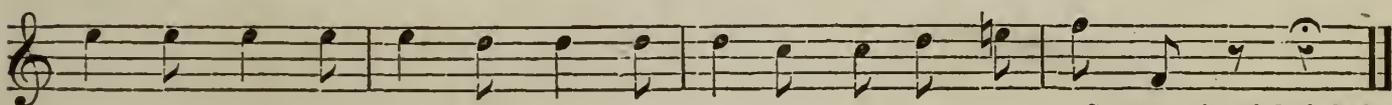
I joined my corps when twenty - one; Of course, I thought it cap - i - tal fun; When the course, 'tis quite beyond my means, Tho' a Captain in the army.



sport young ladies in their teens, To cut a swell in the army. I
en - e - my came, then off I ran; I was - 'nt cut out for the army. When



teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance, how to dance, I
I left home Ma - ma she cried, Ma - ma she cried, Ma - ma she cried, When



teach young la - dies how to dance, For I'm their pet in the ar - my. I
I left home, ma - ma she cried, "He an't cut out for the ar - my.

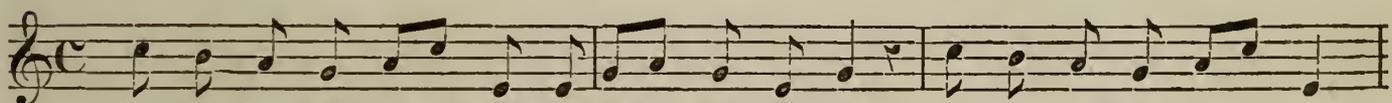
SPOKEN. "Ha! ha! ha!",
SPOKEN. "No; she thought I was too young; but then, I said, Ah! mamma."

The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle-sound made me quite ill;
At the balance-step, my hat it fell,
And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout;
They all cried out, they all did shout;
The officers they all did shout,
"Oh! that's the cure for the army."

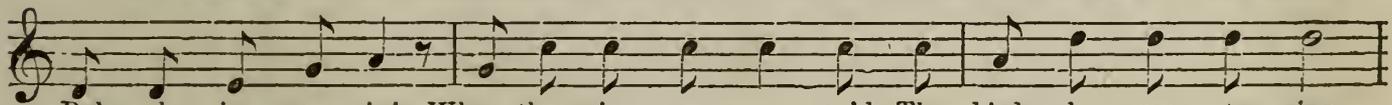
My tailor's bills came in so fast,
Forc'd me one day to leave at last;
And ladies too no more did cast
Sheep's-eyes at me in the army.
My creditors at me did shout,
At me did shout, at me did shout;
My creditors at me did shout,
"Why, kick him out of the army."

SPOKEN. — Of course, my hat did fall off; but ah! nevertheless. CHORUS. SPOKEN. — I said, "Ah! gentlemen; ah! kick me out of the army! Perhaps you are not aware that —" CHORUS.

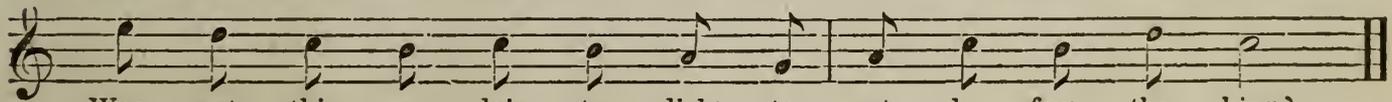
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.



Sing a Song of Six - pence, A bag full of rye; Four-and-twenty black - birds
The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money; The Queen was in the parlor,

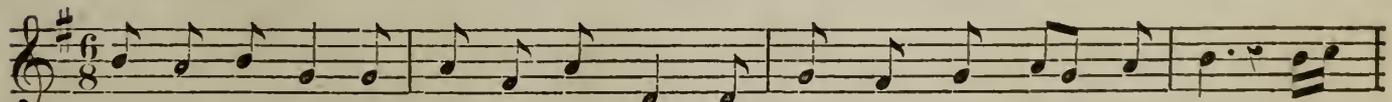


Bak - ed in a pie! When the pie was o - pen'd, The birds be - gan to sing:
Eat - ing bread and honey. The Maid was in the gar - den Hanging out the clothes;

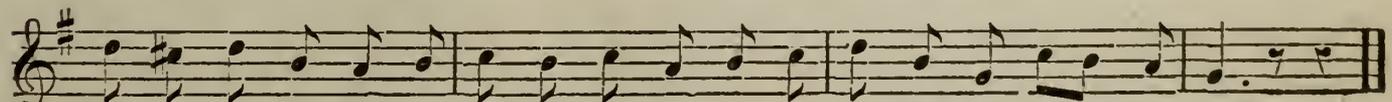


Was not this a dain - ty dish to set be - fore the king?
There came a lit - tle black - bird, And snapped off her nose.

LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN THE CORNER.



Lit - tle Jack Horner sat in the cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christmas pie; He



put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plum, and said, "What a good boy am I!"

PESKY IKE.

Allegretto Moderato.

I once went walk - ing out at night, All in the fields, in summer time, — The
 moon and the stars were shin - ing bright, All na - ture looked sub - lime. I
 kind - er felt all o - ver like; — Well, I can't tell ex - act - ly how, When
 who should I see but Pes - ky Ike, A look - in' at me like mad, I vow!

I kinder took no sort of heed,
 When up he hitch'd agin' my side —
 He was goin' to say something soft, I see'd,
 So guess'd I let him bide.
 Says he, "Now, Milly, I love you, dear!"
 Says I, "Why, Ike, I want to know?"
 Says he, "With a smile my bosom cheer!"
 Says I, "Well, there's a grin — now go!"

I kinder thought as how he'd clear
 Right straight away — but there he stood; —
 Says he, "Milly, don't be cruel, dear!
 To be nigh you does me good."
 I guess he must ha' felt right bad,
 For he said my lips could make him well;
 And, just as I was gettin' right mad,
 If he didn't — well, 'tain't no use to tell.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Con spirito.

In good King Charlle's gol - den days When loyalty no harm meant, A zeal - ous high - church -
 man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To teach my flock, I nev - er miss'd Kings
 were by God ap - point - ted, And lost all those that dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's a -
 noint - ed. And this is law that I'll maintain un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That
 what - so - - ev - er King shall reign, I'll still be Vicar of Bray, Sir

When royal James possess'd the crown,
 And Popery came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution;
 And I had been a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance.
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

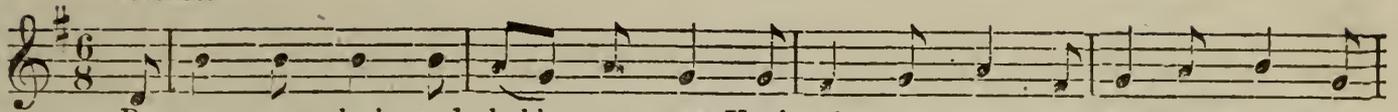
When royal Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:

Occasional conformists base,
 I blam'd their moderation;
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, sir,
 My principles I chang'd once more,
 And I became a Whig, sir;
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 From our new faith's-defender;
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To them I do allegiance swear —
 While they can hold possession;
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be, —
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law, &c.

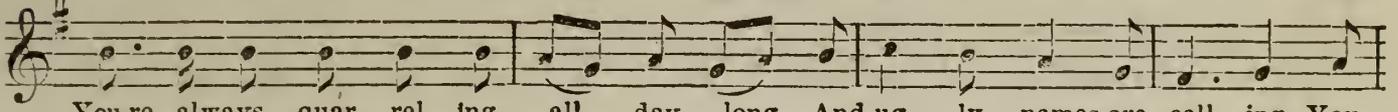
Vivace.



Do cease your clack and hold your tongue, You're al - ways tease - ing, squaling, bawling.

SHE.

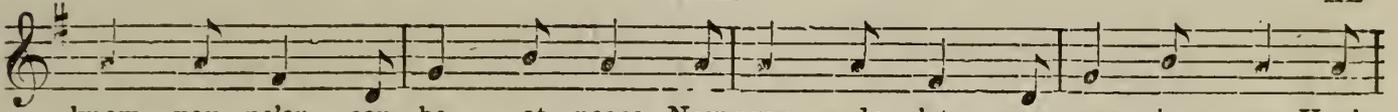
HE.



You're always quar - rel - ing all day long, And ug - ly names are call - ing. You

SHE.

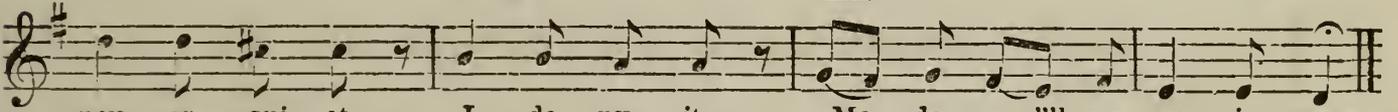
HE



know you ne'er can be at peace. Now pray do let your pas - sions cease. You're

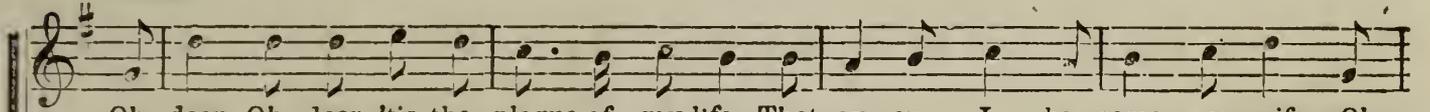
SHE.

HE.



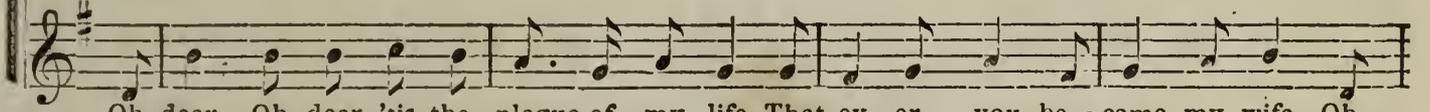
nev - er qui - et. I de - ny it. Ma - dam you'll my rage in - crease.

SHE.

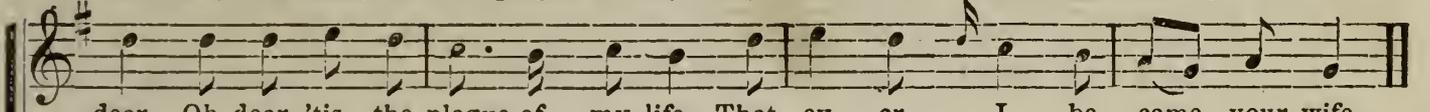


Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ev - er I be - came your wife, Oh

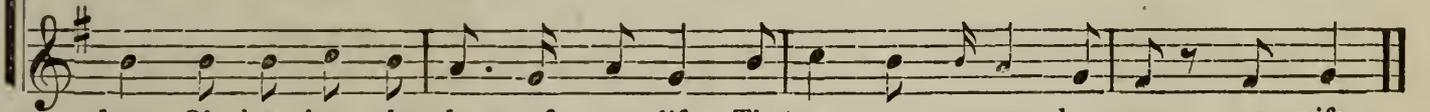
HE.



Oh dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ev - er you be - came my wife, Oh



dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ev - er I be - came your wife.



dear, Oh dear, 'tis the plague of my life, That ev - er you be - came my wife

HE. You know you're always gadding about,
Dancing, walking, chatting, talking.
SHE. You know, from morn till night, you're out
With other ladies walking.
HE. You know you're always after fellows.
SHE. 'Tis only you're so very jealous.
HE. You'll own you do it.
SHE. Oh, you shall rue it.
HE. We're a happy pair, so people tell us.
BOTH. Oh dear, oh dear, &c.
HE. You'll own your temper's very bad;
Looks so flouting, always pouting.
SHE. Your's is enough to drive one mad;
Suspicious, jealous, doubting.
HE. You know my passion don't remain.
SHE. But soon as off begins again.
HE. Oh, how vexing.
SHE. How perplexing.
HE. You'll put me in a rage again.
BOTH. Oh dear, oh dear, &c.
HE. Madam, we had better part,
Than by living constant din in.
SHE. Oh, I'll agree with all my heart,
Let's be the task beginning.
HE. I hereby bid a last adieu.
SHE. And now I take a final view.
HE. North.

SHE. South.
HE. East.
SHE. West.
HE. Take which corner you like best.
Oh dear, oh dear, I now for life
BOTH. Am rid of my tormenting wife.
Oh dear, oh dear, I now for life
Forsake the office of a wife.

Well, then, madam, as you are determined to go—
Good-bye.— Good-bye, sir.— You'll recollect, madam,
'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 yours. You know I never was in a
passion.

HE. My dearest love, don't leave me so;
Without measure, you're my pleasure.
SHE. You know, my love, I could not go;
For you're my darling treasure.
HE. Then for the future let's agree.
SHE. And live in sweetest harmony.
HE. Nor let tomorrow
SHE. Bring forth sorrow.
HE. To crush our sweet felicity.
Oh dear, oh dear, 'tis the joy of my life,
BOTH. That ever I became your wife.
Oh dear, oh dear, 'tis the joy of my life,
That ever you became my wife.

ROUND. "THREE THINGS ARE SOUGHT FOR."

1

2

3

4



Three things are sought for, Power, pleasure, and wealth; One soils our temper, and two spoil our health.

8 HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

Grazioso.

How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away; But while you thus tease me to-
 geth-er, To neith-er A word will I say. Ri tol de rol lol de rol li do &c.

How happy could I be with either
 Dear, dear maids, so beauteous and gay;
 And with thee my heart it would ever
 Its love and affection convey.
 Ri tol, &c.

How happy I could be with either
 To charm me by night and by day;
 To be to each one a fond lover,
 And pass hours of pleasure away.
 Ri tol, &c.

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH? Duet.

Allegretto moderato.

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

SIMON.
 Wilt thou promise to be mine?
 Maiden fair.

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

SIMON salutes her.
 Let us thus the bargain seal,
 Oh dear me, heigh-ho!

RUTH, aside.
 Lauk! how very odd I feel!
 Oh dear me, heigh-ho!

SIMON.
 Love like ours can ne'er cloy,
 Humph! humph! humph!

RUTH.
 While no jealous fears annoy,
 Humph! humph! humph!

SIMON.
 Oh! how blest we both should be,
 Hey down, ho down hey!

RUTH.
 I could almost dance with glee,
 Hey down, ho down hey!

ROUND. THREE BLIND MICE.

1 Three blind mice, See how they
 2 run! They all run af - ter the far - - mer's wife: She
 3 cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife. Did ev - er you hear such a
 4 tale in your life About three blind mice!

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

“Oh, where are you going?” Lord Lovell she said;
“Oh, where are you going?” said she;
“I’m going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see — see — see,
Strange countries for to 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,
I’ll return to your fair body.”

He had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head.
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. Varnie’s bell,
And the people all mourning round — round — round,
And the people all mourning round.

“Is anybody dead?” Lord Lovell 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,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovell he died tomorrow;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell’s a briar — riar — riar,
And out of Lord Lovell’s a briar.

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

I’VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

Allegretto.

It is but sel - dom that I sing, I hear so ma - ny mew Among the beaux, 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 lo’e;
I turn my back and laugh aloud,
I’ve nothing else to do.
Nothing else, &c.

Its I have beaux 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 beaux who have not common sense,
But brass enough to sue;
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.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Scherzando.



Sit - ting in a corner, On a Sunday eve, With a ta - per finger Resting on your sleeve;
How you your heart is thumping 'Gainst your Sunday vest, How wickedly 'tis working, On this day of rest!



Starlight eyes are casting On your face their light, Bless me! this is pleasant, Sparking on a Sunday night!
Hours seem but minutes. As they take their flight; Bless me! ain't this pleasant, Sparking on a Sunday night!

Dad and marm are sleeping
In their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said;
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it,
Sparking on a Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist;
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste:
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite;
Thunder! aint it pleasant
Sparking Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking!
It's two o'clock, I snum;
Sure as I'm a sinner,
Th' time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents
If that old clock is right?
And wonder if it ever
Spark'd on a Sunday night?

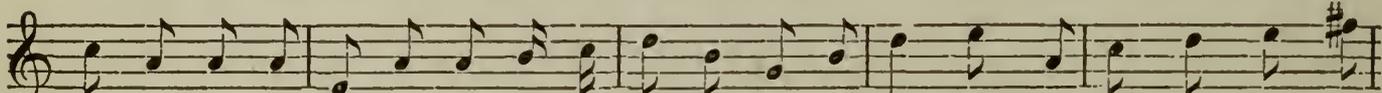
One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six — you hook;
But, thinking that you rob her,
Put back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each
Day was only Sunday night!

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A piacere.



Saint Pat - rick was a gen - tle - man, and came o' da - - cent peo - ple, He



built a church in Dublin town, and up - on it put a stee - ple; His moth - er was a



Cal - la - ghan, his fath - er was a Bra - dy, His sis - ter was an O' - Hu - o - li - an, and



his brother an O'Grady. Och! Success at - tend St. Patrick's fist, for he's the da - cent



sairt, O, He gave the bugs and toads a twist, He's a beau - ty 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 sarmint;
He made the frogs jump through the bogs, 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.
'Twas he that brewed the best o' malt, and understood distilling,
For his mother kept a sheeban shop, in 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.
'Twas there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty o' the praties,
With pigs galore, a grah m'estore, and buttermilk and ladies.
Och! Success attend St. Patrick's fist, &c.



There was an old woman, and what do you think? She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink O,



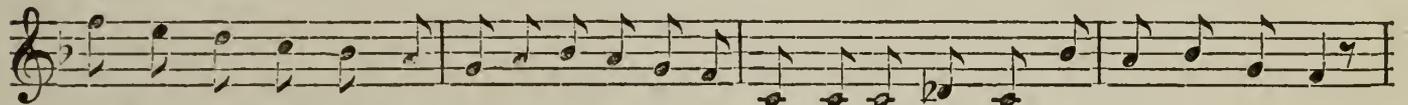
victuals and drink were the chief of her diet, Yet this plaguey old woman would never be quiet.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

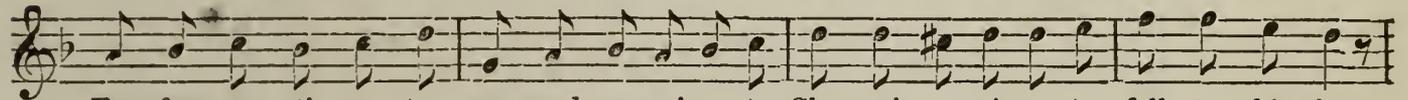
Allegro.



Fun-ny and free are a ba-che-lor's re-vel-ries; Cheerily, mer-ri-ly passes his life



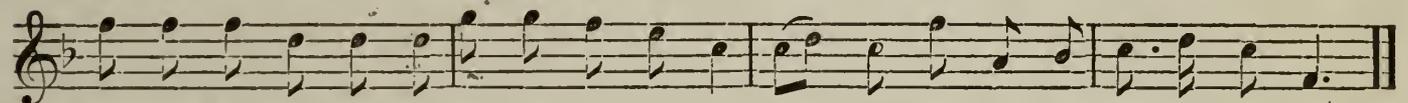
Noth-ing knowshe of con-nu-bi-al develries, Troublesome children and clam-or-ous wife.



Free from sa-ti-e-ty, care and anx-i-e-ty, Charms in va-ri-e-ty fall to his share;



Bac-chus's blisses and Ve-nus-'s kiss-es; This, boys, this is the ba-che-lor's fare;—



Bac-chus's blis-ses and Ve-nus-'s kis-ses; This, boys, this is the ba-che-lor's fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Through such folly, days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife:
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life;

Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.

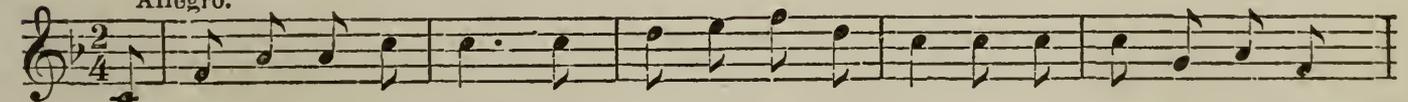
When they are older grown, then they are bolder
grown,

Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:
Girls, through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.

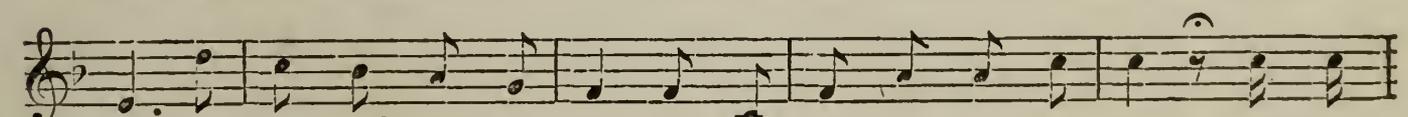
Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;—
Then tell me what jollity, fun, and frivolity,
Equal in quality bachelor's fare?

HARPAX, THE MERCHANT.

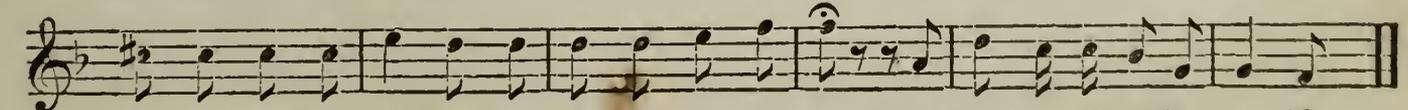
Allegro.



Har-pax the merchant, died; his bod-y was dis-sect-ed; No sym-tom of dis-

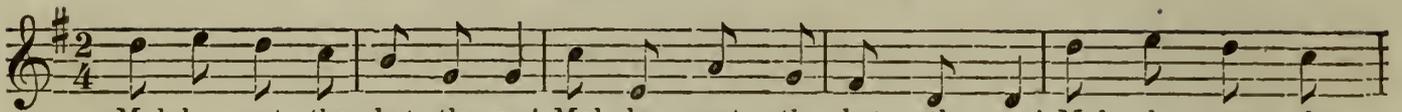


ease was a-ny-where de-tect-ed, Un-til They reached the heart—which to

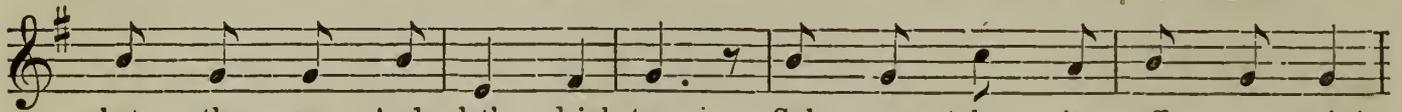


find they were not a-ble; But in its place they found—the mul-ti-pli-cation ta-ble.

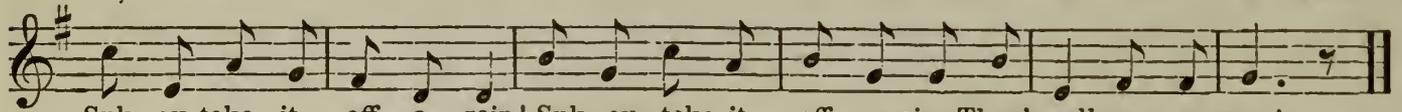
MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.



Mol-ly, put the ket-tle on! Mol-ly, put the ket-tle on! Mol-ly, put the



ket-tle on, And let's drink tea. Suk-ey, take it off a-gain!

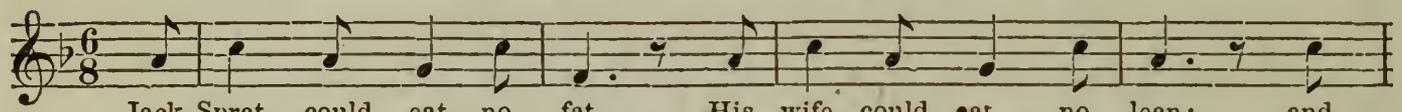


Suk-ey take it off a-gain! Suk-ey, take it off again; They're all gone a-way!

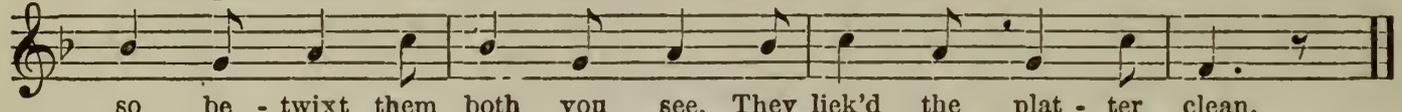
Now put down the ginger-cake, now put down the
ginger-cake,
Stir the fire and let it bake; and we'll all take tea.
Put the muffins down to roast, put the muffins down to
roast,
Blow the fire, and make the toast; and we'll all take
tea.

Dolly, set the table out; Dolly, set the table out;
Move the dishes all about; and we'll all take tea.
Pass around the pumpkin-pie; pass around the pump-
kin-pie,
And the fritters made of rye; and we'll all take tea.

JACK SPRAT COULD EAT NO FAT.



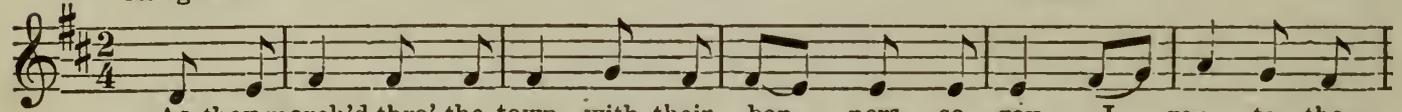
Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean; and



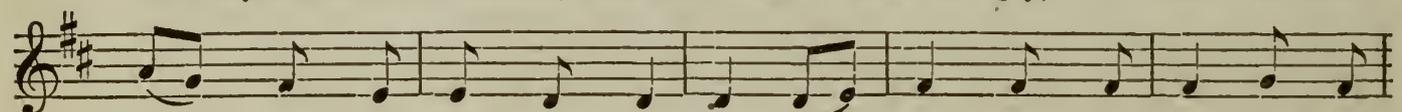
so be-twixt them both you see, They lick'd the plat-ter clean.

CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.

Allegretto.

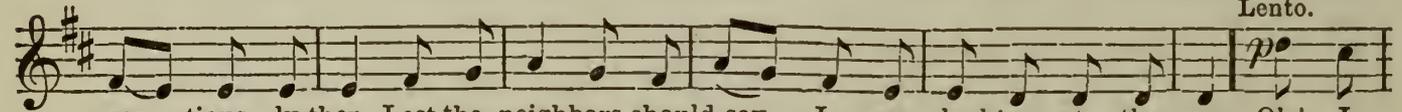


As they march'd thro' the town, with their ban-ners so gay, I ran to the



win-dow to hear the band play; I peep'd thro' the blinds ve-ry

Lento.

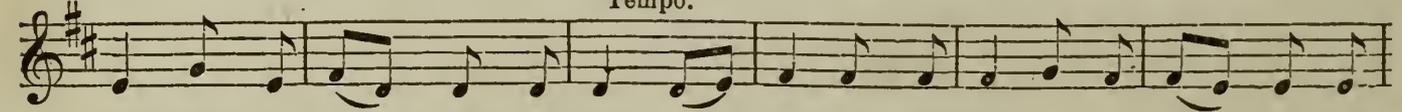


cau-tious-ly then, Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men. Oh! I

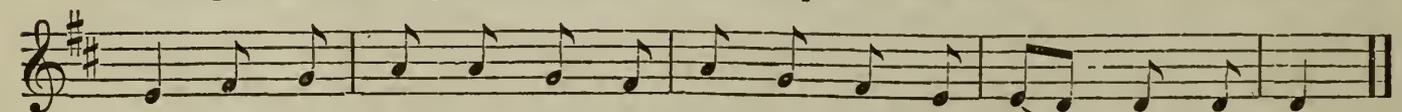


heard the drums beat, and the mu-sic so sweet, But my eyes at the

Tempo.



time caught a much great-er treat; The troop was the fin-est I ev-er did



see, And the Cap-tain with his whis-kers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I, of course, thought 'twas
right
To pretend that we never had met before that night;
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to
dance.
Oh, he sat by my side, at the end of the sett,
And the sweet words he spoke I never shall forget;
For my heart was enlisted, and could not get free,
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at
me.

But he marched from the town, and I see him no more,
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a captain who went far away;
I remember with superabundant delight
When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at
me.

Three chil-dren slid - ing on the ice, All on a summer's, day. As
it fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.

Oh! had these children been at school, or sliding on dry ground,
'Twas ten to one, they had been safe, and never thus been drowned.

You parents that have children dear, also you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad, pray, keep them safe at home.

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND.

When good king Ar - thur ruled this land He was a good - ly King, He
stole three pecks of bar - ley meal, To make a bag pud - ding!

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs!

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried!

POOR OLD MAIDS.

Sorrowful.

Three - score and ten of us, Poor old maids! Three - score and ten of us,
Long time we've tar - - - ried, Poor old maids! Long time we've tar - - - ried,
Not a soul to give a buss, What will be - come of us? Poor old maids!
Soon shall we be bur - - - ried; O that we were mar - ried! Poor old maids!

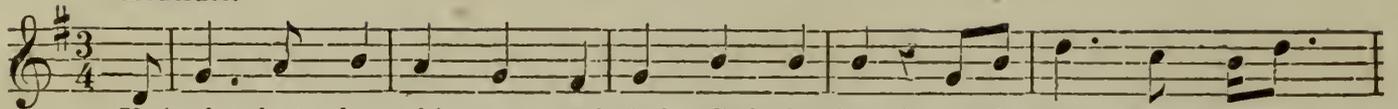
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue,
Poor old maids!
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue,
With faces of a chalken hue,
Is there more that we can do?
Poor old maids!

All alone we go to bed,
Poor old maids!
All alone we go to bed,
Put our night-caps on our head,
But not a word to us is said —
Poor old maids!

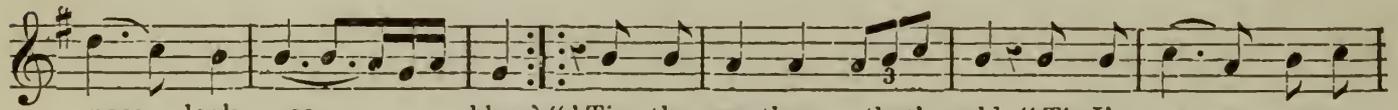
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he ran, The
Pig was eat, And Tom was beat, And Tom ran cry - ing down the street.

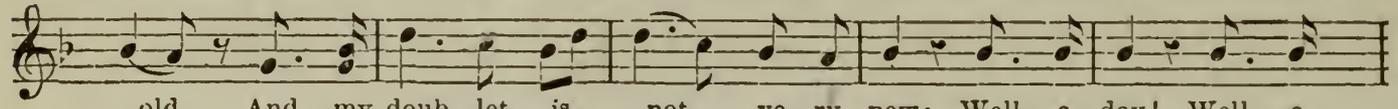
Moderate.



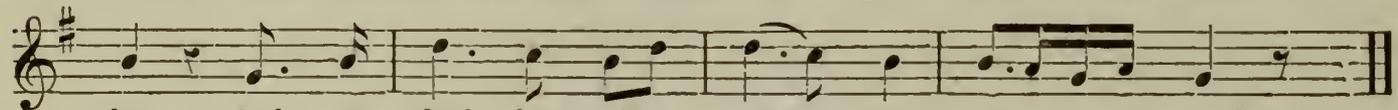
Ho! why dost thou shi - ver and shake, Gaf - fer Gray? And why doth thy
Then, line thy worn doub-let with ale, Gaf - fer Grey: And warm thy old



nose look so . . . blue? "'Tis the weather that's cold, "'Tis I'm grown very
heart with a . . . glass. "Nay, but cred - it I've none, And my mon - ey's all



old And my doub - let is not ve - ry new; Well - a - day! Well - a -
gone, Then say how may that come to pass — Well - a - day! Well - a -



day And my doub - let is not ve - ry . . . new."
day! Then . . say how may that come to . . . pass."

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The Priest often preaches
Against worldly riches;
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!" &c.

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he evermore find me in want,
Well-a-day!" &c.

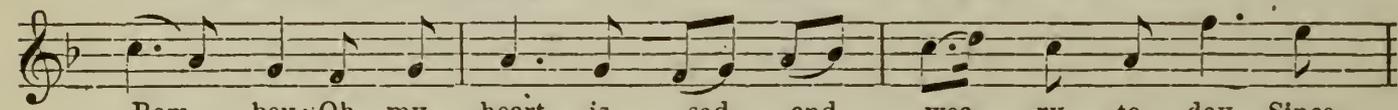
The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
"The fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!" &c.

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then, while it lasts, man, we'll live;
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel, a morsel will give,
Well-a-day, well-a-day!
Of his morsel, a morsel will give.

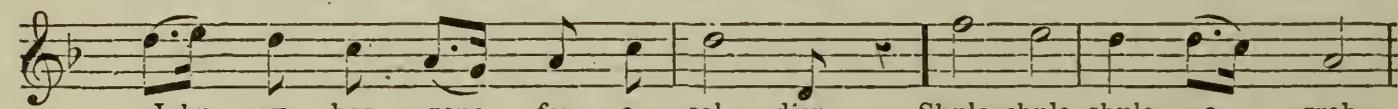
SHULE AGRAH, or JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER.



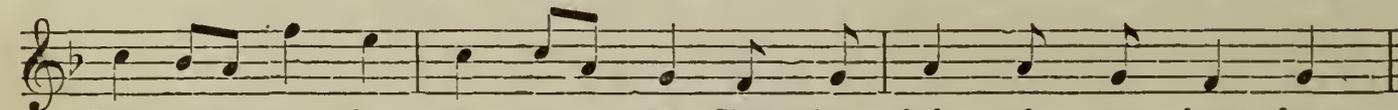
Oh John - ny dear has gone a - way, He has gone a - cross to



Bom - bey; Oh my heart is sad and wea - ry to - day, Since



John - ny has gone for a sol - dier. Shule, shule, shule, a - - grah.



Time can on - ly ease my wo, Since the lad of my heart from



me did go, Oh, John - ny has gone for a sol - dier.

Some say my love has gone to France,
There his fortune to advance,
And if I find him it's but a chance;
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.
Shule, shule, &c.

I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll buy my love a sword of steel,
So to the battle he may reel;
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.
Shule, shule, &c.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
So every tear may turn a mill;
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.
Shule, shule, &c.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
And through the streets I'll beg my bread:
Oh, how I wish that I was dead,
Since Johnny has gone for a soldier.
Shule, shule, &c.

Old Si - mon the Cel - lar - er, keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal - - voi -
 sie, And Cypress, and who can say how ma - ny more, For a cha - ry old soul is
 he.. A cha - ry old soul is he... Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he
 nev - er doth fail, And all the year round there is brew - ing of ale; Yet
 he nev - er ail - eth, he quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six
 flag - ons a day; But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show, How
 oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But ho! ho! ho! his
 nose doth show, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go!

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
 And a matron sage is she;
 From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume —
 She says, "It is rosemarie;"
 She says, "It is rosemarie."
 But there's a small cupboard behind the back-stair,
 And the maids say they oft see Margery there.
 Now Margery says that she "grows very old,
 And she must take a something to keep out the cold!"
 But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
 Where many a flask of his best doth go.
 But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
 Where many a flask of his best doth go!

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
 And oft talks about taking a wife;
 And Margery is often heard to declare:
 "She ought to be settled in life!"
 She ought to be settled in life!"
 But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
 And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
 So, somehow, it ends with a shake of the head,
 And old Simon he brews him a tankard instead;
 While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
 What! marry old Margery? no! no! no!
 While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
 What! marry old Margery? no! no! no!

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;
 Jack fell down, and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling aft - ter.

Bry - an O'Lynn had no coat to put on, He borrowed a goat-skin to make him a one, He
planted the horns right un - der his chin. They'll answer for pis - tols says Bry - an O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
They're nice, light, and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn.
Bryan O'Lynn, &c.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to wear,
So he got him a turnip, and scoop'd it out fair;
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,
They'll think it's a-ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.
Bryan O'Lynn, &c.

Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone;
I'll put her behind as nate'as a pin,
And her mother before me, says Bryan O'Lynn.
Bryan O'Lynn, &c.

Bryan O'Lynn, and his wife and the mother,
Were all going over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down, and they all tumbled in,
We'll find ground at the bottom, says Bryan O'Lynn.
Bryan O'Lynn, &c.

THE GIRL THAT KEEPS THE PEA NUT STAND.

Tempo di Mazurka.

I wander'd down the oth - er day, A - long the riv - er strand, And there I met the
Her hair was frizzled o'er her brow, Her eyes were slightly cross'd Her face was thickly

pret - ty maid That keeps the pea - nut stand. I o - gled her, she o - gled me, She looked so ve - ry
freckled o'er Like mildew mixed with frost, Her gown of richest cal - i - co Hung low upon her

pret - ty maid That keeps the pea - nut stand. I o - gled her, she o - gled me, She looked so ve - ry
freckled o'er Like mildew mixed with frost, Her gown of richest cal - i - co Hung low upon her

SPOKEN: "You just ought to have seen her."

grand. None can surpass the blooming lass That keeps the pea-nut stand, Oh! She
neck, And sundry gra - ces round her shed, With spots of grease bedeck'd.

dress'd so neat, she look'd so sweet I could - 'nt . hard - ly stand, My

heart it pal - pi - ta - ted so, It shook the pea - nut stand.

I mosied up, "How do you do,
My pretty lass, I pray?"
"I'm hunkadora; how are you?
Come, buy some nuts, today."
Said I, "I'll take a half a pint,
If you will sell 'em low,
And throw me in a kiss to boot."
She said, "Go 'long, old blow."
She dress'd so neat, &c.

I asked her if she'd like to have
A man of my estate;
She munched a handful of peanuts,
And said, "You've come too late;
I am the organ-grinder's girl,
And him I mean to wed;
Do you suppose I'd give him up,
And marry you instead?"
She dress'd so neat, &c.

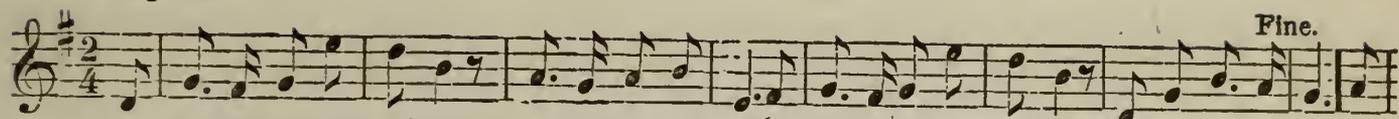
Oh! how I love that peanut-girl,
No one can ever know.
I wish that organ-grinder man
Was grinding down below;
And now, a broken-hearted man,
I wander through the land,
My soul a-busten' for the gal
What keeps the peanut-stand.
She dress'd so neat, &c.

ENCORE.

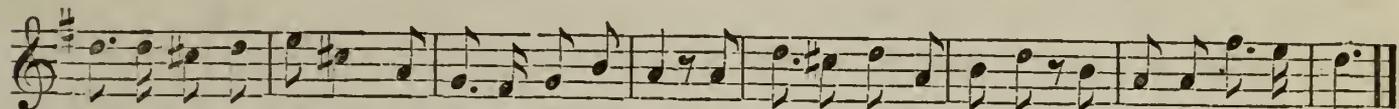
If I could play the organ well,
I'd go to grinding too,
And I would cut as big a swell
As other grinders do;
But as I didn't go to war,
And lose a leg or hand,
I've lost for aye my pretty lass
That keeps the peanut-stand.
She dress'd so neat, &c.

OH! I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY.

Allegretto.



GENT. Oh! I should like to marry, If that I could find A - ny pretty la - dy Suited to my mind, Oh!
 LADY. Oh! I should like to marry, If that I could find A - ny handsome fellow, Suited to my mind, Oh!



I should like her witty, Oh! I should like her good, With a lit-tle money, Oh yes, indeed, I should.
 I should like him dashing, Oh! I should like him gay, The leader of the fashion, And dandy 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 Truffi's wigs divine,
 The sort of thing each fair
 Would envy being mine!
 He mustn't be too short—
 He mustn't be too burly—
 But slim and tall, and straight,
 With moustache 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 upright,
 Both elegant and free;
 With a gentle temper,
 Oh then we shall agree.

LADY. His cab, too, he must drive
 With a tiny tiger dear;
 And a Phaeton and a Brougham,
 And ten thousand pounds a year!
 He mustn't wish to have
 All things just his own way;
 He must mope when I am grave,
 And be gay when I am gay.

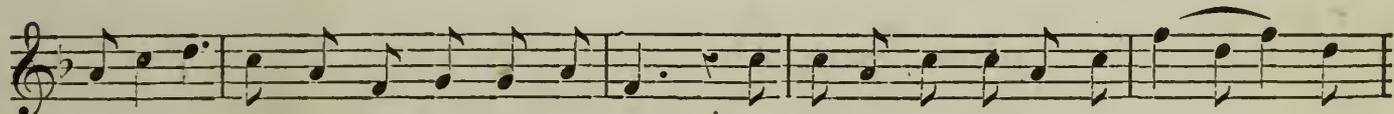
GENT. Oh! now my fair young ladies,
 Do not be unkind,
 For it would be a favor
 Such a one to find;
 And now I'll bid adieu,
 And bless you all, I say,
 And if you don't object,
 We'll meet another day.

LADY. I'm sure he'll never grumble,
 But live a life of ease,
 That is, on one condition,
 I'm to do whate'er I please!
 Now isn't this good natur'd,
 And don't you all agree,
 This little tiny privilege
 Is not too much for me?

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.



I've travell'd the wide world over, And now to an - oth - er I'll go; I know that good quarters are



waiting To welcome old Ros - in the Beau; To welcome old Ros - in the Beau, ... To



welcome old Rosin the Beau; I know that good quarters are waiting to welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
 A voice you will hear from below,
 Singing out " whiskey and water,
 To drink to old Rosin the Beau." To drink, &c.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
 The ladies will want to, I know,
 Just lift off the lid of my coffin,
 And look at old Rosin the Beau. And look, &c.

You must get a dozen good fellows,
 And stand them all round in a row,
 And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
 To the name of old Rosin the Beau. And look, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
 And let them all staggering 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,
 Nor even old Rosin the Beau. Nor even, &c.

FLYING TRAPEZE.

Once I was hap - py, but now I'm for - lorn, Like an old coat that is
 tattered and torn, Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn, Be - trayed by a
 girl in her teens. The girl that I loved she was handsome I tried all I
 knew her to please. But I could not please her one quarter so well Like that man up -
 on the trapeze. He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease, A daring young man on the
 flying trapeze; His movements were graceful, all girls he could please, And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang,
 Tall, big, and handsome, as well made as Chang;
 Where'er he appeared, the hall loudly rang,
 With ovation from all people there.

He'd smile from the bar on the people below;
 And one night he smiled on my love;

She winked back at him, and she shouted "Bravo!"
 As he hung by his nose up above. CHORUS.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
 And very hard tried to make her my own bride;
 Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
 To see her throw herself away.

'Twas all no avail: she went there every night,
 And would throw him bouquets on the stage,

Which caused him to meet her: how he ran me down,
 To tell you would take a whole page. CHORUS.

One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home,
 I found there her father and mother alone.

I asked for my love, and soon they made known,
 To my horror, that she'd ran away!

She'd pack'd up her box, and eloped in the night
 With him with the greatest of ease;

From two stories high, he had lowered her down
 To the ground, on his flying trapeze! CHORUS

Some months after this, I went to a hall,
 Was greatly surprised to see on the wall

A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
 That she was appearing with him!

He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
 To help him to live at his ease,

And made her assume a masculine name!
 And now she goes on the trapeze!

CHORUS.

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
 You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze.
 She does all the work, while he takes his ease;
 And that's what's become of my love!

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

There was an old wo - man who lived in a shoe; She had
 so man - y chil - dren, she did'nt know what to do: She gave them some broth with -
 out an - y bread; She whipp'd them all sound - ly and sent them to bed.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark; Beggars are com - ing to town;
 Some in jags, and some in rags, and some in vel - vet gown.
 Some in jags, and some in rags, And some in vel - vet gown.

LANIGAN'S BALL.

CHORUS.

Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy; Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal,
 In the town of Ath - ol, Liv'd one Jimmy Lan - i - gan, He bather'd away 'till he
 lal, tal - lad - dy, Whack! fal lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - do;
 had'nt a pound; His fath - er he died and made him a man a - gain,
 Whack! hur - roo! for Lan - i - gan's ball.
 Left him a farm of ten a - cres of ground. He gave a large par - ty to
 all his re - la - tions That stood beside him when he went to the wall; So if you but listen I'll
 make your eyes glisten With the rows and the rup - tions at Lan - i - gan's ball!

'Twas meself had free invitations
 For all the boys and girls I might ask;
 In less than five minutes, I'd friends and relations
 Singing as merry as flies round a cask.
 Kitty O'Harra, a nate little mill'ner,
 Tipt me the wink, and ask'd me to call,
 When I arrived with Timothy Galligan,
 Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

CHORUS.

Whin we got there they were dancing the polka,
 All round the room in a quare whirligig;
 But Kitty and I put a stop to this nonsense,
 We tipt them a taste of a nate Irish jig;
 Oh, Mavrone, wasn't she proud of me?
 We bather'd the flure till the ceiling did fall,
 For I spent three weeks at Brooks's academy,
 Learning a step for Lanigan's ball.

CHORUS.

The boys were all merry, the girls were frisky,
 Drinking together in couples and groups,
 Whin an accident happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,
 He stuck his right fut through Miss Flanigan's hoops;
 The crathur she fainted, and roared, "millia murther!"
 Called for her friends, and gathered them all;
 Tim Dermody swore that he'd go no further,
 But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

CHORUS.

Och, arrah, boys, but thin was the ructions,
 Meself got a wollop from Phelim McCoo,
 Soon I replied to his nate introduction,
 And we kicked up the devil's own phililaloo;
 Casey, the piper, he was nearly strangled,
 They squeezed up his bags, chaunters and all;
 The girls in their ribbons all got entangled,
 And that put a stop to Lanigan's ball.

CHORUS.

In the midst of the row, Miss Kavanah fainted,
 Her face all the while was as red as the rose;
 The ladies declared her cheeks they were painted,
 But she'd taken a drop too much, I suppose;
 Paddy Macaty, so hearty and able,
 When he saw his dear colleen stretched out in the
 hall,
 He pulled the best leg out from under the table,
 And broke all the chaney at Lanigan's ball.

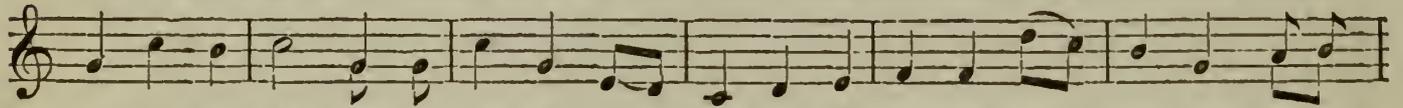
CHORUS.

Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;
 Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;
 Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;
 Whack, hurroo, for Lanigan's ball.

20 THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET IN THE TRAIN.



I live in Ver - mont, and one morning last summer, A let - ter inform'd me my
Yet scarce was I seat - ed with - in the com - partment, Before a fresh pas - sen - ger



un - ele was dead; And al - so re - quest - ed I'd come down to Bos - ton, As he'd
en - ter'd the door; 'Twas a fe - male, a young one, and dress'd in deep mourning: An



left me a large sum of mon - ey it said. Of course I de - ter - min'd on ma - king the
in - fant in long clothes she graceful - ly bore; A white cap surrounded a face oh, so



jour - ey, And to book myself by the "first-class" I was fain, Tho' had I gone
love - ly! I nev - er shall look on one like it a - gain. I fell deep in



"second" I had never en - counter'd The Charming Young Wi - dow I met in the train.
love o - ver head in a mo - ment, With the Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

The widow and I, side by side, sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who enquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I, of course, satisfied her; and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

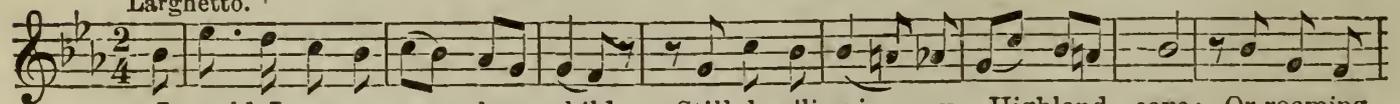
We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her
How old was the child that she held at her breast;
"Ah, sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
Her infant still closer convulsively pressed;
"When I think of my child, I am well-nigh distracted;
It's father — my husband — oh, my heart breaks
with pain."
She, choking with sobs, leaned her head on my waist-
coat;
Did the Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

By this time the train arrived at a station
Within a few miles of the great one in town,
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked through
the window,
"Good gracious alive! why, there goes Mr. Brown.
He's my late husband's brother — dear sir, would you
kindly
My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
Of course, I complied; then off on the platform
Tripped the Charming Young Widow I met in the
Train.

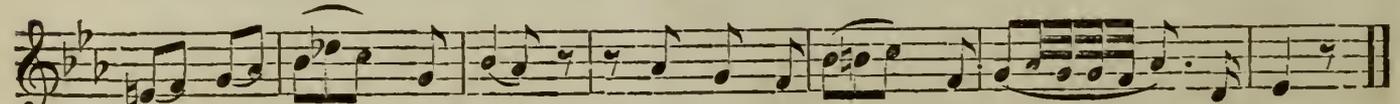
Three minutes elapsed, when the whistle it sounded:
The train began moving — no widow appeared;
I bawled out, "Stop! stop!" — but they paid no atten-
tion;
With a snort, and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
In this horrid dilemma, I sought for the hour —
But my watch, ha! where was it? where was my
chain?
My purse, too; my ticket, gold pencil-case — all gone!
Oh, that Artful Young Widow I met in the Train.
While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing,
The train again stopped, and I "Tickets, please,"
heard;
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
The loss I'd sustained — but he doubted my word;
He called more officials — a lot gathered round me —
Uncovered the child — oh, how shall I explain?
For behold, 'twas no baby — 'twas only a dummy!
Oh, that Crafty Young Widow I met in the Train.
Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
Though, of course, I'd to settle my fare the next day;
And I now wish to counsel young men from the
country,
Lest they should get served in a similar way,
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,
Who lean on your shoulder — whose tears fall like
rain;
Look out for your pockets — in case they resemble
The Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

Larghetto.



I would I were a care - less child, Still dwelling in my Highland cave; Or roaming
Place me among the rocks I love. Which sound to o - cean's wild - est roar, I ask but



through the dus - ky wild, Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave.
this — a - gain to rove Through scenes my youth hath known be - fore.

or, "O you men. terrible men!"

O why do you teaze us, you quar- rel - some men, What is it you want, that you
al - ways complain? Our bon - nets and crin - o - lines vex you, but then, You
own they become us a - gain and again. Did we but find fault with your wide-a-wakes gay, Short
pipes, peg-top garments, full soon you would flout us, Yet one thing we know, that what
e - ver you say, You can't for the lives of you, men, do without us. O you men,
O you men, Ter - ri - ble men, you can't, for the lives of you, men, do with - out us.

'Tis stupid to sport with our fancies and dress,
For we can subdue you whenever we please;
That we have the power, you all must confess,
To make you ask pardon of us on your knees;
Our waists are too long, and our dresses too wide,
Our bonnets too small, yet there's something about
us, —
Eyes bright, sparkling lips, that howe'er you deride,
You can't, for the lives of you, men, do without us.
O you men, &c.

That ladies have tongues, all you gentlemen know,
But seldom, in mercy, those weapons we use;
Yet when you once start them, right onward they go.
And you'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse;
Then, prythee be kind, and don't worry us so,
'Bout bonnets and erinolines pray do not flout us,
And as to short waists, if we've no waists at all,
You can't, for the lives of you, men, do without us.
O you men, &c.

MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.

My Johnny was a shoe - ma - ker, And dear - ly he lov'd me; My John - ny was a
His jack - et was a, deep sky blue, And cur - ly was his hair; His jacket was a
shoema - ker, But now he's gone to sea, with nas - ty tar to soil his hands, And
deep sky blue, It was I do de - clare; To reef the top - sails he has gone, To
sail } a - cross the bri - ny sea. My John - ny was a shoema - ker!
sail }

A captain he will be, by and by,
With a sword and spy-glass too;
A captain he will be by and by,
With a brave and valiant crew;
And when he gets a vessel of his own,
He'll come back and marry me.
My Johnny, &c.

And when I am a captain's wife,
I'll sing the whole day long;
Yes, when I am a captain's wife,
And this will be my song:
"May peace and plenty bless our days,
And the little one on my knee."
My Johnny, &c.

MR GRIMGRUFFINHOFF.

Can an I - rish-man practice such guile, with a la - dy so sweet to dis - sem - ble, And
 When he would make the rogue smile, to think but of making her tremble? In - deed, Mister Grimgruffin -
 hoff, If these are the rigs you must run, You may think your - self migh - ty well
 off That you're on - ly a gao - ler for fun. Mis - ter
 Grimgruf - fin - hoff, Mis - ter Grimgruff - in - hoff, Is on - ly a gao - ler for fun.

To be sure, 'tis a comical plan,
 When two married folks disagree,
 To pop them as soon as you can,
 Both under a huge lock and key.
 Should we blab of this project of ours,
 To cure matrimonial pother,
 One-half of the world, by the powers!
 Would very soon lock up the other.
 Mister Grimgruffinhoff, Mister Grimgruffinhoff,
 Would very soon lock up the other.

O Liberty! jolly old girl!
 In dear little Ireland, you know,
 You taught me to love you so well,
 They never can make me your foe;
 My practice will nothing avail;
 And, this little frolic once o'er,
 Never give me the key of a gaol,
 Unless it's to open the door.
 Mister Grimgruffinhoff, Mister Grimgruffinhoff,
 Will only open the door.

BRIAN BORU.

Oh! Kil-mur - ry M'Mah - on'r, a place you would bless, Where whiskey costs nothing, and
 but - ter - milk less; And it's near to that same is a neat lit - tle spot, Where my
 grandfather's grand - fath - er dwelt in his cot. Whose chil - dren, from Den - nis to
 Ter - rence and Pat, Each stuck up a peg for a trav - el - ler's hat, For 'twas
 land of their own, where the murphies first grew, And they all were descended from Brian Boru.

In our garden, to charm both the eyes and the nose,
 Nature always seemed dressed in her holiday clothes;
 And, so sweet was the smell of the whiskey we brew'd,
 That a pig in the parlor would sometimes intrude!
 Then, at the Assizes, I've ta'en up a broom,
 To leather a cow from the counsellor's room;
 For we let off a chamber, as other folks do,
 Who may not be descended from Brian Boru.

But, sweetest of all, was that beautiful maid,
 At the door of whose cabin I've oft left my spade;
 From the window she'd peep like a sly, fairy elf,
 Crying, "Mr. Kilrooney, get out wid yourself!"
 If you stop till I open the wicket, my dear,
 I'll be making a noise which nobody can hear;
 Then I always behaved as all gentlemen do,
 Who, like me, are descended from Brian Boru.

BOBBIN' AROUND.

Allegretto.

In Au - gust last, on one fine day, Bob - bin' a - round, a - round, a - round, When
Says Josh to me, Let's take a walk, Bob - bin' a - round, a - round, a - round, Then

Josh and I went to make hay, We went bob - bin' a - round.
we can have a pri - vate talk, As we go bob - bin' a - round.

We walked along to the mountain ridge,
Bobbin' around,
Till we got near 'Squire Slipshod's bridge,
As we went bobbin' around.

I look'd at Josh — Josh look'd at me,
Bobbin' around;
And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me,
As we went bobbin' around

Then Josh and me a long time tarried,
Bobbin' around;
Says he, "Dear Patience, let's get married;
Then we'll go bobbin' around."

Now, I knew he lov'd another gal,
Bobbin' around!
They call'd her long-legg'd crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd
Sal,
Where we went bobbin' around.
So, after we got into church,
Bobbin' around,
I cut, and left him in the lurch;
Then he went bobbin' around.
Now all you chaps what's got a gal,
Bobbin' around;
Do think of long-legg'd crook'd-shin, curly-tooth'd Sal,
When you go bobbin' around.

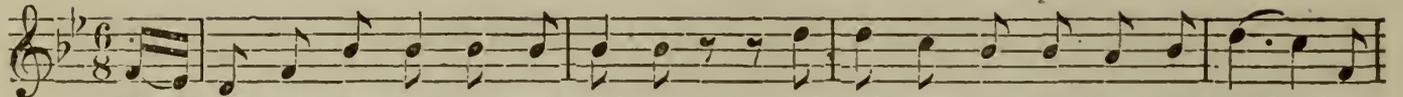
JOHNNY SANDS.

SINCLAIR.

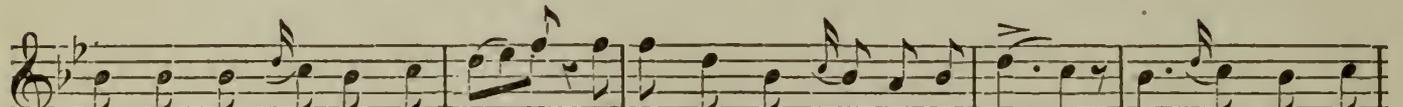
mp Mirthfully.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands, Had married Bet - ty Hague, And though she brought him
"For fear that I should courage lack, And try to save my life, Pray tie my hands be -
gold and lands, She prov'd a ter - ri - ble plague; For, oh, She was a scolding wife, Full
hind my back," "I will" re - plied 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 - cur - ly done, "Now stand" she says "up on the brink, 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 prepare to run." All down the hill his lov - ing bride Now
ri - ver runs be - low;" Says she, "pray do, you sil - ly elf, I wished it long a - go." Says
ran with all her force, To push him in — he stepped a - side, And she fell in of course, Now
he, "up - on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might." Says
splashing, dashing, like a fish, "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho'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."

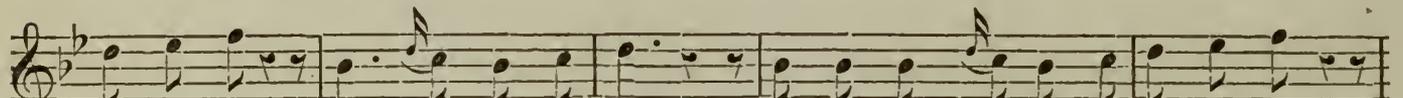
NOBODY GOING TO MARRY ME.



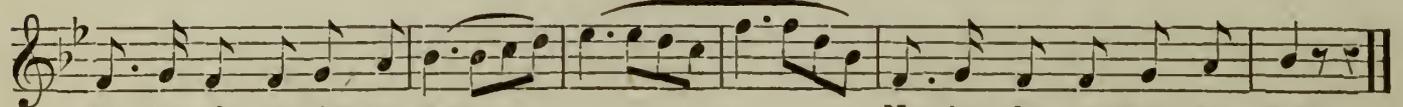
When I was a smart young girl, Of fif-teen or six-teen years old, Oh,
My fa-ther was hedger and ditcher, My mother does nothing but spin, I



then I had plen-ty of suitors But now they're grown wonderous cold. Oh, what will be-
once was a pret-ty young maid, But the money come slowly in.



come of me Oh, what shall I do, No-bo-dy coming to marry me,

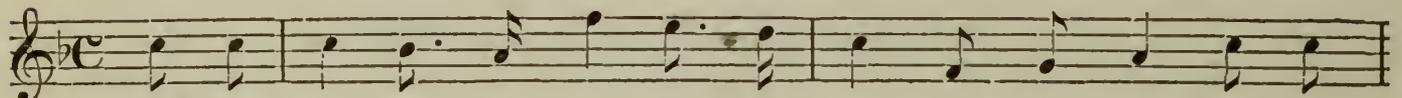


No-bo-dy coming to woo, No-bo-dy coming to woo.

Last night when the dogs did bark,
I went to the door to see,
And every lass had a spark,
But no one came to me.
Oh, what will, &c.

Oh dear, how shocking the thought,
That all my beauty must fade.
I am sure it is not my fault
That I must die an old maid.
Oh, what will, &c.

IF I HAD BUT A THOUSAND A YEAR.



ROBIN RUFF.

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green! If I

GAFFER GREEN.

The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob-in Ruff, Would scarce



had but a thousand a year, What a man would I be, And what sights would I see, If I
find you in bread or in beer; But be hon-est and true, and say what would you do, If you



had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green! If I had but a thou-sand a year!
had but a thousand a year, Rob-in Ruff! If you had but a thou-sand a year!

ROBIN RUFF, —
I'd do — I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green;
I'd go — faith, I scarcely know where;
I'd scatter the chink, and leave others to think,
If I had but a thousand a year.

GAFFER GREEN, —
But when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death, it draws near,
Say what, with your pains, would you do with gains,
If you then had a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF, —
I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer;
But, as other folks die, I suppose so must I, —

GAFFER GREEN, —
What! and give up your thousand a year?
There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there, —
Where the poor man's as great, though he hath no
estate,
Ay, as if he'd a thousand a year.

Just one year a - go to - day, love, I be - came your hap - py bride;
 Changed a man - sion for a cot - tage, To dwell by the riv - er - side.
 You told me I'd be hap - py, But no hap - pi - ness I see,
 For to - night I am a wid - ow, In a cot - tage by the sea.
 A - lone, all a - lone, by the sea - side he left me, And no oth - er's bride I'll be,

For in bri - dal robes he dressed me,
 From my cottage by the sea-side,
 I can see my mountain home;
 I can see the hills and valleys
 Where with pleasure we have roamed —
 The first place that I met him,
 Oh, how happy then were we!
 But tonight I am a widow
 In a cottage by the sea.
 Alone, alone, &c,

In the cottage by the sea-
 Oh, my poor and aged father,
 How in sorrow he would wail;
 And my poor and aged mother,
 How with tears her eyes would swell;
 And my one and only brother,
 How he would weep for me,
 If he only knew his sister
 Was a widow by the sea!
 Alone, alone, &c,

LAW.

CHORUS.

If you're fond of pure vex - a - tion, And of sweet pro - cras - ti - na -

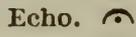
Come list to me a min - ute, A song I'm go - ing to be - gin
 tion, You are just in a sit - u - a - tion To en - joy a suit at
 it; There is something se - ri - ous in it. So pray your at - ten - tion
 draw, For tis all a - bout the law Which has such a duce of a claw.

Snail-like, your cause is creeping,
 It hinders you from sleeping,
 Attorneys only reaping,
 For still your cash they draw, —
 D R A W — Draw,
 Is the mainspring of the law;
 Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Make up the hubble-bubble,
 Leave you nothing but stubble,
 And make a man of straw, —
 S T R A W — Straw,
 Divides the wheat from straw.
 If you're fond of, &c.
 And when your cause is ending,
 Your case is no ways mending,
 Expense each step attending;
 And then they find a flaw;
 Then the judge, like any jackdaw,
 Will lay down what is law.
 In a rotten stick your trust is,
 You find the bubble burst is,
 And tho' you don't get justice,
 You're sure to get plenty of law;
 And L A W — Law,
 Leaves you not worth a straw.
 If you're fond of, &c.

Should you cling to another man's wife,
 It is quite the rage in high life,
 The big-wigs, to settle the strife,
 Plunge you and the husband in law;
 And if you're a Johnny Raw,
 Lord, how they will clapper and claw!
 They'll knock you into the centre,
 The piper you'll pay if you enter
 Upon such a slippery venture,
 As few but yourself e'er saw.
 L A W — Law,
 Keeps paw-paw people in awe.
 So, if you're fond of, &c.
 So, if life's all sugar and honey,
 And fortune has always been sunny,
 And you want to get rid of your money,
 I'd advise you to go to law;
 Like ice in a rapid thaw,
 Your cash will melt awa';
 Comfort 'tis folly to care for,
 Life's a lottery — therefore,
 Without a why or a wherefore,
 I'd advise you to go to law.
 And L A W — Law,
 Does like a blister draw.
 So, if you're fond of, &c.

WIDOW MALONE.

Echo.

Did you hear of the Wi-dow Ma-lone, o - hone! Who lived in the town of Ath -
 lone, o - hone? Oh! she melt - ed the hearts Of the swains in them parts, So
 Echo. 
 love - ly the Wid-ow Malone, o - hone! So love - ly the wld - ow Ma - lone.

Of lovers, she had a full score or more,
 And fortunes they had all galore, in store;
 From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone, ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known
 That no one could see her alone, ohone!
 Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone, ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien, from Clare-how-quare!
 It's little for blushing they care down there,
 Put his arm around her waist—
 Gave ten kisses at laste—
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper, for why?
 But "Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

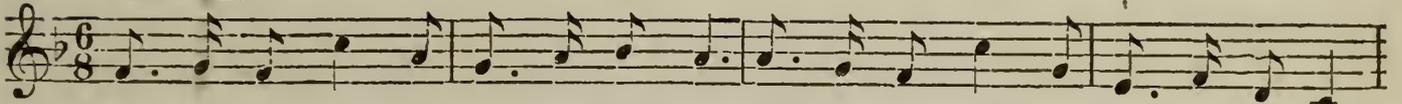
On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, That St. Patrick at midnight he
 first saw the day; While oth - ers de - clar'd 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas
 all a mis - take between midnight and morn; For mistakes will oc - cur in a
 hur - ry and shock, And some blamed the ba - by and some blamed the clock, 'Till
 with all their cross questions sure no one could know, If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fought in ould Ireland, they say,
 Was all on account of St. Patrick's birth-day,
 Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth more would die,
 And both would'nt see right, sure they blackened his eye!
 At last both the factions as positive grew,
 That each kept a birthday; so Pat then had two
 'Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
 Said no one could have two birthdays but a pair of twins.

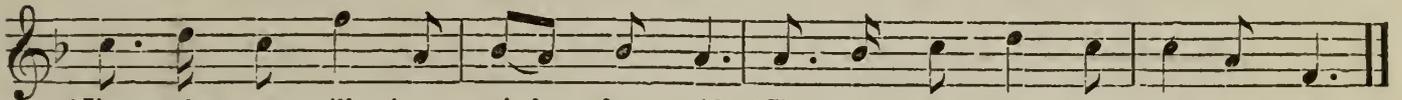
Says he "Boys don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
 Don't always be dividing, but sometimes combine;
 Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
 So let that be his birthday." "Amen, says the clerk."
 "If he was'nt a twin, sure our history will show,
 That, at least, he is worth two saints that we know!"
 Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
 And we kept up the practice from that day to this.

WHERE ARE GOING MY PRETTY MAID.

Andantino.



'Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid?' Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid!
'Shall I go with you, my pret - ty maid?' Shall I go with you, my pret - ty maid?



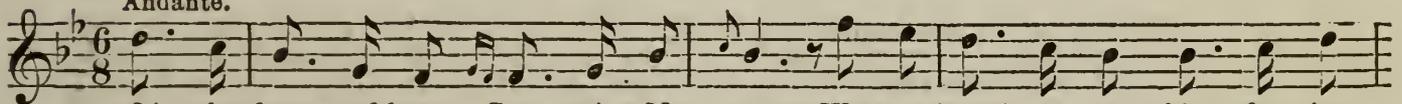
'I'se going a milk - ing, sir,' she said; 'I'se going a milk - ing, sir,' she said.
'O! yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said. 'O! yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said.

'What is your Father, my pretty maid?'
'Father's a farmer, sir,' she said.
'Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?'
'O! yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said.

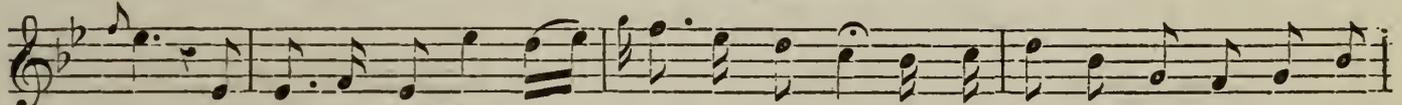
'And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said.
'Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.'
'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said.

CAPTAIN MEGAN.

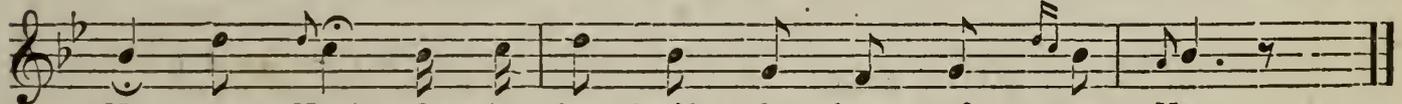
Andante.



O! the face of brave Cap - tain Me - gan Was as broad as a big fry - ing -



pan; Just o - ver his snout, One eye was snuffed out, But the o - ther burned bright upon



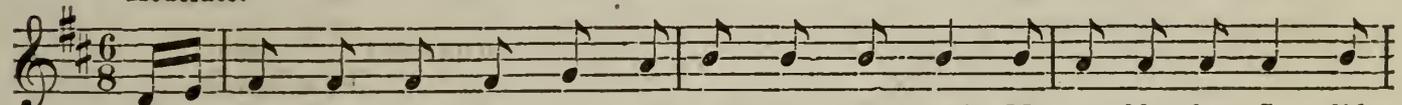
Nan, — sweet Nan! O! it bo - ther'd the heart of poor Nan.

'I'm no beauty,' sighed Captain Megan,
'But 'tis manners alone make the man;
And though my long nose
Should hang over my toes, [Nan?
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan — sweet
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?'

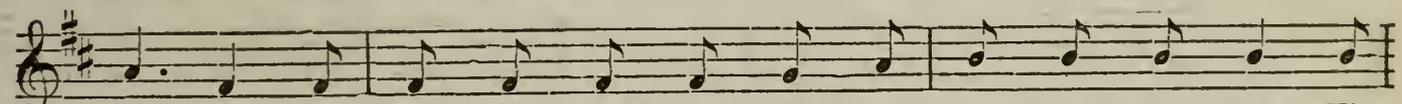
Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan;
Her skin was the color of tan;
But the Captain, she saw,
Had a je-ne-scai-quoi: [Nan!
So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan — sweet
O! long life to brave Captain Megan!

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

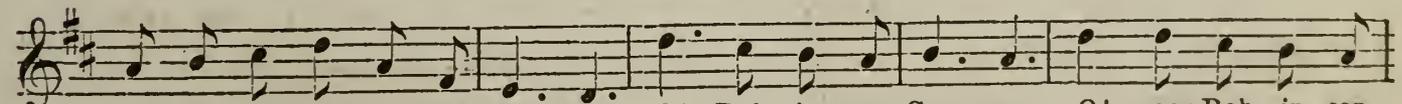
Moderato.



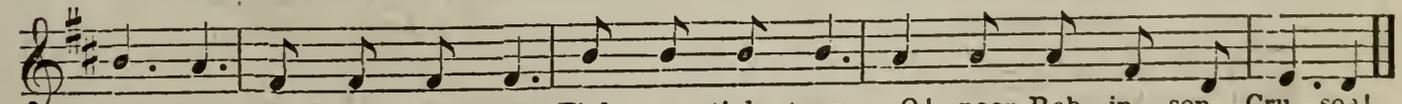
When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, My grandfa - ther I did
But he sav'd from aboard an old gun and a sword, And another odd matter or two,
He us'd to wear an old cap, And a coat with long flap, With a beard as long as a Jew,



lose, O! I'll set you a can You have heard of this man, — His
so, That, by dint of his thrift He man - ag'd to shift; Well
so, That, by all that is civil, He look'd like the dev - il, More



name it was Rob - in - son Cru - soe. O! Rob - in - son Cru - soe, O! poor Rob - in - son
done Rob - in - son Cru - soe. O! Rob - in - son Cru - soe, O! poor Rob - in - son,
Than like Rob - in - son Cru - soe. O! Rob - in - son Cru - soe, O! poor Rob - in - son



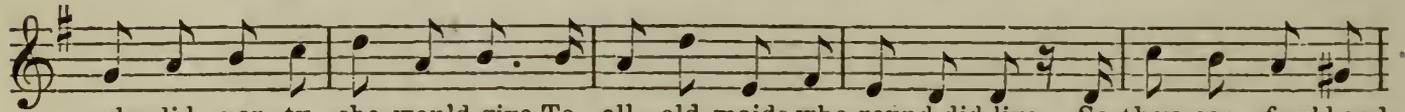
Cru - soe! Tink a tink tang, Tink a tink tang: — O! poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe!
Cru - soe! Tink a tink tang, &c.
Cru - soe! Tink a tink tang, &c.

THE OLD MAID'S BALL.

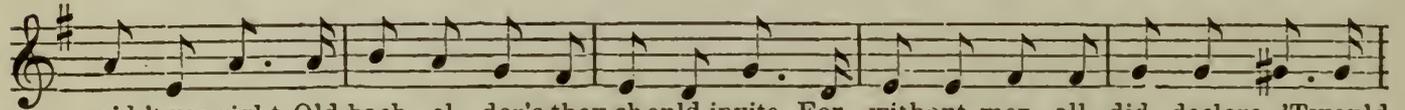
Allegretto.



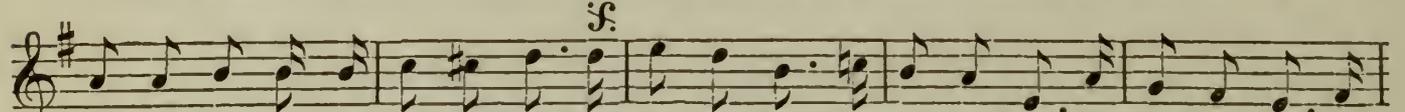
Miss Green, an old maid, tall and prim, Took in her head a fun - ny whim, A
Be - fore they did commence the dance, The host - ess said, "While I've the chance, I



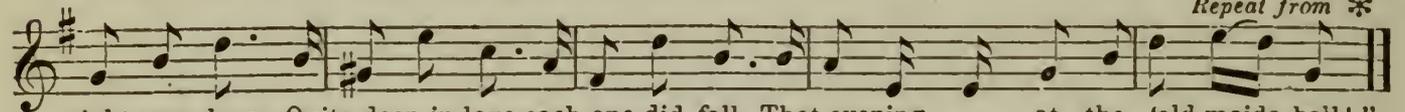
splendid par - ty she would give To all old maids who round did live; So they con - ferr'd and
may as well re - mind you all Be - fore we do commence the Ball, To sin - gle live we



said 'twas right Old bach - el - dor's they should invite, For, without men, all did declare, 'Twould
all have vow'd, To keep our pledge we'll all be proud, And music's charms we must not let The



pass off quite a "tame" af - fair. Such fun! such mirth! and festive joys, O'd bachel - dors that
bet - ter of our promise get Such fun! &c.



night were boys, Quite deep in love each one did fall, That evening at the 'old maids ball!"

To that they one and all agreed,
Nor from their vows wish'd to be freed,
But when the dancing once began,
Each felt himself a foresworn man,
For White upon his knees went down
And popp'd the question to Miss Brown,
While Mr. Black begged Lucy Grey
To be so kind as name the day.
Such fun! &c.

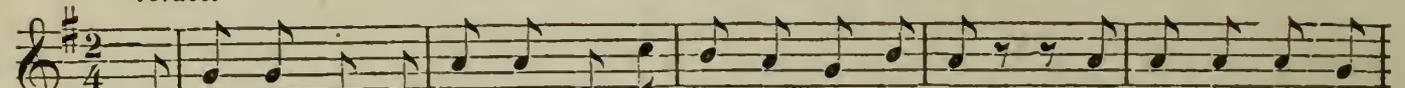
Tall Mr. Short and short Miss Long
Avowed their loves in language strong'
While Smith knelt down to slim Miss Vyse
And, being stout, he could not rise.
Old Flagg the grocer and Miss Peel,
A joint affecti n did reveal,
Young Mr. Jones and stout Miss Blow
Were kissing 'neath the mistletoe!
Such fun! &c.

And when in couples they all pair'd,
In came the hostess, looking scared,
"Why, what's the matter?" she did exclaim,
"Your vows you've broken, oh, for shame!"
A fat old fiddler in the band
Then proffered her his heart and hand,
And she, not knowing what to do,
Was like the rest, and — broke it too!
Such fun! &c.

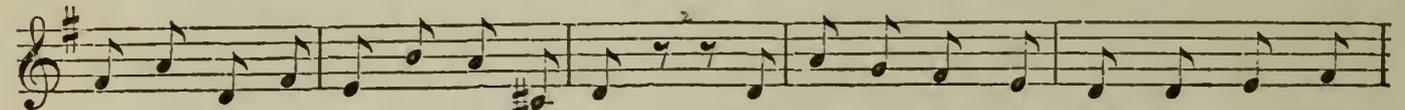
They, just a month that very day,
To church in couples went away,
The nuptial knot was quickly tied,
And each old maid came out a bride,
So bachelors and maids take care,
When, to live single, next you swear,
For you in love will surely fall,
If you go to an "old maid's ball!"
Such fun! &c.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

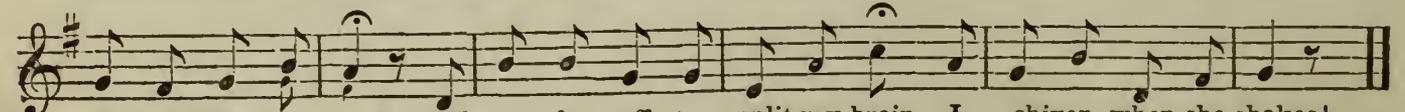
Vivaco.



My wife is ve - ry mu - si - cal, She tunes it o - ver - much, And teases me with



what they call Her fin - ger - ing and touch; She's in - stru - men - tal to my pain, Her

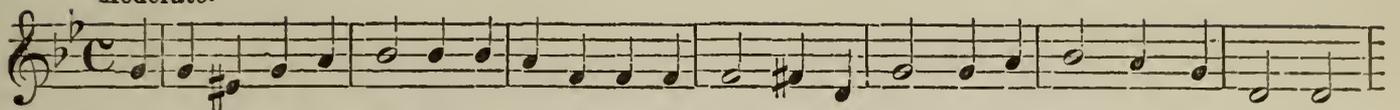


ve - ry Broadwood quakes, Her vocal efforts split my brain, I shiver when she shakes!

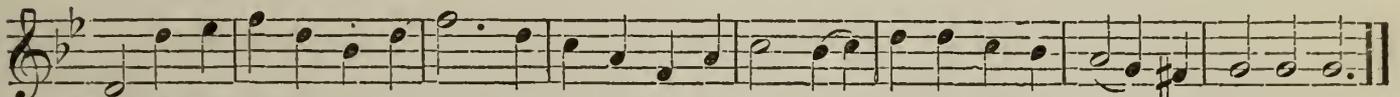
She tells me, with the greatest ease
Her voice goes up to C!
And proves it till her melodies
Are maladies to me —
She's "Isabelling" if I stir
From where my books lie hid,
Or, "Oh! I'll never mention her" —
I wish she never did!

Her newest tunes turn out to be
The same as heard last year;
Alas! 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.

Moderato.

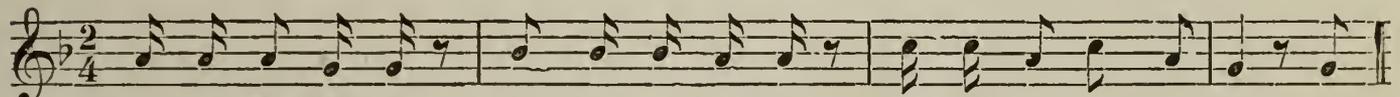


There was a lit - tle man, and he woo'd a little maid, And he said, ' Little maid, will you wed, wed,
Then the little maid repli'd, ' Should I be your little bride, Pray, what shall we do for to eat, eat,

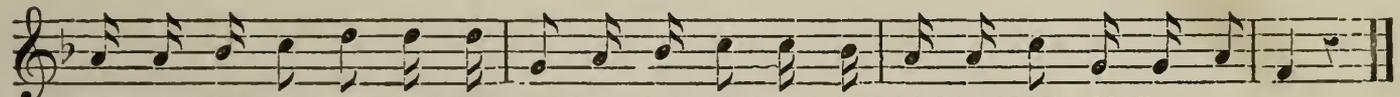


wed; I have little more to say, than will you, ay, or nay? For little said is soonest mend-ed-ed.
eat? Will the flame you're so rich in serve for fire in the kitchen? Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

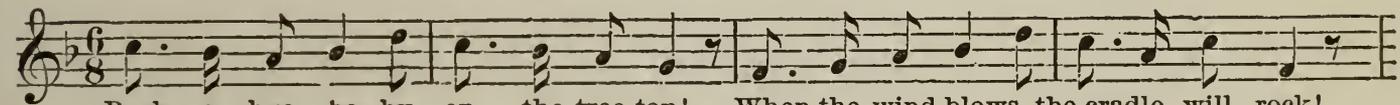


Lit - tle Miss Muffet Sat on a tuffet, Eating of curds and whey; There

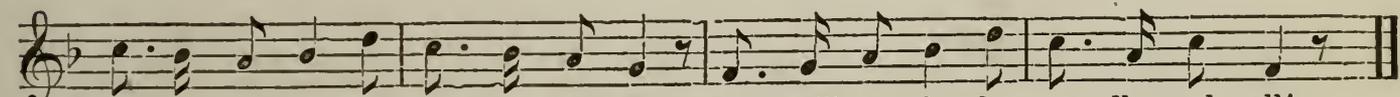


came a lit - tle spi - der, Who sat down be - side her, And frighten'd Miss Muffet a - way.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

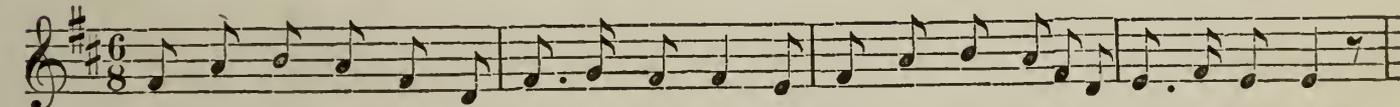


Rock - a - bye, ba - by, on the tree-top! When the wind blows, the cradle will rock!

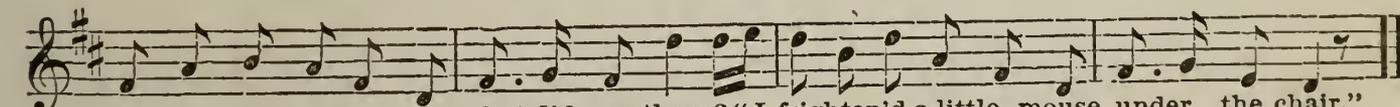


When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, Down will come ba - by cra - dle and all!

PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

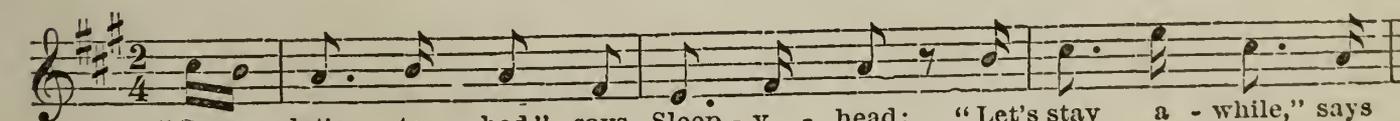


"Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, where have you been" "I've been up to London to look at the Queen."

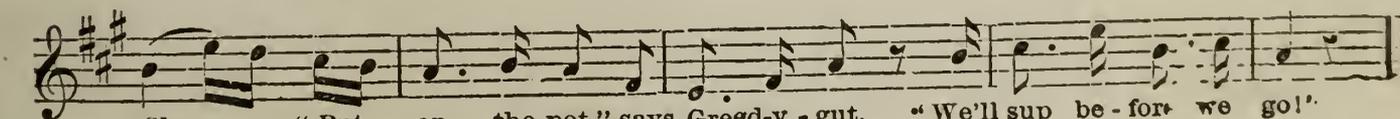


"Pus - sy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?" "I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair."

COME, LET'S TO BED.



"Come, let's to bed" says Sleep - y - head; "Let's stay a - while," says



Slow; "Put on the pot," says Greed - y - gut, "We'll sup be - fore we go!"

ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.

Moderato. CHORUS.

'Twas on the beach at Brighton, one fine summer's day, I met this handsome man who



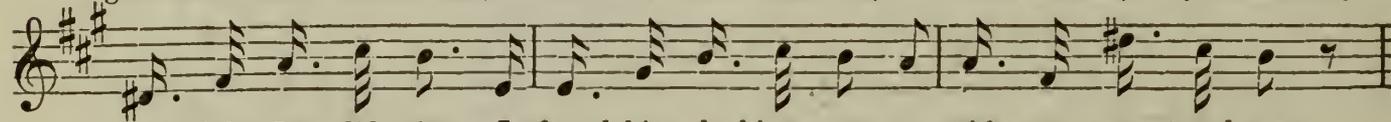
On the beach at Brighton, One fine summer's day, I had a nov-el reading To stole my heart a-way; Now I feel so happy as bliss-ful moments glide, The



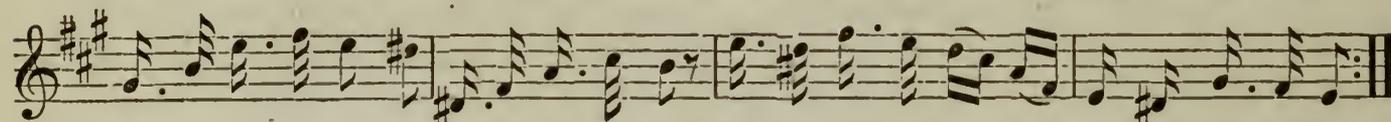
pass the time a-way; And so in-ter-est-ed was I in the plot, A day is quickly coming when I shall be his bride.



gent stood there beside me, still I saw him not, 'Till at last, by chance, my



eye-lids I did raise, I found him looking on me with en-rap-tured gaze;



Bright blue eyes so sparkling, handsome grecian nose, Teeth of pearly whiteness, quite the pink of beaux.

As like one awaking from some happy dream,
 We glances did exchange, his eyes with love did beam.
 Ere much time was over we began to chat,
 And hours passed away, still he beside me sat,
 And with ways so winning he did love impart.
 My spirits rose as high as the morning lark.
 He told me that he lov'd me, vow'd that all his life
 Would be to him worthless unless I'd be his wife.

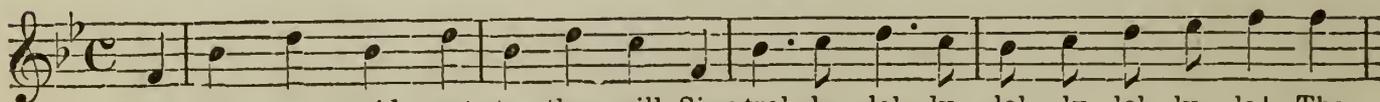
CHORUS.

He said that if I'd marry, all troubles we would drown,
 And live in blissful ignorance of all the cares of Town;
 With soft persuasive power he told me of his love,
 Vowing to be true by all the powers above;
 He asked me if I'd marry, pressed me then to say,
 Till to his wishes yielding, I named the happy day.
 He said his cup of bliss was fill'd quite to the brim,
 He'd live alone for me, and I alone for him.

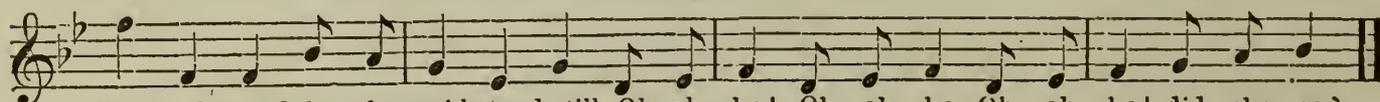
(SPOKEN.) And I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, he is one of those dear delightful fellows that no young girl could resist, and I'm very happy and proud to say, up to the present moment, I've no cause to regret that I was—

On the beach, &c.

THERE WAS A MAID WENT TO THE MILL.

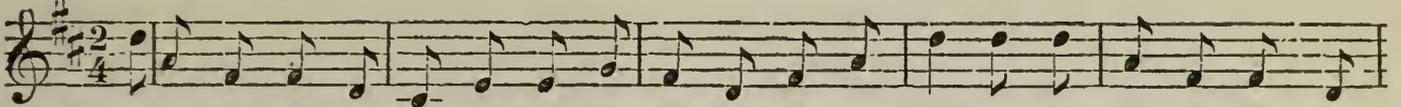


There was a maid went to the mill, Sing trol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lo! The
 The miller he kiss'd her; a way she went, Sing trol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lo! The
 He danced and he sung while the mill went clack, Sing trol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lo! And

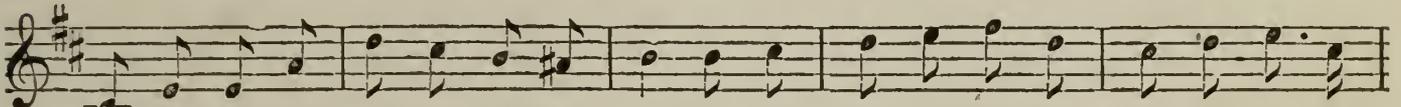


mill turned round, but the maid stood still, Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho, Oh, oh, ho! did she so?
 maid was well pleas'd and the, miller content, Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho, Oh, oh, ho! was it so?
 cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack, Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho, Oh, oh, ho! did it so?

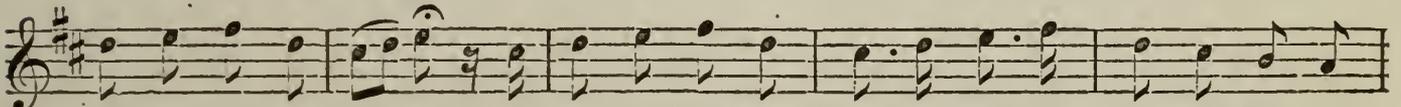
Allegretto moderato.



From noise and bus - tle far a - way, Hard work my time em - ploy-ing, How hap - pi - ly I
At church, I met her dressed so neat, One Sunday in hot weather, With love I found my



passed each day, Con - tent and health en - joy-ing; The birds did sing, and so did I, As
heart did beat, As we sung psalms to - geth-er; So pi - ous - ly she hung her head, The



I trudg'd o'er each a - cre, I nev - er knew what 'twas to sigh, Till I saw Bet - sy
while her voice did shake, ah! I thought if ev - er I did wed, 'Twould be with Bet - sy



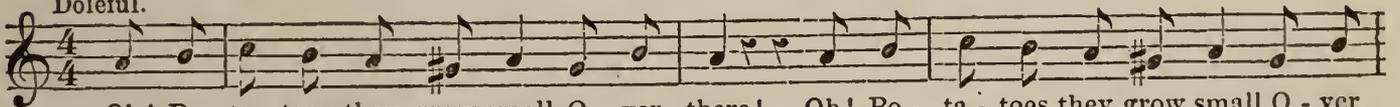
Ba - ker; I nev - er knew what 'twas to sigh, Till I saw Bet - sy Ba - ker.
Ba - ker; I thought if ev - er I did wed, 'Twould be with Bet - sy Ba - ker.

From her side I could not budge,
And sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bade me mind 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 acre,
Will you give me your company?"
"I shan't," 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 smelt his cane,
With long face like a quaker,
Said he, "Young man, pray, where's thy pain?"
Says I, "Sir, Betsy Baker."

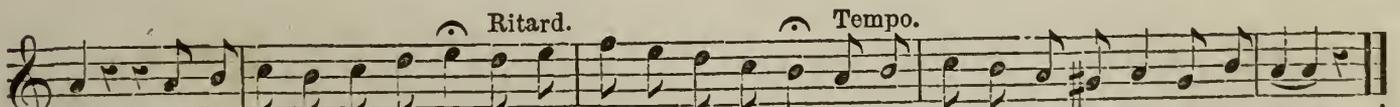
Because I was not bad enough,
He bolused and he pilled me,
And if I'd taken all his stuff,
I think he must ha' killed me;
I put an end to all the strife
'Twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life?
Why thoughts of Betsy Baker.
I then again to Betsy went,
Once more with love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

OVER THERE.

Doleful.



Oh! Po - ta - toes they grow small O - ver there! Oh! Po - ta - toes they grow small O - ver
Oh! the can - dles they are small O - ver there! Oh! the can - dles they are small O - ver



there! Oh! Potatoes they grow small, 'cause they plant 'em in the fall, And then eats 'em tops and all, over there!
there! Oh! the candles they are small, For they dips 'em lean and tall, And then burns 'em sticks and all, over there!

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!

SOPRANO. Allegretto.

Why don't the men pro- pose, ma - ma? Why don't the men propose? Each seems just coming

ALTO.

I'm sure I've done the best mam - ma! To make a prop - er match; For Cor - o - nets and

BASS.

to the point, And then a - way he goes! It is no fault of yours, mamma, that every body

old - est sons I'm ev - er on the watch: I've hopèd when some distingue beaux A glance upon me

knows; You fete the fin - est 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

won't they won't, they won't propose, mamma, mamma, they won't, they won't propose!

won't, he won't, he won't propose, mamma, mamma, he won't, he won't, propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books and talked of them,
As tho' I'd read them through,
With hair cropp'd like a man,
I've felt the heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,
And oh! they won't propose! &c.

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

Last night, at Lady Ramble'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 carte 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 spinsters sit in rows;
Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose? &c.

Allegro. Moderato.

I'm sin - gle yet, I'm sin - gle yet, And years have flown since I came
 out! In vain I sigh, In vain I fret! Ye gods! ye gods! what, what, what are the men a -
 bout? I vow I'm twenty! Oh, ye powers! A spinster's lot is hard to
 bear! On earth a - lone to pass her hours! And af - ter - wards lead apes down there!

No offer yet! No offer yet!
 I'm sure, I'm sure I cannot make it out!
 For every beau my cap I set,
 What, what, what, what, what, what, what *are* the men
 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 blessed-ness!*

[about!

Not married yet! not married yet!
 Heigh ho! alas! and well a day!
 A hand of snow, an eye of jet,
 Are all I have, are all I have to give away!
 They say "she's pretty, but no chink!"
 With hand extended thus, they flout;
 "There's nothing green in me, I think!"
 Or "Does your mother know you're out!"

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

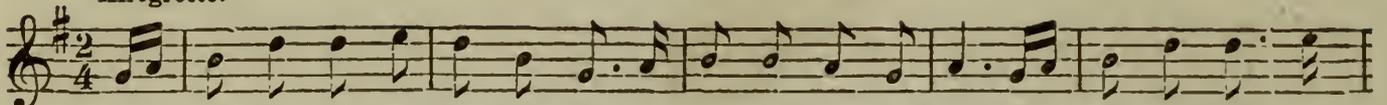
Affetuoso.

O Whack, Cu - pid's a Man - i - kin, Smack on my heart he gave me a poulter,
 Good lack! Ju - dy O' Flan - i - kin, Dear - ly she loves nate Loo - ney Mac - twol - ter.
 Ju - dy's my dar - ling, my kisses she suffers, An heir - ess 'tis clear, for her fa - ther sells beer,
 He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers, She's so smart, from my heart, I cannot bolt her.
 O Whack, Ju - dy O' Flan - i - kin, She is the girl for Loo - ney Mac - twol - ter,
 O Whack, Ju - dy O' Flan - i - kin, She is the girl for Loo - ney Mac - twol - ter,

Oh hone, good news I need a bit,
 We'd correspond, but learning would choke her;
 Mavrone, 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-back'd shoemaker,
 Oh, she's smart, from my heart, I cannot bolt her;
 Oh! whack, Judy O'Flanikin,
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

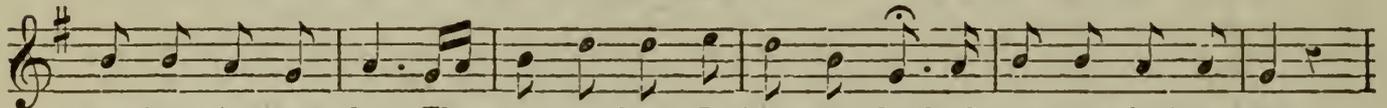
Allegretto.



I came from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm gwine to Lou - si -
I jumped a - board de tel - egraph, and trabeled down de riber, De 'Lec - tric fluid mag -

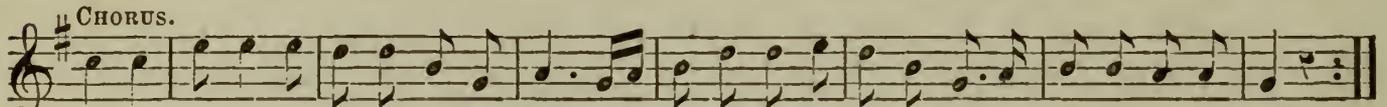


a - na My true love for to see, It rained all night the day I left, The
ni - fied, Aud killed five hun - dred nigger. De bull - gine bust, de horse run off, I



weather it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na don't yon cry.
rerl - ly tho't I'd die; I shnt my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san - na, don't yon cry.

CHORUS.

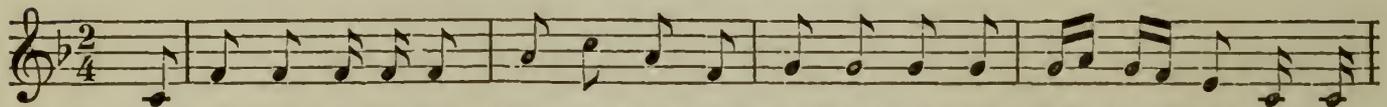


Oh! Su - san - na, Oh! don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de odder night
When ebery ting was still;
I thought I saw Susanna,
A coming down de hill.
The buckwheat - cake war in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Says I'm coming from de South,
Susanna, don't you cry. Oh! Susanna, &c.

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susanna,
I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her,
Dis darkie 'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry. Oh! Susanna, &c.

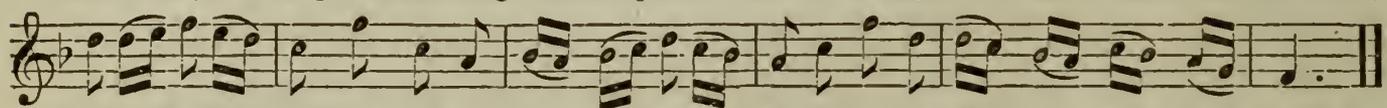
THE MONKEY'S WEDDING.



The Monkey married the Baboon s sis - ter, Smack'd his lips and then he kiss'd her; He
What do you think the bride was dress'd in? White gauze veil and a green glass breast - pin,



kiss'd so hard he rais'd a blist - ter, She set up a yell, The bridesmade stuck on some court plaster, It
Red kid shoes, she was quite interesting. She was quite a belle. The bridegroom swell'd with a blue shirt collar,



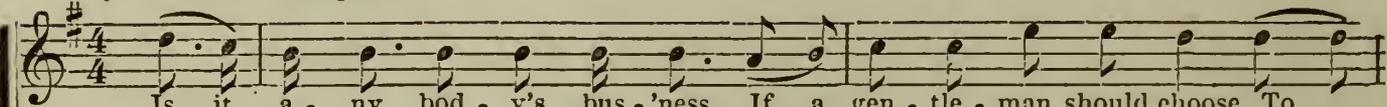
stuck so fast it could'nt stiek faster, Sure - ly 'twas a sad dis - as - ter, But it soon got well.
Black silk stock that cost a dol - lar, Large false whiskers, the fashion to follow; He cut a monstrous swell.

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,
Pick'led oysters too.
Chestnuts raw and boil'd and roasted,
Apples sliced and onions toasted,
Music in the corner posted,
Waiting for the cue.

What do you think was the tune they danced to?
"The Drunken Sailor," sometimes "Jim Crow,"
Tails in the way, and some got pinch'd too.
'Cause they were too long.
What do you think they had for a fiddle?
An old banjo with a hole in the middle,
A tamborine made out of a riddle,
And that's the end of my song.

IS IT ANY BODY'S BUSINESS?

mf 1st VOICE. Pomposo.



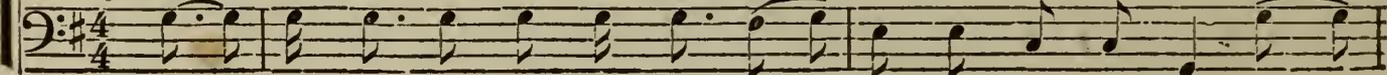
Is it a - ny bod - y's bus - 'ness If a gen - tle - man should choose, To

mf 2d. VOICE.



Is it a - ny bod - y's bus - 'ness When that gen - tle - man does call, Or

mf BASS.



wait up - on a la - dy, If the la - dy don't re - fuse? Or to speak a little plainer, That the
 when he leaves the la - dy, Or if he leave at all? Or is it ne - ces - sa - ry That the
 mean - ing all may know, Is it a - ny body's busi - ness If a la - dy has a beau?
 cur - tain should be drawn, to save from fur - ther trou - ble The out - side look - ers on?

Is it anybody's bus'ness
 But the lady's, if her beau
 Rides out with other ladies,
 And doesn't let her know?
 Is it anybody's bus'ness
 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 anybody's bus'ness
 Where that person means to call?
 Or if you see a person,
 As he's calling anywhere,
 Is it any of your bus'ness
 What his bus'ness may be there?

The substance of our query,
 Simply stated, would be this:
 Is it anybody's bus'ness
 What another's bus'ness 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 'tis, 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 everybody learns
 It were better in the future
 To mind his own concerns.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

My Grandmother lived on yonder lit - tle green, As fine an old la - dy as ev - er was seen,
 She oftentimes taught and in - structed me with care, Of all false young men to be - ware,
 Ti di um dum dum dum di - di - i - di - air, Of all false young men to be - ware.

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

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 attend 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.

Oh dear, what a fuss these old ladies make,
 Thinks 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.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

Allegro.

Well, here I am, and what of that? methinks I hear you cry; I am come and
that is pat! To see if you will buy; A fe-male auc-tioneer I stand, But not to seek for
pelf. For the on-ly lot I've now on hand, is just to sell my-self! And I'm going' going,
going, going. Who bids, who bids for me? for I'm going, going, going, Who bids, who bids for me?

Though some may deem me pert or so,
They deal in idle strife,
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.

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

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

In the merry month of June From my home I start-ed, Left the girls of Tuam Nearly broken-
heart-ed; Sa-lut-ed fa-ther dear, Kissed my dar-ling mother, Drunk a pint of beer my
grief and tears to smot-her. Then off to reap the corn And leave where I was
born, I cut a stout black thorn To van-ish ghost on gob-lin In a bran new pair of
brogues I rattled over the bogs, And frightened all the dogs, on the Rocky Road to Dublin.

In Mullingar, that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight next morning, light and airy,
Took a drop o' the pure to keep my spirits from *sink-*
ing,
That's an Irishman's cure whenever he's on for drink-
ing;
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin';
They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
Till I was almost tired of the Rocky Road to Dublin.
Whack, fal lal, &c.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city;
Then I took a stroll all among the quality,
My bundle it was stole in a neat locality,
Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon my stick a wobblin';
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the Rocky Road to Dublin.
Whack, fal lal, &c.

From there I got away, my spirits never failing;
Landed on the quay, as the ship was sailin',
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy;
Down among the pigs, I played some funny rigs,
Danc'd some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'.
When off Holyhead, I wish'd myself was dead,
Or better far instead on the Rocky Road to Dublin.
Whack, fal lal le, &c.

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Call'd myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin',
Poor Ould Erin's Isle they began abusin',
"Hurra, my soul!" says I; my shillalagh I let fly,
Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurrah, they joined in the affray,
[SPOKEN.—Faugh-a-ballagh].
We quickly cleared the way for the Rocky Road to
Dublin.
Whack, fal lal, &c.

The stars are roll-ing in the sky, The earth rolls on be-low, And
we can feel the rat-ling wheel Re-volv-ing as we go; Then
tread a-way, my gal-lant boys, And make the ax-le fly; Why
should not wheels go round a-bout Like plan-nets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
And stir your solid pegs!
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider-legs;
What though you're awkward at the trade,
There's time enough to learn,
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
So faster now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends;
It's pleasant work to ramble round,
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here;
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear;
He's lost them both! don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport; suppose we take
A round or two for fun?
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now, hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own.

SCHWEET LITTEL KATY.

Smoothly.

Tune by R. A. SMITH.

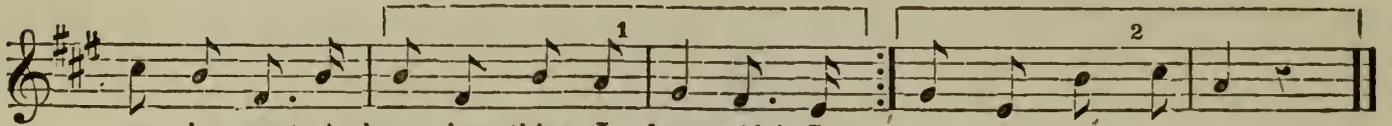
Te sun vas gone down just behind the blue moutains, Unt left te tark night to come
on us a-gain, Ven I stumped along 'mongst te schwamps unt te fountains, Just to
see vonsht my Ka-ty vat lives on de plain. Sing on den, you pird, mit your song for te night, It's so
nice in te hills, sing your song vonsht a-gain, Such joy to my heart, unt such monstrous telight, Prings
schweet lit-tel Ka-ty vat lives on te plain, Prings schweet lit-tel Ka-ty, Prings
schweet lit-tel Ka-ty, Prings schweet lit-tle Ka-ty vat lives on te plain.

How schweet is the lily, mit its prawn-yellow pos-
som,
Unt so is te meadow, all covert mit green;
Put noting's so schweet, nor yet sticks in my posom,
Like schweet littel Katy vat lives on te plain.
She's pashful as any; like her dere's not many;
She's neider high larnt, nor yet foolish, nor vain,
And he's a great villain, mitout any feeling,
Dat would hurt littel Katy, vat lives on te plain,
Dat would hurt littel Katy, &c.

My days vere like noting till I met mit my Katy;
All te tings in te town dey vere nonsense unt pain;
I saw not te girl I would call my tear lady,
Till I met mit my Katy vat lives on te plain.
I don't care how high I might get in te nation,
From all tem high places I'd come down again,
Unt tink it vas noting to have a great station,
Ven I couldn't get Katy, vat lives on te plain,
Ven I couldn't get Katy, &c.



Jo - seph Bax - ter is my name, My friends all call me Joe, I'm up, you know to
once was green as green could be, I suf - fer'd for it though, Now if they try it



ev - 'ry game, And ev - 'ry thing I know. Ah! I
on with me I tell them not for Joe.

CHORUS.



"Not for Joe," "Not for Joe," If he knows it, not for Joseph; No, no, no, "Not for Joe," Not for Joseph, oh, dear, no!

I used to throw my cash about,
In a reckless sort of way;
I'm careful now what I'm about,
And cautious how I pay;
Now the other night, I asked a pal
With me to have a drain, —
"Thanks, Joe," said he; "let's see, old pal,
I think I'll have champagne."

SPOKEN. — ["Will ye," said I; "oh, no —"]
Not for Joe, &c.

There's a fellow called Jack Bannister,
He's a sort of chap, is Jack,
Who is always money borrowing,
But never pays ye back;
Now, last Thursday night, he came to me,
Said he'd just returned to town,
And was rather short of cash, —
Could I lend him half-a-crown?

SPOKEN. — ["Well," said I, "if I thought I should get
it back again, I would, with pleasure; but ex-
cuse me, if I say —"]
Not for Joe, &c.

A friend of mine down in Pall Mall,
The other night said, "Joe,
I'll introduce you to a gal,
You really ought to know;
She's a widow you should try and win,
'Twould a good match be for you —
She's pretty, and got lots of tin,
And only forty-two!"

SPOKEN. — [Fancy forty-two, old enough to be my
grandmother — and you know a fella can't marry
his grandmother, — lots of tin, though, and
pretty — forty-two! No.]
Not for Joe, &c.

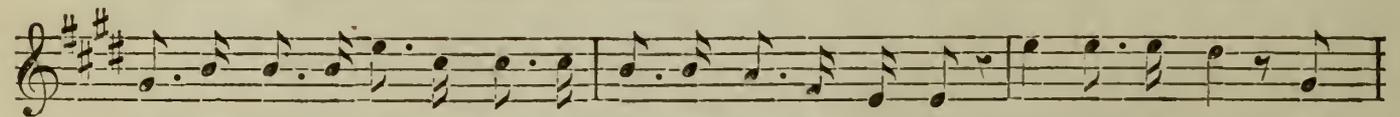
I think you've had enough of Joe,
And go I really must;
I thank you for your kindness, though,
And only hope and trust —
That the favor you have shown so long,
I always may retain;
Perhaps, now if you like my song,
You'll wish I'll sing again.

SPOKEN. — [But —]
Not for Joe, &c.

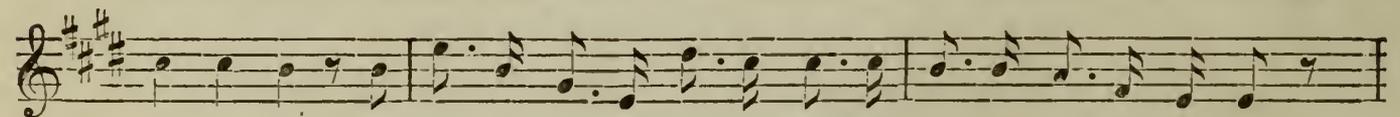
SALLY COME UP.



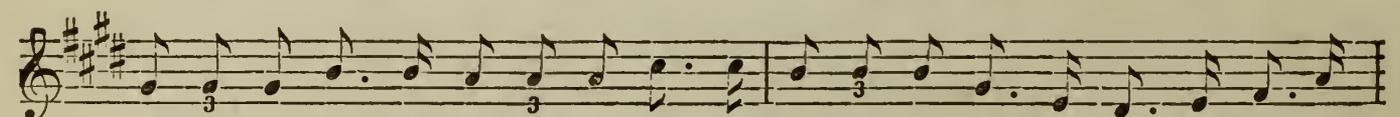
Mas - sa gone the news to hear, And he has left the o - ver - seer To



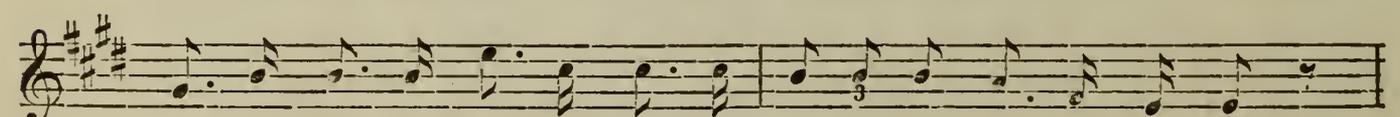
look to all de nig-gars here, while I make love to Sal - ly. She's such a belle, A



real dark swell, She dress so slick and look so well, Dar's not a gal like Sal - ly.



Sal - ly come up! oh, Sal - ly go down, Oh, Sal - ly come twist your heel a - round, De



old man he's gone down to town, Oh, Sal - ly come down the mid - dle.

Last Monday night, I gave a ball,
And I invited the niggers, all,
The thick, the thin, the short, the tall,
But none came up to Sally;
And at the ball
She did lick 'em all;
Black Sal was the fairest gal of all,
My lubly, charming Sally!
Oh, Sally come up, &c.

De fiddle was played by Pompey Jones,
Uncle Ned he shook de bones,
Joe played on de pine-stick stones,
But they couldn't play to Sally;
Old Dan Roe
Played on de banjo;
Ginger Blue de big drum blew,
But couldn't blow like Sally.
Oh, Sally come up, &c.

Dar was dat lubly gal, Miss Fan,
Wid a face as broad as a frying-pan;
But Sally's is as broad again,
Dar's not a face like Sally's;
She's got a foot
To full out de boot,
So broad, so long, as the gum-tree root,
Such a foot has Sally.
Oh, Sally come up, &c.

Sally can dance, Sally tan sing,
De cat-chocker reel and break-down fling;
To get de niggers in a string,
Dar's not a gal like Sally;
Tom, Sam, and Ned,
Dey often wish me dead;
To dem both all tree, I said,
"Don't you wish you may get my Sally?"
Sally come up, &c.

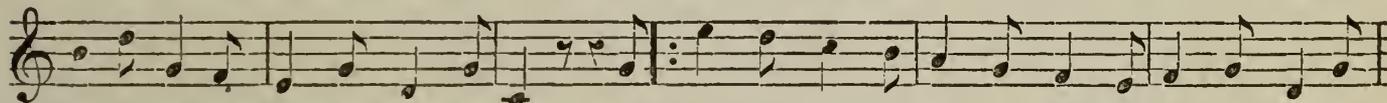
Sally has got a lubly nose,
Flat across her face it grows,
It sounds like tunder when it blows,
Such a lubly nose has Sally!
She can smell a rat,
So mind what you're at;
It's rather sharp, although it's flat,
Is de lubly nose ob Sally!
Sally come up, &c.

De oder night, I said to she,
"I'll hab you, if you'll hab me."
"All right," says she; "I do agree."
So I smash up wid Sally;
She's rader dark,
But quite up to de mark,
Neber was such a gal for a lark,
Such a clipper gal was Sally.
Sally come up, &c.

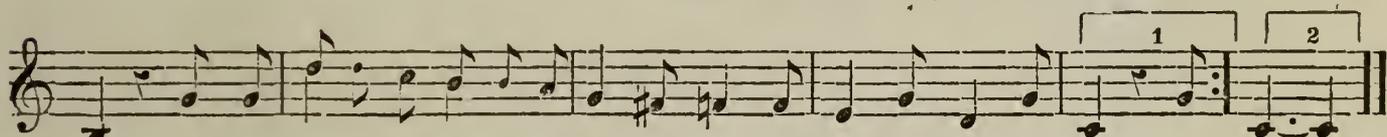
THE REGULAR CURE.



Oh, dear! oh, my! how queer I feel! I don't know what to do; For I'm in love with



Pol-ly Peel, wot lives at Num-ber two. My heart goes bump, my legs go jump; I'm lost I know for
cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure, T'will be in-deed a



sure; I shall dance till worn down to a stump, Oh, wont that be a cure? A
cure. With my hop-pi-ty, kick-i-ty, high and low, I am a reg-'lar cure.

I dance around her day and night,
And find I cannot cease;
But she's got another chap all right,
And he's in the police;
His dress is blue, his letter's Q,
He treats me like a boor;
His number it is Onety-one,
And he says that I'm a cure!
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;
He says that I'm a cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

I went Miss Polly Peel to meet,
But the man who'd brought the coal,
Left wide the op'ning in the street,
So I tumbled down the hole;
As black as soot, poor me they put
In water most impure,
By way of giving me a wash,
Now, wasn't that a cure?
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;
Oh, wasn't that a cure?
With my hoppity, &c.

One day, she gave me such a smile,
Oh, how my heart did beat,
When, after walking near a mile,
She asked me to stand treat;
She broke a glass, and then did say,
"This young man so demure,

The damage I have done will pay."
Oh, wasn't that a cure?
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;
Oh, wasn't that a cure?
With my hoppity, &c.

I told them I had got no cash;
Said they, "that's rather odd;
But as the glass has gone to smash,
Why, you must go to quod!"
In vain I said to Onety-one,
That I was awful poor,
So I tipped for what I hadn't done,
My eye! that was a cure!
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;
Oh, yes, it was a cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

You'll ask me why it is my plan,
To dance and not be stopping;
I was hit by a mad fiddler-man,
That's why I keeps on hopping;
But I have got no more to say,
That you could now endure,
Except, before I dance away,
That I'm a grateful cure.
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;
I am a grateful cure.
With my hoppity, &c.

I am as you know a Beacon street belle, Who did captivate once a magni - fi - cent swell, He was
 . en - voy, em-bass-a-dor, or something rare, To king-what's-his name, of I-do-not-know-where! 'Twas
 at the White Mountains a year from next June, We walked and we talked by the light of the moon: There was
ad lib.
 squeezing of hands, followed up by a kiss, And so far's I remember, I felt just like this — Ah!

CHORUS.

Up in a bal - loon, boys, Up in a bal - - loon, All a - mong the
 lit - tle stars, sail - ing round the moon, Up in a balloon, boys, up in a bal -
 loon, It's something ver - y jol - ly To be up in a bal - loon!

The wedding was fixed, the presents were bought,
 And from Bigelow's, jewelry was to be brought,
 But, alas! when the bill to my dear lover went,
 By some misadventure, he had not a cent!
 My guardian, a broker, away down in State,
 Provided him plenty of funds at quick rate;
 But when the old gentleman questioned him where
 His securities were, why, he answered, "up there!" Ah!

CHORUS.

The marriage guests came, I'd practised a tear;
 I had got up a blush, and my veil was a dear,
 And the parson was ready, likewise the champagne,
 But, ah! my false lover I ne'er saw again;
 Instead of my darling, my hope, and my joy,
 There came to the altar, a telegraph boy,
 I saw that he knew, and I gasped out, "Oh, where
 Is he gone?" and he pointed right up in the air. Ah!

CHORUS.

SUCH A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

When I was a lit - tle boy, some twen - ty years a - go I
 Straight hair I had, and gog - gle eyes, with such a rogu - ish leer;
 was the pride of mammy's heart, she made me quite a show. Such a beau - ty I did
 a broad flat nose, turned up beside a mouth from ear to ear.
 grow, did grow, did grow: Such a beau - ty I did grow.

My mother prais'd my little charms; and when she did
 me fill,
 Lest she should spoil my mouth with spoons, she fed
 me with a quill.

And a beauty, &c.

But when I came to riper years, and should have studied
 books,
 I sat out at the kitchen-door, a-watching of the rooks.

And a beauty, &c.

So elevated were my thoughts, no wonder I look'd
 wise,
 When my sweet mouth was always open, catching of
 the flies.

And a beauty, &c.

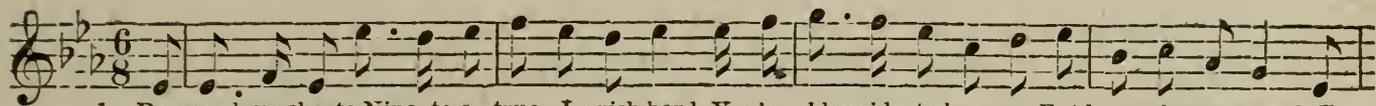
Abroad, to take the summer air, sometimes I us'd to
 go, —
 The children, screaming, ran away, crying, "A buga -
 bo!"

Such a beauty, &c.

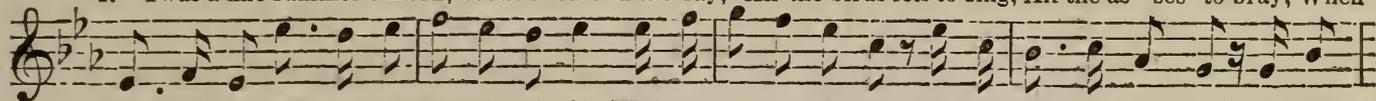
At mountebanks a candidate, I beat them all dead
 hollow,
 And thrice I won the gold-lac'd hat, by grinning thro'
 a collar.

Such a beauty, &c.

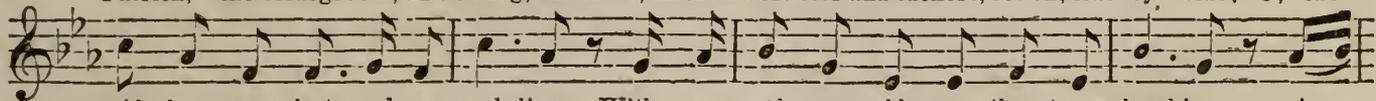
Now, ladies, if you're smit in love, I pray do not
 disguise,
 But commend me to a handsome wife, that in her pretty
 eyes,
 For a beauty I may go, may go; for a beauty I may
 go.



1. De-scend, ye chaste Nine, to a true I - rish bard, You're old maids, to be sure, But he sends you a card, To
 2. 'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day, All the birds fell to sing, All the as - ses' to bray, When



beg you'll as - sist a poor mu - si - cal elf, With a song ready-made, he'll compose it him - self! A - bout
 Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonag, the bride, In their best bibs and tuckers, set off, side by side; O, the



maids, boys, a priest, and a wed - ding, With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in, — A
 pi - pers play'd first in the rear, sir, The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir! O,



sup - per, good cheer, and a bed - ding, Which happen'd at Bal - ly - po - reen.
 Lord! how the spal - peens did stare, sir, At this wedding of Bal - ly - po - reen.

3. They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn ;
 When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 O, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group.
 There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
 And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.
4. There was Bryan MacDermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,
 With Terence, and Triscol and platter-faced Pat ;
 There was Norah Macormic, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn !
 There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius
 With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.
5. Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
 And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration ;
 They were welcomed, he said, and he swore. and he cursed,
 They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink till they burst.
 The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 I hope you all hither will drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,
 To the christening at Ballyporeen.
6. Then the bride she got up, to make a low bow,
 But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how —
 She blushed, and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
 She whispered so low that she bothered them all.
 But her mother cried,—“ What, are you dead, child ?
 O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child ;
 Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child.
 O, I'd rattle all Ballyporeen.”
7. Now they sat down to meat,—Father Murphy said grace ;
 Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face !
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
 And they elbowed, and jostled, and wollopped away ;
 Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs ;
 Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs ;
 They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs,
 At this wedding at Ballyporeen.
8. There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled ;
 Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled ;
 Hog's puddings, red herrings, the priest got the snipe ;
 Culcannon pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heel and tripe ;
 Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs,
 O, how Terry Macmants did roar, sirs,
 O, he bothered all Ballyporeen.

42 THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN, Concluded.

9. Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters did roar ;
 Tim sung " Paddy O'Kelly ; " Nell sung " Molly Astore ; "
 Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake ;
 Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing,
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing, Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.
10. Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
 Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride ;
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
 Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen ;
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry As we were at Ballyporeen.

THE CORK LEG.

A tale I'll tell you with-out a - ny, flam ; In Hol - land there dwelt Myn -
 heer Von Clam, Who e - ve - ry morn - ing said, " I am The
 rich - est mer - chant in Rot - ter - dam." Ri too ral loo ral
 loo ral loo ral loo ral ri too loo ral lay.

2.
 One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,
 When a poor relation came to beg,
 But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
 And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

3.
 A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
 Came and made a long oration ;
 He wanted a limb for anatomization,
 So finished the job by amputation,
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

4.
 Said Mynheer, when he had done his work,
 " By your knife I lose one fork ;
 But upon crutehes I'll never stalk,
 For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork. "
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

5.
 An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
 Had made cork legs his study and theme ;
 Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
 The works a compound of clockwork and steam,
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

6.
 The leg was made and fitted right ;
 Inspection the artist did invite ;
 The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
 And he fixed it on and screw'd it tight.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

7.
 He walk'd through squares and past each shop,
 Of speed he went at the very top ;
 Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
 Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

8.
 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.

9.
 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 then a minute was out of sight.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

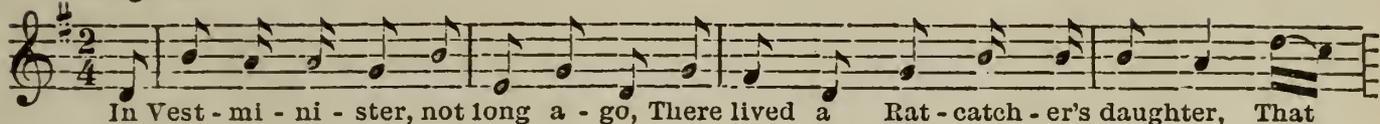
10.
 He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
 To ease his weary bones he fain
 Did throw himself down, but all in vain,—
 For the leg got up, and was off again.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

11.
 He walk'd for 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.

12.
 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 serv'd him right.
 Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

13.
 My tale Iv'e 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.

Allegretto.



In Vest - mi - ni - ster, not long a - go, There lived a Rat - catch - er's daughter, That



is not quite in Vest - mi - ni - ster, 'Cos she liv'd t'oth - er side of the va - ter :—Her



fa - ther caught rats, and she cried sprats, All round a - bout that q'var - ter; The young



gen - tle - men all touched their hats To the prit - ty lit - tle Rat - catch - er's



daugh - ter. Doo - dle di, doo - dle dee, da dum doo - dle dum.

2.

She vore no hat upon her head,
Nor cap, nor dandy bonnet,
The hair on her head fell down her back,
Like a bunch of carrots upon it;
Ven she cried "sprats" in Vestminster,
Oh! such a sweet, loud voice, sir,
You could hear her all up Parliament street,
And as far as Charing Cross, sir.
Doodle di, &c.

3.

Both rich and poor, from far and near,
In matrimony sought her;
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
Did the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter;
For there was a man sold lily-vite sand,
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And right over head and ears in love
Fell the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle di, &c.

4.

Now lily-vite sand so run in her head,
As she walk'd along the strand, oh!
She cried, though she'd got the sprat on her
[head—
"Do you vant any lily-vite sand, oh?"
The folks amaz'd all thought her craz'd,
As she valk'd along the strand, oh!
To hear a gal, with sprat on her head,
Cry, "Come, buy my lily-vite sand, oh!"
Doodle di, &c.

5.

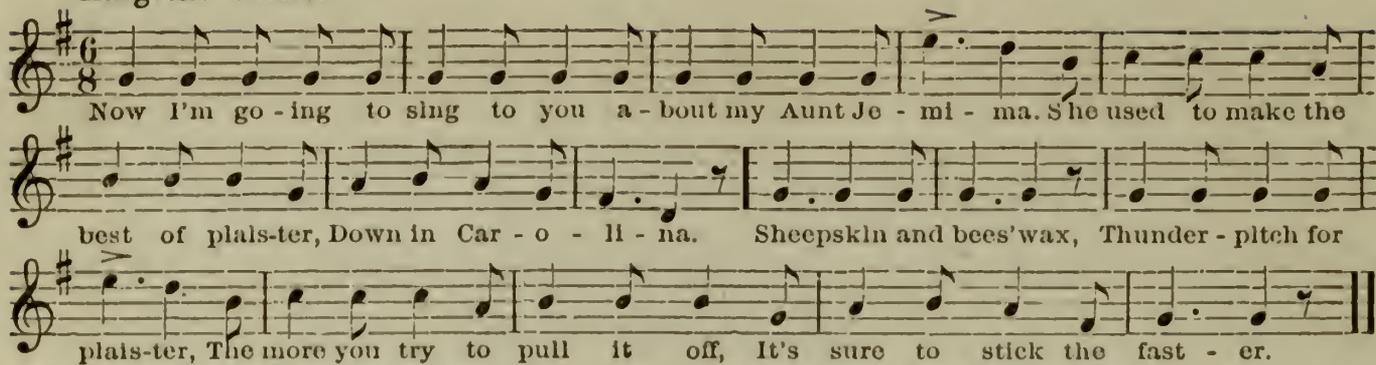
The Ratcatcher's daughter run in his head,
And he didn't know vot he vos arter;
Instead of crying, "want any lily-vite sand?"
He cried, "D'ye vant any Ratcatcher's
[daughter?"
The donkey prick'd up his ears and laugh'd,
And vonder'd vot he vos arter,
To hear his lily-vite sandman cry,
"Vill ye buy any Ratcatcher's daughter?"
Doodle di, &c.

6.

Now they both agreed to married be
Upon next Easter Sunday;
But the Ratcatcher's daughter had a dream
She wouldn't be alive till Monday;
She vent again to buy some sprats,
But tumbled into the vater;
And down to the bottom of the dirty Thames,
Fell the pritty little Ratcatcher's daughter!
Doodle di, &c.

7.

Lily-vite sand, ven he heard the news,
Both his eyes pour'd down with vater;
Says he, "In love I'll constant prove,
And blow'd if I live long arter!
So he cut his throat vith a sq'vare of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter!
There vos an end of poor lily-vite sand,
His donkey, and Ratcatcher's daughter!
Doodle di, &c.

Allegretto Vivace.


Now I'm go-ing to sing to you a-bout my Aunt Je-mi-ma. She used to make the
best of plais-ter, Down in Car-o-li-na. Sheepskin and bees'wax, Thunder-pitch for
plais-ter, The more you try to pull it off, It's sure to stick the fast-er.

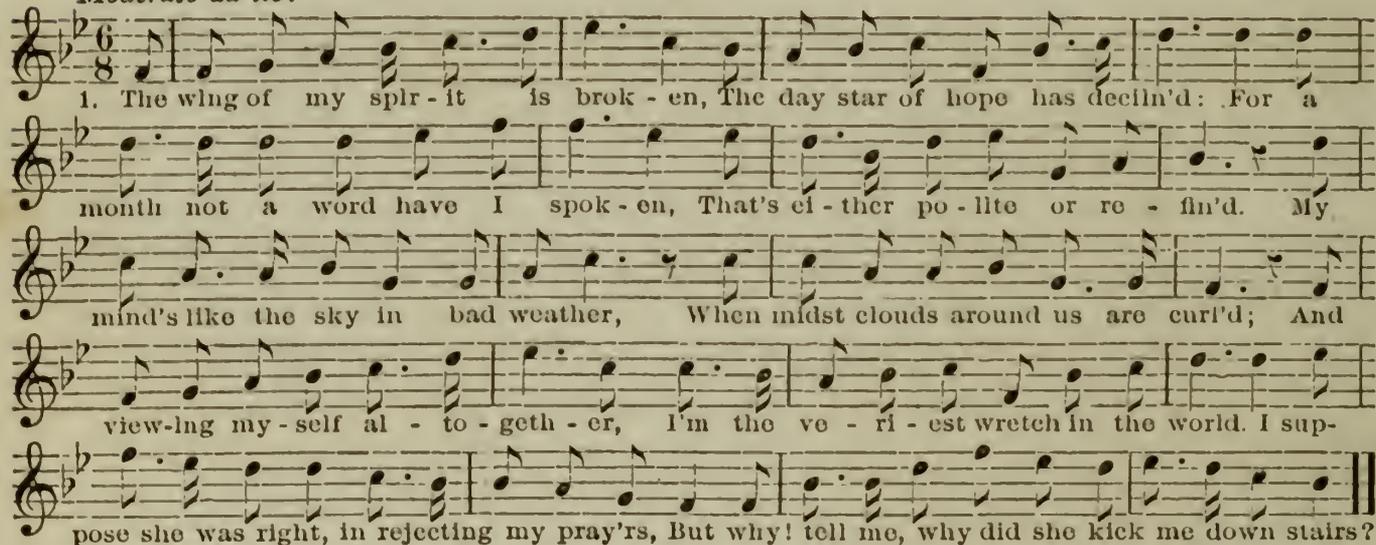
2. Once I had a box of blacking,
About so big or bigger,
I stuck the plaster on the lid,
And it drew me out a nigger.
Sheep skin, &c.

3. Going down to New Orleans,
I fell upon the landing,
I stuck a plaster on my head,
And it fetched me up a standing.
Sheep skin, &c.

4. Once I had a scolding wife,
She wasn't over civil,
I clapt a plaster on her back,
And it drew her to the devil.
Sheep skin, &c.

5. But now my wife is dead and gone,
I'm off to Carolina;
And if my song has pleased you all,
Some other day I'll find her.
Sheep skin, &c.

WHY DID SHE KICK ME DOWN STAIRS.

Moderato ad lib.


1. The wing of my splr-it is brok-en, The day star of hope has declin'd: For a
month not a word have I spok-en, That's ei-ther po-lite or re-fin'd. My
mind's like the sky in bad weather, When midst clouds around us are curl'd; And
view-ing my-self al-to-geth-er, I'm the ve-ri-est wretch in the world. I sup-
pose she was right, in rejecting my pray'rs, But why! tell me, why did she kick me down stairs?

2.
I wander about like a vagrant—
I spend half my time in the street,
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet;
My dress, is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.
I suppose she was right, &c.

3.
At home I'm an object of horror
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me;
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.
I suppose she was right, &c.

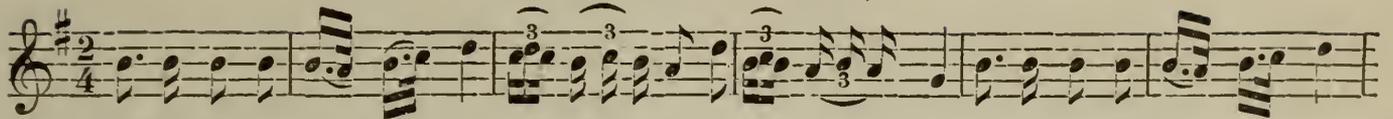
4.
One says, "He's a victim to Cupid,"—
Another, "His conduct's too bad,"—
A third, "He's awfully stupid,"—
A fourth, "He's perfectly mad,"—

And then I am watch'd like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife;—
By heaven! no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!
I suppose she was right, &c.

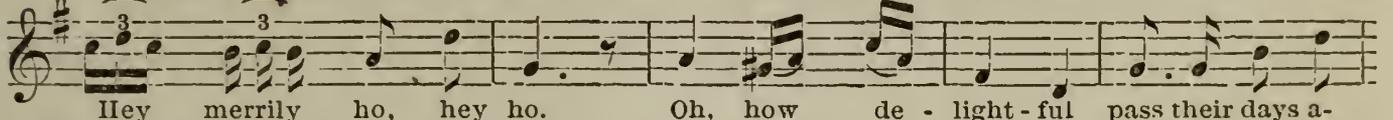
5.
I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope,
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
A razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat;
But to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides, 'twould be breaking the law.
I suppose she was right, &c.

6.
Yet one way remains—to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care:
But drown—O! the thought makes me shiver,
A terrible death I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.
I suppose she was right, &c.

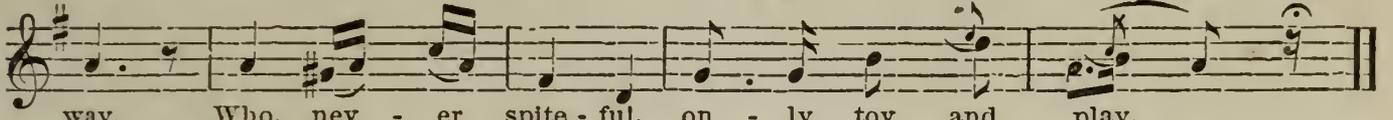
(AIR,—DI TANTI PALPITI.)



Wedlock is a tick - lish thing, Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey; And will joy or sorrow bring

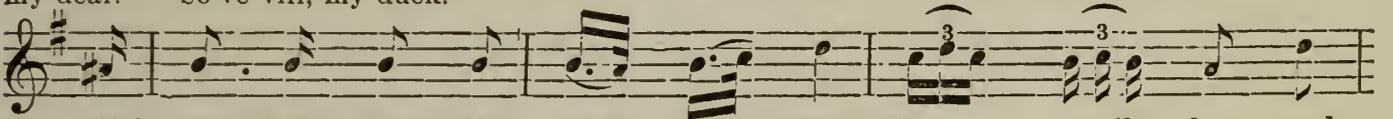


Hey merrily ho, hey ho. Oh, how de - light - ful pass their days a-

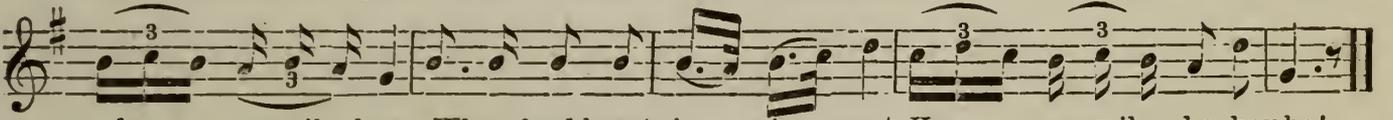


way, Who, nev - er spite - ful, on - ly toy and play.

SPOKEN. "Will you take a walk this morning, my love?" "Yes, my dear." "Then you had better put on your clogs, my chicken, for fear of catching cold." "And pray, do you put on your great coat, lest you might increase your cough." "Thank you, my darling, for your kind care of me." "When do you intend to instruct our new villa on 'Ampstead 'Eath?" "Vhy, as soon as them 'ere articheeks send in their demensions, and so on." "Don't forget to have towers and such like things, to make it look all the world as though it wur a little castle." "I von't, I von't; and I'll have a worandur in front, that you may look at the folk go up and down on a Sunday a'ternoon. Can't we cover the front with shells to make it look like a—like a—" "I know—a emintage, you mean." "Yes, my dear." "So ve vill, my duck."



Oh! wed - lock's joys are soft and sweet, Hey merrily ho, and



ho merrily hey, When fond hearts in u - nion meet, Hey, merrily ho, hey ho!

Let us only change the scene,
Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
Take a peep behind the screen,
Ho terrible ho, hey ho!
What she proposes, be it good or bad,
He still opposes, till he drives her mad.

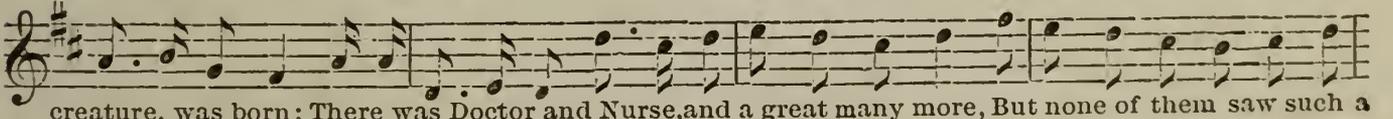
SPOKEN.—"Do you dine at home to-day, Sir?" "I can't tell, ma'am." "What shall I provide?" "What you like." "Would you like a roasted chicken?" "You know I don't like roasted chicken;" "Well, boiled then?" "Worse and worse." "What will you have then?" "Nothing." "Very well' Sir." "Very well, ma'am." "I say, Mr. Shrimp, ven am I to have that 'ere new pelese which you promised me?" "When you treats a gemman like a gemman, and conducts yourself like a lady." "Oh, not till then?" "No." "Wery vell, Sir; then you will let me perish with cold." "That I am sure you von't, for you are always in 'ot vater." "Oh, I vish you vere—" "At the devil; I knows you do; but I'll live a few years longer on purpose to plague you."

Thus, wedlock is a dreadful state,
Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
When cold hearts are joined by fate,
Ho terrible ho, hey ho.

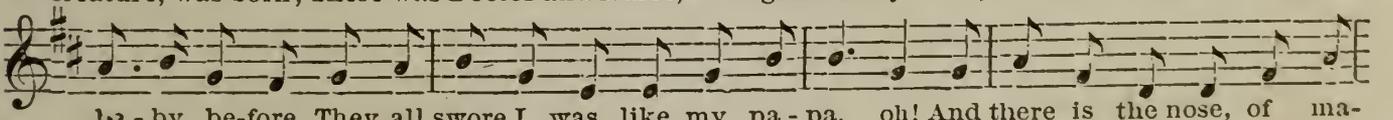
THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.



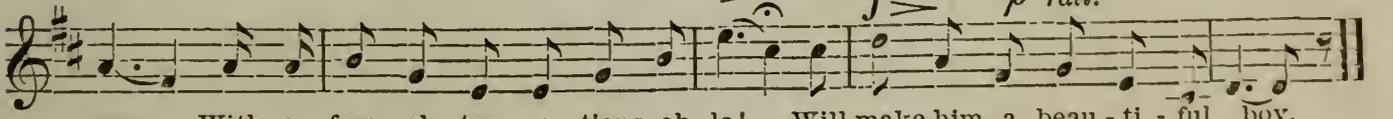
It was in the win - ter, 'bout six in the morn, When I, lit - tle in - nocent



creature, was born; There was Doctor and Nurse, and a great many more, But none of them saw such a



ba - by be - fore. They all swore I was like my pa - pa, oh! And there is the nose, of ma -



ma; With a few al - ter - a - tions, oh, la! Will make him a beau - ti - ful boy.

2.
To make him a beauty, cried out Mistress Sneer,
We'll be troubled without the child has a sweet
leer,
Then to give me this leer Mistress Glazier arose,

And a piece of red putty stuck bang on my nose.
This made me wink and blink so,
The ladies knew not what to think, oh!
At last it turn'd into a squint so,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

3.

To make me accomplish'd, they said, I wanted
one thing—
My mouth was too small for the dear child to
sing;
Then to lug it and stretch it they all of them
tried,
'Till they stretch'd my sweet mouth near half a
yard wide,—
Crying, "pull away now, Mrs. Rider,
It must be a little bit wider!"
My dear mouth they split pretty nigh, sir,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

4.

Now, being complete, I was next sent to school,
And to show off my make was stuck on a high
stool;
When the children went home, they cried out
with surprise,
"We've a new boy at school with such beautiful
eyes!
He can look any way so handy,
Such a mouth he has got to suck candy,

And his legs are so precious bandy,
They call him the beautiful boy!"

5.

T'other day I was ask'd in the City to dine,
The ladies in raptures all thought me divine;
And all when observing my elegant grace,
Neglected their dinner to gaze on my face.
They cried—"I shall faint with surprise!
No gas-light can equal his eyes!
And such a sweet mouth for mince-pies—
O dear! what a beautiful boy!"

6.

Now, ladies, beware of Love's powerful darts,
For fearful I am I shall steal all your hearts;
And then, sweet dear little creatures, you'll
sigh,
And doat on my charms till you'll languish and
die;
For you know I can't marry you all,
But believe me, whenever you call,
My endeavours shall be to please all,
Although such a beautiful boy.

THE COBBLER'S END.

1. A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall, Which serv'd him for par - lour, for
kitchen and hall; No coin in his pock - et, nor care in his pate, Nor am-
bi - tion had he,— nor duns at his gate, Der-ry down, down, down, der - ry down.

2.

Contented he work'd and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
sweet,
Saying, "just to a hair, I've made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

3.

But love, the disturber of high and of low!
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

4.

It was from a window this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay:
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day.
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

5.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would
flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, &c.

6.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body, instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

7.

And now in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by the past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, &c.

GILES SCROGGINS.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Giles Scroggins courted Mol - ly Brown, Fol de rid - dle lol di, Fol di rid - dle dee, The
fair - est wench in all the town, Fol lol di rid - dle lol di dee, He
bought her a ring with pos - ey true, "If you loves I as I loves you, No
knife can cut our loves in two," Fol lol di rid - dle lol di dee.

2.

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.

3.

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 tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried, "I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost,"
Fol de riddle, &c.

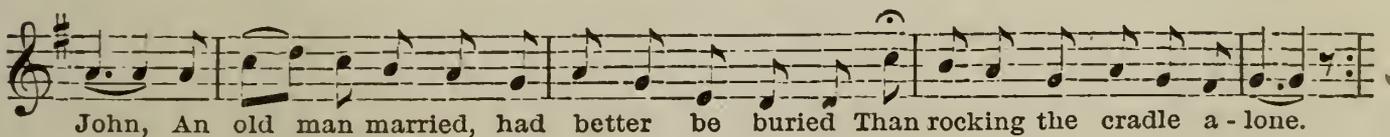
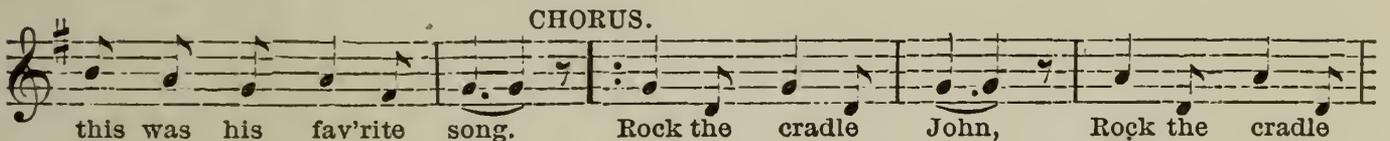
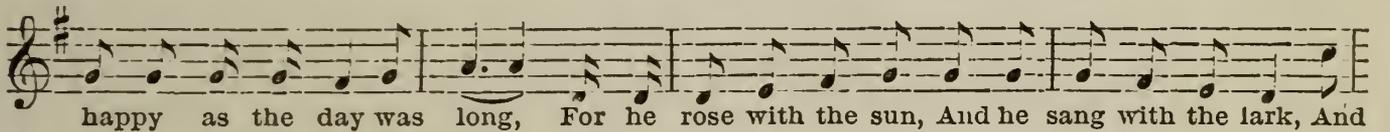
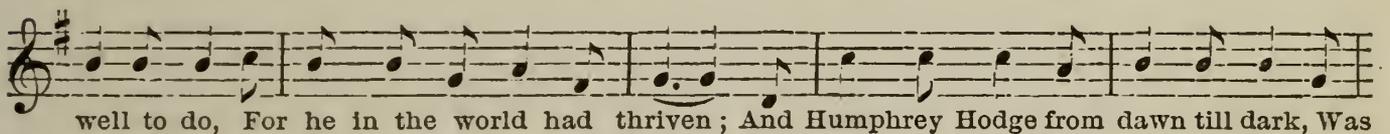
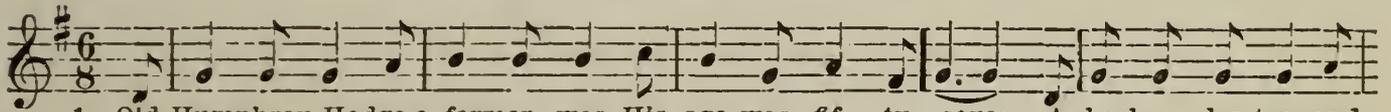
4.

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 am not dead, you fool!"
Says the ghost, says he, "Vy, thats no rule,"
Fol de riddle, &c.

5.

The ghost he seized 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 von't," said she, and she screamed a scream;
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a
dream. Fol de riddle, &c.

ROCK THE CRADLE, JOHN.



2.

Now Humphrey Hodge had a serving girl;
As blooming as the bay,
And she was fair as the lily or pearl,
And fresh as the flow'rs in May.
And her eyes shot forth such lustrous beams,
That some how ere 'twas long,
Her image was ever in Humphrey's dream,
In spite of his favorite song. *Cho.*

4.

Now Humphrey Hodge and his dear young wife,
Were as happy as any pair,
Until the time that he was bless'd,
With a buxom son and heir;
And he sits and sighs as the baby cries,
With its lungs so loud and strong,
Yet he sings forsooth and reflects on the truth,
Contained in his fav'rite song. *Cho.*

3.

Now Humphrey Hodge, alas and alas,
Grew tir'd of single life,
And ere the harvest moon could pass,
He made this maid his wife.
And the sun shone bright on his marriage morn,
And the bells rang out ding dong,
And Humphrey felt like a man new born,
And fairly forgot the song. *Cho.*

5.

Now Humphrey Hodge walks round the farm,
And his hair is silver and gray,
With his wife before, and his child on his arm,
The fruits of December and May.
And people smile at the silly old man,
Being wed to a wife so young,
And Humphrey thinks as he winks and blinks,
When his neighbors sing him the song. *Cho.*

SHABBY GENTEEL.

1. We have heard it as-ert-ed a dozen times o'er That a man may be hap-py in
rags; That a prince is no more in his carriage and four, Than a
pauper who tramps on the flags. As I chance to be nei-ther, I can-not describe How a
prince or a pauper may feel. I belong to that highly re-spect-a-ble tribe, Which is

CHORUS.

known as the Shabby Genteel. Too proud to beg, to honest to steal, I
know what it is to be want-ing a meal, My tat-ters and rags I
try to con-céal, I'm one of the Shab-by Gen-teel.

2.
I'm a party, in fact, who has known better days,
But their glory is faded and gone.
I have started in life in a lot of odd ways,
But have not found the way to get on;
There are only three roads, I'm afraid, that are
left,
I shall have to beg, borrow or steal;
Yet I don't quite encourage the notion of theft,
Tho' I'm awfully Shabby Genteel. CHO.

3.
I'm dress'd in my best, tho' I cannot pretend
That my costume is quite comme il faut,
You'll observe that my watch has been left with
a friend,

And my gloves are unfitted for show.
There are traces of wear on my elbows and knees,
And my boots have run down at the heel,
But it is cruel to criticise matters like these,
When a man has grown shabby genteel. CHO.

4.
Still I strive to be cheerful in all my distress,
And I bear my bad luck like a man.
If I can't have my way as to feeding and dress,
I must still do the best that I can;
And remember, good people, that fortune some
day,
By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you in the very same way,
To the level of Shabby Genteel. CHO.

I SAW ESAU KISSING KATE.

1. 'Twas just a-bout a year a-go, When I was down to Glo's-ter I found a lass, but
now, a-las! I find that I have lost her. I'm sure I nev-er can for-get, The
hap-py days that we saw Be-fore the day on which we met Her Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. For it was on that unlucky day that—
I saw E-sau kiss-ing Kate, And the fact is—we all three saw For
I saw E-sau, he saw me, And she saw, I saw E-sau.

2.
I'd rather go without my beer,
Or even get my sponce hurt,
Then ever go again to hear
A Crystal palace Concert.
For I took Kitty there and then,
Unfortunately she saw
That horidest of countrymen,
Her Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. But even then I never thought I should have to say—
I saw Esau, &c.

3.
She introduced this man to me,
And soon, behind a statue,
I saw what made me audibly
Sing out, "I'm looking at you."
'Tis sad indeed to have to state,
What poor unlucky me saw,
For there was Esau kissing Kate,
And Kate was kissing Esau.

SPOKEN. Yes! they had commenced the business arithmetically. They began with Addition, went right through Subtraction, and would have gone on to Multiplication, had it not been that—
I saw Esau, &c.

4.
Is this why you both quitted me!
Said I, you little Tartar!
Oh yes! said she, the Rule of Three
Is not so good as barter.
I went to school with him, she said,
And used to play at seesaw,
So, if you please I think I'll wed
My Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN. Well said I, I came to a concert, but this is a concerted piece I didn't expect to see. I scarcely knew what to say, for it was enough to disconcert me altogether when—
I saw Esau, &c.

5.
I went away in quite a pet,
And toddled home to tea, oh!
For I could see that their *Duet*
Had put me up a *Tree* oh!
But still my sorrow was'nt great,
When in the papers we saw,
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate,
And Kate had married Esau.

SPOKEN. Oh! yes! I've quite recover'd now, and am courting a prettier girl; but still it is not pleasant to reflect upon the day when—
I saw Esau, &c.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

I. Hick - o - ry, Dick - o - ry, Dock, The mouse ran up the clock, The clock struck one, The mouse run down, Hick - o - ry, Dick - o - ry, Dock.

2. Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

3. Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

1. Lit - tle Bo - peep Has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them:
Let them a - lone, And they'll come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.

2 Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.
3 Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;

She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails behind them.
4 It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW.

See Saw Mar - ge - ry Daw, Sold her bed To lie up - on straw,
Was she not a dir - ty slut, To sell her bed and lie up - on dirt.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

1. Sitting in my room one morning, And re - flecting on the past, I thought 'twas time
I was reform - ing, For I knew I was too fast. Then and there my
er - ror see - ing, "Stop," said I, "I real - ly ought." From that time I gave up spreeing.

CHORUS.

Was - n't it a happy thought? Happy thought, happy thought, Why did I nev - er
think of it before now? By experience we are taught, Yes, tis a happy, happy thought.

2.
Searching for a lark at night too,
Every obstacle I'd scorn,
Gradually get very tight too,
Then I'd be locked up till morn,
And that very self-same day too,
"Fore the Magistrate I'm brought,
Who says, "six days, sir, and a fine too,
"Fine?" said I-- "ah; happy thought!"

4.
People used to call me fast, tho;
Life I now consider slow,
Larks and sprees for me are past, oh,
I am done with them you know;
A friend with whom I'd often tarried,
Sometimes since my lodgings sought;
"Bill," said he, "you should get married,"
"Jove!" said I, "a happy thought."

3
I visits often used to pay to
A damsel who was straight and tall;
Never shall forget one day too,
When I climbed the garden wall;
With kisses her was going to smother,
When by her master I was caught,
"Please," said she, "sir, it's my brother."
"Gad!" said I, "a happy thought."

5.
My friend's advice I took, and married,
And have got a family;
I regret I so long tarried,
For I could not happier be.
Perhaps I'm keeping you too long, aye,
Longer than I really ought,
But if I've pleased you with my song,
Then I'll say 'Twas a happy thought.

DING, DONG, BELL.

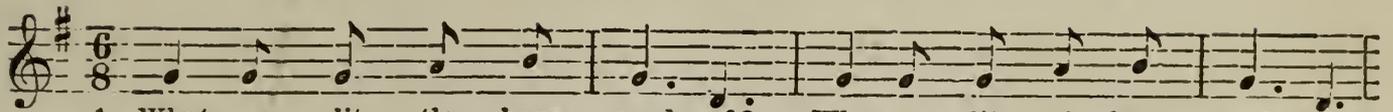
1. Ding dong bell, Pus - sy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit - tle Tom - my Lin:
Who pull'd her out? Lit - tle Tom - my Stout. What a naughty boy was that, To
drown poor pussy cat, Who ne'er did any harm, But kill'd all the mice in his fa - ther's barn!

GIRLS AND BOYS.

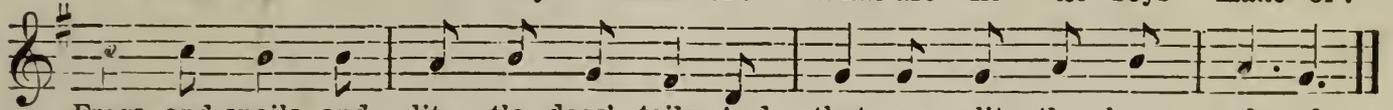
1. Girls and boys, come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your sup - per, and leave your sleep, And join your play - fel - lows in the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all,
Up the ladder, and down the wall;
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.

(To the last half of tune at *)
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.



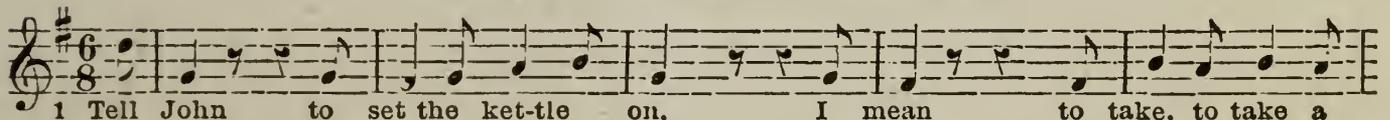
1. What are lit - tle boys made of? What are lit - tle boys made of?



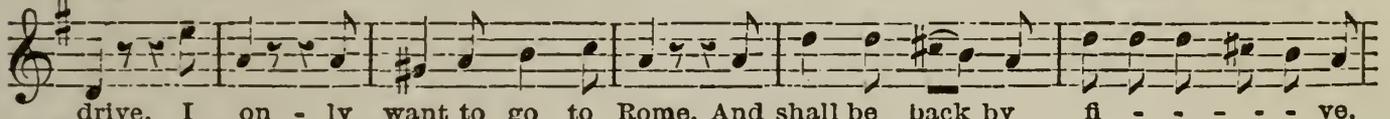
Frogs and snails, and lit - tle dogs' tails, And that are lit - tle boys made of.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that are little girls made of. | Sighs and leers and crocodile tears,
And that are young men are made of. | |
| 3 | What are young men made of?
What are young men made of? | 4 | What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
And that are young women made of. |

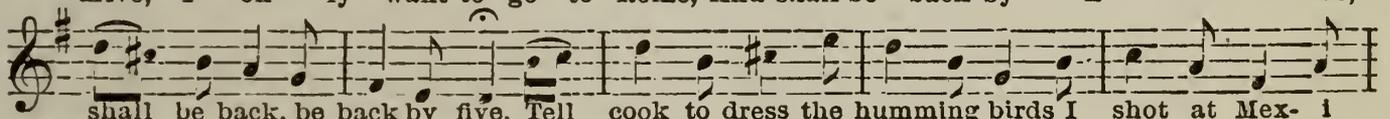
TELL JOHN TO SET THE KETTLE ON,
OR THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT FOR 1968.



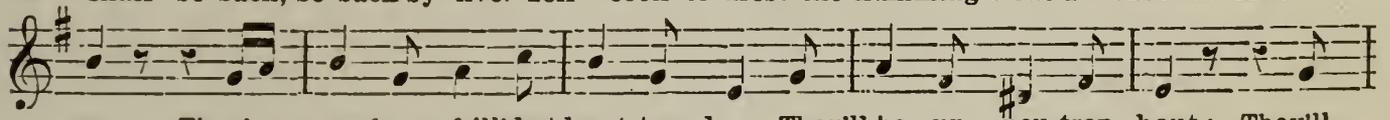
1 Tell John to set the ket-tle on, I mean to take, to take a



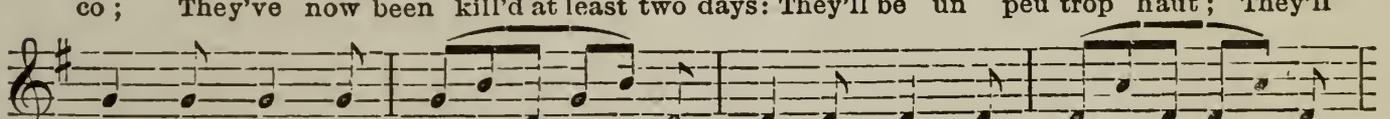
drive, I on - ly want to go to Rome, And shall be back by fi - - - - ve,



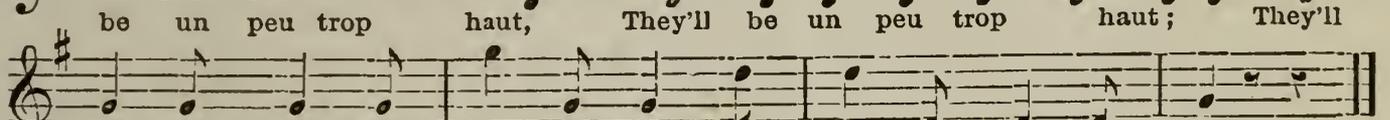
shall be back, be back by five. Tell cook to dress the humming birds I shot at Mex - i



co; They've now been kill'd at least two days: They'll be un peu trop haut; They'll



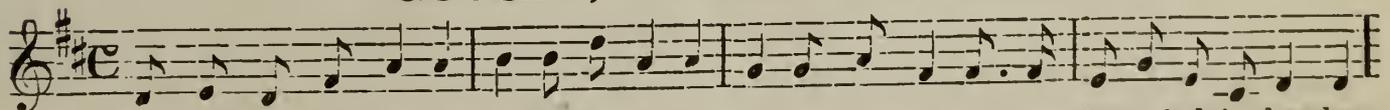
be un peu trop haut, They'll be un peu trop haut; They'll



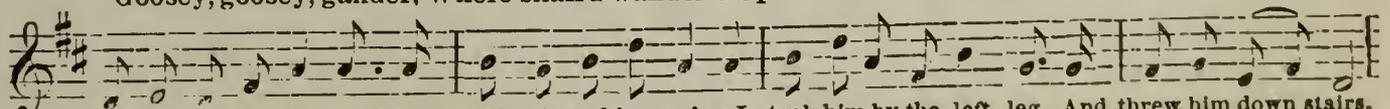
be, They'll be, They'll be, They'll be, They'll be, un peu trop haut.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 2 | And Tom, take you the gold leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three, —
I want some Seville oranges
'Twixt dinner-time and tea;
Fly round by France, and bring
A new perpetual motion gun,—
To-morrow with some friends I go
A hunting in the sun. | For steering through the Milky-way,
He ran against a star;
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car. | |
| 3 | The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoilt my new balloon; | 4 | But Tom, get you the car repair'd;
And then let Danard Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas—
I mean to travel quick.
My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on—
Give me the breath bag, by the way—
All right— hey—whiz— I'm gone! |

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.



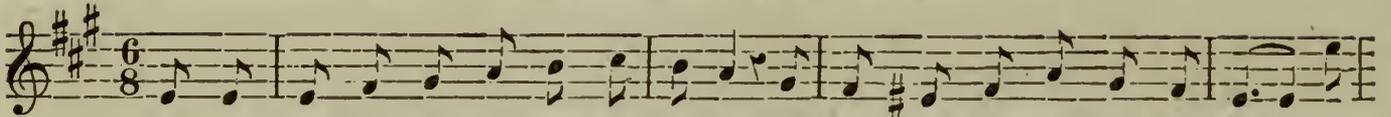
Goosey, goosey, gander, Where shall I wander? Up stairs down stairs, And in my lady's chamber;



There I met an old man, That would not say his pray'rs; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down stairs.

(Another rhyme to the same tune.)

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear, But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear;	The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me, And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.
---	---



1. In the maze of this world, I am thinking, There's many sharp turnings and twists. "One half the world," so goes the saying, "Ne'er knows how the o-ther ex-ists;" And of-ten the bel-ly gets stint-ed, In or-der to make the back fine; But if folks are by pride led a-way, To be sure its no bus'ness of mine.

2.

Mrs. F— and her three grown up daughters
On Sundays attire themselves gay,
From the pawnbroker's, with a large bundle,
I saw them emerge t'other day:
Containing some things that they'd spouted—
To that belief I did incline—
If they choose to their uncle's to go,
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

3.

While walking last week in the city,
I met with my old neighbor Crane,
By the cut of his clothes, I imagined
They smacked very strong of "The Lane."
He'd "hand me down" boots on, I'm certain,
For his "beaver" he gave one and nine;
If he liked to "rig out," "on the cheap,"
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

4.

Mr. Smart, who in fine style does come it,
Is reputed to have lots of tin,
He credit obtains, from all quarters,
No doubt in his sleeve he does grin:
They'll all have to "hook" for their money,
They've plainly been got "in a line,"
If he choose to "flatcatching" go,
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

5.

'Tis said Mr. Pekin, the grocer,
Was making a fortune quite fast,
But after a time he discovered
'Twas too much of a good thing to last:
He, for having light weights and false balance,
Was mulcted in a pretty large fine,
Though I fancied it served him well right—
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

6.

Mrs. S—, a stout elderly maiden,
A "staggerer" puts upon me,
For the last fifteen years to my know ledge,
Her age has been just thirty-three;
She's a patroness of Madam Rachel,
Does to rouge and cosmetics incline,
Tho' I know she's sixty at least—
To be sure it's no bus'ness of mine.

7.

My song I must really be ending;
By my manners you plainly can see,
Into others' affairs I'm ne'er prying,
There's nothing like that about me.
In applause loud and hearty bestowing,
I beg you will freely combine—
In trying approval to gain
To be sure that's some bus'ness of mine.

POOR MARRIED MAN.



1. Just lis-ten to my dole-ful dit-ty, Poor married man. And when you've heard it you will pi-ty, Poor married man. I sought a girl's hand, soon did win it, Married life did then begin it, But I, a-las! put my foot in it, Poor married man.

2.

The honeymoon was scarcely ended,
Poor married man,
Prove herself master, soon she then did,
Poor married man.
She is, I cannot help declaring,
Very harsh and over-bearing,
In fact, she is the breeches wearing,
Poor married man.

3.

She with the poker, often beats me,
Poor married man,
And otherwise, each day ill treats me,
Poor married man,
She sets me pots and kettles rubbing!
Gives me such a precious snubbing,
If I refuse to do the scrubbing,
Poor married man.

4.

She makes me wash the plates and dishes,
 Poor married man,
 And do the slightest thing she wishes,
 Poor married man,
 My boy of two, who scarce can toddle,
 Is quite ancient in the noddle,
 He points, and calls me "molly coddle,"
 Poor married man.

To make things worse, my daughter Chloey,
 Hooked it with a chap called Joey,
 A seedy cove, by trade a "doughy,"
 Poor married man.

6.

The treatment I receive is cruel,
 Poor married man,
 I feel as weak as water gruel,
 Poor married man,
 I'd, in the butt, my life cut shorter,
 But they last week cut off our water,
 Because we didn't pay last quarter.
 Poor married man.

5.

Six "kids" round me each day assemble,
 Poor married man,
 Not one of them does me resemble!
 Poor married man,

A GLASS IS GOOD, AND A LASS IS GOOD.

1. A glass is good, and a lass is good, And a pipe is good in cold
 weather: the world is good, and the peo-ple are good, And we're all good fel-lows to-
 ge-ther. A bot-tle is a ve-ry good thing, With a good deal of good wine
 in it; A song is good, when a bo-dy can sing, And to fin-ish, we must be-
 gin it. For a glass is good, and a lass is good, And a pipe is good in cold
 weather; The world is good, and the peo-ple are good, And we're all good fellows to -ge-ther.

2.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him :
 For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you'll buy him ;
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead ;
 A rogue very good for good hanging ;
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 And my song deserves a good banging.
 For a glass, etc.

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA.

1. 'Tis sweet on summer eve to rove A - down the river Jolka: But oh; it is a
 sweeter thing by far, to dance the Polka. Can't you dance the Polka?
 Wont you dance the Polka? The joys of earth are little worth Un-less you dance the Polka.

2 Young ladies wanting husbands true,
 You must dance the Polka ;
 And bachelors, if you would wed,
 Why you must dance the Polka.
 Can't you dance, &c.

3 Now, married folks of each degree,
 If your children you would see
 Happy, prosperous, and free,
 Pray teach them all the Polka.
 Can't you dance, &c.

That the bugs and the fleas may this wicked wretch tease,
 And a piercing north breeze make him tremble or shake,
 May a four year's old bug build a nest in the lug,
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

6. [broke,

May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be
 And add to the joke, may his kettle not boil,
 May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
 May he always be fed on lobscouse and fish oil ;
 May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
 May he roar, howl and shout with a horrid tooth-ache,
 May his temple wear horns and his toes corns,
 The wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

7.

May his dog yelp and howl with both hunger and cold,
 May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,
 May the curse of each hag that ever carried a bag,
 Light down on the wag till his head it turn gray ;
 May monkeys still bite him, and mad dogs affright him,
 And every one slight him asleep or awake,
 May wasps ever gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him,
 The monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

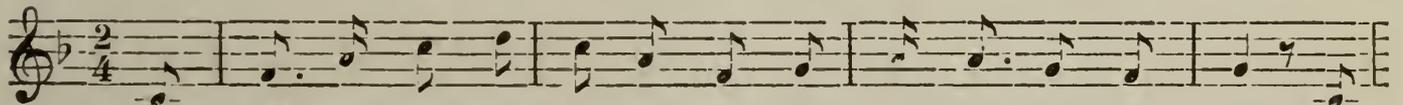
8.

But the only good news I have to diffuse,
 Is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade,
 ' And crooked Ned Manson, and big nose Bob Hanson,

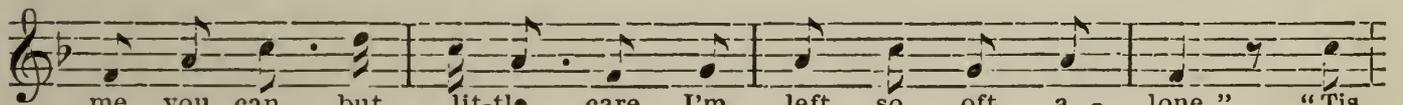
Each one had a grandson of my beautiful drake.
 Oh, my bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,

And one I must have, or my heart it will break,
 To keep mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,
 And so ends the song of my beautiful drake.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.



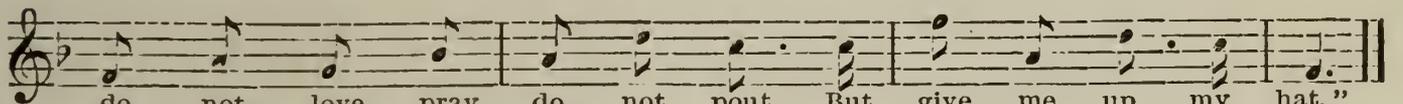
1. "What, off once more! well, I de-clare, You ne-ver stay at home; For



me you can but lit-tle care, I'm left so oft a-lone," "Tis



bus'-ness, dear, that calls me out, I must at-tend to that, So



do not, love, pray, do not pout, But give me up my hat."

2.

"O! bus'ness ne'er can call you out
 So often, and so long ;
 I do believe, without a doubt,
 That something must be wrong."

3.

"You must misjudge—indeed you do,—
 My meaning and design ;
 My love for you is strong and true,
 But bus'ness claims my time."

4.

"O would that I was once more free,
 I'd keep a single life ;
 And never wish again to be
 A poor deluded wife."

5.

"My life,—my love—my fairest one,
 Pray let your rancour cease :
 You make me anxious to be gone,
 That I may be at peace."

6.

"O! yes,—make haste,—I plainly see
 Your strong desire to go ;
 It is not as it used to be :
 Your growing cold, I know."

7.

"Come, come, dear wife, let's have no more
 I am not growing cold :
 Aside, and let me ope the door,—
 Now pray leave go your hold."

8.

"How very different now it seems,
 How proud you used to be,
 If you could get, by any means,
 To sit and chat with me!"

9.

"And so I am, my dearest, now ;
 But, as I said before,
 'Tis bus'ness calls me out,—I vow
 You're getting quite a bore!"

10.

"O, certainly a bore!—No doubt,
 'Tis bus'ness fills your mind ;
 From morn till night you're always out,
 But wife is left behind."

11.

"You surely cannot always want
 Me dangling by your side ;
 I love as much,—depend upon't,
 As ere you were my bride."

12.

"You do! then say without delay,
Why you appear so strange;
Have I e'er vex'd you? tell me, pray,
For surely there's a change."

13.

"I never change, although the times
Are chang'd, I do confess;
I ever strive, by looks and signs,
To show my tenderness."

14.

"Well, here's your hat,—I do agree
Henceforth you may go out;—
That is, if you will promise me
To mind what you're about."

15.

"I thank you, wife,—but listen, pray,
The truth must come at last:
I sought you once, I'm bold to say,
But now I have you fast."

16.

"Well, husband dear! let discord cease—
No more each one annoy;
In future we will live in peace,
And love without alloy."

17.

"Foul jealousy, get thee away,
And let us drown all sorrow,—
Live every day that so we may
Be happy on the morrow!"

JOHN NOTT.

1. John Nott, he liv'd on Lud-gate Hill, 'Twas there his trade be - gan, And as he kept a li-ve-ry, Was thought a stable man; Paper, and pens, and ink he sold, And tho' the times might va-ry, Thro' prudence, in his lit-tle shop, He still kept sta-tion-a-ry, He still kept sta-tion-a-ry. John Nott, why not, why not, John Nott, why not, why not, John Nott.

2.

He was NOTT tall—he was not short;
He was NOTT dark—not fair;
He was NOTT fat—he was not lean,
Yet 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*,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

3.

JOHN NOTT, he dearly loved Miss Twist,
So did *untwist* his love,
And vowed, although a milliner,
Her *Cap-tive* he would prove;
But she was *cap-tious*, and a flirt,
And made JOHN NOTT her sport,
For as she could love no man *Long*,
She quickly cut NOTT *short*,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

4.

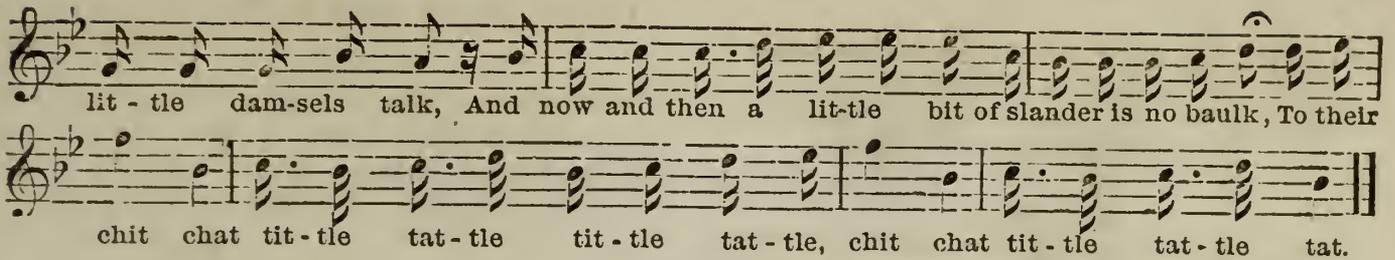
JOHN NOTT declared he was undone
(And so he wrote her word),
For a connubial NOTT he hoped
To prove, with her *ac-cord*;
Miss Twist, you've *twined* around my heart,
Whate'er may be my lot,
Though we're not *joined*, yet we're *a-part*,
Adieu, forget me NOTT,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

5.

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 *twine* his neck,
And poor JOHN NOTT, was not,
JOHN NOTT, why not, &c.

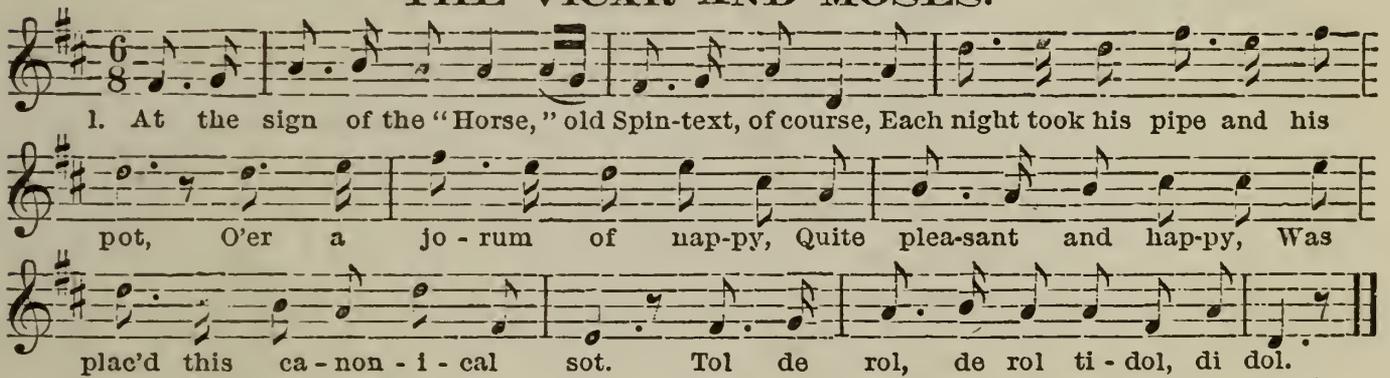
PRETTY LITTLE DAMSELS.

1. Pret-ty lit-tle dam-sels, how they chat. Chit chat lit-tle tat-tle tat,
All a-bout their sweethearts and all that, And chit chat tit-tle tat-tle tat;
Up and down the ci-ty how the lit-tle dam-sels walk, And of the beaus and fashions how the



2. Pretty little damsels go to cheapen in the shops,
Chit chat tittle tittle tat,
Pretty little bonnets and pretty little caps,
And to Chit chat tittle tittle tat,
A little bit of rouge and a nice little fan,
A nice little miniature of a nice little man,
Or any little nice thing of which they can,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.
3. Pretty little damsels go to feast their eyes,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
But the splendid panorama cannot suffice,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.
Their little parasols and their pretty little veils,
And the pretty little kid boots with high military
heels,
And all the pretty little things the little damsel
feels, For Chit chat tittle tattle tat.
4. Pretty little damsels, how prettily they run,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
For a little bit of flat'ry and a little bit of fun,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat,
The pretty little nose and the pretty little chin,
The pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
And the pretty little tongue to keep admirers in,
Chit chat tittle tattle tat.
5. Pretty little damsels, when they're wed,
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum;
Their pretty little foibles all are fled;
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum;
Their pretty little airs so bewitchingly wild,
Evaporate so prettily and leave them so mild,
Then all their tittle tattle is about the little child,
(Slow.) Hum dum diddle diddle dum.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.



2. The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First stroked his cravat, than twirl'd round his
hat,
And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.
Tol de rol, &c.
3. "I'm come, sir," said he, "to beg, look, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may
be,
And I'll walk with the lantern before you."
Tol de rol, &c.
4. "The body we'll bury, but pray where's the
hurry?"
"Why, Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;"
"You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away."
Tol de rol, &c.
5. Then Moses he smil'd, saying, "Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions;"
"Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions."
Tol de rol, &c.
6. "Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some,
d'ye hear?
I hate to be called from my liquor.
Come, Moses, the king; 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a vicar."
Tol de rol, &c.
7. Then Moses he spoke; "Sir, 'tis past twelve
o'clock,
Besides, there's a terrible shower;"
"Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,
I am sure it can never strike more."
8. "Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,
that's plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold."
Tol de rol, &c.
9. Then Moses went on; "Sir, the clock has struck
Pray, master, look up at the hand;"
"Why it ne'er can strike less, tis a folly to press
A man to walk on that can't stand."
Tol de rol, &c.

10.
At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd on side by side.
Tol de rol, &c.

11.
When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.
Tol de rol, &c.

12.
" Good people, let's pray ; put the corpse t'other
way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.
Tol de rol, &c.

13.
" Woman that's of a man born ; that's wrong, the
leaf's torn ;
A man, that is born of a woman, [flower ;
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a

You see, Moses, death spareth no man.
Tol de rol, &c.

14.
" Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turned upside down ;
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the crown.
Tol de rol, &c.

15.
Prithee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead."
(" Amen ! Amen ! ")

" Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your
tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head."
Tol de rol, &c.

16.
" O where's thy sting, death ? ' put the corpse in
the earth,
For believe me, 'tis terrible weather,"
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a
word,
And away they both staggered together,
Singing tol de rol, de rol, ti dol, di dol.

THE SWEET WIDOW BROWN.

1. You tra-vel-lers, lis-ten to my sad nar-ra-tion, It will make ev'-ry hair of your
head stand on end, When you hear it was love caus'd this big bo-ther-a-tion ; For
love is not al-ways the bach-e-lor's friend. The sub-ject so dole-ful, took
place not at college, Nor with a bold sol-dier nor rud-dy faced clown : It
happen'd, I think, to the best of my knowledge, Not half-a-score miles from the ve-ry next town.

2.
A traveller, pregnant with frolic and witty,
Resolved on a journey to mend his estate ;
A female he thought to neglect was a pity,
He worshipped the sex, morning, evening,
and late.
He stopped at a widow's, so plump, neat, and
jolly,
Who kept the best inn, 'twas the sign of the
Crown ;
Her smiles to attract, gentles found out the folly,
So tasty a dame was the sweet Mrs. Brown.

3.
In eloquence few could surpass this fair creature,
Her tongue rolled in numberless figures and
chat ;
Her wit, the satirical mixed with good-nature ;
In love it was said she knew what she was at.
She had an admirer, the tall Mr. Gammon,
A farmer polite near the end of the town ;
Who swore he would hang up as high as old
Haman,
If he couldn't wed with the sweet Mrs. Brown.

4.
The traveller saw how his jokes were requited,
She listened and nodded assent to his song ;
She seemed both in heart and in soul quite
delighted,
While joy filled the bar where the customers
throng.
But Gammon alone, who looked sour and uneasy,
So cheerless his eyelids both swell'd with a
frown ; [crazy,
Some thought the poor farmer at once would run
'Twas apples and nuts to the sweet widow
[Brown.

5.
The bottle and glass circled freely around 'em,
The song and the glee produced lots of delight ;
The hours told their tales, until twelve o'clock
found them,
Determined to make a blest end of the night.
This traveller, full of a lark, and half mellow,
Had found that his time had just come to lie
down,
So in a mistake, did this humorous fellow,
Pop into the berth of the sweet widow Brown.

6.	7.
At daylight, when Sol thro' the curtain was peeping, He awoke while the widow lay close by his side, Then viewed her so modestly as she lay sleeping, And whispered, "Awake, love, you'll soon be a bride!"	Next morning, when Gammon had heard the sad story, He bellowed, he bounced, and next threatened his life; He swore that in mischief all travellers glory, They lost him the chance of a widow and wife.
"O La! Sir," she cried, "I declare you amaze me, This accident soon must be known through the town; But as I conjecture you're born for to please me, I'm yours, and no longer the sweet widow Brown."	The traveller urged him to pay his addresses To some farmer's daughter his sorrows to drown; He'd find his best comfort in rural caresses, As he'd got the start with the sweet widow Brown.

I DON'T OBJECT.

1. I don't object, I don't object To see you e-ver pleas'd and
gay; And while gallants a-round you play, That you your hus-band should neg-
lect,—I don't ob-ject,—I don't ob-ject, I don't object, But's death to meet, where'er I
go, An im-pu-dent, an- noy-ing beau, Whose e-vil mo-tives I sus-pect— I do ob-
ject, I do ob-ject; I do ob-ject; I do ob-ject: oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh
yes, To that I do ob-ject,—oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, To that I do ob-
ject, I do ob-ject, I do ob-ject, I do ob-ject.

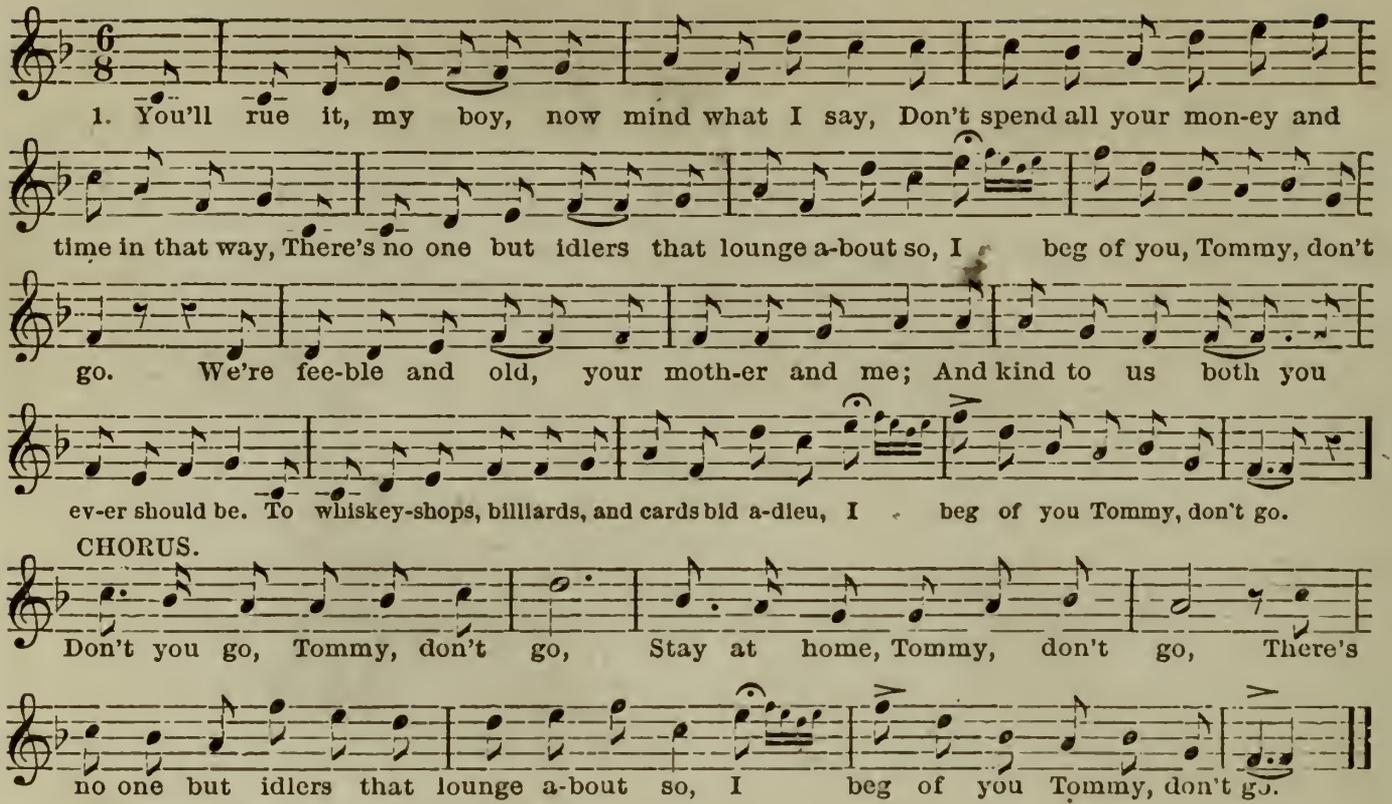
2.
I don't object, I don't object,
To pay for trinkets without end;
Nay, my whole fortune to expend,
To see you fashionably deck'd—
I don't object, I don't object;
But to your seeking to make me,
One of those husbands whom we see,
Forming so numerous a sect—
I do object, I do object!
O yes, to that I do object!

3.
I don't object, I don't object,
To be precise, and not coquet;
And not to run you more in debt,
Then you in reason can expect—
I don't object, I don't object;
But that a husband should presume,
The tyrant ever to assume,
And dare to lecture and correct—
I do object, I do object!
Oh yes, to that, I do object!

THE MERRY BELLS OF LONDON TOWN.

1. Lend me five shil-ings, says the bell of St. Helen's; When will you pay me? Says the
bells of Old Bai-ley; When I am rich, Says the bells of Shore-ditch;
When will that be? Says the bells of Step-ney; I do not know, Says the
great bell of Bow. Ding ding dong ding ding dong ding dong ding ding dong.

DON'T YOU GO, TOMMY.



1. You'll rue it, my boy, now mind what I say, Don't spend all your mon-ey and
time in that way, There's no one but idlers that lounge a-bout so, I beg of you, Tommy, don't
go. We're fee-ble and old, your moth-er and me; And kind to us both you
ev-er should be. To whiskey-shops, billiards, and cards bid a-dieu, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.

CHORUS.
Don't you go, Tommy, don't go, Stay at home, Tommy, don't go, There's
no one but idlers that lounge a-bout so, I beg of you Tommy, don't go.

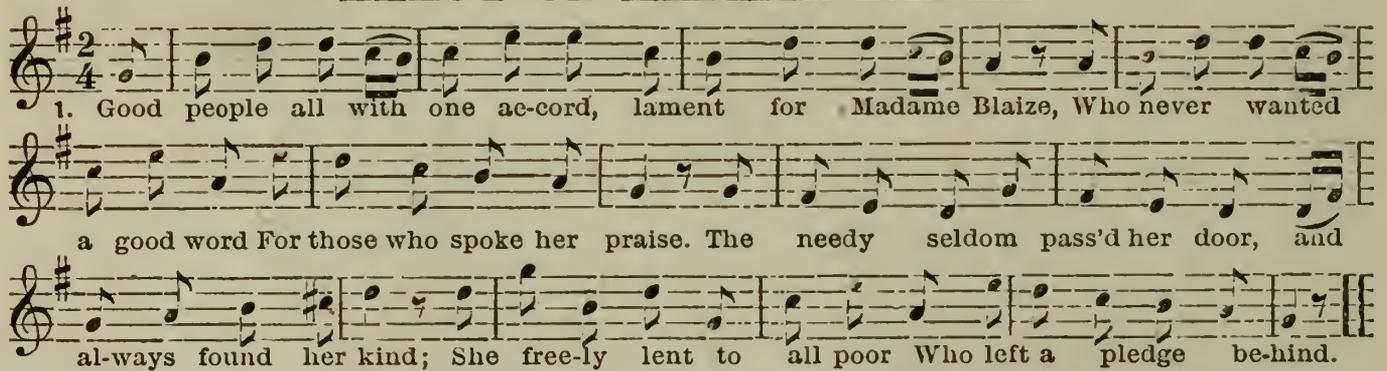
2.

Why don't you be steady, and work like a man,
I can't hold the plow, but still do what I can,
There's so much to do, and our grain we must sow,
I beg of you Tommy, don't go.
Besides, there is corn and potatoes to plant,
You're young and can stand it, you know that
I can't.
Let whiskey alone, for it grieves mother so,
I beg of you Tommy, don't go. CHO.

3.

We've watch'd o'er you Tommy, in sweet infancy
Whilst angels were silently beck'ning to thee,
At midnight we knelt by your cradle so low,
I beg of you Tommy, don't go.
Be kind to us Tommy, we'll soon pass away,
The farm will be yours, at no distant day,
Eternity's blessing you'll reap if you sow,
O, Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go. CHO.

ELEGY ON MADAME BLAIZE.

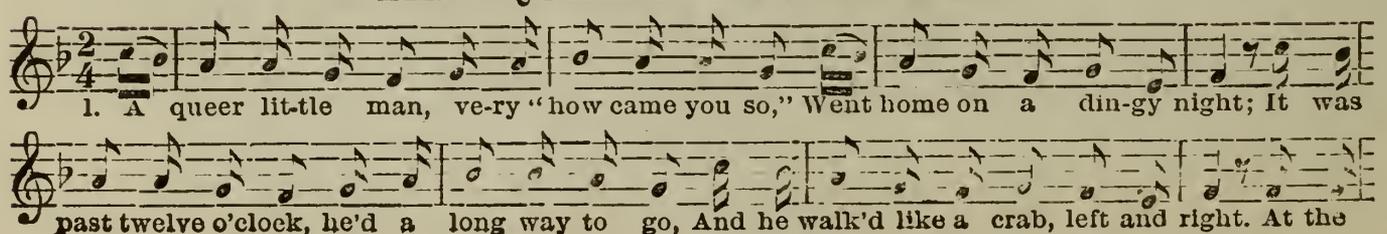


1. Good people all with one ac-cord, lament for Madame Blaize, Who never wanted
a good word For those who spoke her praise. The needy seldom pass'd her door, and
al-ways found her kind; She free-ly lent to all poor Who left a pledge be-hind.

2 She strove the neighborhood to please, with manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways, unless when she was sinning.
At church, in silk and satin new, with hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew, but when she shut her eyes.

3 Her love was sought, I do a'er, by twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her, when she has walked before.
But now, her wealth and finery fled, her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead, her last disorder mortal.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.



1. A queer lit-tle man, ve-ry "how came you so," Went home on a din-gy night; It was
past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go, And he walk'd like a crab, left and right. At the

corner of a lane quite a lone-ly re-treat, He saw something tall, and as white as a sheet: He
 shook and he shiver'd, his teeth chatter'd, and lips quiver'd; And with
 fear, as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to and fro, This queer lit-tle man, who'd a long way to go.

2. This queer little man then fell on his knees,
 With fright you'd suppose half dead;
 And, as on it he looked, it o'er topped the trees,
 And had two saucer eyes in its head;
 When a very death-like voice said, in a very drear
 tone,
 "With me you must go, for your grave's nearly
 done;"
 He shook and he shivered,
 His teeth chattered and lips quivered;
 When he cried, "O, good hobgoblin, I pray you
 mercy show,
 A queer little man, who's a long way to go."

3. This queer little man, he fell flat as a flail,
 A great explosion heard he,
 And jumped up in a crack—for a cracker at his tail
 Set him capering just like a parched pea;
 From around the goblin's head burst some long
 streams of fire,
 And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in
 the mire.
 Some wags ('twas a whacker,) Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker.
 Cured through fear, of all his fuddling, complete-
 ly, you must know,
 This queer little man, who'd a long way to go

BEWARE.

1. I know a maid-en fair to see,— Take care! take care! She can both false and
 2. She has two eyes, so soft and brown— Take care! take care! She gives a side glance
 CHORUS.
 friend-ly be; Be-ware! oh! be-ware! *p* Trust her not! She is fool-ing thee Take
 and looks down; Be-ware! oh! be-ware! Trust her not! &c.
 care! take care! Trust her not! she is fool-ing thee! Be-ware! oh! be-ware!

3. And she has hair of a golden hue,—
 Take care! take care!
 And what she says, it is not true,—
 Beware! oh! beware!
 Trust her not, &c.

4. She gives thee a garland woven fair,—
 Take care! take care!
 It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,—
 Beware! oh! beware!
 Trust her not, &c.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

1. Here's to the mai-den of bash-ful fif-teen, Here's to the wid-ow of fif-ty:
 2. Here's to the char-mer, whose dim-ples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir!
 Here's to the flaunting ex-trav-a-gant queen, And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty!
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
 Let the toast pass; drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

3 Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's brown as a berry!
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry!

4 Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 Fill up your glasses—nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together!

My path of life is chok'd with weeds, I'm wearing them because My
late la - ment - ed husband's gone, Oh! what a man he was. I
am his re-lict now, a - las! Re - duced to skin and bones, Thro'
mourning day and night the late la - ment - ed Mr. Jones.

CHORUS.

I mourn all day and night my fate, In mel - an -
cho - ly tones, ... Oh! what a treasure was the
late la - ment - ed Mr. Jones.....

- 2 We used to keep a public house,
'Twas call'd the "Lover's Arms,"
And lots of nice young men came in,
Attracted by my charms.
They'd squeeze my hand and talk to me
In such bewitching tones,
Which often raised the ire of
The late lamented Jones.
- 3 He trusted me with any one,
And never had a doubt,
The last at night who came to bed,
Would put the candle out.
But now, alas! I have to pass
My nights in tears and moans,
And put the candle out, and not
The late lamented Jones.
- 4 He really was a model man,
And sober, so to speak,
I never knew him tipsy,
More than seven times a week;
But one day with a pewter pot,
(Their hearts were hard as stones:)

They knock'd upon the head, the late
Lamented Mr. Jones.
Spoken after 4th Verse.—And he died quite
peaceful, poor man; and his last words were that
he was quite happy, because he'd bested quite as
many as ever bested him.

- 5 There's Mr.—Robinson,
A man who's well to do in life,
Or Mr.—Brown the green grocer,
Would have me for a wife;
The one makes love upon his knees,
The other sighs and groans,
But bless you not a patch upon
The late lamented Jones.
- 6 My time of mourning's nearly o'er,
I think I'd better go.
Some forward chap I saw just now
Was laughing at my woe;
But though I'm bound to pass the time
In tears and sighs and moans,
I may find a successor to
The late lamented Jones.

Spoken after 6th Verse.—But until I find one—

MUSICAL MISERIES.

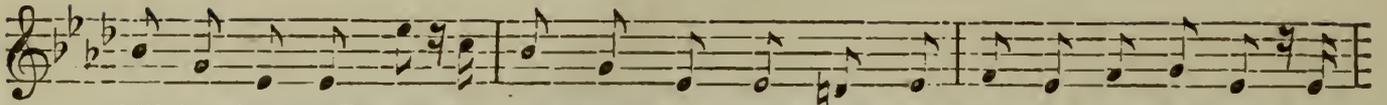
1. I Once was ve-ry hap-py with the partner of my choice, Till in an e-vil hour She dis-
cov-er'd she'd a voice. And foolish friends they flatter'd her, And said if she'd but mind, She'd
be a sec-ond night-in-gale, And sing like Jen-ny Lind. Years a-go I us'd to think That

mus-ic had a charm, But now I get so much of it, It fills my heart with alarm. All day she keeps on sing-ing, My fam'ly are as bad, They're grown so very musical, They nearly drive me mad.

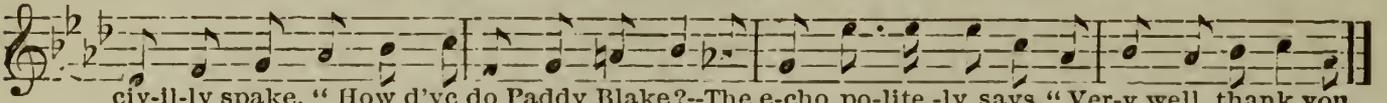
- 2 By friends I'm quite deserted, not one do I see,
For twice a week my wife she holds her Musical Soiree.
My house is filled with foreigners, who squall and bawl and strum,
Until I wish that I was dead, or else that they were dumb.
My daughter once so dutiful, on marriage now is bent,
With a seedy looking German, and she asked for my consent.
And when I told her plainly I'd not hear of such a thing,
She merely giggled in my face and then began to sing,
I will marry my own love, My own love, my own love,
I will marry my own love, or know the reason why.
- 3 There's Fred, my son, who never gave me reason to complain,
Till silly songs and sentiment completely turned his brain.
Imagines he's a gentleman, tho' dresses like a cad,
Calls his father Gov'ner, and addresses me as Dad.
About the house from morn till night, incessantly he bawls
Slangy song and simple strains, picked up at music halls.
Neglects his work, and fancies an heiress he will wed,
And says he's quite a ladies' man, and fashionable Fred.
And he's just about the cut for Belgravia, to keep the game alive it is the plan,
And he means to go ahead, For he's fashionable Fred,
Yes, fashionable Fred, the ladies' man.
- 4 The boy-in-waiting, Joseph, once the smartest and the best,
Is getting quite unbearable, he's worse than all the rest;
If I ask him on an errand his activity to show,
He smiles upon me vacantly, and whistles "Not for Joe."
He stays with every organ man that he may chance to meet,
And follows any German band for hours through the street.
If I threaten to discharge him, as I must without a doubt,
And ask who he thinks he is, he'll then begin to shout,
I never had a pa, I never had a ma, to teach me right from wrong,
But oh my, I never say die, I'm as happy as the days are long.
- 5 They say I'm very cynical, but that I call a sin,
I simply want my dinner, and get nothing but a din.
Or if my nerves are shaken, and I want a cup of tea,
I get a dismal Overture, or "Beethoven in C."
I would not care a pin if they could either play or sing,
But when it's nothing but a noise, it's quite another thing.
A "common chord" will end my woes, I cannot bear the strain,
And the verdict on me will be died with music on the brain.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

1. In the Cap of Dun-lo there's an ech-o or so, And some of them e-choes is
2. One day Ted-dy Keog with Kate Con-ner did go To hear from the e-cho this
ver-y sur-pris-in', You'll think in this stave that I mane to de-salve, For
wond-er-ful talk, sir; But the echo, they say was con-thrai-ry that day, Or
a bal-lad's a thing you expect to find lies in. But sar-tin and true, in that
perhaps Pad-dy Blake had gone out for a walk, Sir— Now says Teddy to Kate, "Tis too



hill for-nist you There's an e - cho as thru and as safe as the bank too, Just
hard to be bate By this deaf and dumb baste of an e - cho so la - zy, But

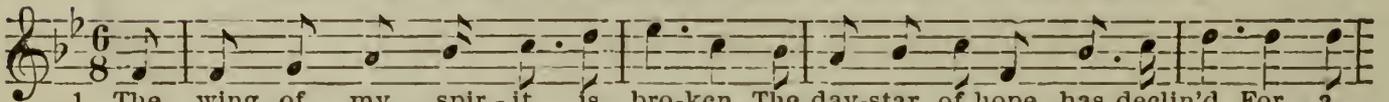


civ-il-ly spake, "How d'ye do Paddy Blake?--The e-cho po-lite -ly says "Ver-y well, thank you.
if we both shout to each oth-er, no doubt We'll make up an echo be-tween us, my dal-sy!

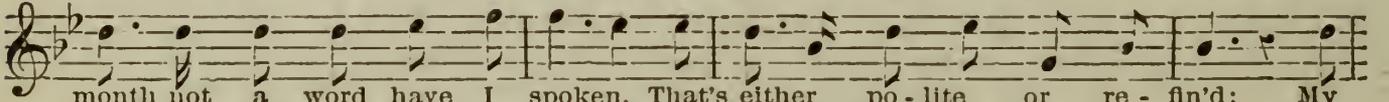
- 3 "Now Kitty," says Teddy, "to answer be ready,"
"Oh very well thank you," eries out Kitty, then, sir,
"Would you like to be wed, Kitty darling?" says Ted—
"Oh very well, thank you," says Kitty again Sir.
"Do you like *me*?--says Teddy, and Kitty quite ready, cried
"Very well thank you,—with laughter beguiling;
I think you'll confess Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

- 4 Oh dear paddy Blake, may you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing,
And girls all translate their sweet answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
And boys, be you ready, like frolicsome Teddy,
Be earnest in loving though given to joking;
And thus when inclined may all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

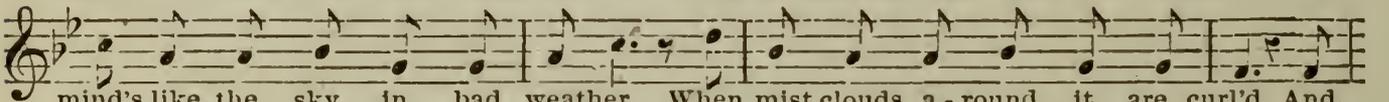
WHY DID SHE KICK ME DOWN STAIRS?



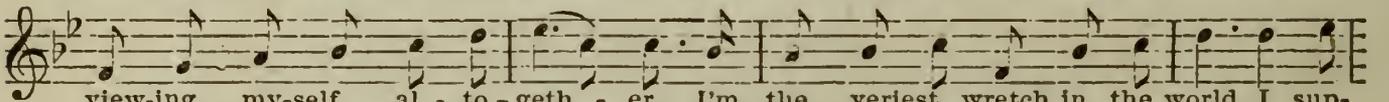
1. The wing of my spir-it is bro-ken, The day-star of hope has declin'd, For a
2. I wan-der a-bout like a va-grant, I spend half my time in the street, My con-



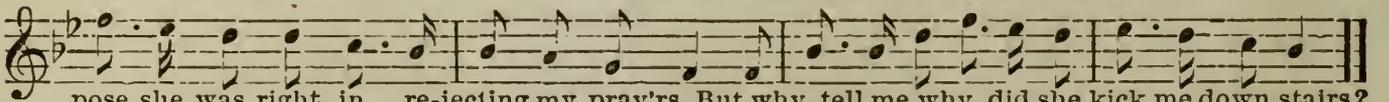
month not a word have I spoken, That's either po-lite or re - fin'd; My
duct's im - prop - er and flagrant, For I quar-rel. with all that I meet; My



mind's like the sky in bad weather, When mist clouds a - round it are curl'd, And,
dress, too, is whol-ly neg - lected, My hat I pull o - ver my brow, And



view-ing my-self al - to - geth - er, I'm the veriest wretch in the world. I sup-
I look like a fel-low sus-pect-ed Of wish-ing to kick up a row. I sup-



pose she was right in re-jecting my pray'rs, But why, tell me why, did she kick me down stairs?
pose she was right, &c.

- 3 At home I'm an object of horror,
To boarder, and waiter, and maid;
But my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And all sensible citizens stare.
- 4 One says, "he's a victim to Cupid!"
Another, "His conduct's too bad"—
A third, "He is awful stupid"—
A fourth, "He is perfectly mad."—
And then I am watch'd like a bandit,
My friends with me all are at strife—
By heaven! no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life.
- 5 I've thought of the means, yet I shudder
At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope,
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
A razor without any soap.
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with eclat;
Bat to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides, 'twould be breaking the law.
- 6 Yet one way remains—to the river,
I'll fly from the goadings of care,
But drown! oh, the tho't makes me shiver!
A terrible death, I declare.
Ah no! I'll once more see Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.

SHEW FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME.

By permission of Messrs. White, Smith & Perry, 300 Washington st., Boston.

1. I think I hear the an-gels sing, I think I hear the an-gels sing, I
 think I hear the an-gels sing, The an-gels now are on the wing. I feel, I feel, I
 feel, That's what my moth-er said, The an-gels pour-ing las-ses down up-
 on this nigger's head. Shew! fly, don't both-er me, Shew! fly, don't both-er me,
 Shew! fly, don't both-er me, I be-long to comp'ny G. I feel, I feel, I feel, I
 feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I
 feel, I feel like a morning star, I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star.

2 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 If I sleep in the sun this nigger knows,
 A fly come sting him on the nose,

I feel, I feel, I feel,
 That's what my mother said,
 Whenever this nigger goes to sleep,
 He must cover up his head. Shew fly, &c.

JIM, THE CARTER LAD.

My name is Jim, the Car-ter Lad, A jol-ly chap am I, I al-ways am con-
 ten-ted, be the weather wet or dry. I snap my fin-ger at the snow, and
 whis-tle at the rain, I've brav'd the storm for many a year, And can do so a-gain.
 Crack, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing, I sit up-on my
 wag-on, I'm as hap-py as a king. My horses al-ways willing, as for
 me I'm ne-ver sad, For none can lead a jol-lier life, than Jim, the Carter Lad.

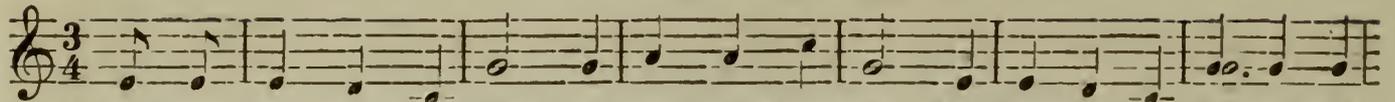
2 My father was a carrier,
 Many years e'er I was born,
 He used to rise at day break,
 And go his rounds each morn.
 He used to take me with him,
 Especially in the spring,
 I'd love to sit upon the cart,
 And hear my father sing.

I act upright to man and man,
 And that's what makes me glad,
 You'll find there beats an honest heart,
 In Jim the Carter Lad.

3 I never think of politics,
 Or any thing so great,
 I care not for their high-bred talk,
 About the church or state.

4 I think I will conclude my song,
 'Tis time I was away,
 My horses will get weary,
 If I much longer stay;
 We've travelled many weary miles,
 And happy days we've had,
 For none can treat a horse more kind,
 Than Jim the Carter Lad.

THE LANCASHIRE LASS.



1. You may talk of young girls, but none can sur-pass My dear lit-tle charmer, who
 Chorus. My Lan-ca-shire Lass, sure none can sur-pass My Lan-ca-shire Lass For



comes from Bel-fast. She's fresh and as sweet as the new-ly mown grass, Is
 style and beauty, My Lan-ca-shire Lass, Come fill up your glass, And



my lit-tle Pol-ly, the Lan-ca-shire Lass; She's eyes so blue, and
 drink to the health of my Lan-ca-shire Lass.



teeth so white, Her hair is brown, her step is light, Her an-kle



it's a per-fect mite, My beau-ti-ful Lan-ca-shire Lass.

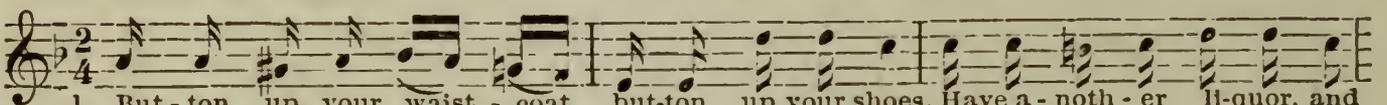
2. She bought this watch which now I wear,
 The way that I won her is strange, you will say; If she don't mind, well I don't care;
 'Twas one afternoon that I went down the bay; She says that her fortune I shall share,
 A young friend of mine was there for the day, My beautiful Lancashire Lass.
 And took little Polly, for whom he'd to pay. CHO.—The Lancashire Lass, &c.

When first we met, I soon could see,
 That with his chance 'twas all U P.
 And so I asked her if she'd have me,
 This beautiful Lancashire Lass.

CHO.—My Lancashire Lass, &c.

3. She said she'd be mine, and she swore to be true,
 We've since been like doves billing and cooing;
 We never fall out as some lovers do,
 And she has some money, betwixt me and you;
 4. She published the banns, we'er going to be wed,
 I leave those matters for her to settle;
 To-morrow, for time has so quickly fled,
 The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led;
 I need not work while there's a purse;
 To the idea I'm not averse,
 And p'rhaps one day I may have to nurse
 A sweet little Lancashire Lass.
 CHO.—My Lancashire Lass, &c.

THE ROLLICKING RAMS.



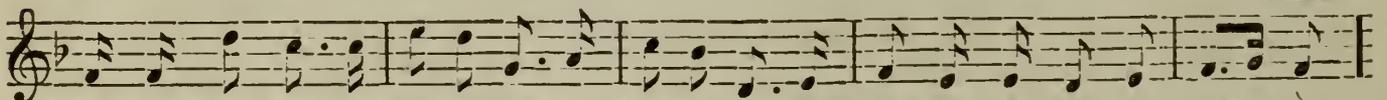
1. But-ton up your waist-coat, but-ton up your shoes, Have a-noth-er li-quer, and



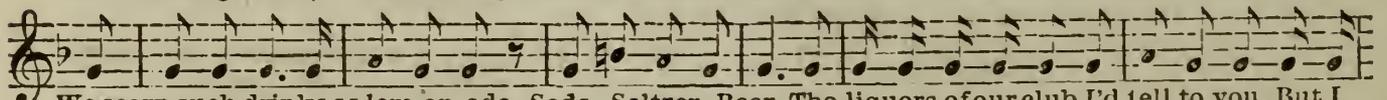
throw a-way the blues: Be like me, and good for a spree, From now till the day is dawn-ing;



For I am a mem-ber of the Rol-lick-ing Rams, Come, and be a mem-ber of the
 For I am a mem-ber of the Rol-lick-ing Rams, Come, and be a mem-ber of the
 FINE.

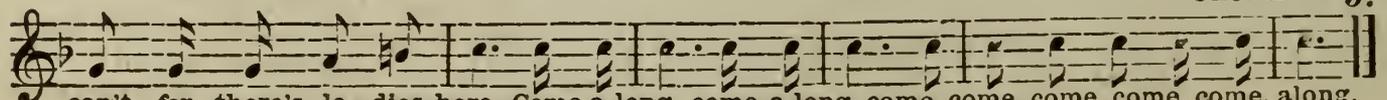


Rol-lick-ing Rams, The on-ly boys to make a noise, from now till the day is dawn-ing.
 Rol-lick-ing Rams, Out all night till broad day-light, And nev-er go home till morn-ing.



We scorn such drinks as lem-on-ade, Soda, Seltzer, Beer, The liquors of our club I'd tell to you, But I

Chorus D. ♪



can't, for there's la-dies here. Come a-long, come a-long, come, come, come, come, along.

<p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>When once you're a member of the Rollicking Rams, All things real, we have no shams, Except champagne, good champagne, We drink till the day is dawning; In all the pockets of the Rollicking Rams, Each one puts a bottle of Cham, And on some door-step sit and drink, Till daylight in the morning. With a pocket full of money the Police make right, To what we do they're blind, Such as pulling down bells, and breaking lamps, For which we should be fined. Come along, come along, come along. CHO.—For I am a member, &c.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>The milkman in the morning he knows us Rams, We follow up behind him and empty the cans, Which down the area he has put, For breakfast in the morning; Upset a coffee stall as we go home, With us our Landladies pick a bone, And get kicked out of house and home, Without a moment's warning; But we don't care, we're single men, Not hampered with a wife, So now my friends, if you like the style, Come and spend a noisy life. Come along, come along, come along, CHO.—For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams, &c.</p>
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BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

1. 'Twas on a frosty night, At two o'clock in the morning, An Irish lad so tight, All
 wind and weather scorning, At Ju-dy Cal-la-ghan's door, Sitting up-on the palings, His
 love tale he did pour, And this was part of his wail-ings,— On-ly say,
 You'd have Mis-ter Bral-la-ghan, Don't say nay, Charming Ju-dy Cal-la-ghan.

2 Oh list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus,
 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, etc.

5 I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with praties,
 I've got of backey a pound,
 And got some tea for the ladies.
 I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whiskey to make us gaily,
 A mattress and feather bed,
 And a handsome new shelelah.
 Only say, etc.

3 I've got nine pigs and a sow,
 I've got a stye to sleep them,
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 I've got a cabin to keep them;
 Sunday hose and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride a-stride on.
 Only say, etc.

6 You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding!
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As every one is knowing,
 You've got a decent tongue,
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say, etc.

4 I've got an old tom cat,
 Although one eye is staring,
 I've got a Sunday hat,
 A little the worse for wearing;
 I've got some gooseberry wine,
 The trees have got no riper on,
 I've got a fiddle so fine,
 Which only wants a piper on.
 Only say, etc.

7 For a wife till death,
 I am willing to take ye,
 But, och! 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, etc.

KATY'S LETTER.

1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let-ter, And al-though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet-ter. For why should he be puz-zled with hard spell-ing in the mat-ter, When the ma-ning was so plain that I love him faith-ful-ly. I love him faith-ful - ly, And he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.

- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my new bonnet;
 For I would not have the postmaster make his remarks upon it,
 As I'd said inside the letter, that I loved him faithfully.
 I love him faithfully, and he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
 The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing;
 So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing,
 So I wrote "from little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
 I love him faithfully, and he knows it, Oh, he knows it without one word from me.
- 4 Now girls would you believe it? that postman so consated,
 No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited,
 But may be there mayn't be one for the reason that I stated,
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
 He loves me faithfully; and I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

1. This life is a dif - fi - cult rid - dle, For how ma - ny
 Chorus. Then what is the use of re - pin - ing, For where there's a
 peo - ple we see. . . . With fa - ces as long as a fid - dle, That
 will there's a way. . . . And to - mor - row the sun may be shi - ning, Al-
 ought to look shin-ing with glee. . . . I am sure in this world there are plen-
 though it is cloud - y to - day. . . .
 ty, Of good things e - nough for us all. . . . And yet there's not
 one out of twen - ty But thinks that his share is too small. . . .

- 2 Did you never hear tell of the spider,
 That tried up the wall hard to climb.
 If not just take that as a guider,
 You'll find it will serve you in time.
 Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
 And every time it stuck fast.
 But it tried hard again without countng,
 And of course it succeeded at last. CHO.
- 3 Some grumble because they're not married,
 And cannot procure a good wife.
 Whilst others they wish they had tarried,
 And long for a bachelor's life.
- 4 Do you think that by sitting and sighing
 You'll ever obtain all you want.
 It's cowards alone that are crying,
 And foolishly saying, "I can't."
 It's only by plodding and striving,
 And laboring up the steep hill
 Of life, that you'll ever be thriving
 Which you'll do if you've only the Will.

1. Thro' be - ing fond of act - ing right, Straight forward, just and fair, I try to make my troubles light, And lit - tle do I care; As hap - py as a king I live On just what I can spare, And from ex - pe - ri - ence I give This hint, act on the CHORUS. square. Act on the square, boys, Act on the square, Up - right and fair, boys, Act on the square, Act on the square, boys, Act on the square, Upright and fair, boys, Act on the square.

2 Now in the street a thing so bad,
Which often is the case,
A swellish, foolish looking lad,
Some modest girl will chase;
Then square you round, and let him see
If he annoyance dare,
You'll give him striking proof to show,
How to act on the square. CHO.

3 When out one night with noisy swells,
That smil'd and kept alive,
One Sergeant X with oyster shells,
To pelt they did contrive ;

They nearly got into disgrace,
But squaring serv'd them there,
And brightly shone the Bobby's face,
Who lik'd to see things square. CHO.

4 I never lik'd a round game, nay,
Round tables can't a - bear,
And in a circus I can't stay,
So I live in a Square ;
Now Brothers all, and Masons too,
Of good let's do our share,
And when a chance presents itself,
We must act on the square. CHO.

I'VE LOST MY BOW-WOW.

1. In me see a maid - en of sweet twen - ty - two, As young as a chick - en and ten - der - er too; But now I am sad, and my heart's full of pain, For I've lost a Bow-wow I shant see a - gain.

CHORUS.
For I've lost my Bow-wow, Who's seen my Bow-wow? Poor lit - tle Dog - gy, Bow-wow, wow - wow, I've lost my Bow-wow, who's seen my Bow-wow? Poor lit - tle Dog - gy, Bow-wow, wow, wow, Bow-wow.

2. When I left my home he was fast to a string,
He never would follow without it, poor thing ;
He'd pull at the string till quite black in the face,
But see what some rude boy has tied on in its place. CHO.

3. My poor little fellow, so faithful and kind,

I see him, methinks, as his tail wagged behind !
Without me I'm certain he'll pine and he'll die,
Or p'rhaps be mistaken for meat in a pie. CHO.

4. I fear that it's true every dog has its day ;
Oh please, have you seen him, will any one say ?
I'd give him my blessing who'd bring me safe back -
My pretty white poodle, all spotted with black.

1. Phi - los - o - phers, and Cri - tics, say, "The world grows wi - ser ev' - ry day," I'll
 prove they're wrong, with-out de - lay, And that's what's the mat - ter. For though 'tis said "we
 live and learn," The truth of it I can't dis-cern, We fol - ly see, each way we turn, And
 CHORUS.
 that's what's the mat - ter. That's what's the mat - ter, I am not one to
 flat - ter, But speak my mind, as you will find, And that's what's the mat-ter!

2 We often find some man of rank
 Get mixed up with some bubble bank,
 The public have themselves to thank,
 And that's what's the matter!
 By promises of ten per cent
 They're nicely gulled, their cash is lent,
 But when they find it's all been spent,
 It's that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

3 The Yankees in a mess will be
 Through setting of their niggers free;
 Their "fix" they now begin to see,
 And that's what's the matter!
 They made poor Mungo free 'tis true,
 But now it makes them look quite blue,
 With him they know not what to do,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

4 They thought John Bull required relief,
 So sent him some of their "jerked beef,"
 'Tis said that "Gee hos" form the chief,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Old John with its appearance struck,
 Said, "Though I'm noted for my pluck,
 I'm blowed if I can eat such muck,"
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

5 The Legislature is not wise
 In aiding railway enterprise,
 And letting them monopolise,
 And that's what's the matter!
 They drive the poor man out of town
 By pulling of his dwelling down,
 For which he don't receive a "brown,"
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

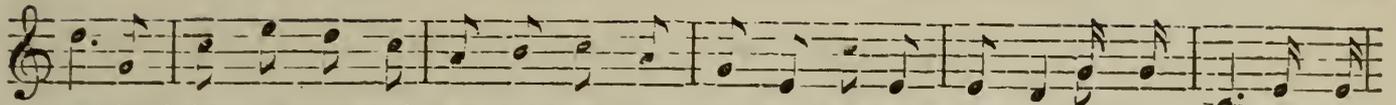
6 Then the much-vaunted "Armstrong gun"
 Has by the "Whitworth" been outdone;
 All nations now at us make fun,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Though we've enormous sums outlaid,
 We find a great mistake we've made,
 We've dearly for our whistle paid,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

7 Now, Mister Bass's Organ Bill
 Has proved a reg'lar bitter pill,
 It's made the organ-grinders ill,
 And that's what's the matter!
 Since they've let Mister Babbage be
 The benefit we daily see,
 He's just found out that twice two's three,
 And that's what's the matter.
 That's what's the matter, &c.

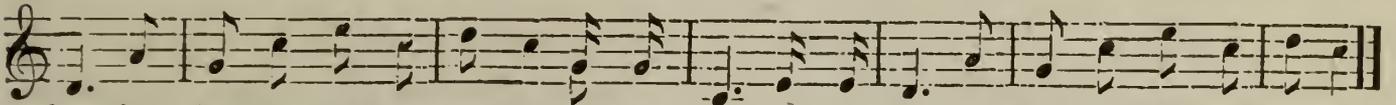
PADDY'S LAND.

AN IRISH PARODY ON "DIXIE'S LAND."

1. I wish I were on Pad-dy's Land, Where I was hap-py, blithe and fris-ky. Och hone, Och
 hone, Och hone, Och hone, Wid a lit - tle cru - is - keen in my hand, For I'm the boy to
 swallow whiskey, Och hone, Och hone, Och hone, Och hone, Oh, don't I love the whiskey? Och hone! Ma-



vrone! On Col-lege Green, wid my Col-leen, I'd tip-ple down the whiskey, Fil-li-loo! Hub-ba-



boo! I'd tip-ple down the whiskey, Fil-li-loo! Hub-ba-boo! I'd tip-ple down the whiskey.

2.

At wake, at Patthern, or at Fair,
The cratur make my heart beat gaily,
Och hone, &c.
It drives away all thoughts of care,
And puts more pow'r in my Shillelagh,
Och hone, &c.
Oh, let me have the whiskey?
Och hone, Mavrone!
Give me but punch, I'll bate the bunch,
For nothing aiquils whiskey,
Hurroo! Filliloo! there's nothing aiquils whiskey.

3.

'Twill make a lame man dance a jig,
Or a blind man read the Morning Paper,—
Och hone, &c.
And if your heart's with sorrow big,
'Twill make it all fly off like vapour—

Och hone, &c.

Then can't I tippie whiskey,—
Och hone! Mavrone!
To be the king of Erin's Isle,
I'd not resign my whiskey.
Hubbaboo! Filliloo! I'd not resign the whiskey.

4.

If a friend should chance to knock you down,
And you are kilt by him completely,—
Och hone, &c.
Would you make whole your broken crown,
Drink whiskey and 'twill do it nately.—
Och hone, &c.
Then let me have my whiskey,—
Och hone! Mavrone!
For while I have a chance I'll sing and dance
And drink good luck to whiskey. [whiskey.
Hurroo! Hubbaboo! I'll drink good luck to

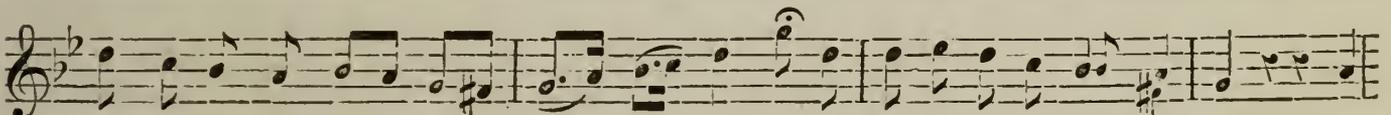
CROOSKEEN LAWN.



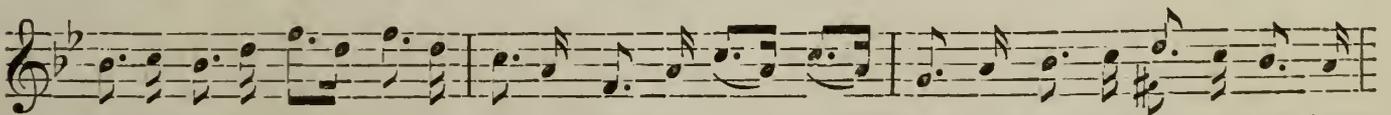
1. Let the farm-er praise his grounds As the hunts-man does his hounds, And the



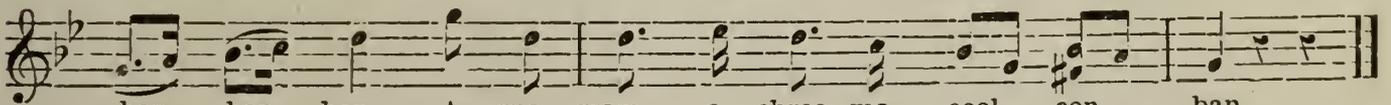
shep-herd his sweet scent-ed lawn, While I more blest than they, spend each happy night and day With my



smil-ing lit-tle Croos-keen lawn, lawn lawn, Oh, my smil-ing lit-tle Crooskeen lawn. Le-



an-te-ru-ma Crooskeen Sle - an - te gar ma - voor - neen, A - gus gra-machree ma coo-leen,



ban ban ban A - gus gram a chree ma cool - een ban.

2 In court with manly grace, should Sir Toby plead his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass, he'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn, &c.

3 Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips adry,
Tho' the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,
To fill another crooskeen lawn, &c.

4 And when grim Death appears, after few but happy years,
And tells me my glass is run,
I'll say, "Begone you slave, for great Bacchus gives me leave
To drink another crooskeen lawn, &c.

THE GIRLS ARE NOT SO GREEN.

1. One lit - tle word I've tried to speak, Yet ne - ver could for chok - ing,
 Although I've practiced half the week: Oh, dear! 'tis so pro - vok - ing! I'm ve - ry sure she
 un - der - stands The word I long to ut - ter, For she has felt my tremb - ling hand, And
 seen my bo - som flut - ter. Oh, no! the girls are not so green! Your suit you're sure to
 gain it: But you must tell them what you mean, And ma - ny times ex - plain it.

2 I've often tried to spoil their fun,
 They so delight in teasing,
 By never wedding any one,
 However sweet and pleasing;
 They will not understand, although
 You hint so very near it,
 And when you plainly tell them so,
 They wish again to hear it.
 Oh, no, the girls, &c.

3 But I will go and try my luck,
 And boldly pop the question,
 For sure the word so long has stuck,
 It ruins my digestion;
 And if she does not comprehend,
 Again my suit I'll press, sir,
 She'll understand me in the end,
 And blushing say, "Oh yes sir."
 Oh, no, the girls, &c.

OH! YOU PRETTY BLUE-EYED WITCH.

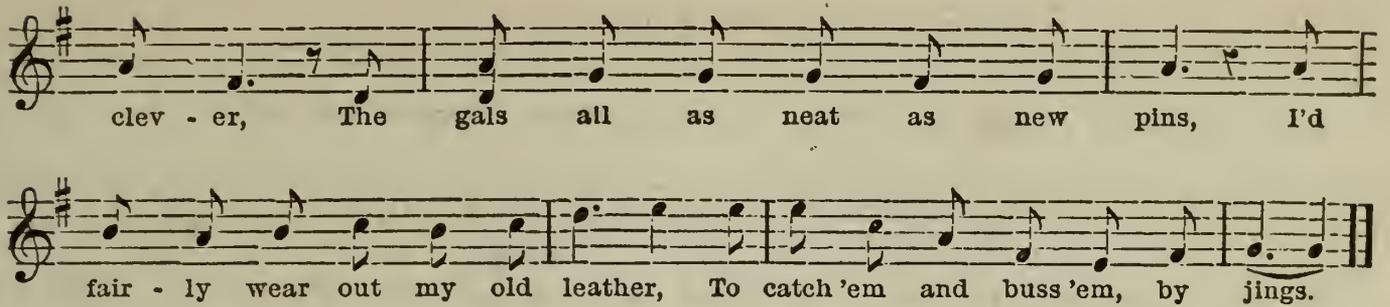
1. Oh! you pretty blue-eyed witch, Turn, oh! turn those eyes a - way, For they give my
 heart a twitch, And I would ev - er with thee stay; Oh, those golden locks of thine,
 D. C.
 • Wanton playing with the air, They have round my heart entwined, O sweet maid, thou'rt wondrous fair.

2.
 Hide, oh, hide those pouting lips,
 Hide those pretty pearly teeth,
 How I long for one dear kiss,
 Long to win your love so sweet;
 Like a sunbeam is thy smile,
 All description is too poor,
 Give me but one beaming one,
 Oh! sweet maid, I'll ask no more.
 Oh you pretty blue-eyed witch, etc.

3.
 Yet I feel I must ask more,
 Give, oh, give your heart to me,
 Oh, say yes, this happy hour;
 Ever I'll be true to thee.
 Turn on me those eyes so blue,
 Give me but one loving glance,
 Never can I love but you,
 You have all my soul entranced.
 Oh, you pretty blue-eyed witch, etc.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO A WEDDING.

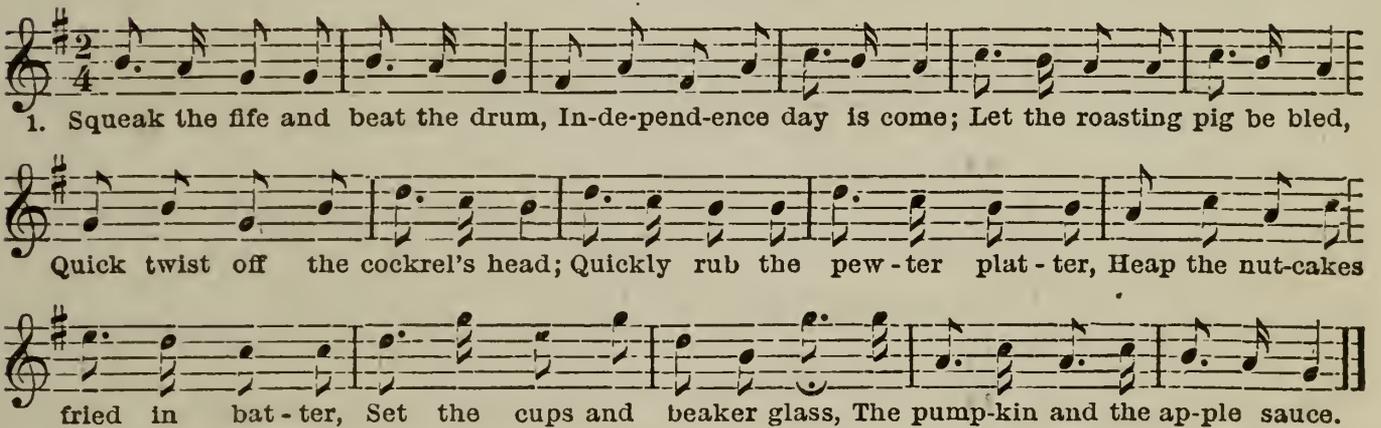
1. Did ev - er you go to a wed - ding? What a darn'd sight o' buss - ing it
 takes, Then your mouth is as hot as a pud - ding; They
 put so much spice in their cake. Such play - ing and run - ning, how



2 I wonder, by gol, what's the matter,
 I can't get a sweetheart, I've try'd,
 But I sniggers, I never could flatter,
 But the gals would all tell I ly'd.
 So rot'em, I always am cheated,
 By gosh, I will twig'em, I vum,
 If I can't be handsomely treated,
 I won't go a courting, by gum.

3 Then I guess they will come to their reason,
 If what granny says all be true ;
 If you'll let 'em a-lone with teaz-in,
 The gals will come flocking to you.
 Did ever you go to a wedding ?
 What a darn'd sight o' bussing it takes,
 Then your mouth is as hot as a pudding ;
 They put so much spice in their cakes.

SQUEAK THE FIFE.

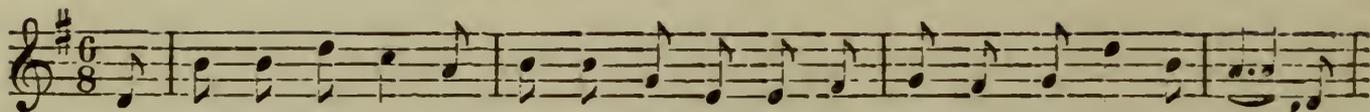


- 2 Send the keg to shop for brandy : maple sugar we have handy ;
 Independent, stagg'ring Dick, a noggin mix of swigging thick ;
 Sal, put on your russet skirt ; Jonathan, get your boughten shirt ;
 To-day we dance to tiddle-diddle—here comes Sambo with his fiddle.
- 3 Sambo, take a dram of whiskey, and play up Yankee Doodle frisky ;
 Moll, come leave your witched tricks, and let us have a reel of six :
 Father and Mother shall make two—Sal, Moll, and I, stand all a-row ;
 Sambo, play and dance with quality, this is the day of blest equality.
- 4 Father and Mother are but men, and Sambo is—a citizen ;
 Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in—and Mother, you dance up to him,
 Now saw as fast as e'er you can do ; and Father, you cross o'er to Sambo,
 Thus we dance, and thus we play, on glorious Independence Day.

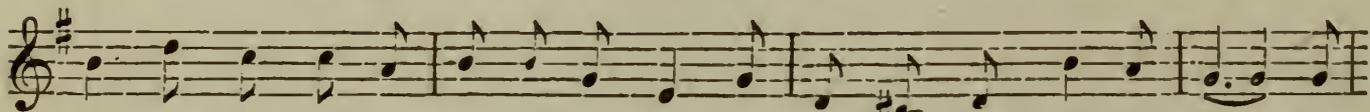
ENCORE VERSES.

- 5 Rub more rosin on your bow, and let us have another go—
 Zounds ! as sure as eggs and bacon, here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon ;
 Aunt Thiah, and their Bet's behind her, on blundering mare, than beetle blinder,
 And there's the squire too with his lady : Sal, hold the beast ; I'll take the baby.
- 6 Moll, bring the Squire our great arm-chair ; good folks, we're glad to see you here,
 Jotham, get the great case-bottle, your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
 Ensign—Deacon, never mind,—Squire, drink until you're blind.
 Thus we drink and dance away, this glorious Independence Day.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.



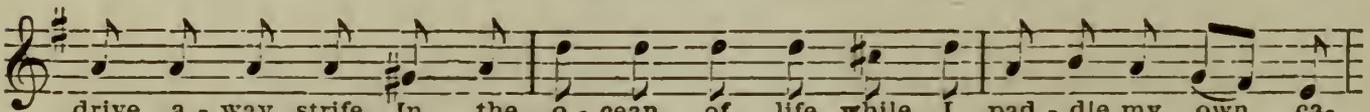
1 I've travell'd a - bout a bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few, But



found it bet - ter in ev' - ry clime to pad - dle my own ca - noe. My

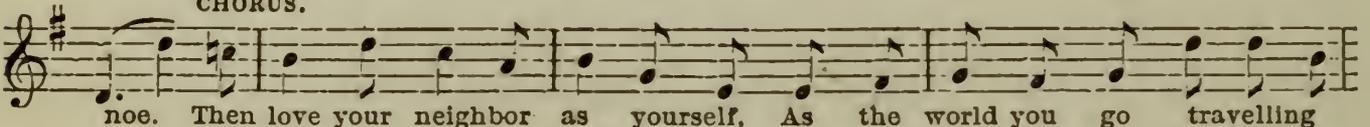


wants are small, I care not at all If my debts are paid when due, I



drive a - way strife, In the o - cean of life while I pad - dle my own ca -

CHORUS.



noe. Then love your neighbor as yourself, As the world you go travelling



through, And nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But paddle your own ca - noe.

2

I have no wife to bother my life,

No lover to prove untrue,

But the whole day long, with a laugh and a song

I paddle my own canoe.

I rise with the lark, and from daylight till dark,

I do what I have to do;

I am careless of wealth, if I only have health

To paddle my own canoe.

CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

3.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,

That is, if you've proved him true;

But you'll find it better, by far, in the end,

To paddle your own canoe.

To "borrow" is dearer, by far, than to "buy,"

A maxim, though old, still true;

You never will sigh, if you only will try

To paddle your own canoe.

CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

4

If a hurricane rise in the mid-day skies

And the sun is lost to view,

Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,

And paddle your own canoe.

The daisies that grow in the bright green fields

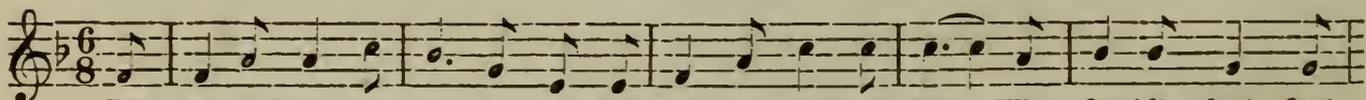
Are blooming so sweet for you,

So never sit down, with a tear or a frown,

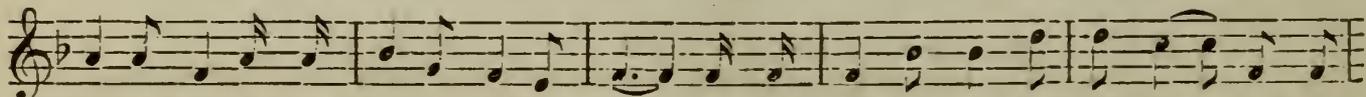
But paddle your own canoe.

CHORUS.—Then, love your neighbor, &c.

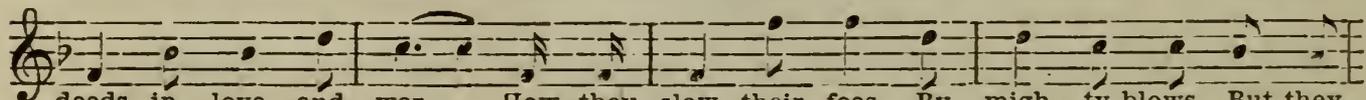
THE LOW-BACK'D JAUNTING-CAR.



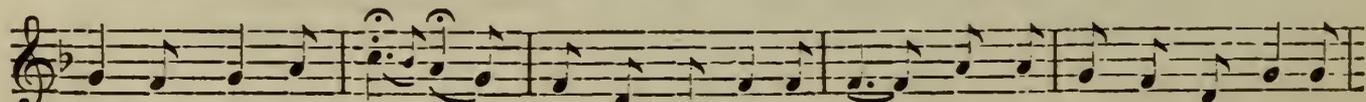
1. 'Twas on a Sun - day morn - ing, In the mer - ry month of May, When Cupid's dart first



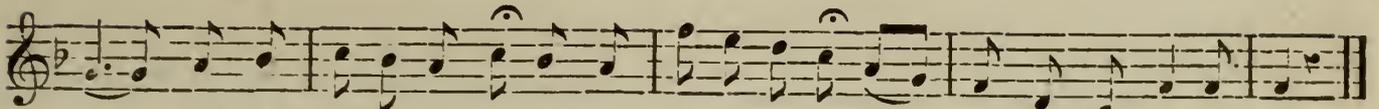
piere'd my heart By the glance of Paddy Gray! You may talk of an - cient he - rces, Of their



deeds in love and war, How they slew their foes By migh - ty blows, But they



can't com - pare, by far, With Paddy of Cas - tle - bar! As he drove in his jaunt - ing

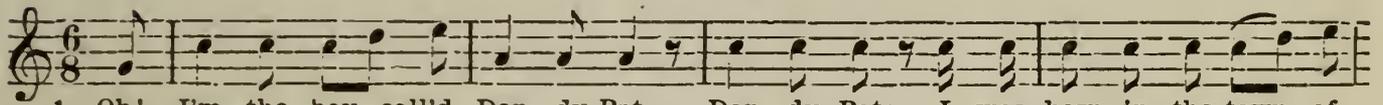


car, All the girls, I'll be bound, For full twenty miles round, Knew Pat and his jaunting-car!

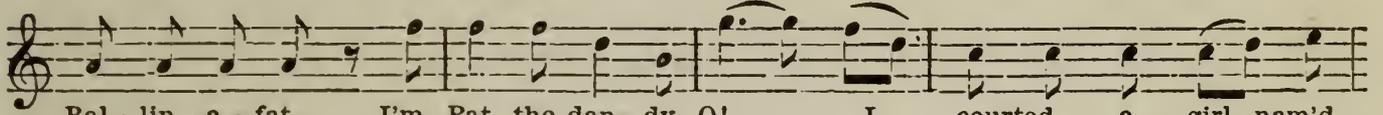
2 They say the charms of music
Possess a power divine
O'er the human breast,
And, like the rest,
I felt it over mine;—
For a voice so sweet my ears did greet;
And a ringing laugh so clear,
When he sprang from his car,
Near the turnpike-bar,
And said, 'Norah, honey dear!
I've a wound in my heart, that sure
There is only one way to cure—
Give me yours, darling, do!
We'll make one out of two,
And ride off in my jaunting-car!'

3 I'd often watch'd that car, sir,
As it rattled along the way,
And thought, through life,
Were I the wife
Of darling Paddy Gray,
I ne'er would envy wealthy dames
In their chariots decked with state,—
Wealth cannot move
The heart to love,
But oft engenders hate.
And now, married in Castlebar,
I'm happier sure by far,
As I sit by the side
Of my husband, my pride,
In his lowback'd jaunting-car!'

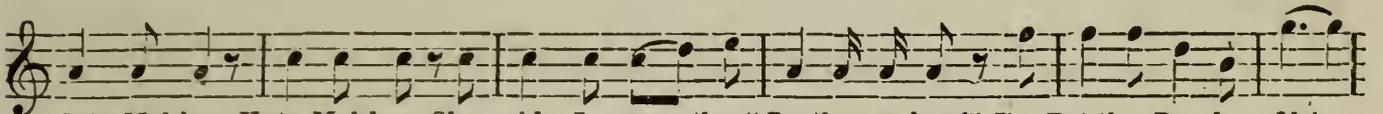
DANDY PAT. Song and Dance.



1. Oh! I'm the boy call'd Dan-dy Pat, Dan-dy Pat; I was born in the town of

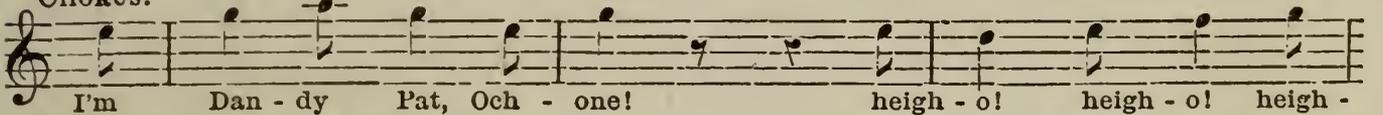


Bal-lin-a-fat, I'm Pat the dan-dy O!..... I courted a girl nam'd

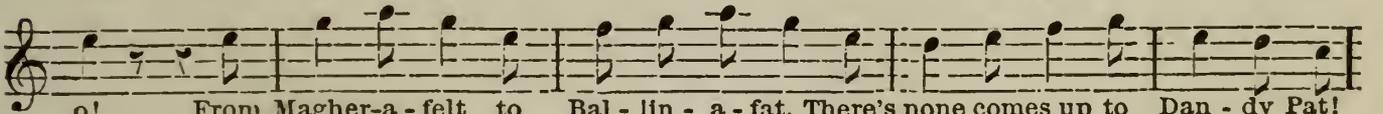


Kate Mol-loy, Kate Mol-loy; She said I was the "Broth av a boy!" I'm Pat the Dandy Oh!

CHORUS.

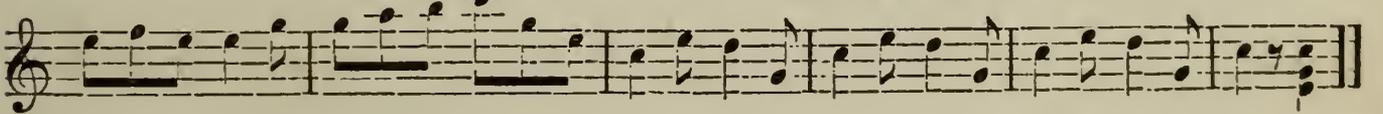
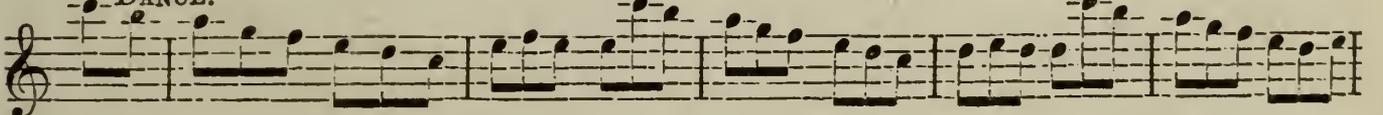


I'm Dan-dy Pat, Och-one! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-



o! From Magher-a-felt to Bal-lin-a-fat, There's none comes up to Dan-dy Pat!

DANCE.



2

My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim; My hat is med uv Irish felt, Irish felt;
The girls all cry: "Jist look at him!
He's Pat the Dandy O!"

The hearts uv all the girls I melt;
I'm Pat the Dandy O! CHORUS.

My stick is med uv good black thorn, good black
thorn;

I'm the funniest creathur ivir wus born;
I'm Pat the Dandy O! CHORUS.

3

My coat is med uv Irish freize, Irish freize;
Nary a one can take the prize
From Dandy Pat, heigho!

4
I tuk a walk to the Cinthral Park, Cinthral Park;
A nice young leddy med the remark:
"That's Pat the Dandy, O!"

She asked me home to take some tay, take some
tay;

She sed she'd nivir go away
From Dandy Pat, heighio! CHORUS.

1. One frost - y day on pleasure bent, I stroll'd in - to the park, With skates in hand up -
 on the ice to have a ska-ting lark. Some were whirling round like tops, some
 dart-ing like a flash, Oth-ers cut their names out, too, and oth-ers cut a dash. But
 not a - lone was I that day, for there in fur-topp'd boots, And four rows of pearl
 but-tons, was my own Ma - til - da Toots. Oh! my own Ma - til - da Toots, you
 should have seen her boots! Up - on the ice they look'd so nice, did the boots of Til - da Toots.

CHORUS.
 Oh! Ma - til - da Toots, you should have seen her boots, Up -
 on the ice they look'd so nice, did the boots of Til - da Toots.

2

She had the prettiest pair of skates of highly-polish'd steel,
 And gracefully in chair she sat while I prepared to kneel
 Down at her feet to put them on, by boring in the soles
 Of those fur-topped, pearl-buttoned boots, the smallest gimlet holes ;
 But just as I upon my knee had got one of her boots,
 A skater from behind upset me, chair, and 'Tilda Toots. Сно.

3

As I, the chair, and 'Tilda Toots, were struggling in a heap,
 A dozen skaters, more or less, came o'er us with a sweep.
 Some went tumbling head o'er heels, others on the back,
 When suddenly, where 'Tilda lay, the ice began to crack !
 The water next came bubbling up ! crash ! I saw the boots
 Alone above the waters where had gone down 'Tilda Toots. Сно.

4

"'Scape ladders, grappling-hooks, help! help!" I roar'd with all my might,
 A squad of gallant " Park Guides " then quickly hove in sight.
 They ran the ladder 'cross the hole, the men aside I cast,
 I scarcely think I touch'd a rail, I rush'd along so fast ;
 But I was there in time to save the soul of my pursuits,
 For by those boots, those fur-topped boots, I dragged out 'Tilda Toots. Сно.

5

With 'Tilda in my arms to the Refreshment House I flew —
 They used the proper remedies, and quickly brought her to.
 I call'd a cab and saw her home, and, saving thus her life,
 Matilda Toots agreed next day to be my darling wife ;
 And as the water did not spoil those fur-topped buttoned boots,
 Why in those boots — identical boots — I married Matilda Toots. Сно.

1. I al - ways was a tim - id man, And ner - vous from my birth, And ner - vous - ness I
 think is worse Than a - ny thing on earth; For go to do what - e'er you will, You're
 sure to do it wrong, I hope it won't at - tack me now, And spoil me in my
 song. So if you will at - ten - tive be, I'll do the best I can, To

CHORUS.

tell to you the sor - rows of a tim - id ner - vous man. I'm ner - vous, I'm
 nervous, A tim - id ner - vous man, I am nervous, I'm nervous, A tim - id nervous man

2.

I met a most delightful girl,
 Out at a ball one night;
 I felt my peace of mind was gone
 When first she came in sight.
 I wanted to be introduced,
 And Brown soon did the job
 By saying, "Miss Jemima Green, —
 My friend, young Richard Cobb."
 I said, "a lovely morning; Miss —
 No, no, I don't mean that:
 It's night, of course, I'm quite aware; —
 But have you seen the cat?"
 I'm nervous, &c.

3.

No doubt she thought it very strange
 That I should talk such stuff;
 And, as I stood, I felt that she
 Must think me quite a muff.
 I did not mend the matter much
 When I turned round to say,
 "There's been a deal of weather, Miss,
 About the town to-day."
 And, having made that sage remark,
 I sat down on a chair,
 Plump into Mrs. Johnson's lap,
 Whom I did not see there.
 I'm nervous, &c.

4.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," now
 I said to Mrs. J.,
 Who only muttered some such word
 As "fool," and turned away.
 I felt so flurried and confused
 I turned too quickly round,
 And nearly knocked a fat old dame
 Headlong upon the ground.
 I bowed, and hoped she was not hurt,
 But what was my dismay
 To find the waiter stood behind,
 And I'd upset his tray.
 I'm nervous, &c.

5.

I said, "Miss Green, will you oblige
 Me with the next quadrille?
 As waltzes, polkas, I can't do:
 They always make me ill."
 But lor! I could not dance at all,
 They pulled me here and there,
 My foot caught in Jemima's dress,
 And that began to tear:
 The trimming twisted round my legs
 In such an awful way,
 That half a dozen soon went down,
 And I among them lay.
 I'm nervous, &c.

6.

I rushed down stairs to leave the house,
 A hat and coat I took,
 And not till I was nearly home,
 Did I once at them look.
 But who can tell the shock I felt
 When on the hat I found
 A servant's black cockade was there,
 And gold lace band all round;
 The coat was green, and trimmed with red,
 And liv'ry buttons bright, —
 In fact, it was the servant's coat
 And hat I took that night.
 I'm nervous, &c.

7.

I took them back and got my own,
 And ere I left the door,
 There came from out the drawing-room,
 Of laughter quite a roar;
 They put me down as "fool," of course,
 And dear Miss Green, no doubt,
 Thought me the greatest "Spoon" that she
 Had ever met when out.
 I lost the girl I dote upon,
 And made myself a fool,
 Because my legs won't let me keep,
 Collected, calm, and cool.
 I'm nervous, &c.

1. No doubt a song you've heard, How great - ly it de-lights; It com - pri - ses, in a
word, the luck of a "cove wot writes!" Now I've a song so true, My
mind to truth it clings; And I'm go - ing to tell to you, The luck of a cove wot
CHORUS. sings. Tol de rol id - dy tol ol, Tol ol tol id - dy tol la! . .

2.
In a garret I showed my nob,
In Earl Street, Seven Dials,
My father was a snob,
My mother dealt in *wials*;
But my mind took higher flights,
I hated low-life things!
Made friends with a cove what writes
And now I'm the chap wot sings.
CHO.—Tol de rol, &c.

3.
When at singing I made a start,
Some said my voice was fine;
I tried a serious part,
But turned to the comic line;
I found out that was the best,
Some fun it always brings:
To the room it gives a zest,
And suits the cove wot sings.
CHO.—Tol de rol, &c.

4.
To a concert, ball, or rout,
Each night I'm asked to go,
With my new toggery I go out,
And I cut no *dirty show*;
Goes up to the music, all right,
At the women sheep's eyes I flings,
Gets my lush free all the night,
Because I'm the cove what sings.
CHO.—Tol de rol, &c.

5.
If I go to take a room,
There needs no talk or stuff;
'Bout a reference they don't fume,
My word is quite enough.

For my money they don't care a sou,
The landlady kind looks flings,
She's proud to have in her house
A gentleman wot sings.
CHO.—Tol de rol &c.

6.
Each day so well I fare,
On each thing so good and fine;
In the *grub way* well I share,
For I always go out to dine;
And those who asks me so free,
Plenty of their friends brings,
They comes for miles, d'ye see,
To hear the chap wot sings.
CHO.—Tol de rol, &c.

7.
While strolling t'other night,
I dropped in at a house, d'ye see,
The landlord, so polite,
Insisted on treating me;
I called for a glass of port,
When *half-a-bottle* he brings;
Spoken]—"How much to pay, Landlord?"
said I—"Nothing of the sort,"
Says he "You're the chap wot sings."
CHO.—Tol de lol, &c.

8.
Now my song is at an end,
My story through I've run,
And all that I did intend,
Was to cause a morsel of fun.
If I succeed, that's right,
There's a pleasure pleasing brings;
And I'll try some other night
The luck of a chap wot sings.
CHO.—Tol de lol, &c.

O! THIS LOVE!

1. O! this love! this love; I once the pas - sion slighted; But hearts, but hearts that
tru - ly love Must break or be u - ni - ted! O! this love! O! this love!



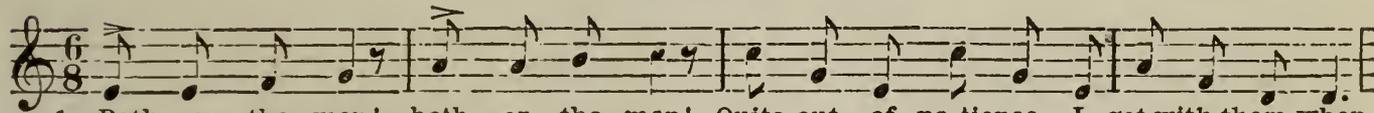
O! this love! O! this love! O! this love! O! this love.

2 When first he came to woo,
I little cared about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him!
CHORUS. — O! this love! &c.
3 He gave to me this ring,
My hand ask'd of my mother,
I could not bear the thought

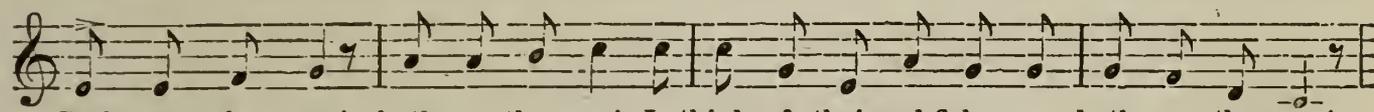
That he should wed another.

CHORUS. — O! this love, &c.
4 And now I am his own, —
In all his joys I mingle;
Not for the wealth of worlds,
Would I again be single!
CHORUS. — O! this love, —

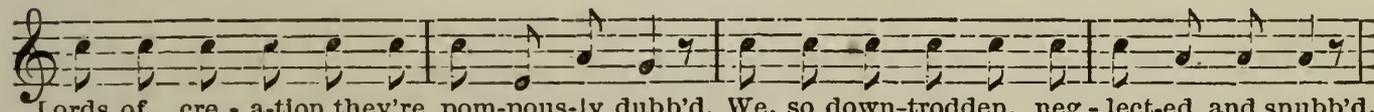
BOTHER THE MEN.



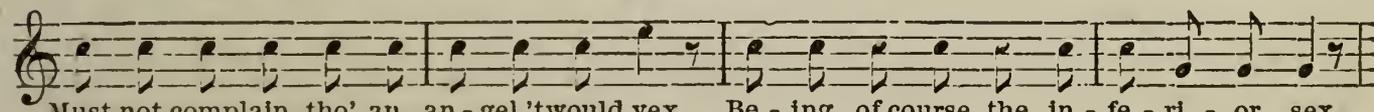
1. Both - er the men! both - er the men! Quite out of pa-tience I get with them when,



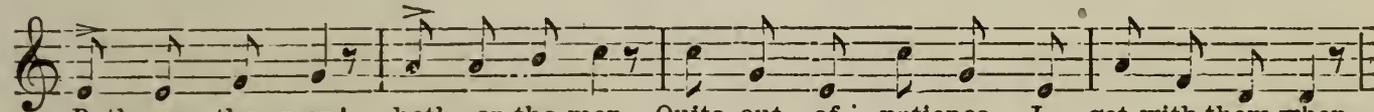
Both - er the men! both - er the men! I think of their sel-fish-ness, both - er the men!



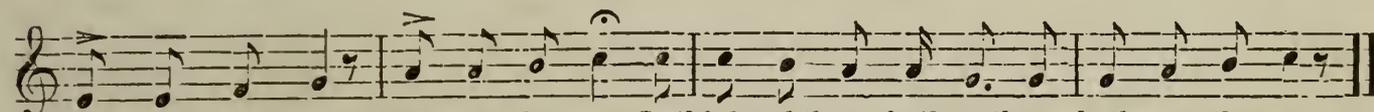
Lords of cre - a-tion they're pom-pous-ly dubb'd, We, so down-trodden, neg - lect-ed and snubb'd,



Must not complain, tho' an an - gel 'twould vex, Be - ing of course, the in - fe - ri - or sex.



Both - er the men! both - er the men, Quite out of patience I get with them when—



Both - er the men, both - er the men, I think of them, both-er them, both - er the men.

2.

Full of conceit, women they treat
More like the ground that is under their feet;
Such their pretence, 'tis an offence
Merely to hint we have got common sense.
In our anatomy brain forms no part;
While, as for poetry, science, or art,
Physics, theology, politics, — what!
We comprehend it, oh, certainly not!
Bother the men, bother the men,
Quite out of patience I get with them when —
Bother the men, bother the men —
I think of them, bother them, bother the men.

And the Lords of creation are dreadfully
shocked.
Bother the men, bother the men,
Quite out of patience I get with when —
Bother the men, bother the men,
I think of them, — bother them, bother the
men!

4.

Ah but, I know what makes them so, —
Jealousy, which they are too proud to show;
Give us a chance, they, with a glance,
See we'd ahead of them quickly advance.
Only let Government bring in a bill
To give us the franchise, and have it we will!
Women we'll send into Parliament then,
Oh, you shall see how they'll bother the men!
Bother the men, bother the men,
Won't we pay off their impertinence, then?
Bother the men, bother the men,
It makes me quite wild when I think of the
men!

3.

Well we may dread having to wed,
(Strange that so many are into it led,)
Sad is their fate, but to alter their state
Were out of the frying-pan into the grate.
See what old maids are compelled to go through,
If clever, they're either "strong-minded" or
"blue."
If they start as M.D's they're derided and
mocked.

1. Yes, I know that you once were my lov-er, But that sort of thing has an end; Tho' love and its transports are ov - er, 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 a - dore you, For in - deed it is now no such thing.

2. 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?

3 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's,
(I sigh so, whenever he's gone!)
I will love you, indeed, as a brother,
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

WHAT'S A MARRIED MAN GOING TO DO?

1. I'm the father of a fam-i - ly and try to be re - spect - a - ble, For life it is a struggle to get thro' And here I stand to - night a pic - ture so de - ject - a - ble, But what's a mar - ried man a - going to do For the times they are so queer And pro - vis - ions are so dear And mon - ey is so "tight" peo - ple say So that ev' - ry man you meet As you walk a - long the street Says he's lucky if he can but pay his way.... Oh what's a married man a - going to do.....

2.
I've heard it is contemptible to fly into a passion,
But what I'm telling you to-night is true.
I've daughters growing up, and they will dress
in the fashion,
Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?
True, the dresses now are neat,
Yet they used to sweep the street,
And do the work the scavengers should do,
And the bills we had to pay
To the drapers ev'ry day
Was enough to make a parent look quite blue.
Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

3. [nians,
At home we are startled with rumours of the Fe-
Putting quiet people in a stew; [sinians,
And abroad there's a row with the black Abys-
Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

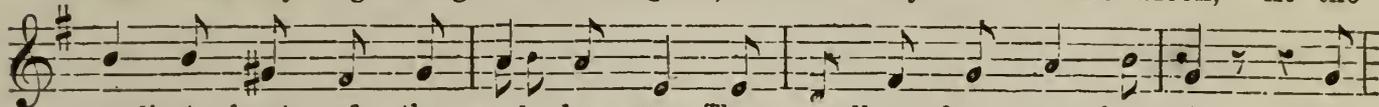
Reformers may prate about the dreadful state
Of things in this "Land of Liberty,"
For twopence on our backs
They've laid on the "Income Tax,"
Where the money is to come from puzzles me!
Oh! what's a married man a-going to do?

4. [doubt me,
But Sixty-seven's gone, and I'm sure you will not
When wishing a much better year to you [me,
Than the one that has past, for when I look about
I think, what's a married man a-going to do!
Yet patiently we'll wait, and hope that '68
May prove better than the year that has past;
And join both heart and hand
To drive treason from the land,
And live in peace and quietude at last!
That's what every body ought to do!

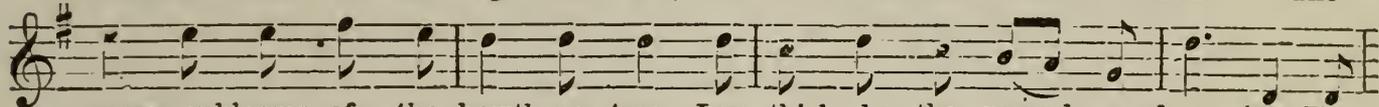
AS SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY MADAME PAREPA ROSA.



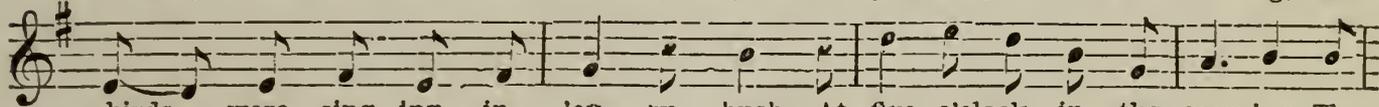
The dew lay glitt'ring o'er the grass, A mist lay o-ver the brook, At the



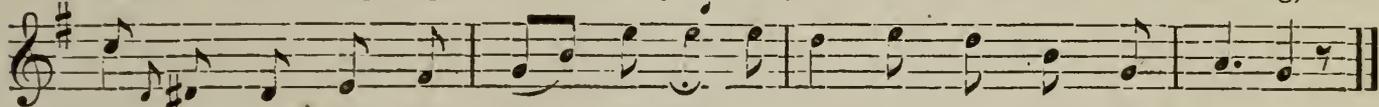
earliest beam of the gol-den sun, The swallow her nest for-sook. The



snow - y blooms of the hawthorn tree, Lay thick - ly the ground a - dorn - ing, The



birds were sing - ing in 'ev - ry bush, At five o'clock in the morning, The



birds were sing - ing in ev' - ry bush. At five o' - clock in the • morn - ing.

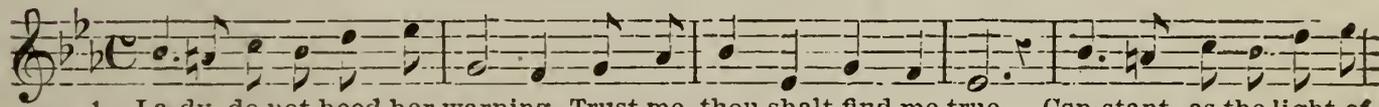
2

And Bessie the milkmaid merrily sung ;
The meadows were fresh and fair,
And the breeze of morning kissed her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair ;
But oft she turned, and looked around,
As if the silence scorning,
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning,
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
At five o'clock in the morning.

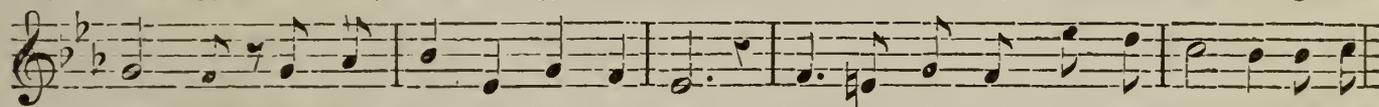
3

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rang ;
And one among them wended his way
To where the milkmaid sang ;
And as he lingered by her side,
Despite his comrade's warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

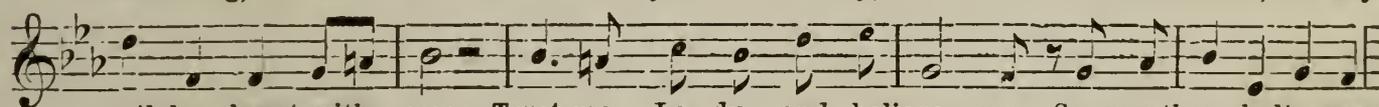
DO NOT HEED HER WARNING.*



1. La - dy, do not heed her warning, Trust me, thou shalt find me true, Con - stant as the light of



morn - ing, I will ev - er be to you. La - dy, I will not deceive thee, Fill thy



gulleless heart with woe ; Trust me, La - dy, and believe me, Sor - row thou shalt never



know. Trust me, La - dy, trust me La - dy, Sor - row thou shalt never know.

2

Lady, ev'ry joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love or cherish,
In this world of storm and blast ;
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night ;
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

3

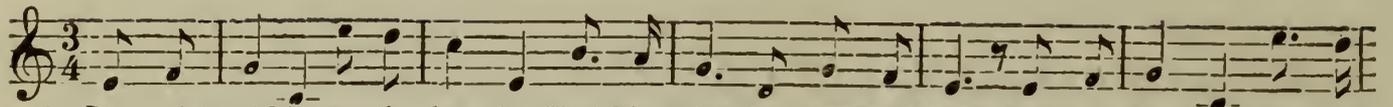
Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark-green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps :

In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours—
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

5

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft, white hand in mine,
For I seek no fairer laurel,
Than the constant love of thine ;
When the silver moonlight brightens
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

GIPSY'S WARNING.



1. Do not trust him gentle la - dy, Tho' his voice be low and sweet, Heed not him who kneels be-
fore you, Gently pleading at thy feet. Now thy life is in its morning, Cloud not
this thy hap - py lot, List - en to the gipsy's warning, Gen - tle la - dy trust him
not, Lis - ten to the gipsy's warning, Gen - tle la - dy trust him not.

2

Do not turn so coldly from me,
I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and withering power,
I would only tell the truth :
I would shield thee from all danger,
Save thee from the tempter's snare,—
||: Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee, now, beware. :||

3

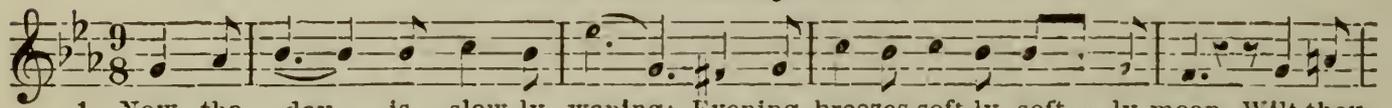
Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright, and, like thee, fair ;
But he wooed, and wooed, and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care :

Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save,
||: Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave. :||

4

Keep thy gold : I do not wish it.
Lady, I have prayed for this,—
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss.
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words so strange and wild :
Lady, in that green grave, yonder,
Lies the gipsy's only child. :||

LOVE'S REQUEST.



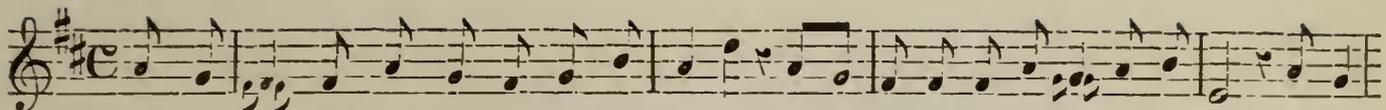
1. Now the day is slow-ly waning; Evening breezes soft-ly, soft - ly moan, Wilt thou
ne'er heed my complaining? Can'st thou leave me thus a - lone! Stay with me, my darling
stay, And like a dream thy life shall pass a-way, Stay with me my darling stay, And like a
dream thy life shall pass a - way, like a dream shall pass a - way. No re - gret shall e'er at-
tend thee, Ne'er shall sor-row dim thine eye, 'Gainst the world's alarms to fend thee, Gladly,
proudly will I die. Stay with me, then darling, stay, And like a dream thy life shall pass away, Stay with
me my darling stay, And like a dream thy life shall pass away, Shall pass a-way.

2

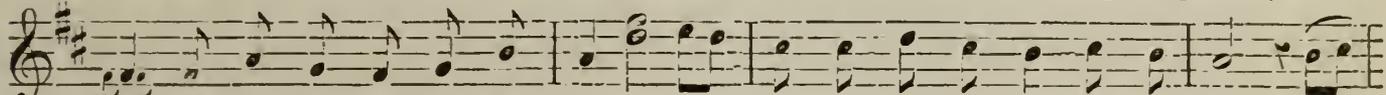
Can'st thou thus unmoved behold me ?
Still untouched by love so deep !
Nay, thine arms more closely fold me,
And thine eyes begin to weep.
CHO.—Stay with me, &c.

3

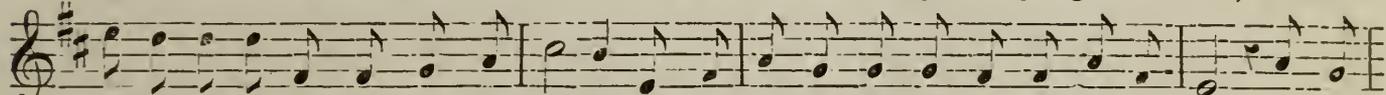
No regret shall e'er attend thee,
Ne'er shall sorrow dim thine eye ;
'Gainst the world's alarms to 'fend thee,
Gladly, proudly will I die.
CHO—Stay with me, &c.



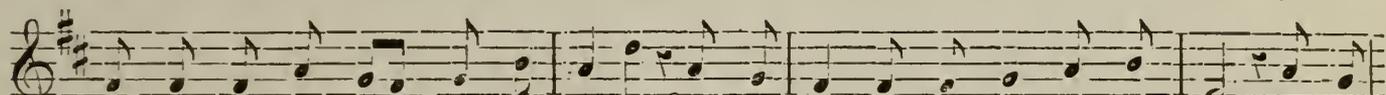
1. 'Neath a tree, by the margin of the woodland, Whose spreading leafy boughs sweep the ground, With a



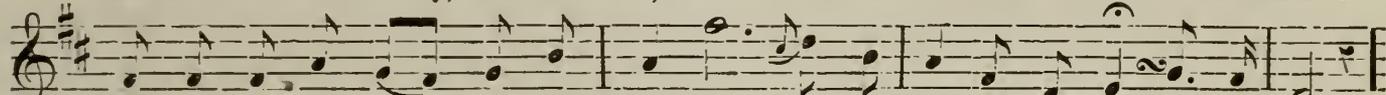
path leading thither o'er the prairie, When silence hung her night-garb around, There



often I have wander'd in the evening, When the summer winds are fragrant on the lea; There I

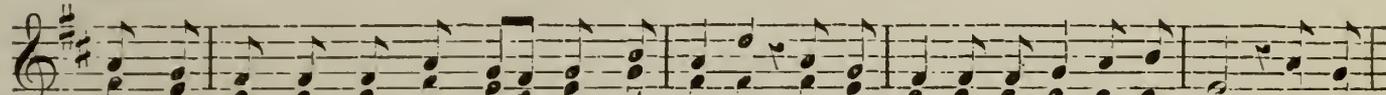


saw the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we met 'neath the old ar-bor tree. There I

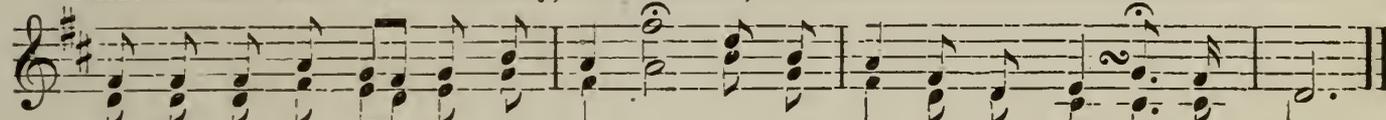


saw the lit-tle beau-ty, Bell Brandon, And we met'neath the old ar-bor tree.

CHORUS.



There I saw the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we met 'neath the old arbor tree. There I



saw the lit-tle beauty, Bell Brandon, And we met'neath the old arbor tree.

2

Bell Brandon was a birdling of the mountain,
In freedom she sported on her wing;
And they said the life-current of the red man
Tinged her veins from a far distant spring.
She loved her humble dwelling on the prairie,
And her guileless, happy heart clung to me;
And I loved the little beauty, Bell Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree.

Cho. — And I loved, &c.

3

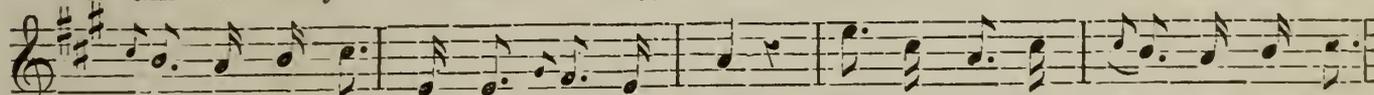
On the trunk of the aged tree I carved them,—
Our names on the sturdy form remain;
But I now repair in sorrow to its shelter,
And murmur to the wild wind my pain.
Oft I sit there in solitude repining
For the beauty-dream that night brought to me,
Death has wed the little beauty, Bell Brandon;
And she sleeps neath the old arbor tree.

Cho. — Death has wed, &c.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.



1. Gin a body meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye; Gin a bo-dy



kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy cry! Il-ka las-sie has her laddie,



Nane they say ha'e I, Yet, a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye!

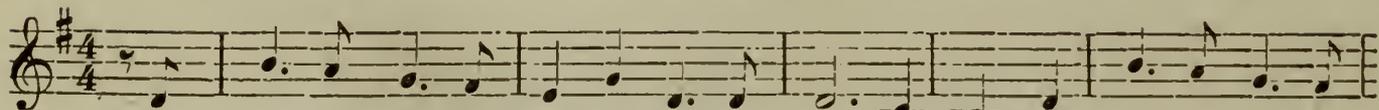
2

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown!
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

3

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye!

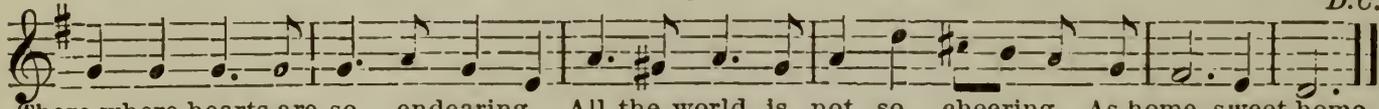
DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME IS HOME.



1. The dearest spot on earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai-ry land I've



longed to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hearing,



There where hearts are so endearing, All the world is not so cheering, As home, sweet home.

2

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home;
I've learned to look with lover's eyes

On home, sweet home.

There where vows are truly plighted,
There where hearts are so united,
All the world besides I've slighted,
For home, sweet home.

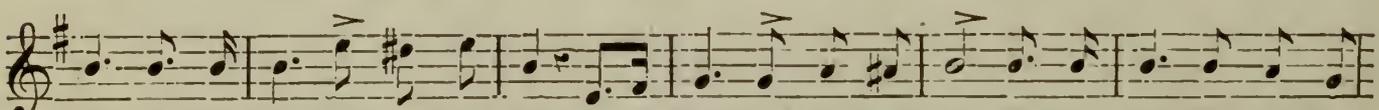
HER BRIGHT SMILE.



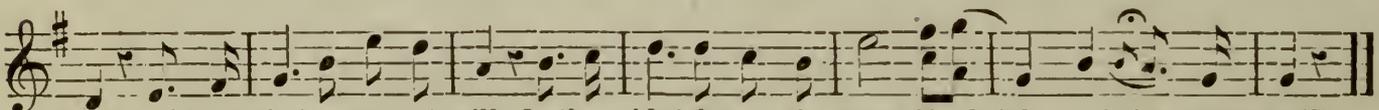
1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a-gain; I have struggled to for-



get, But the struggle was in vain; For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spirit comes at



will; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still, For her voice lives on the



breeze, And her spir-it comes at will; In the midnight on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.

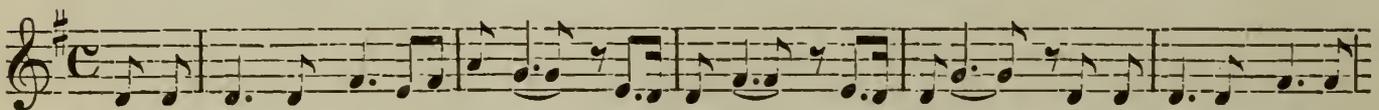
2

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep:
When I close mine-aching eyes
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise
Her bright smile haunts me still,
Cho. — When I close mine aching eyes, &c.

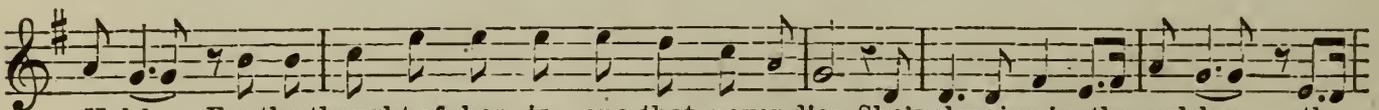
3

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath;
Ev'ry danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill,
Yet her presence has not flown,
For her bright smile haunts me still.
Cho. — Ev'ry danger I have known, &c.

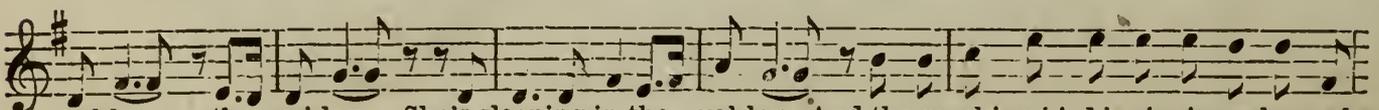
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.



1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly; I'm dreaming now of

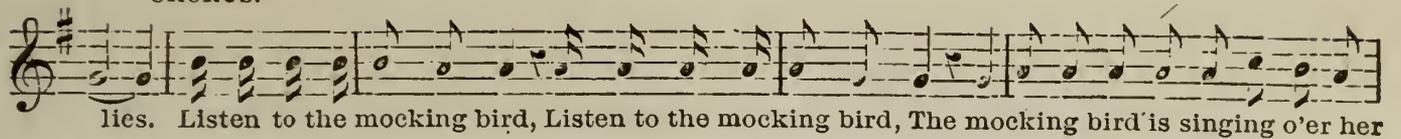


Hal-ly, For the thought of her is one that never dies: She's sleeping in the val-ley, the

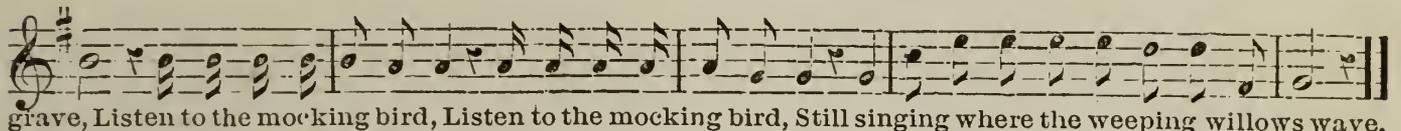


val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleeping in the val-ley; And the mocking bird is singing where she

CHORUS.



lies. Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird is singing o'er her



grave, Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

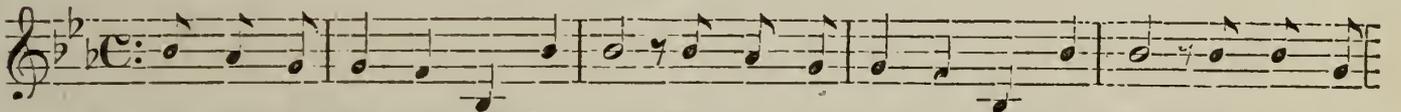
2

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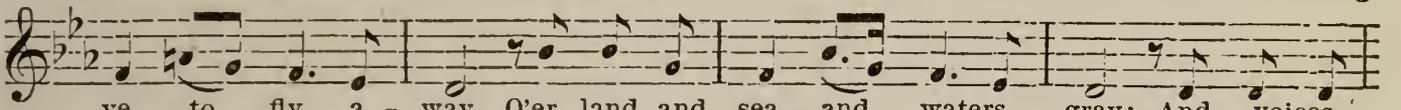
Ah well I yet remember,
Remember, remember ;
Ah well I yet remember
When we gathered in the cotton side by side ;
'Twas in the mild September,
September, September,
'Twas in the mild September ;
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird is singing o'er her grave.
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
still singing where the weeping-willows wave.

When the charms of spring awaken,
Awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken,
Forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken
Since my Hally is no longer with me now.
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave.
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping-willows wave.

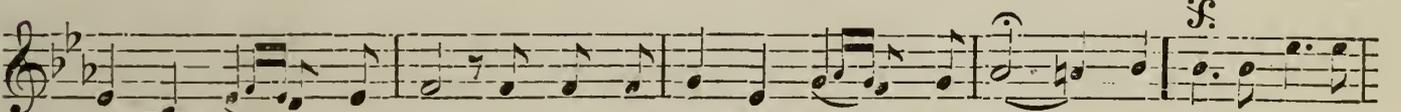
YE MERRY BIRDS.



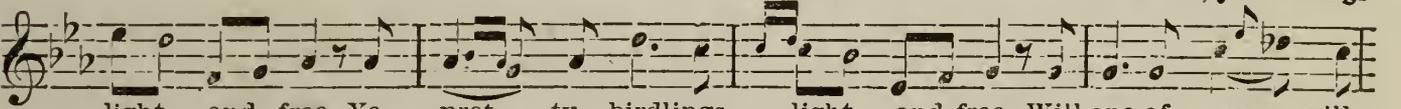
1. Ye mer-ry birds that gay-ly sing, Making the woods and groves to ring; Two wings have
2. Down in a vale, where cooling springs Fill the soft air with murmur-ings; Where blooming



ye to fly a - way, O'er land, and sea, and waters gray; And voices
flow'r-ets, wild and sweet, The evening zeph-yrs gladly greet,— There stands my



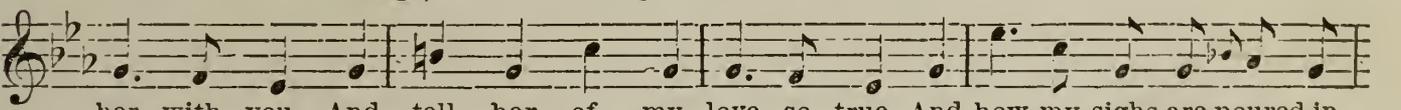
sweet to all belong, That ye may breathe your souls in song. Ye pretty birdlings
own love's cot - tage dear; There spring-time blossoms all the year. Ye pretty birdlings
D.C. haste, ye birdlings



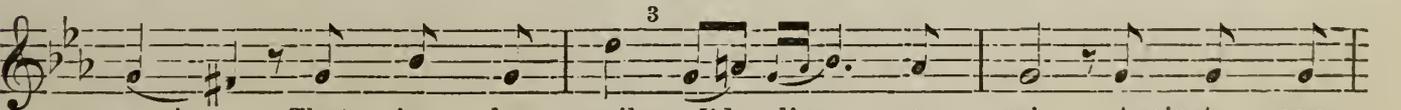
light and free, Ye pret - ty birdlings light and free, Will one of you, will
light and free, Ye pret - ty birdlings light and free, Will one of you, will
light and free, Oh haste, ye birdlings light and free, And to, and to my



one a message, a message bear for me? 3. Oh could I fly to
one a message, a message bear for me?
love a message, a message bear for me?



her with you, And tell her of my love so true, And how my sighs are poured in

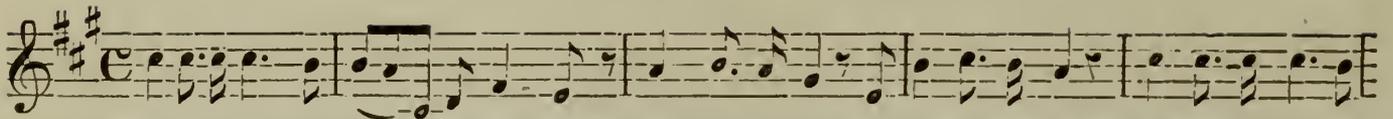


vain, That in her smiles I'd live a - gain; Against my



heart I'd clasp her fast, And in a kiss for - get the past, Oh

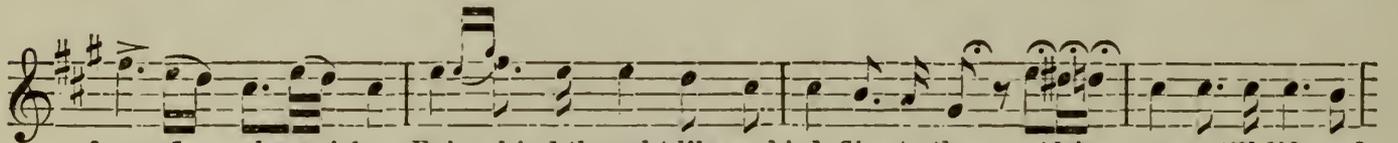
D.C. F



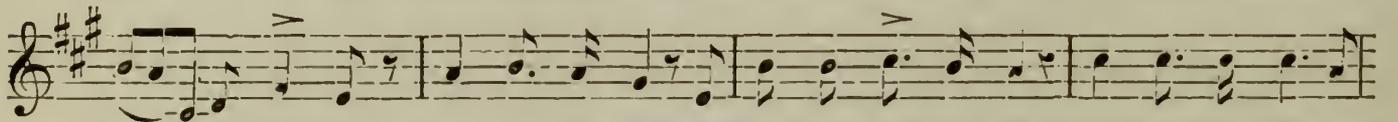
1. Ever of thee I'm fond-ly dreaming, Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer; Thou wert the star that



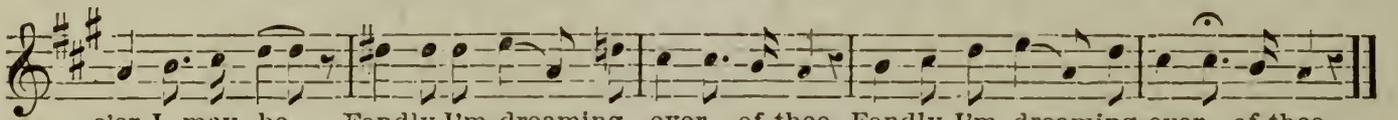
mild-ly beaming, Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear. Still in my heart thy



form I cher-ish, Ev'-ry kind thought like a bird, flies to thee; Ah! never till life and



mem'-ry perish, Can I forget how dear thou art to me; Morn, noon and night, wher-



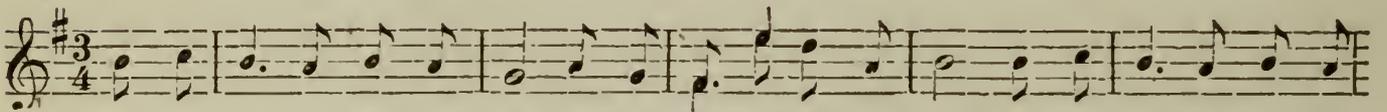
e'er I may be, Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee, Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

3

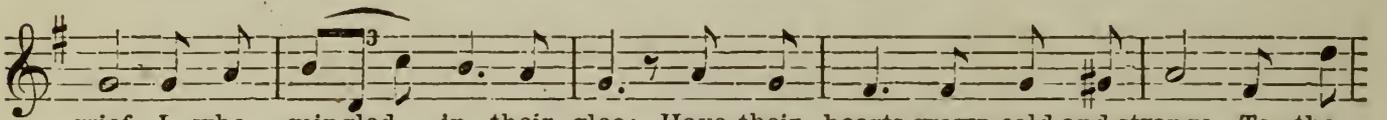
Ever of thee when sad and lonely,
Wand'ring afar, my soul joyed to dwell;
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only;
All seemed to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chilled the love I cherish,

True as the stars has my heart been to thee;
Ah! never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.
CHO. — Fondly I'm dreaming, &c.

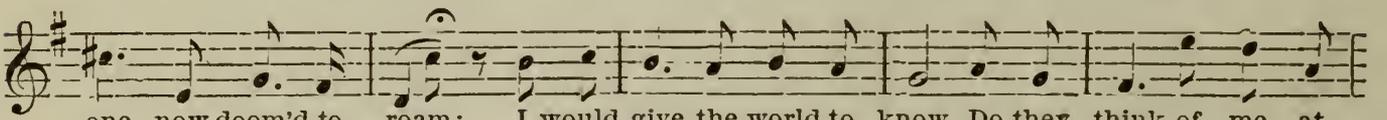
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.



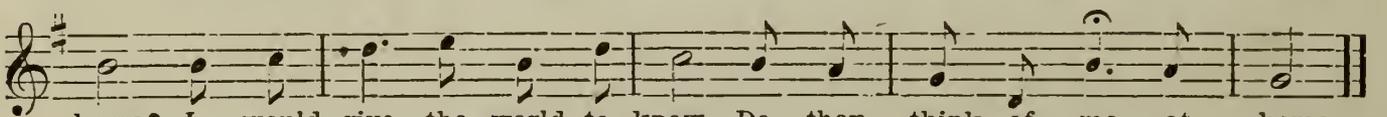
1. Do they think of me at home? Do they ev-er think of me? I who shar'd their ev'ry



grief, I who mingled in their glee; Have their hearts grown cold and strange, To the



one now doom'd to roam; I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at



home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home.

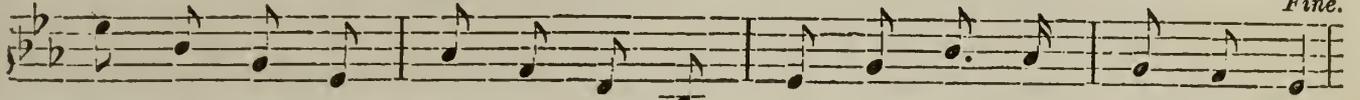
2 Do they think of me at eve;
Of the songs I used to sing;
Is the harp I struck untouched
Does a stranger wake the strings;
Will no kind, forgiving word
Come across the raging foam;
Shall I never cease to sigh,
Do they think of me at home?

3 Do they think of how I loved
In my happy, youthful days,
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam,
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home!

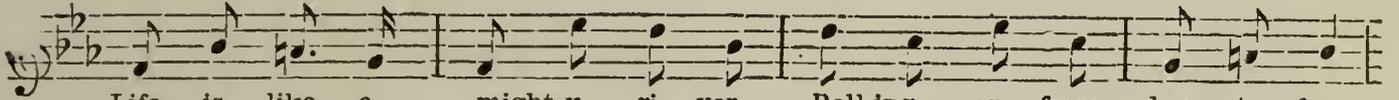


1. In the world I've gain'd my knowledge, And for it have had to pay;
 CHORUS.—Do your best for one a - no - ther, Making life a pleasant dream;

Fine.

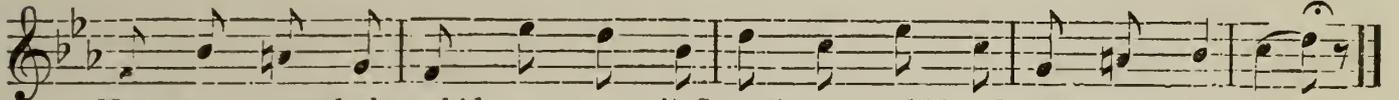


Though I nev - er went to college, Yet I've heard that Po-ets say,—
 Help a worn and wea - ry brother Pulling hard a - gainst the stream.



Life is like a might-y ri - ver, Roll-ing on from day to day:

D.C.



Men are vessels launch'd up - on it, Sometimes wreck'd and cast a - way, So, then,

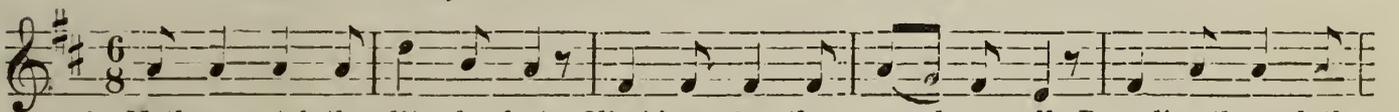
2 Many a bright, good-hearted fellow,
 Many a noble-minded man,
 Finds himself in water shallow;
 Then assist him if you can.
 Some succeed at every turning,
 Fortune favors every scheme;
 Others, too, though more deserving,
 Have to pull against the stream.
 CHO. — So, then, do your best, &c.

If the wind is in your favor,
 And you've weathered ev'ry squall,
 Think of those who luckless labor,
 Never get fair winds at all;
 Working hard, contented, willing,

Struggling through life's ocean wide,
 Not a friend, and not a shilling,
 Pulling hard against the tide.
 CHO. — So, then, do your best, &c.

4 Don't give way to foolish sorrow;
 Let this keep you in good cheer:
 Brighter days may come to-morrow,
 If you try and persevere.
 Darkest nights will have a morning,
 Though the sky be overcast;
 Longest lanes must have a turning,
 And the tide will turn at last.
 CHO. — So, then, do your best, &c.

MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.



1. Mother, watch the lit - tle feet, Climbing o'er the gar - den wall, Bounding through the



bu - sy street, Rang-ing cel - lar, shed and hall. Nev-er mind the moments lost,



Never count the time it costs; Little feet will go astray! Guide them, mother, while you may.

2

Mother, watch the little hand,
 Picking berries by the way;
 Making houses in the sand,
 Tossing up the fragrant hay.
 Never dare the question ask,
 "Why to me the weary task?"
 These same little hands may prove,
 Messengers of Light and Love.

3

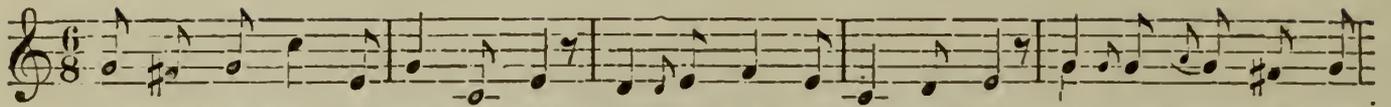
Mother, watch the little tongue,
 Prattling eloquent and wild,
 What is said and what is sung,
 By the joyous, happy child.

Catch the word while yet unspoken,
 Stop the vow before it's broken;
 This same tongue may yet proclaim
 Blessings in the Saviour's name.

4

Mother, watch the little heart,
 Beating soft and warm for you;
 Wholesome lessons now impart:
 Keep, O! keep that young heart true.
 Extricating every weed,
 Saving good and precious seed;
 Harvest rich you then may see,
 Ripen for eternity.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

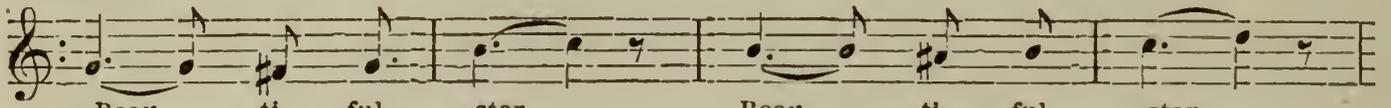


1. Beau-ti-ful star in Heav'n so bright. Softly falls thy silv'ry light, As thou movest from

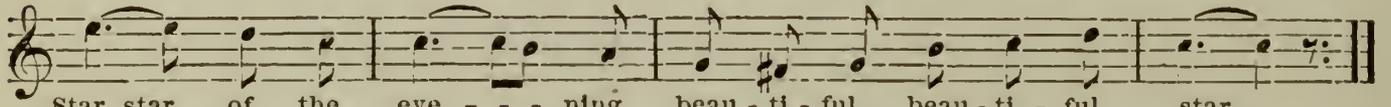


earth a - far, Star of the evening, beau-ti-ful star, Star of the evening. beau-ti-ful star.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star,



Star, star of the eve - - - ning, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.

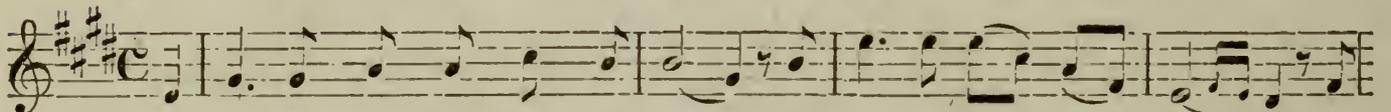
2

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say
Follow me, from earth away,
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
: To realms of love beyond the sky. :
Cho. — Beautiful star, &c.

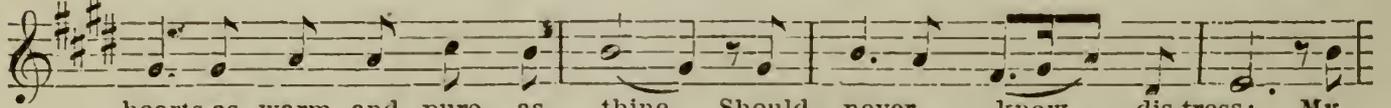
3

Shine on, thou orb of love divine,
And may our souls' affections twine
Around thee as thou mov'st afar,
: Star of the twilight, beautiful star. :
Cho. — Beautiful star, &c.

"I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE."



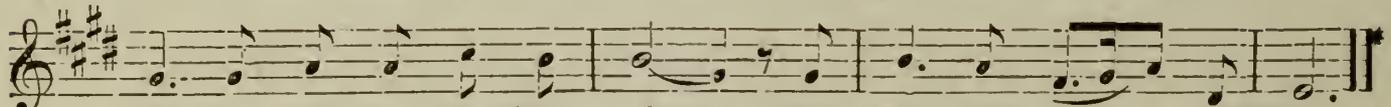
1. I'd of-fer thee this hand of mine. If I could love thee less. But



hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should never know dis-tress; My



fortune is too hard for thee,—'Twould chill thy dear - est joy: I'd



rather weep to see thee free, Than win thee to destroy!

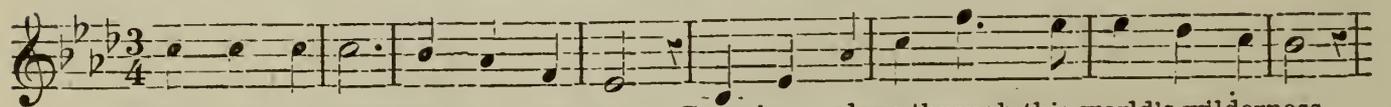
2

I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too dear to love;
As one I think of but to bless,
As wretchedly I rove:
But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think
It holds no drop for thee.

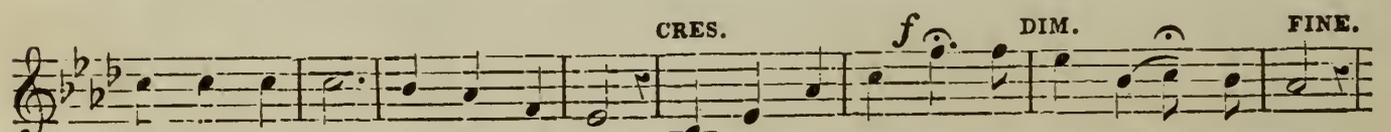
3

And now my dreams are sadly o'er,
Fate bids them all depart,
And I must leave my native shore
In brokenness of heart;
Then oh! dear one, when far from thee,
I ne'er know joy again,
I would not that one thought of me
Should give thy bosom pain.

NO ONE TO LOVE.



1. No one to love, none to ea-ress, Roaming alone through this world's wilderness,



Sad is my heart, joy is unknown, For in my sorrow I'm weep-ing alone.

Rit. *D.C.*

No gentle voice, no tender smile, Make me rejoice, or cares beguile,

<p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>In dreams alone loved ones I see, And well-known voices then whisper to me; Sighing I wake, waking I weep, Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep. Oh, blissful rest! what heart would stay Unloved, unblessed, from heaven away?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>No one to love, none to caress, None to respond to this heart's tenderness! Trusting I wait, God, in his love, Promises rest in his mansions above. Oh, bliss in store! oh, joy mine own! There nevermore to weep alone.</p>
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I'LL MEET THEE AT THE LANE.

1. I'll meet thee at the lane When the clock strikes nine, In ec-sta-cy a-gain, love, To
 call thee mine; My heart for thee is burning, My brain is almost whirling, Thro'
 lov-ing thee so mad-ly, My Sweet Mountain Rose. When evening stars are peeping, Oh
 then will be our meeting, Old Time too swiftly fleeting Our hap-py time away. I'll

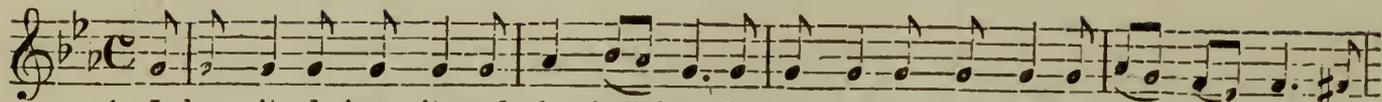
<p>2 I'll meet thee at the lane When the clock strikes nine; Thine eyes like stars of evening, So softly shine: Thy voice its love-tale telling, All other thoughts dispelling, But loving thee, but loving My Sweet Mountain Rose. The nightingale shall sing, love, Sweet flowers I to thee bring, love, While moments quickly pass, love, One happy hour with thee.</p>	<p>3 I'll meet thee at the lane When the clock strikes ten; And faithful will remain, love, Believe me, then. Deceive thee I will never, And breath must from me sever, If I forget thee ever, My Sweet Mountain Rose. Thy presence care dispelling, All other charms excelling, Oh what to grace my dwelling As thee, my Mountain Rose.</p>
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DEPARTED DAYS.

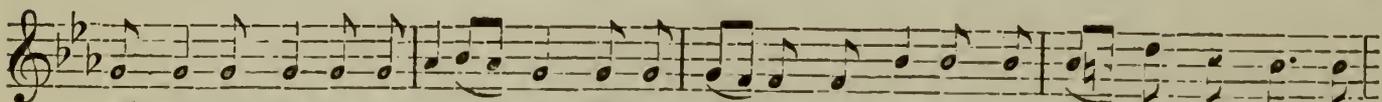
1. Yes, dear de-part-ed, cherish'd days, Could Mem'ry's hand restore Your morning light, your
 evening rays From Time's grey urn once more; Then might this restless heart be still, This
 straining eye might close, And Hope her fainting pinions fold, While the fair lov'd phantoms rose

<p>2 But, like a child in ocean's arms, We strive against the stream, Each moment farther from the shore Where life's young fountains gleam;</p>	<p>3 Each moment fainter wave the fields, And wider rolls the sea, The mist grows dark, the sun goes down, Day breaks, and where are we?</p>
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THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.



1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that Old Arm-Chair? I've



treasur'd it long as a ho-ly prize, I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs; 'Tis



bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye



learn the spell?-- a mother sat there, And a sacred thing is that Old Arm-Chair.

2

In childhood's home, I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that Old Arm-Chair.

3

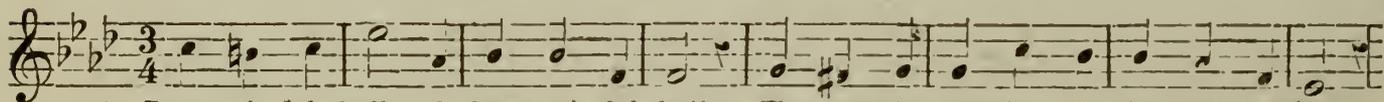
I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.

Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the Old Arm-Chair.

4

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's Old Arm-Chair.

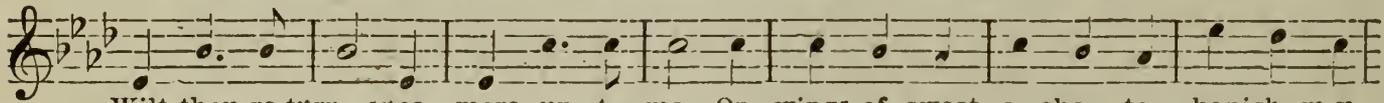
BEAUTIFUL BELLS.



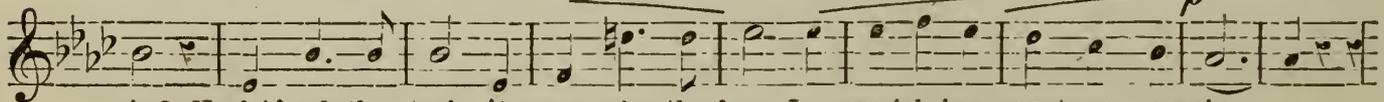
1. Beau-ti-ful bells, O beau-ti-ful bells, Thy gentle music I joy-ous-ly hear!



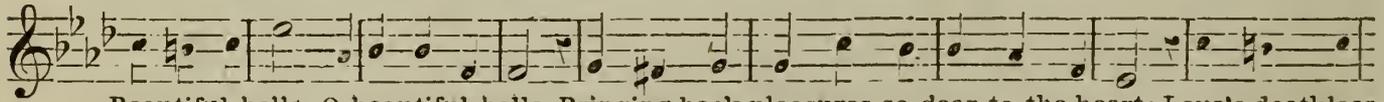
How to my heart thy witch-er-y tells Tales of the past, ev-er dear.



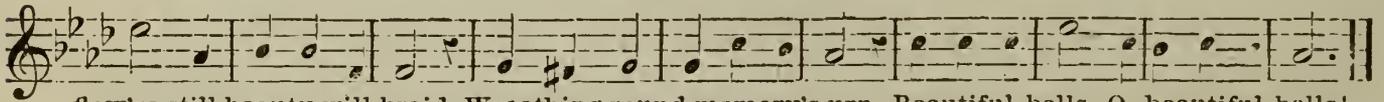
Wilt thou re-turn once more un-to me, On wings of sweet e-cho, to banish my



pain? Hark! hark the strain, it comes o'er the lea, In rav-ish-ing sweetness a-gain.



Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells, Bringing back pleasures so dear to the heart; Love's deathless



flow'rs still beauty will braid, Wreathing round memory's urn. Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells!

2

Joys of my youth, they never will fade,
But back again will on bright wings return;
Love's deathless flowers beauty will braid,
Wreathing round memory's urn.
Wilt thou return once more unto me,
On wings of sweet echo, to banish my pain?

Hark! hark! the strain it comes o'er the lee,
In ravishing sweetness again.
Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells,
Bringing back pleasures so dear to the heart
Love's deathless flow'rs still beauty will braid;
Wreathing round memory's urn.
Beautiful bells, O beautiful bells!

1. There, there hangs the portrait which fondly I prize, The pride of my heart, the de-
light of my eyes! My mother, my mother! I oft think with tears, Of thy
un-dy-ing fondness that grew with my years; Oh how kind-ly she watch'd me, how
pure was her love, And tho' proud as the ea-gle, she still was the dove. Deep and
rich were her feelings, and anxious her care, And I bless her while viewing that dear face there!

2

Oft, oft when I gaze on those features so fair, All, all my heart's treasures were centered in thee,
As mild as an angel's upraised in prayer, And for aye unforgotten thy mem'ry will be.
I fancy her eyes beam with fondness on me, The soft, sweet voice that bless'd me falls now
And my kind mother there, as in life, I see. on mine ear,
She is shrin'd in my heart, but, alas! with a tear And the hands that caressed me still seem to
I bedew the fair semblance I worship'd so here; be near.
And turn from the world oft to utter a prayer, Tears shame not a' man when a tear aids the
And to look, unobserved, on that dear face there. prayer

3

Sweet mother, in childhood you cradled my head, That I breathe for the peace of that dear face
And I pillow'd thine when thou slept with the dead there.

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

1. The Spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sang out their lay; Down by a lit-tle
running brook, I first saw Maggie May: She had a roguish jet black eye, Was
singing all the day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit-tle Mag-gie May.
My lit-tle Maggie, witching Maggie, singing all the day; Oh!
how I love her, none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May.

2

Tho' years rolled on, yet still I love,
With heart so light and gay;
And never will this heart deceive
My own dear Maggie May:
When others thought that life was gone,
And death would take away,
Still by my side did linger one,
And that was Maggie May.
CHO. — My little witching Maggie, &c.

3

May heav'n protect me for her sake,
I pray both night and day,
That I ere long may call her mine,
My own dear Maggie May;
For she is all the world to me,
Although I'm far away:
I oft-times think of the running brook,
And my little Maggie May.
CHO. — My little witching Maggie, &c.

THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

1. I know an eye so softly bright, That glistens like a star at night; My soul it
 2. That eye so soft as violets blue A treasure bears of morning dew; And when its
 draws with glances kind, To heav'ns blue vault, and there I find An - oth - er
 light entranc'd I see, What joy, what pain possesses me! A world where
 star, as pure and clear As that which mild-ly sparkles here. Be - lov - ed
 I would glad-ly dwell Is that bright orb I love so well. Be - lov - ed
 eye, be - lov - ed star, thou art so near and yet so far! Be - lov - ed
 eye, &c.
 eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near, and yet so far! If closed at
 last that radiant eye should be, No more the day will dawn for me; If night should
 dim its laughing light, Oh, then for - ev - er, ev - er 'twill be night! Those eyes that
 bright-ly, soft-ly shine, For me the sun and moon com - bine! Be - lov - ed
 eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near, and yet so far! Be - lov - ed
 eye, be - lov - ed star, thou art so near, and yet so far!

Rit. f
p f p f
f con espress. Piu Animato.
Rit. A tempo.
pp Piu meno.
pp pp pp pp
pp Cres. Con molto espress. f

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

1. Far, far up-on the sea, The good ship speeding free, Up-on the deck we gather, young and
 old, And view the flapping sail, Swelling out be-fore the gale, Full and
 round, without a wrinkle or a fold. Or watch the waves that glide, By the
 vessel's stately side, Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air; Or we

gath-er in a ring, And with cheerful voices sing, Oh! gai-ly goes the ship when the
 wind blows fair. Far, far up-on the sea, The good ship speed-ing free, We
 watch the sea birds fol-low thro' the air; Or we gath-er in a ring, And with
 cheer-ful voi-ces sing, Oh! gai-ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

2. Far, far upon the sea, with the sunshine on our lee,
 We talk of pleasant days when we were young;
 And remember, though we roam, the sweet melodies of home,
 The songs of happy childhood which we sung.
 And though we quit her shore, to return to it no more,
 Sound the glories that our country yet shall hear.
 That sailors rule the waves, and never shall be slaves,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.
 Far, far upon the sea, with the sunshine on our lee,
 Sound the glories that our country yet shall hear,
 That sailors rule the waves, and never shall be slaves,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.
3. Far, far upon the sea, whate'er our country be,
 The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,
 And Scotland's sons shall join, in the song of Auld lang Syne,
 With voice by memory softened, clear and low;
 And the men of Erin's Isle, battling sorrow with a smile,
 Shall sing "St. Patrick's morning," void of care,
 And thus we pass the day, as we journey on our way,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.
 Far, far upon the sea, whate'er our country be,
 We'll sing our native music, void of care,
 And thus we pass the day, as we journey on our way,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE.

1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
 hear thy gen-tle voice again, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at
 full, love, The stars will brightly gleam, Oh, come, my Queen of night, love, And
 grace the beauteous scene. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Oh meet me by the
 stile, To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile.

2

When the corn is waving, Annie, dear,
 Our tales of love we'll tell,
 Beside the gently-flowing stream,
 That both our hearts know well;
 Where wild flow'rs in their beauty,

Will scent the evening breeze,
 Oh, haste, the stars are peeping,
 And the moon's behind the trees.
 The corn is waving, Annie, dear,
 Oh, meet me by the stile,
 To hear thy gentle voice again,
 And greet thy winning smile.

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

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1. Farewell mother, home, and friends, We may never meet a-gain; Soon 'mid strangers I must roam, Oh! the parting gives me pain. Tho' I wander far a-way, Lonely o'er life's stormy sea; Who will shed one gentle tear, For a wand'ring ref-ugee. Who will shed one gen-tle tear, For a wand'ring ref - u - gee.

CHORUS. *ritard.*
 Mother, oh! fare-well! I must go, I'll think of thee, Oh!
ritard.
 Moth - er I must leave thee now, I'm a wand'ring ref - u - gee.

2
 Farewell, sunny Southern home,
 Home I always loved so true;
 Oft will tear-drops dim mine eyes
 When my mem'ry flies to you;
 But the happy scenes of yore,
 I, alas, will never see;
 I'll be roaming far away,
 A lonely, wand'ring refugee.
 CHO. — Mother, oh! farewell, &c.

3
 Farewell, faithful, gallant braves,
 Severed now our pathway lies,
 You, perhaps, may soon forget,
 Cheered by home and kindred skies;

But a sadder fate is mine,
 And I bow to its decree —
 I must be in foreign climes,
 A weeping, wand'ring refugee!
 CHO. — Mother, oh! farewell, &c.

4
 Farewell, all that made life dear,
 Noble, generous, Southern home!
 Oh! how wildly throbs my heart,
 As away from thee I roam.
 Hearts may break, but still beat on —
 Mine though broken throbs for thee —
 Who will pity with a tear,
 A weeping, wand'ring refugee?
 CHO. — Mother, oh! farewell, &c.

SONG OF ENOCH ARDEN, R "I'LL SAIL THE SEAS OVER."

1. Cheer up Annie darling, With hopeful e-motion; To-morrow our parting must be; I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll cross the wide o-cean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee. I will not for-get thee, Ah! nev-er, no, nev-er; I can-not for-get thee, I know. Thy smile like a phantom, shall haunt me for-ev-er And cheer me where'er I may go.

CHORUS.
 Good - bye, An-nie darling; break off from thy sorrow: 'Tis sad that our parting must be, I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll cross the wide ocean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee.

2

I go, Annie Darling,
 But leave thee in sorrow,
 I go, for thy sake, far away :
 Then, bid me good by
 With a smile on the morrow,
 And cheer me with blessings, I pray.
 I'll think of thee ever,
 And pray for thee only,
 As over the waters I roam :
 I'll tarry not, darling,
 And leave thee all lonely,
 But hasten again to my home.

4

Out, out on the ocean,
 Away o'er the billow, —
 My heart on its purpose intent, —
 My brow shall find rest,
 When I seek my lone pillow,
 In knowing that thou art content.
 Cheer up, Annie Darling :
 Break off from thy sorrow,
 'Tis sad that our parting must be,
 But give my thy smile
 When I leave thee to-morrow
 To sail the seas over for thee.

KITTY CLYDE.

1. O who has not seen Kit-ty Clyde, She lives at the foot of the hill, In a sly lit-tle nook, By the babbling brook, That carries her father's old mill. O who does not love Kit-ty Clyde, That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheek'd lass, With a sweet dimpled chin That look'd roguish as sin, With always a smile as you pass. Sweet Kit - ty, Sweet Kit - ty, Dear Kit - ty. Dear Kit - ty, My own sweet Kit - ty Clyde. In a sly lit-tle nook, by the babbling brook, Lives my own sweet Kit-ty Clyde.

2

With a basket to put in her fish,
 Ev'ry morning with line and a hook,
 This sweet little lass,
 Through the tall, heavy grass
 Steals along by the clear running brook :
 She throws her line into the stream,
 And trips it along the brook side, —
 O how I do wish
 That I was a fish,
 To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.
 CHO — Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, &c.

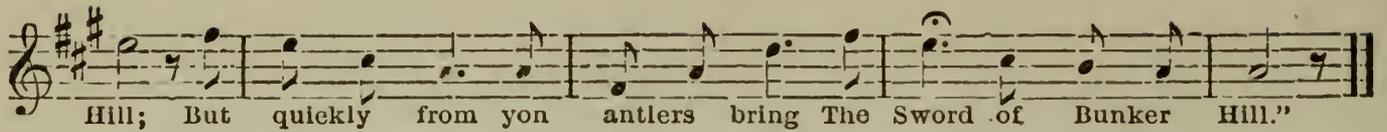
3

How I wish that I was a bee,
 I'd not gather honey from flowers,
 But I'd steal a dear sip
 From Kitty's sweet lip,
 And make my own hive in her bowers.
 Or if I was some little bird,
 I would not build nests in the air,
 But keep close by the side
 Of sweet Kitty Clyde,
 And sleep in her soft silken hair.
 CHO. — Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, &c.

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THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

1. He lay up-on his dying bed; His eye was growing dim, When with a fee-ble voice he called His weeping son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the vet'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will— But quickly from yon antlers bring The Sword of Bunker



2
 The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
 Lit with a sudden flame,
 And as he grasped the ancient blade,
 He murmured Warren's name :
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold —
 But what is richer still,
 I leave you, mark me, mark me, now —
 The sword of Bunker Hill :
 I leave you, mark me, mark me, now, —
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

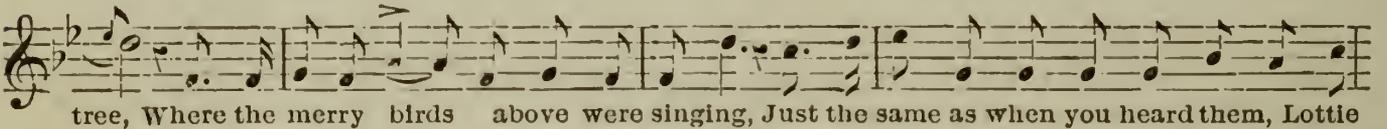
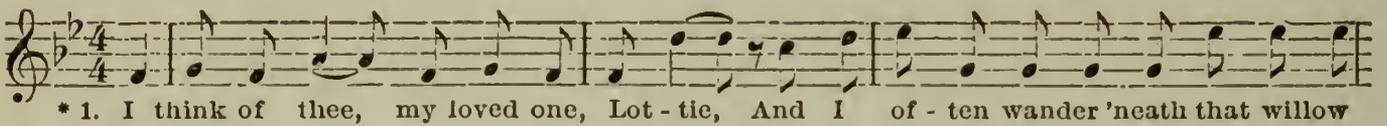
I tore it from his hand :
 And while the glorious battle raged,
 It lightened freedom's will ;
 ||: For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
 The sword of Bunker Hill. : ||

3
 Twas on that dread, immortal day
 I dared the Briton's band,
 A captain raised that blade on me —

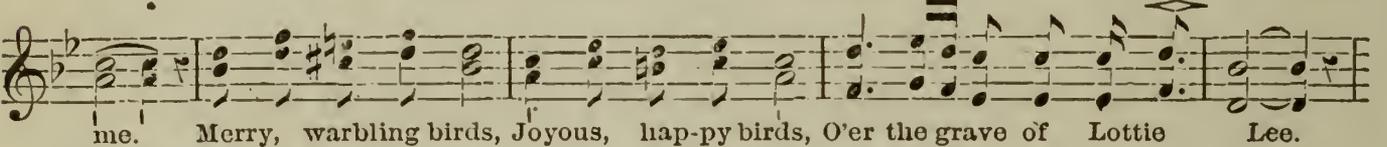
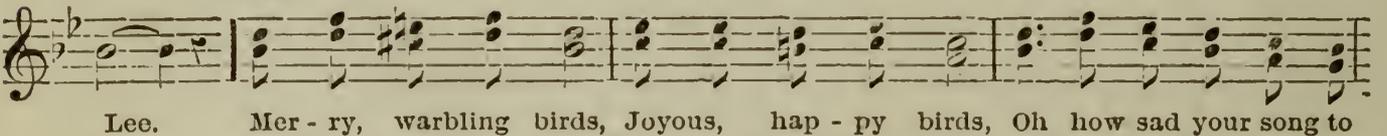
4
 "O keep the sword!" — his accents broke —
 A smile — and he was dead —
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
 Upon that dying bed.
 The son remains ; the sword remains
 Its glory growing still —
 : || And twenty millions bless the sire
 And sword of Bunker Hill. : ||

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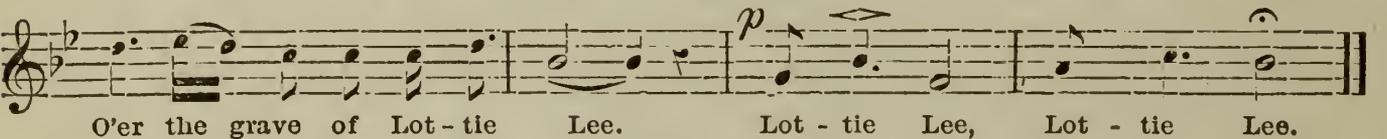
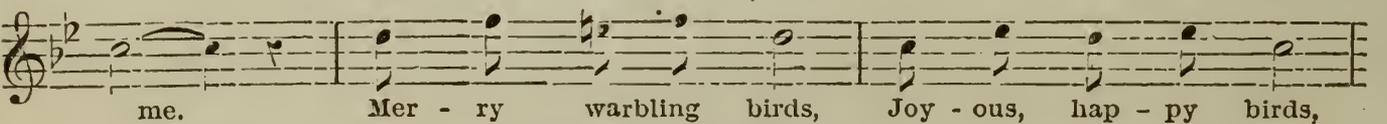
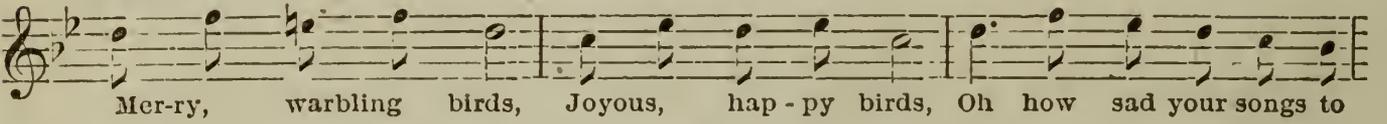
LOTTIE LEE



DUET.



CHORUS.



2 I'm lonely now, so lonely, Lottie,
 Like a sobbing child I grieve and weep for thee
 Whilst the merry birds are o'er me singing,
 Happy now, as when you heard them, Lottie Lee.
 Cho. — Merry, warbling birds, &c.

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1. In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, Mother dear, of you, And our
 bright and hap-py home so far a-way, And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of
 all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come; And be-
 neath the starry flag We shall breath the air a-gain, Of the freeland in our own be-loved home

2 3

In the battle front we stood,
 When their fiercest charge they made,
 And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
 But before we reached their lines
 They were beaten back dismayed,
 And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
 Cho. — Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

So, within the prison cell,
 We are waiting for the day
 That shall come to open wide the iron door,
 And the hollow eye grows bright,
 And the poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing home and friends once
 more.
 Cho. — Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

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SPEAK TO ME.

1. Why turn a - way, When I draw near? Why cold to-day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart stirr'd,
 2. One i - dle day Thou didst deplore Some cast - a - way On des-ert shore; 'Twas but a tale,

rall. *a tempo.*

And flush'd thy brow, Never a word Welcomes me now. Now thy hand lies List-less in mine,
 By poet feign'd, Yet thou didst pale, Silent and pain'd, And thou didst moan; Sad, sad to be

Once its re-plies Spake love di - vine! Cold as if we Nev-er had met; Can it then be
 Ut-ter-ly lone By the black sea! My life is drear I cast a - way; Give me the tear

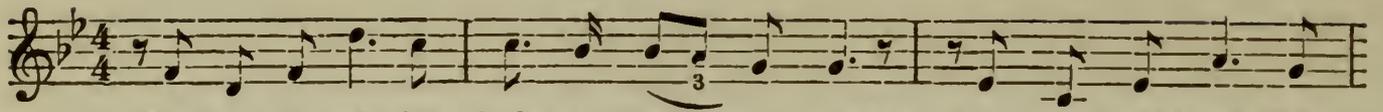
rall. *a tempo.*

Hearts can for - get? Ah!.... Speak to me, speak, Be my heart heard, Or will it break,
 Thoushedd'st that day! Ah!.... Speak to me, speak, Be my heart heard, Or will it break,

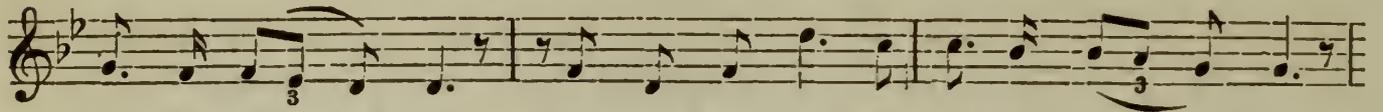
con grazia. *con grazia. rall.*

For one poor word! No vow to bind, No pledge I seek; On - ly be kind, — Speak to me, speak.

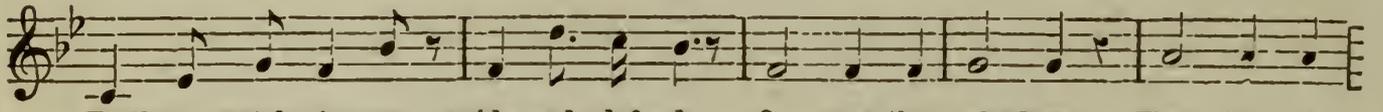
THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.



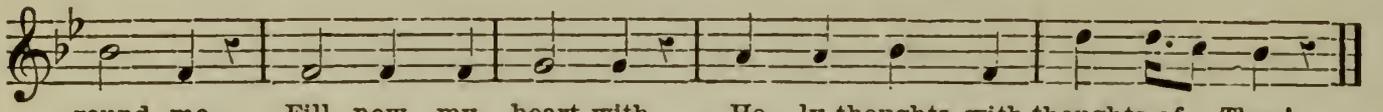
1. The hour of eve its shade a - round me throws, The time draws near when



I must seek repose; In - to thy hands my soul I do commend,



Farther, watch o'er me, guide and defend. O may the shadows That droop a-



round me, Fill now my heart with Ho - ly thoughts, with thoughts of Thee!

2

3

When but a child I roam'd amid the flowers —
Time, then had wings, all heedless flew the hours —

Visions that were, have now no charms for me :
Sorrow has chastened, trusting in Thee.

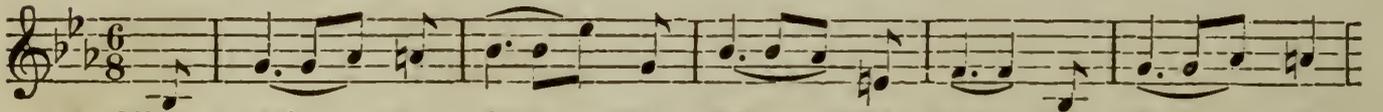
Make me more worthy
Of thy great goodness :
Father, prepare me
For my home, my home in heaven.

O, may my future be consigned to Thee, —
Safe in thy care ; from ev'ry sorrow free !

In thy protection, doubt and fear have flown :
Father, in heaven, make methine own.

And, when is broken
Life's golden circle
Then, Father, take me
To thy home in heaven.

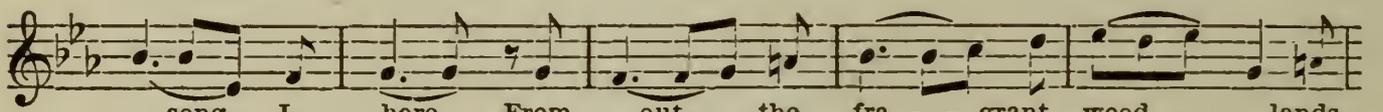
WARBLINGS AT EVE.



1. When soft - - ly falls the twi - light shade, O'er flow' - - ry



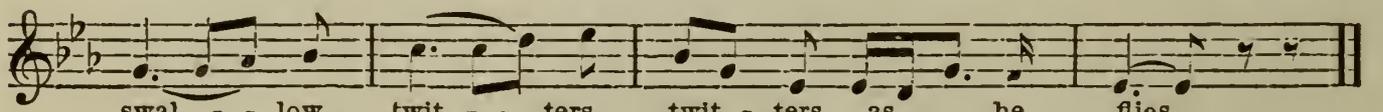
field and ver - - - - dant glade, A blithe - some, wel - come



song I here, From out the fra - - grant wood - - - lands



near, The rob - - in's cheer - - - ful notes a - - rise, The



swal - - low twit - - ters, twit - ters as he flies.

2

When winter's snow is on the ground,
And evening shadows gather round,
Then, warm and close at home, I hear

A song that more delights my ear :
A voice I love, that wakes my heart—
And soothes me with its gentle, gentle art.

Portraying the feelings of an Irish peasant, previous to his leaving home; calling up the scenes of his youth, under the painful reflection of having buried his wife and child; and what his feelings will be in America.

1. I'm sitting on a stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by side, On a bright May morning,
 long a - go, When first you were my bride: The corn was springing fresh and green, And the
cres. *soto voce. e con espreses.* *cres.*
 lark sang loud and high, And the red was on thy lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your
rall. ad lib.
 eye. And the red was on thy lip, Mary, And the love-light in. . . . your eye.

2

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep listening for the words
 You never more may speak.
 CHO. — And I still, &c.

3

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here;
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest;
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.
 CHO. — For I've laid, &c.

4

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But oh! they love them better far,
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary,—
 My blessing and my pride:
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.
 CHO. — There's nothing left, &c.

5

Your's was the brave, good heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength had gone;

There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow:
 I bless you for that same, Mary,
 Though you can't hear me now.
 CHO. — I bless you, &c.

6

I thank you for that patient smile,
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
 And you hid it for my sake:
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore,—
 Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!
 CHO. — Oh, I'm thankful, &c.

7

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true;
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to:
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.
 CHO. — But I'll not forget, &c.

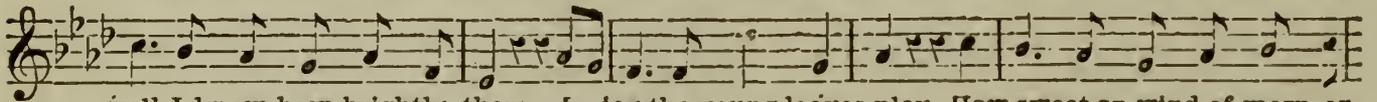
8

And often, in those grand old woods,
 I'll sit and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies:
 And I'll think I see the little stile,
 Where we sat side by side, [morn,]
 And the springing corn, and the bright May
 When first you were my bride.
 CHO. — And the springing corn, &c.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.



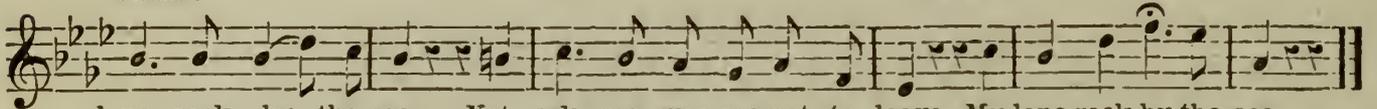
1. Oh, tell me not the woods are fair, Now spring is on her way, Well,



well I know how brightly there In joy the young leaves play. How sweet on wind of morn or



eve The violet's breath may be; Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My
anima. *Ritard.*



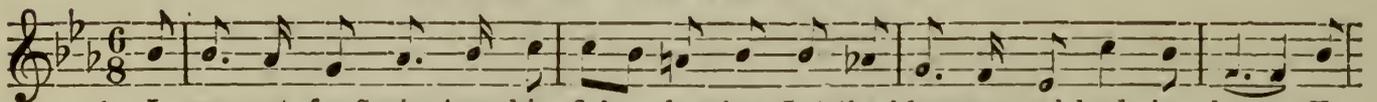
lone rock by the sea, Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea.

2

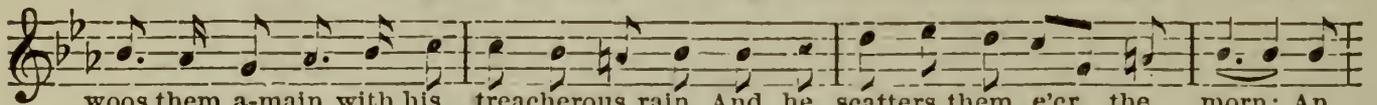
The wild waves thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.

Come back, my ocean-rover, come!
There's but one place for me
Till I can greet thy swift sail home, —
My lone rock by the sea,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home, —
My lone watch by the sea.

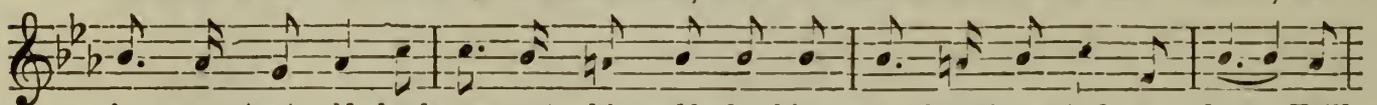
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



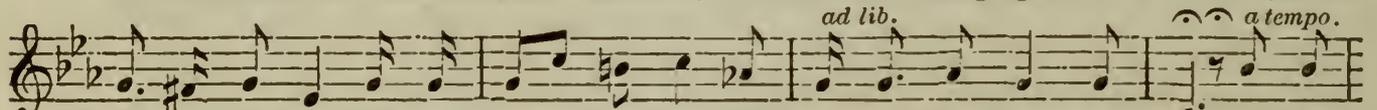
1. I care not for Spring! on his fick - le wing Let the blossoms and buds be borne; He



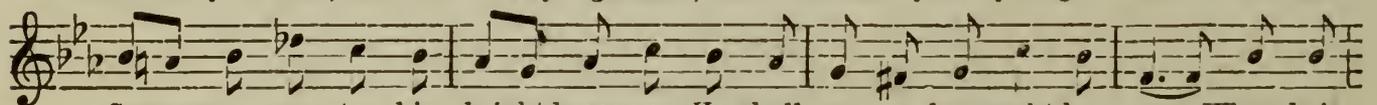
woos them a-main with his treacherous rain, And he scatters them e'er the morn; An



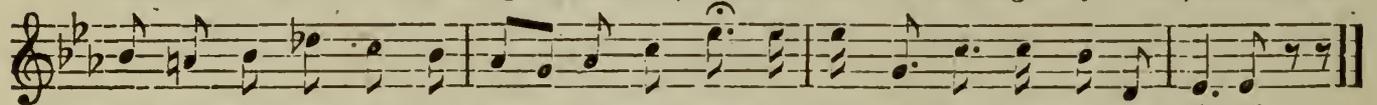
in - con - stant elf, he knows not him-self, Or his own changing mind an hour; He'll



smile in your face, and with wry grimace, He'll wither your youngest flow'r. Let the



Sum - mer sun to his bright home run, He shall nev - er be sought by me; When he's



dim'd by a cloud, I can laugh a-loud. And I care not how sulk-y he be.

2. A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
Than the broad, and unblushing noon;
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So, let Autumn air be ever so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

CHO. — Let the Summer sun, &c.

3. But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold:
A bumper I drain, and, with might and main,
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
We'll usher him in with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart;
And we'll keep him up while there's bit or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

CHO. — Let the Summer sun, &c.

4. In his fine, honest pride he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars;
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace,
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall, —
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the king of the seasons all!
 Cho.—Let the summer sun, &c.

O, GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA,

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1. Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crest - ed with foam, Where
 shrill winds are ca - rol - ing free, As o'er the blue waters they come: For I'd
 list to the ocean's loud roar, And joy in its stormi - est glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
 more... Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea, a home, a home, A
 home by the heav - ing sea, a home, a home, A home by the heav - ing sea.

2. At morn, when the sun from the east,
 Comes mantled in crimson and gold,
 Whose hues on the billows are cast,
 Which sparkle with splendor untold;
 Oh! then by the shore would I stray,
 And roam as the halcyon free,
 From envy and care far away,
 At my home by the deep, heaving sea!

3. At eve, when the moon in her pride,
 Rides queen of the soft summer night
 And gleams on the murmuring tide,
 With floods of her silvery light —
 Oh! earth has no beauty so rare,
 No place that is dearer to me;
 Then give me, so free and so fair,
 A home by the deep heaving sea!

BE SURE YOU CALL AS YOU PASS BY.

1. It was a rus - tic cottage gate, And o - ver it a maiden leant; Up -
Rall. *Parlante.*
 on her face and youthful grace, A lov - er's earn - est eyes were bent; "Good night," she said, "once
dolce *cres*
 more good night, The evening star is rising high, But ear - ly with the morning light, Be sure you
Rall.
 call as you pass by, Be sure you call as you pass by.

2
 The spring had into summer leapt,
 Brown Autumn's hand her treasures threw,
 When forth a merry party swept,
 In bridal garments, two by two.
 I saw it was the maid that bless'd
 The evening star that rose so high;
 For he, as I suppose you've guessed,
 Had often called as he passed by.
 Had often called as he passed by.

3
 Oh, blissful lot when all's forgot,
 Save love that wreathes the heart with flow'rs!
 Oh, what's a throne to that dear cot,
 Whose only wealth is happy hours!
 And oft, if o'er the woodland way
 The evening star is rising high,
 I fancy still I hear her say:
 "Be sure you call as you pass by."
 "Be sure you call as you pass by."

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep. Se-
 cure I rest up-on the wave, For thou, Oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
 know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall! And
 calm and peaceful is my sleep... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And
 calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Upper notes, 1st verse. Lower notes, 2d Verse.

2. And such the trust that still were mine,
 Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
 In ocean cave still safe with Thee,

The germ of immortality ;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME.

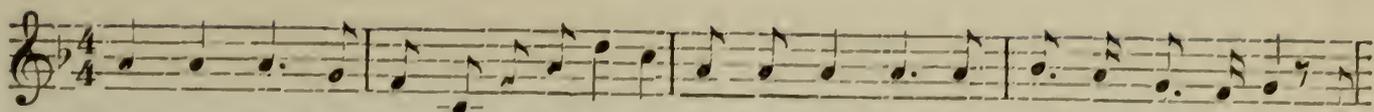
1. In the sky, the bright stars glitter'd, On the grass the moonlight fell, Hush'd the sound of day-
 light's bustle, clos'd the pink-eyed plum-per-noll. As down the moss-grown wood-path, Where the
 cattle love to roam, From Aunt Pattie's quilt - ing par - ty I was see-ling Nel-ly
 home. When I saw sweet Nel - ly home, When I saw sweet Nel - ly
 home, How I bless the August evening, When I saw sweet Nel - ly home.

2
 Jetty ringlets softly fluttered
 O'er a brow as white as snow ;
 And her cheek, the crimson sunset
 Scarcely had a warmer glow :
 'Mid her parted lips, vermillion,
 White teeth flashed like ocean's foam ;
 All I marked, with pulses throbbing,
 As I saw sweet Nelly home.

3
 When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
 Turning all the leaves to gold,
 In the lawn, by alders shaded,

I my love to Nelly told.
 As we stood together gazing,
 On the star-bespangled dome,
 How I blessed the August evening
 When I saw sweet Nelly home.

5
 White hairs mingle with my tresses,
 Furrows steal upon my brow,
 But a love smile cheers and blesses
 Life's declining moments now.
 Matron in the snowy 'kerchief,
 Closer to my bosom come,
 Tell me, dost thou still remember,
 When I saw sweet Nelly home?



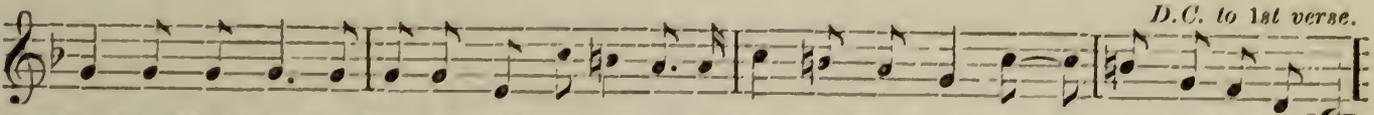
1. Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow; Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way,



Hope points before, and shows the light to-morrow; Let us forget the darkness of to-day.



So farewell, New England, much as we may love thee; We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,



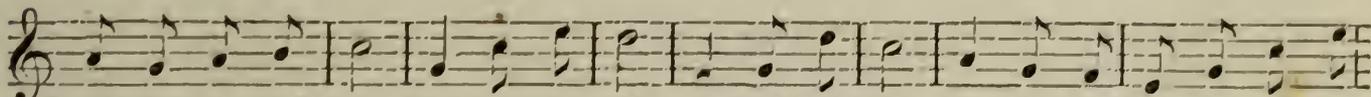
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune? So farewell, New England, farewell for ever more.

2. Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
 Floating us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
 The world all will follow in the track we're going,
 For the star of empire glitters in the West.
 Here we had toil and little to reward us,
 But there plenty shall smile upon our pain;
 And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

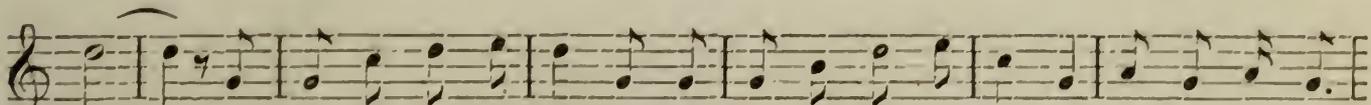
THE KISS BEHIND THE DOOR.



1. Su-san dear, the morn is breaking, And I must a-way, Leave from thee un-wil-ling tak-ing,

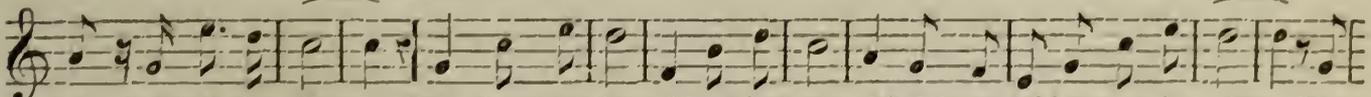


Would that I could stay. For, charming Sue, I love but you: Oft I have told you so be-



fore; Then let me not de-part, Ere I press you to my heart, And steal a lit-tle

CHORUS.



kiss behind the door. For, charming Sue, I love but you; Oft I have told you so be- fore; Then



let me not de-part, Ere I press you to my heart, And steal a lit-tle kiss be-hind the door.

2

Love is like a tender flower
 Shedding its perfume,
 Oft, un-nourished by the shower,
 Losing all its bloom.

CHO. — For, charming Sue, &c.

3

Vows of love too oft are broken,
 Faithless lovers flee;
 Leaving not behind a token,
 'Tis not so with me.

CHO. — For, charming Sue, &c.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain, just for to-
 night; Mother, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of
 yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my
 hair, O-ver my slumbers your loving watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
 sleep. Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep. O-ver my slumbers, your loving watch
 keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep. Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

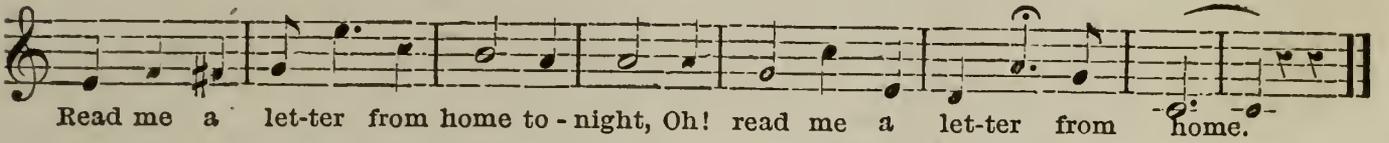
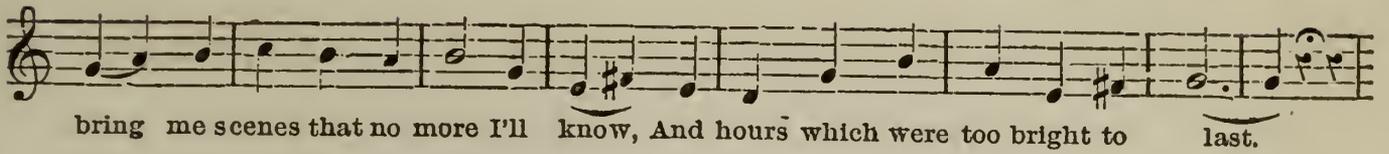
Rit. *A tempo.* *Cresc.*

CHORUS. *Cres.*

2. Backward, flow backward, O sad tide of years,
 I am so weary of toils and of tears,—
 Toils without recompense, tears all in vain,
 Take them and give me my childhood again.
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
 Weary of sowing that others may reap,—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
3. Over my heart in the days that are flown,
 No love like thine, mother, ever has shone;
 No other worship abides and endures,—
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sad soul and the world-weary brain:
 Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
4. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last hush'd to your lullaby song:
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossom'd and faded our faces between:
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again;
 Come, from the silence so long and so deep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

READ ME A LETTER FROM HOME.

1. Read me a let-ter from home to-night, Oh read me a let-ter from home;
 Falling like rays of sweet sunshine bright, O'er paths I so drear-i-ly roam.
 It will be precious as morning's glow, When night's hours of sorrow are past. 'Twill

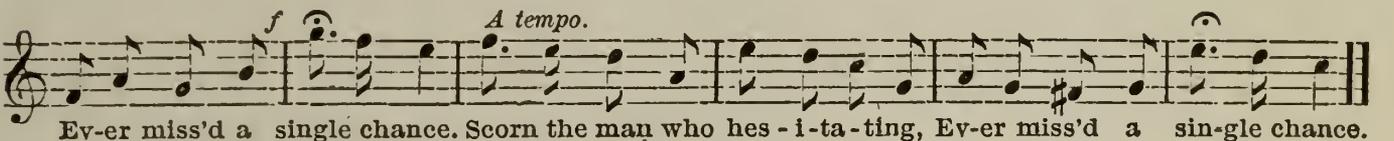
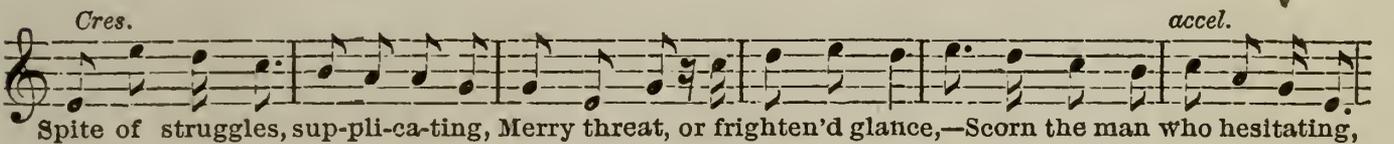
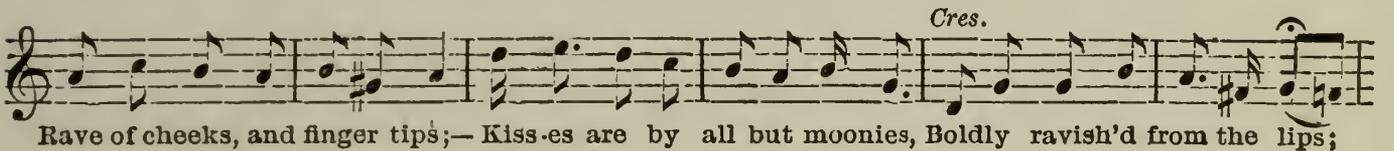
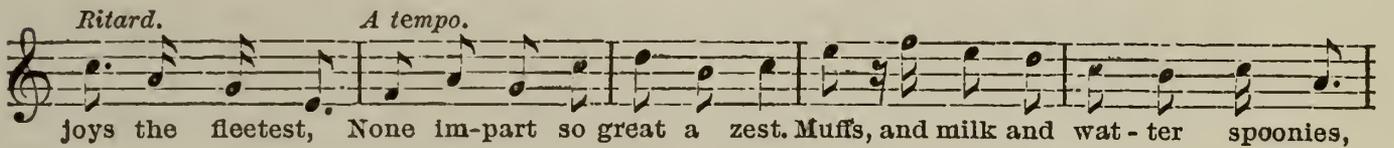


2

Read me the kind words of mother dear,
So loving, so tender and true,
Sweet as a voice from a heavenly sphere,
And bringing her loved form to view.

Once more I gaze on her smile so sweet,
Again I am happy and free :
Stopping the progress of time's swift feet, —
Oh! blissful were those days to me.
Read me a letter from home to-night,
Oh! read me a letter from home.

STOLEN KISSES ARE THE SWEETEST.



2

Kisses granted for the asking, —
No necessity to steal, —
No strategic powers tasking,
Are insipid, (To use a very homely but familiar
expression,) just like veal ;
For as veal is never sapid,
Of accomp'niments bereft,
So a kiss is somewhat vapid,
Lacking piquancy of theft.
Fragrant lemon-juice's savor
Veal requires, the taste to please,
And a kiss may have its flavor
Greatly heightened by a squeeze,
And a kiss may have its flavor
Greatly heightened by a squeeze.

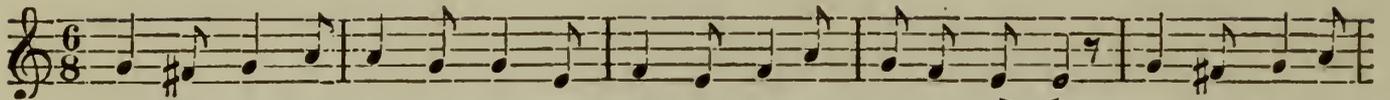
3

Kisses, sans solicitation,

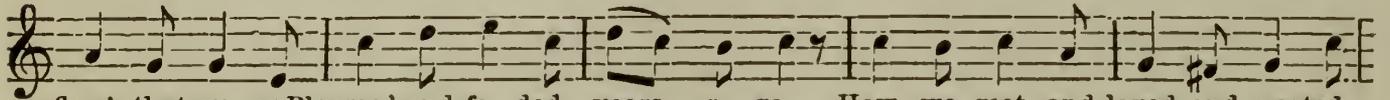
If bestowed in love or play,
Are (of course in moderation)
Very pleasant in their way ;
Having tendency to soften
Dispositions harsh and gruff ;
But, if volunteered too often,
Cause a sense of not exactly indifference, but
a kind of consciousness that you have had
quite enough.

4

None are able to refute it, —
Stolen kisses are the best !
Should a pretty girl dispute it,
Then, nothing is easier than to
Simply put her to the test,
Should a pretty girl dispute it,
Simply put her to the test.



1. Near the banks of that lone riv - er, Where the water - li - lies grow, Breathed the fairest



flow'r that ev - er Bloomed and fa - ded years a - go. How we met, and loved, and parted,



None on earth can ev - er know... Nor how pure and gen - tle hearted Beam'd the mourn'd one



years a - go. How we met and how we part-ed, None on earth can ev - er know...



Nor how pure and gen - tle heart - ed, Beamed the mourned one years a - go.

2

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow;
Till in heaven I meet the maiden,

Fondly cherished long ago.
Hearts that love like mine, forget not;
They're the same in weal or woe,
And the star of mem'ry sets not
In the graves of long ago.

'T WAS OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ries, A glo - ri - ous summer day, I sat up - on the



quarter deck, And whiff'd my cares a - way; And as the volum'd smoke a - rose, Like



incense in the air, I breath'd a sigh, to think in sooth, It was my last ci -



gar, I breathed a sigh, to think in sooth It was my last ci - gar.

2

I've leaned above the quarter rail
And looked down on the sea;
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Oh what had I, at such a time,
To do with wasting care?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar!

3

I watched the ashes, as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it, as friend would watch

Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air;
I threw it from me, — spare the tale:
It was my last cigar.

4

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim:
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries
I smoked my last cigar.

Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.*

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur - rah, hur - rah, We'll give him a hearty

Chorus. *Solo.*

welcome then, Hur - rah, hur - rah; The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The

Chorus.

ladies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

2
The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah,
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah;
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

3
Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah;

The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

4
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah,
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah,
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

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OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN.

Andante.

1. Oh take me to thy heart a-gain! I nev - er more will grieve thee; All joys are fled, and

Rit. *A tempo.*

hope is dead, If I indeed must leave thee. Forgive the wild and angry words, This wayward heart hath

pp

spo - ken; I did not dream those cherished cords So light-ly could be broken. Oh

f

take me to thy heart a - gain, I nev - er more will grieve thee; All joys are fled, and

Rall. *Cres.*

hope is dead, If I in-deed must leave thee— If I in-deed must leave thee.

3
I think how very sad and lone,
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Oh, take me, &c.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my anguish to thee, Take back the
 freedom thou crav - est, Leaving the fet - ters to me. Take back the vows thou hast
 spo - - - ken, Fling them a - side and be free. Smile o'er each pit - i - ful
 to - - - ken, Leaving the sorrow for me. Drink deep of life's fond il -
 lu - - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee. Swift-ly thro'
 strife and con - fu - - sion. Leav - ing the bur - den to me.

2 Then when at last overtaken,
 Time flings its fetters o'er thee,
 Come, with a trust still unshaken,
 Come back a captive to me.
 Come back in sadness or sorrow,
 Once more my darling to be.

Come as of old, love, to borrow
 Glimpses of sunlight from me ;
 Love shall resume her dominion,
 Striving no more to be free,
 When on her world-weary pinion,
 Flies back my lost love to me.

O YE TEARS! O YE TEARS!

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refus'd to flow, Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing,
 thawing like the snow; The ice-bound clod has yield - ed, and the ear - ly snowdrops
 spring, And the healing fountains gush, and the wil - derness shall sing. O ye tears, O ye tears.

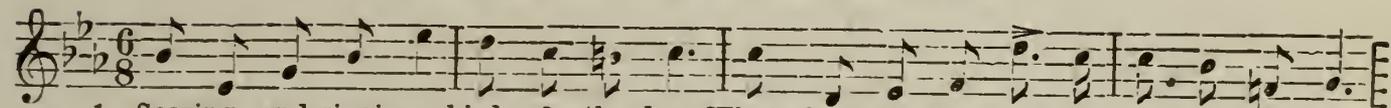
2 O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run,
 Though ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glitter in the sun ;
 The rainbow cannot, cannot cheer us if the showers refuse to fall,
 And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

3 O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek,
 I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak ;
 Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
 And know that I am human, by the light of sympathy.
 O ye tears! O ye tears!

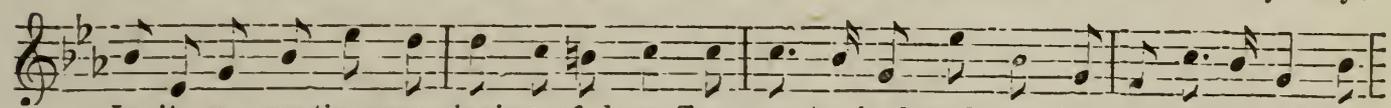
4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

5 There is light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! ye happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow!
O ye tears! happy tears!

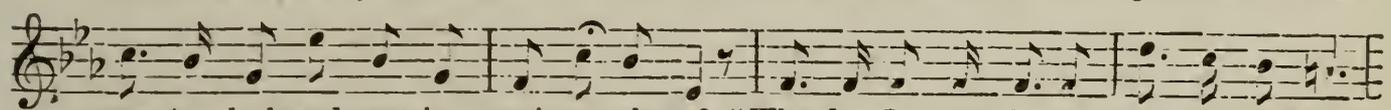
SONG OF THE SKY-LARK.



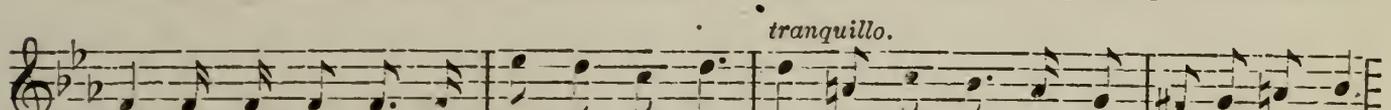
1. Soaring and singing, bird of the day, What does thy full gush of mel-o-dy say?



Is it a ma-tin song singing of love, Too pure to be heard save in regions above? Too



pure to be heard save in re-gions a-bove? "Why do I car-ol my song to the skies?"



Thus to my fan-cy the song bird replies: "Does not the earth in tran-quil-i-ty rest?"



Man on his bil-low, the bird in his nest? Should we not sing then at morning's first rays A



song of thanksgiving, a car-ol of praise? Should we not sing then at morning's first rays, A



song of thanksgiving, a car-ol of praise? A song of thanksgiving, a car-ol of praise?"

2 Soaring and singing, bird of the day,
Why from this green earth away and away?
Ever returning, thy song never done,
Pluming thy bright wings on high in the sun.
Pluming thy bright wings on high in the sun.
"Why do I soar?" so the spirit of love
Seems to reply from the regions above;
"Is there not One who is ever on high,
Watching below from His throne in the sky?"
And thus to the sky-lark perchance it is given
To call back our thoughts from the earth unto heaven,
And thus to the sky-lark perchance it is given
To call back our thoughts from the earth unto heaven.
To call back our thoughts from the earth unto heaven.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

1. The traitor's foot is on thy soil, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Let not his touch thy
 hon-or spoil, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Wipe out the un-pa-triotic gore That fleck'd the
 streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the loy-al State of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land.

- 2 Dear mother, be thyself again, Maryland, my Maryland!
 The Union shall not call in vain, Maryland, my Maryland!
 She wants to meet you in the field, our country's flag and laws to shield,—
 We never can to treason yield, Maryland, my Maryland!
- 3 Thou wilt not yield the rebel toll, Maryland, my Maryland!
 Thou wilt not bend to his control, Maryland, my Maryland!
 Better the fire upon the roll, better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
 Than degradation of the soul, Maryland, my Maryland!
- 4 Hark to a wandering son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland!
 My Mother State, to thee I kneel, Maryland, my Maryland!
 For liberty, and truth, and right, let all your loyal sons unite,
 Drive all invaders from thy sight, Maryland, my Maryland!
- 5 I see the blush upon thy cheek, Maryland, my Maryland!
 But thou wert ever bravely meek, Maryland, my Maryland!
 Arise! and heed thy sisters' cry, let every hand and heart comply,
 And burst the chains of tyranny, Maryland, my Maryland!
- 6 I hear the distant cannons roar, Maryland, my Maryland!
 The fife and drum of Baltimore, Maryland, my Maryland!
 Huzza! she comes to help restore the Union as it was before,
 And honored be thou evermore, Maryland, my Maryland!

HOME OF MY HEART.

Moderato.

1. I breathe once more my na-tive air, And hail each happy, happy scene, That ris-es
 round me ev'-ry where, As tho' I left but yes-ter-'een. O, how I
 love thee, E-rin dear, When roam-ing on a foreign strand, In
 fan-cy still my steps were here—Home of my heart, my na-tive land. In
 fan-cy still my steps were here, Home of my heart, my na-tive land.

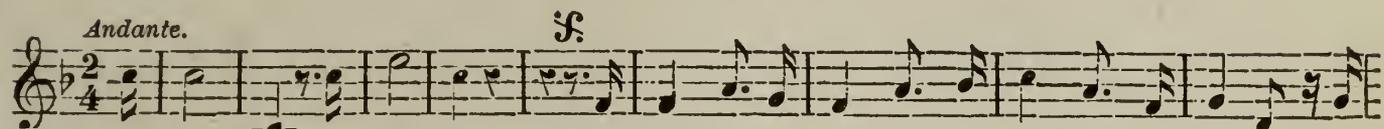
Rall. *A tempo.*

2 I've found the hour so fondly sought
And weep, but these are joyous tears,
That rapture of a moment bought

By long and weary absent years.
Oh, how I love, &c.

GARIBALDI HYMN.

Andante.



1. All forward! All forward! All forward to bat-tle! the trumpets are crying, All forward! all forward! Our old flag is fly-ing. When Lib-er-ty calls us we lin-ger no longer; The Reb-els, come on tho' a thousand to one! O, Lib-er-ty! Lib-er-ty! deathless and glo-ri-ous, Under thy banner thy sons are vic-to-ri-ous, Our free souls are val-lant, and strong arms are strong-er— God shall go with us, and bat-tle be won. Hur-rah for the banner! Hur-rah for the banner! Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

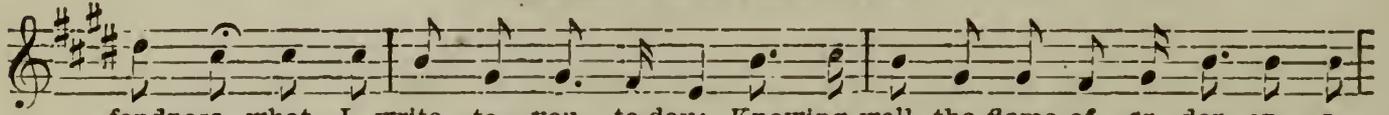
Rabbia. *pp* *Cres.* *Fine.*

2 All forward! All forward!
All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her:
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild waves of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward to glory! Though life blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing and cannons are roaring,
Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle,
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.
Hurrah for the banner! &c.

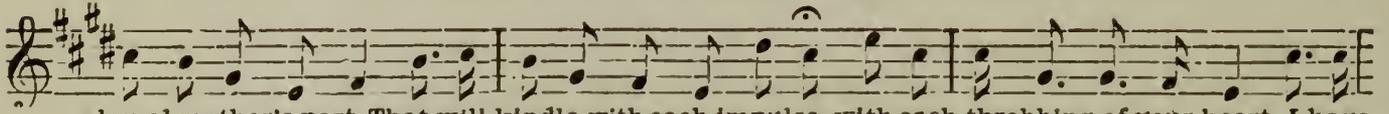
3 All forward! All forward!
All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain and valley:
Waving her banner, she leads to the fight.
Forward! All forward! The trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms; our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally—
Forward to battle for God and the Right!
Hurrah for the banner! &c.



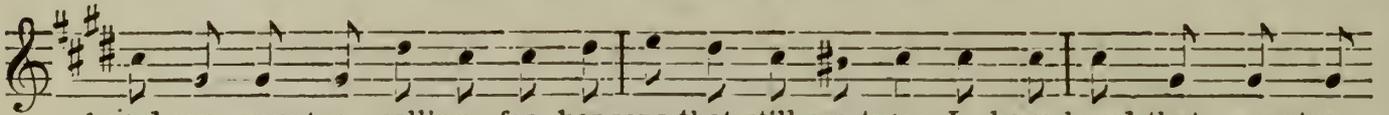
1. I am writing to you, mother, knowing well what you will say, When you read with tearful



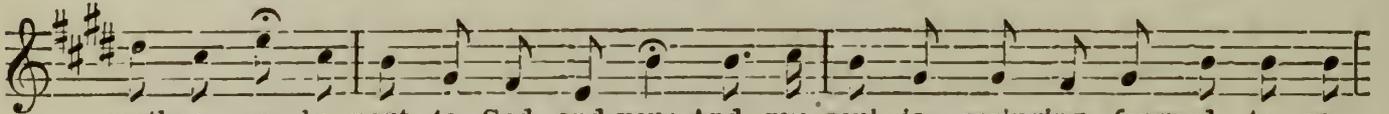
fondness what I write to you to-day; Knowing well the flame of ar-dor on a



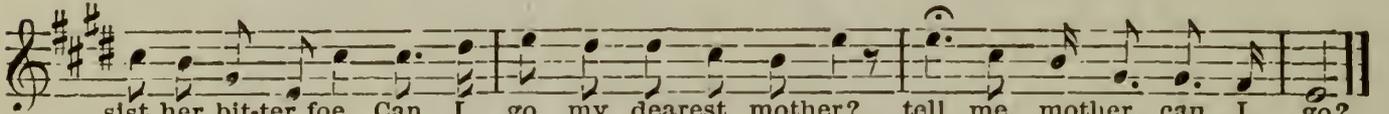
loy-al mother's part, That will kindle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart. I have



heard my country calling for her sons that still are true; I have loved that country,



mother, on-ly next to God and you; And my soul is springing forward to re-



sist her bit-ter foe, Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

2 From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me;
In prosperity I loved her, in her days of dark distress,
With your spirit in me, mother, could I love that country less?
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have caused her sons to bleed;
They have robbed her in her kindness, they have triumphed in her need;
They have trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe,—
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

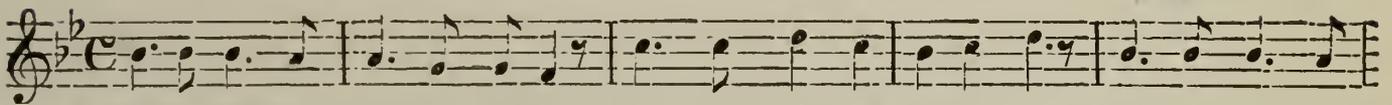
3 I am young and slender, mother, they would call me yet a boy,
But I know the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud and true
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever learned from you.
We must conquer this rebellion: let the doubting heart be still:
We must conquer it or perish — we must conquer, and we will!
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be wanting? No!
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

4 He who led his chosen people, in their efforts to be free
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;
Will protect me by His power, whatsoe'er I undertake;
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake.
Or should this, my bleeding country, need a victim such as me,
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free;
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;
I am not afraid, my mother, in so good a cause to die.

5 There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
 Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored.
 When the stars in perfect number on their azure field of blue,
 Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true :
 I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
 And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son ;
 Or, through years, your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,
 And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

6 I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right ;
 I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night :
 When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
 I will come and kiss you, mother, come and kiss you and be gone.
 In the sacred name of Freedom, and my country as her due,
 In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you.
 I am eager, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe ;
 Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?

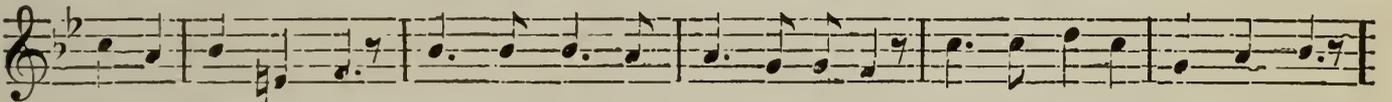
HE'S WATCHING O'ER THY MOTHER.



1. Deeply falling, round doth gather, Death's dark shades a-bout thee now; We would smooth thy



low-ly pillow, We would bathe thy aching brow. Of thy mother, Whom thou speakest, She no



earthly care will need; For there's One who reigns above us, Her from pain and care will shield.

CHORUS.

dim.

Repeat pp



Rest, gently rest, Sleep in peaceful slumber; God careth for the weak, He will watch o'er thy mother.

2 And now, doubtless she is waiting
 For thy welcome, joyous tread :
 Or, perhaps, is kneeling, praying
 Choicest blessings on thy head.
 She will miss thy faithful watching,
 And thy tender, loving care ;
 But there's One who will console her,
 In the grief she's called to bear.

Thou hast left a lonely mother,
 Whom thou fain would'st shield from fear ;
 Well-remembered, fond words spoken,
 Oft will cause a falling tear.

3 Faithful son, and noble patriot !
 Thou hast won a glorious name,
 Fighting in the cause of freedom,
 For our flag of world-wide fame.

4 Gently wave, thou weeping willow,
 Where our hero lowly lies,
 Angel forms are hovering o'er him,
 Soon to bear him to the skies.
 When the trees their leaves do scatter,
 And the wind makes mournful sound,
 Up in heaven thy mother'll meet thee,
 Where all joys fore'er abound.

1. What will you do love, When I am go-ing, With white sail flow-ing, The seas be-
 yond? What will you do love, when waves di - vide us, And friends may chide us for be - ing
 fond? Tho' waves di - vide us, And friends be chiding, In faith a - bid-ing, I'll still be
 true: And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion, That's what I'll do.

2 What will you do, love, if distant tidings
 Thy fond confidings should undermine ;
 And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
 Should think other eyes were as bright as thine ?
 Oh ! name it not ! though guilt and shame
 Were on thy name, I'd still be true,
 But that heart of thine, should another share it,
 I could not bear it, — what would I do ?

3 What would you do, love, when home returning,
 With hopes high-burning, with wealth for you,
 If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam
 Should be lost near home. Ah ! what would you do ?
 So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
 In want and sorrow, that left me you !
 And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
 This heart thy pillow, that's what I'd do !

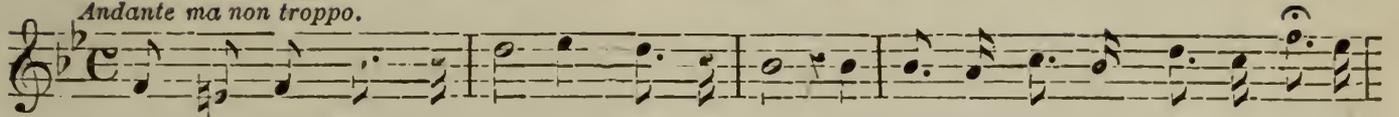
JUANITA.

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain
 Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
 Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.

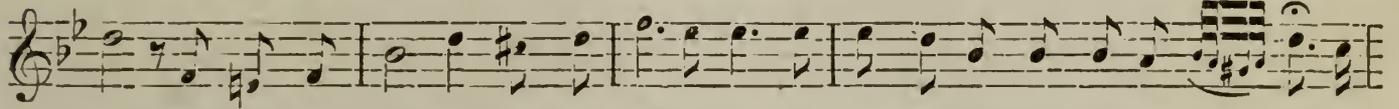
2 When in thy dreaming,
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain.
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh,

In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by?
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Let me linger by thy side !
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Be my own fair bride !

Andante ma non troppo.

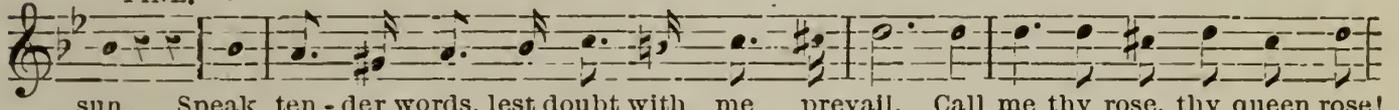


1. Speak tender words mine own be-loved to me, Call me thy li - ly, thy im-pe-rial

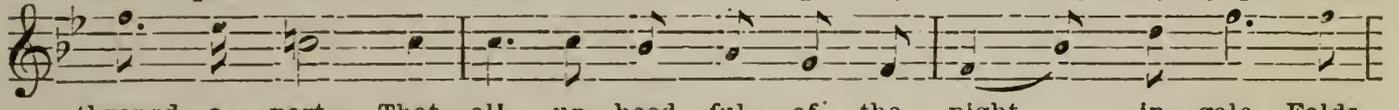


one, That like the Persian breathes adoringly Its fragrant worship ev - er to the

FINE.

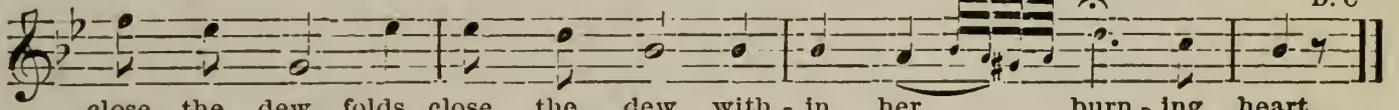


sun. Speak ten - der words, lest doubt with me prevail, Call me thy rose, thy queen rose!



throned a - part, That all un - heed - ful of the night - - - - in - gale, Folds

D. C



close the dew, folds close the dew with - in her burn - ing heart.

2 Say I am dearer to thee than renown,
My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim;
Call me thy laurel, thy victorious crown,
Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name.
Breathe low to me each pure, enraptured thought,
While thus thine arms my trusting heart entwine,
Call me by all fond meanings love hath wrought;
But oh, beloved, but oh, beloved, beloved, eall me thine!

3 Look on me with those soul-illuminated eyes,
And murmur low in love's entrancing tone;
Methinks the angel's lute of Paradise
Had never voice so thrilling as thine own.

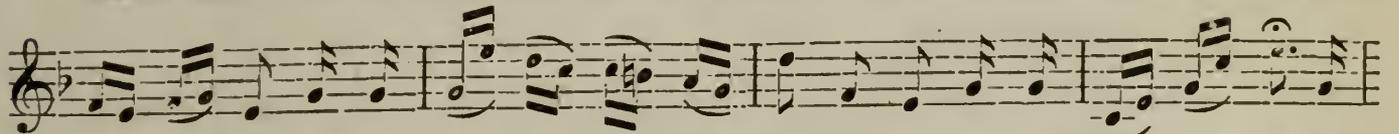
LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.



1. Young Love flew to the Paphian bow'r, And gather'd sweets from ma-ny a flow'r; From



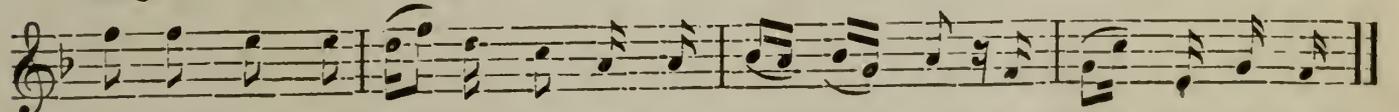
ros-es and sweet jassamine, The lil - y and the eg - lan-tine. The graces there were



cull - ing pos - es, The Grac - es there were cull - ing pos - es, And found young Love a -



mong the ros-es, Young Love a - mong the ros - es, Love a - mong the ros - es; The



Grac - es there were cull - ing pos - es, And found young Love a - mong the ros - es.

2 O happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flower;
Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,
Young love shall dwell with us forever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Eternal spring the wreath composes,

Content is love among the roses,
Young love among the roses,
Love among the roses;
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is love among the roses.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Na-po-li-taine... I am dreaming of thee... I'm hearing thy foot-fall, so joyous and free; Thy dark flashing eyes... are entwining me yet, Thy voice with its mu-sic, I ne'er can for-get; I'm far from the land... from thy own sun-ny home, Alone in the wide world with sorrow I roam, In the halls of the gay or where ev-er it be... Still Na-po-li-taine, ... I am dreaming of thee, Na-po-li-taine... I am dreaming of thee... Na-po-li-taine, I am dreaming of thee.

2 Napolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
 Hath absence not banished my memory from thee;
 Remember our meetings, their whisper to keep,
 When bright eyes were calling all loved ones to sleep;
 And yet I would not have a shade on thy brow,
 As bright as thou wert let it shine on thee now,
 For 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me;
 Still, Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee.

TWILIGHT DEWS.

1. When twilight dews are fall-ing fast, Up-on the ro-sy sea; I watch that star whose beam so oft Has lighted me to thee; And thou, too on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for-ev-er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n! And thou, too on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n; And think tho' lost for-ev-er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n.

2 There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee;

And still I wish that hour was near,
 When friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept through here
 May turn to smiles in heaven!

1. I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie, I'm leaving thee in tears; It may be for a long time, Annie, Per-haps for many years. But 'tis more kind to part now, dearest, Than linger here in pain; To weep o'er joys that once were shining, But ne'er may shine a-gain. . . . But ne'er may shine a-gain. I'm leaving thee, but weep not, Annie, I'll come back yet to thee, And bring some hope and comfort, Annie, To one so dear to me.

2 I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
 Thy locks were bright as gold;
 Thy smile was soft, but now, dear Annie,
 Our hearts seem growing old.
 Yet 'tis not time has stole the blossoms
 From off thy cheek so fair;

'Twas winter came too soon upon us,
 And chilled the flow'rets there.
 I'm leaving thee, but weep not, Annie,
 For when I've passed yon sea,
 I'll gather hope and comfort, Annie,
 And bring them back to thee.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

1. Yes we'll ral-ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Freedom, We will ral-ly from the hill-side, we'll gath-er from the plain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Freedom. The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah boys, Hur-rah, Down with the trai-tor, Up with the star; While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of Free-dom.

2 We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
 CHORUS. — The Union forever, &c.

3 We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
 And, although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
 CHORUS. — The Union forever, &c.

4 So, we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
 CHORUS. — The Union, forever, &c.

1. Standing where the bleak winds whistled Round her small and fragile form; Arms within torn garments nestled, Standing there at night and morn: Hundreds passing by un-heed-ing, 'Cept to jos-tle her a-side— There, with bare feet cold and bleeding, She in tones of anguish cried— "Mister! Please give me a pen-ny, For I've not got a-ny Pa— Please, Sir, CHORUS. Give me just one penny— I want to buy some bread for Ma!" While we beg for those with plenty, *ad lib.* And for them to us unknown, We'll not forget our little "barefoots," They are heathens nearer home.

2 Hailing thus each passing stranger,
As they hurriedly went by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her,
Pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her,
Heeding not the plaintive cry:
"I must have some bread for Mother,
Or with hunger she will die.
"Mister! Please give me a penny,
For I've not got any Pa—
Please, sir, give me just one penny—
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"
CHORUS. — While we beg, &c.

3 There, one chilly day in winter,
BAREFOOT sat upon the pave,
Outstretched were her little fingers,
But no pennies did she crave:
There, while begging bread for Mother,
Death had chilled her little heart.
Yet each day we see some other
Playing LITTLE BAREFOOT's part:—
"Mister! Please give me a penny,
For I have not got any Pa—
Please, sir, give me just one penny—
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"
CHORUS. — While we beg, &c.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

1. A peal like thunder calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave, To the Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger-man Rhine! Who now will guard the riv-er's line? Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine! Firm stands thy guard a-long, a-long the Rhine! Firm stands thy guard a-long, a-long the Rhine!

2 A hundred-thousand hearts beat high,
The answer flames from every eye:
The German youth devoted stand
To shield the holy border-land.

3 He sees above him heaven's blue dome,
Whence souls of heroes watch their home,
And vows, with battle's pride possessed:—
"Be German, Rhine, as is my breast!"

4 So long as blood shall warm our veins,
While for the sword one hand remains,
One arm to bear a gun, no more
Shall foot of foeman tread thy shore!"

5 The oath resounds, the wave rolls by,
The banners wave — advanced on high :
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine !
We all will guard the river's line.

DES DEUTSCHEN FATERLAND.

Tutti. f

1. What is the German's fa-ther-land? Is't Prussia's strand? Is't Swabia's hills? Or
on the Rhine where vine-cups pearl, Or on the belt where sea-men whirl? Oh, no, no,
no; His fa-ther-land must great-er grow, His Fa-ther-land must great-er grow.

4. Where is the Ger-man Fa-ther-land? Name we at last that might-ty land. Where'er re-
sounds the German tongue, Where'er its hymns to God are sung. Be this the land, be this the
land. This, German, is thy fa-ther-land. . . . thy fa-ther-land! All Ger-ma-ny that
land shall be, Watch o'er it God, and grant that we, With German hearts, in deed and tho't, May
love it tru-ly as we ought; Be this the land! be this the land! All Ger-ma-
ny shall be the land, . . . shall be the land, All Ger-ma-ny shall be the land.

2 What is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria green, or Styria grand?
The title may not Austria claim,
So rich in honor, rich in fame?
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

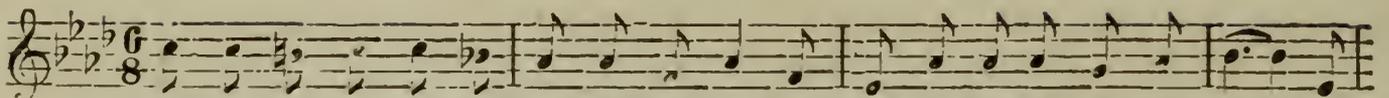
3 What is the German's fatherland?
Oh tell me where its bounds expand!
Helvetia's peaks, or gay Tyrol?
Their lands, their people glad my soul.
Oh no, no, no, &c.

4 Where is the German's fatherland?
Name we at last that mighty land.

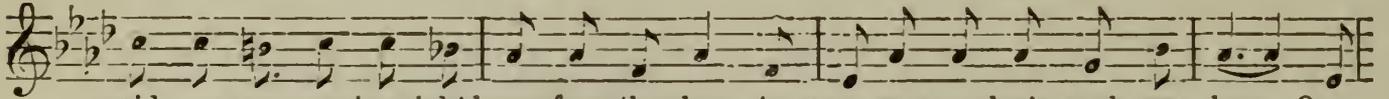
Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung.
Be this the land, be this the land, —
This, German, is thy fatherland, thy fatherland !

5 All Germany that land shall be, —
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought ;
Be this the land ! be this the land !
All Germany shall be the land,
Shall be the land, all Germany shall be the land.

COME HOME, FATHER!



1. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the stee-ple strikes one; You



said you were coming right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our



fire has gone out—our house is all dark— And mother's been watching since tea, With

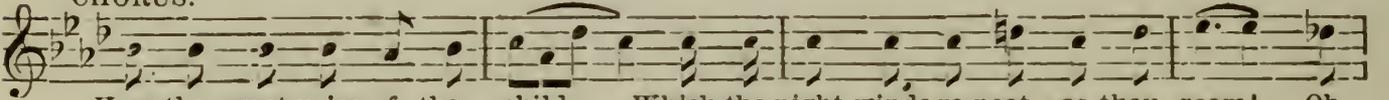


poor brother Ben-ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her, but me. Come



home! come home! come home! Please, fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home.

CHORUS.



Hear the sweet voice of the child... Which the night-winds re-peat as they roam! Oh



who could re-sist this most plaintive of prayers? "Please, father, dear fa-ther, come home!"

- 2 Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes two ;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,—
 But he has been calling for you.
 Indeed he is worse — Ma says he will die,
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn ;
 And this is the message she sent me to bring —
 "Come quickly, or he will be gone."
 Come home! come home! come home!
 Please father, dear father, come home.
 CHORUS. — Hear the sweet, &c.

- 3 Father, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes three ;
 The house is so lonely — the hours are so long
 For poor weeping mother and me.
 Yes, we are alone — poor Benny is dead,
 And gone with the angels of light ;
 And these were the very last words that he said : —
 "I want to kiss papa good night."
 Come home! come home! come home!
 Please father, dear father, come home.
 CHORUS. — Hear the sweet, &c.

WHEN PASSION'S TRANCE IS OVERPASS'D.

The Poetry by SHELLEY.

The Music by JOHN BURNET.

Andante.

When pas-sion's trance is o - ver - pass'd, If ten - der-ness and truth could last, Or
 live whilst all wild feel-ings keep Some mor-tal slum-ber dark and deep, I should not weep,
 I should not weep, I should not, should not weep, I should not weep, I should not weep.

It were enough to feel— to see Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly, And dream the rest, and burn, and be	The secret food of fires unseen, Could'st thou but be as thou hast been.
--	---

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

Composed by SHIELD.

Andante Grazioso.

My heart with love is beating, Transport-ed by your eyes ; A-las! there's no re-treat-ing,— In
 vain a cap-tive flies. Then why such an - ger cherish? Why turn thy eyes away? For if you bid me
 perish, A - las! I must obey ; For if you bid me perish, A - las! I must o - bey.

Could deeds my heart discover, Could valour gain thy charms, I'd prove myself a lover, Against a world in arms!	Proud fair! thus low before thee, A prostrate warrior view-- Whose love, delight, and glory, Are center'd all in you!
--	--

UNCLE NED.

Moderato.

I once knew a nig-ger, and his name was un - cle Ned,—He died a long while a-
 go ; He had no wool on the top of him head, On the place where the wool ought to grow.

Chorus.

Hang up his shov - el and his hoe, Lay down his fid - dle and his bow ; There's
 no more fun for poor old Ned, For he's gone where all good nig-gers go.

His nails were longer than a good garden rake ; No eyes had he for to see ; He lost all his teeth, so the consequence was He'd no teeth where the teeth ought to be. Hang up his shovel, &c.	On one bitter cold morning poor uncle Ned died, And they laid him 'neath the snow ; And each nigger said he was very much afraid, That his like they never more should know. Hang up his shovel, &c.
--	--

"THE GIRL WHAT I CALLS MINE."

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Moderato.

Just round the cor - ner you'll observe, A snug green-gro-cer's shop, With the name of Vil-liam
Vig-gins, Painted large as life on to.... Well, that con-cern be - longs to me, And the
trade I does is fine,.... But I'd sooner part with all I have, Than the girl that I calls

rall. *Chorus.*

mine, mine, mine. For I dotes on the ground she walks up - on, And her two bright eyes that
shine, I would not take all the money in the Bank For the girl what I calls mine.

Now where she lives, and what's her name,
I don't intend to tell,
For certain sure she'd soon be quizzed,
By every noble swell;
You may see me on a Sunday, if
The weather it is fine,
As I takes my walk, and on my arm,
Is the girl that I calls "mine."—CHORUS.

There's servant maids, and other maids,
What's dealers at my store,
They winks their eye, so I winks mine,
In fun—but nothing more;
If a Duchess wished to marry me,
I'd beg leave to decline,
I'd rather live on bread and cheese,
With the girl what I calls mine.—CHORUS.

'Twas on last Sunday afternoon,
I plucked up nerve to pop,
The question, if she'd have me, and
My wegebles and shop,
She didn't say 'no,' she didn't say 'yes,'
But she said she'd "drop a line,"
'Cause so very bashful and so shy,
Is the girl what I calls mine.

(Spoken).—I do believe she'd blush herself to death
if anybody'd let her—but it's a ton of coals to a pint of
gooseberries, she answers "yes" so if the wegebles
should go up a penny or so, it will be owing to the
matrimonial speculation of this "umble hindiwiddle"
with the party of the popersite seet of which as I said
before,—

I dotes on the ground, &c.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG.

EASTBURN.

My wife and I lived all a-lone, In a lit-tle log hut we called our own; She loved gin, and

Chorus.

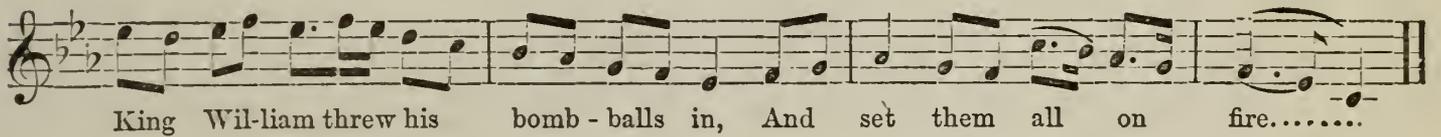
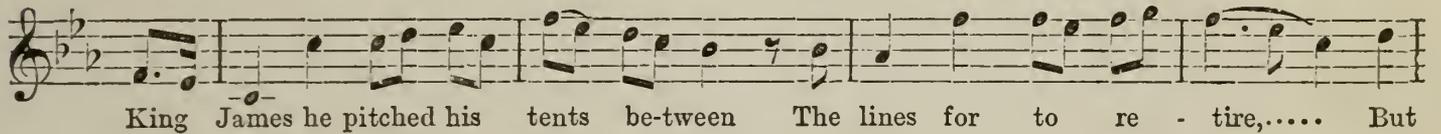
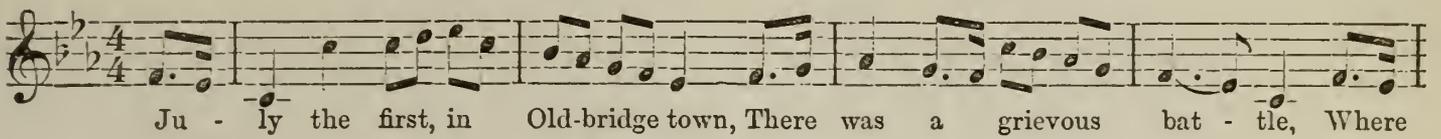
I loved rum,—I tell you what, we'd lots of fun. Ha, ha, ha, you and me,

"Lit-tle brown jug" don't I love thee; Ha, ha, ha, you and me, "Little brown jug" don't I love thee.

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
Here you are, so near my nose,
So tip her up, and down she goes.—CHO.
When I go tolling to my farm,
I take little "Brown Jug" under my arm;
Place it under a shady tree,
Little "Brown Jug" 'tis you and me.—CHO.
If all the folks in Adam's race,
Were gathered together in one place;

Then I'd prepare to shed a tear,
Before I'd part from you, my dear.—CHO.
If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.—CHO.
The rose is red, my nose is, too,
The violet's blue, and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.—CHO.

This is the version of the Battle of the Boyne which superceded the former, and is the one that is always sung.



Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry,
That they would stop there courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm,
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His King would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained there rapid motion;
But William said, "He don't deserve
The name of Faith's Defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended;
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing o'er the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost;
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give the enemies battle;
Our cannon, to our foes great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle.

In majestic mein our prince rode o'er;
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shout put our foes to the rout
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied to Millmount after;*
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders:
But in the dead time of the night
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seem to be faint hearted;
So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after."
Those words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give
Both now and ever after;
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the water.

An anonymous writer says that the Protestant prisoners in the hands of the garrison of Drogheda were tied together on the Mount, in Drogheda, that, in case of William bombarding the town, they must have been exposed to the fire.

**"MINE OWN SUZAN JANE,
or O vare sal I go, and O vart sal I do."**

Tempo di Valse.

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

1. I hope you'll ex-cuse, but I look in to see, If some-bo-dy's here dat's be-long-ing to
me, I van-der, and von-der, O vere can she be? Mine own loaf mine tear Su-san
Jane..... Shweet Su-zan Jane vas to be dis Ger-man's wife, De pride of mine
hearts, and de joys of mine life, But now mine poor head and mine bo-som's all strife, Thro'de

Chorus. Spirited.

loss of mine own Su-zan Jane..... Then O vare sal I go, and O vart sal I
do? To find mine own loaf vart I tink was so true, Mit her prite eyes so red, and her
hair all so plue, O vy did mine loaf run a-vay? Su-zan Jane.

Herr Sourkrout von Splattundietch, das is mine name,
And ven Susan Jane first to Germany came,
She set all mine hearts mit loaf in von flame.

Such beauty I never saw.
I shmiled upon her, and she shmiled upon me,
I asked her if vrow Splattundietch she would be,
She said 'yar' and den, soon we both did agree,
Ve nevare would part any more.
But O vare sal I go, &c.

Sometime she vould go to gartens to dance,
Der I vonce saw von Engliseman give her sly glance,
And der next time I go, hah! I see him by chance,
Give one kiss to mine own Suzan Jane.

Oh! ten tousand tunders? I seize on him clothes,
And he come scratch mine head, and den blow mine nose,
Den he turn me all ovarc, and den off he goes,
Avay mit mine own Suzan Jane.
Den O vare sal I go, &c.

Ven I meets dis robare, ha! let him have care,
I'll call him von tief, and I'll pull all his hair!
And as for der fraulien—to me she so tear,
I can't hurt mine own Suzan Jane.
I'll vander to find her untill I do drop,
Den I'll go to your "Monument," dere I will shtop,
Throw mineseif from ze bottom right up to ze top,
And smash for mine own Suzan Jane.
But O vare sal I go, &c.

"MOTHER SAYS I MUSN'T."

Written and composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by M. HOBSON.

1. I fell in love with a pret-ty girl A few short years a-go; All sorts of weather,
hail or rain, To court her I would go; I'd long and sigh with love un-til 'Twas
time to be a-way, And when I asked a part-ing kiss, She al-ways used to say,

Chorus.

O mother says I musn't mother says I musn't, O George, please George, not just yet awhile,
 Mother says I musn't, mother says I musn't; O George, don't George, not just yet.

2 I "waiting" kept, at last one day
 I thought I'd know my fate;
 I sunk upon my knees in quite
 An agonizing state;
 "Selina, say you'll have your George,
 And when shall we be wed?"
 I long'd to hear my love's reply,
 And this is what she said.—

(*Spoken.*) Well, George dear, you're *very* kind, but we could *never* live on two hundred a year, so until you are worth at least five hundred per annum, darling,—

Mother says I musn't, &c.

3 From then, I went to work, by Jove!
 I left no stone unturned,
 Until five hundred pounds a year,
 At last I really earned:
 Selina heard how things had changed,
 And when we met one day,

She seemed so pleasant, and at last
 She *lovingly* did say.—

(*Spoken.*) You remember, George, dear, what I said when you asked me some time ago; well, George, dear, as you have so improved in circumstances, suppose you ask me *now*, Georgey Porgey darling? eh, what say?

Well, said I, upon consideration, you're *very* kind, but—

Mother says I musn't, &c.

4 Give me the girl who loves a man,
 And loves him for himself,
 Who's first consideration is, not
 What he's worth in pelf;
 All sordid minded damsels who
 May worship golden dross,
 May they be old maids till they die,
 And we'll never feel their loss.

(*Spoken.*) So, Ladies, who don't want to be old maids, mind you don't *once too often* say—

Mother says I musn't, &c.

AFTER THE OPERA'S OVER.

Tempo di valse.

GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

Af - ter the Op - e - ra's o - ver.... Gas tries to out-shine the stars,... When
 half the world sleeps con - tent - ed, We'll Champagne and smoke fine ci - gars;...
 For life with-out plea-sure is cold;... And I should not live ve - ry long,... But
 how we sur-vive at the West End, I'm de - light-ed to tell in my song....

I keep my own box at the Opera,
 I've racers and hunters as well,
 Estates and lands in country,
 So much money I cannot tell;
 Then why should I let myself down,
 And neither spend money or lend,
 For money well spent brings joys,
 Yes, money was made to spend.

CHORUS.—After the Opera's over,
 Attending the ladies, is done,
 We gems of the very first water
 Commence then our frolic and fun.

After the Opera's over
 Belgravia could tell many tales;

But as I am one of its people,
 It would not be fair to drive nails.
 Suffice me to say, that at night
 We dance, we sing, and we play
 We "Upper Ten," with hearts so light,
 Thus merrily while time away.—CHO.

After your business take pleasure;
 But business, by Jove, I've none;
 A fellow to find out his troubles,
 Why, hang it, I don't see the fun.
 To you that have money to spend,
 Just take a lesson by me;—
 Live in the squares of Belgravia,
 And the pleasures of life you'll see.—CHO.

NORAH, SWEET NORAH.

Words by L. M. THORNTON.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

No - rah! sweet No - rah! the bright sun is ris - ing, And high in the
 air sounds the bird's mer - ry strain, The beau - ti - ful flow - ers their
 fragrance are yielding, And fled is the bee all their sweets to ob - tain; Oh
 No - rah, thou know - est this day I must leave thee, No long - er can
Rall. I by thy side, love, re - main, *a tempo.* Come forth, and once more with thy
dim e rall. sweet - est voice cheer me, For long it may be ere I see thee a - gain.

Norah! sweet Norah! what bliss 'twas to meet thee
 When ended the toils of the day for awhile,
 When thou, like a fairy, didst trip forth to greet me,
 And charm'd me at once with thy radiant smile;
 Sun of my day—and bright star of my even,
 Shine forth on my pathway where'er I may be,
 Hope of my heart, to this bosom yield rapture,
 Norah! sweet Norah! thou'rt all unto me!

MOET AND SHANDON FOR ME.

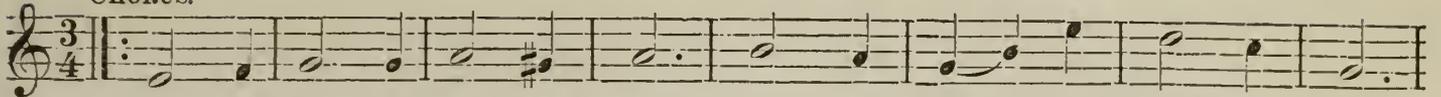
Sequel to Champagne Charlie.

Words by H. HURRILE.

Music by G. LEYBOURNE.

What care I if the world's turn'd round! No, let it
 turn and turn a - gain, No mat - ter if it's
 up - side down, It still pro - du - ces good Cham - pagne.
 Nev - er care I how the times may go, Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
 Mo - et and Shan - don still drowns each woe, Oh! I oh: I oh!.....

CHORUS.



Cham - pagne Char - lie was my name, Cham - pagne drink - ing gain'd my fame,



So as of old, when on a spree, Mo - et and Shan-don's the wine for me.

The people may of Paris talk,
And call that city fine and gay,
Whene'er I visit La Belle France,
Esparnay's where I make my stay
Down on the banks where the streamlets flow,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Purple and gold do the grape vines grow,
Oh! I oh! I oh!

White wines are pale and have no taste,
The red indeed have too much hue,
Moselle in pleasing often fails,
Still Hock's too slow and suits but few.
Burgundy, Sherry, Greek wines, Bordeaux,
Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!
Like Port from Spain do but taste so, so,
Oh! I oh! I oh!

Champagne's the wine for giving toasts,
Let husbands toast their buxom wives,
Whilst lovers drink to sweethearts true,
And bachelors to married lives,
They'll not keep single for long I know,
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh,
Bach'lors by "Cham" will be turn'd to beaux,
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh.—CHORUS.

So come who'll join our jolly crowd,
At midnight we'll commence the spree,
Hurrah for "Cham" we'll shout aloud,
And laugh, and chaff, and sing with glee.
Popping of corks shall let people know
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh,
"Cham" does as freely as water flow,
Oh, I oh, oh, I oh.—CHORUS.

LITTLE POPSY WOPSY.

Moderato.

Written and Arranged by FELIX.



O I'm a lone-ly wo-man, With ma-n-y cares and trouble, So lone-ly ev'-ry night and day, In -



deed, its not the thing; My Pop-sy he has left me, I try to not be drear-y; The

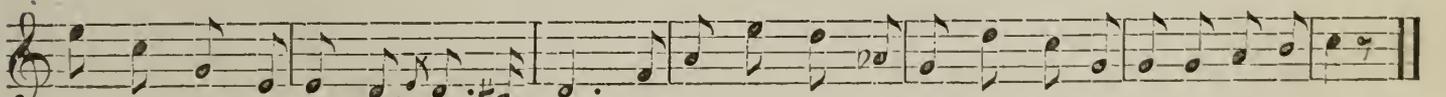
CHORUS.



men are fun - ny things I'm sure, But then I dance and sing. O, there's lots of Popsy Wopsy's



all around, you know! And the best thing to be done is, let him go! O the



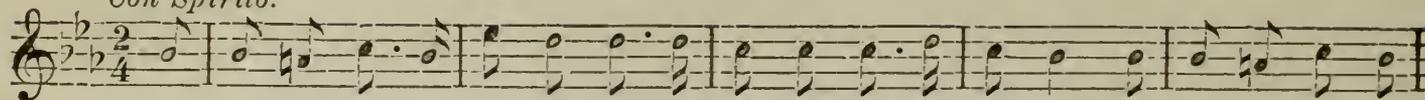
men are curious creatures, that's a fact; For cutting up their ca - pers, they all have a sing'lar knack!

Perhaps he'll join the Mormons,
The men are often gormands,
For one good wife is not enough
To satisfy their mind;
Indeed they act so queerly,
Pretend to love you dearly,
But don't believe one half they say,
They are a fickle kind.—CHORUS.

A warning to you, females;
Be cautious of men's love tales;
They'll tell you this, and tell you that,
With such a flat'ring tongue;
'Tis natural to love them,
But honest we would have them,
But that is foolish talk, dear girls,
They're all like Brigham Young.—CHORUS.

Words by FRANK W. GREEN, Esq.

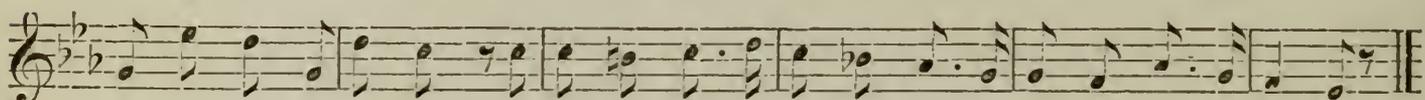
Music by ALFRED LEE.

Con Spirito.

Oh have you seen my lit - tle girl? She doesn't wear a bon-net, She's got a monstrous



flip - flop hat, With cher - ry rib - bons on it, She dresses in bed fur - ni - ture, Just



like a flow - er gar - den, A blow - in' and a growin' and They call it "Dol - ly Var - den."

CHORUS.

Spoken.—If so put it away, hide it before the next fashion comes out, or you'll hear, "Miss, what have you done with your"



Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly Var - den Dres - ses like a lit - tle flow - er gar - den,

Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly Var - den Dres - ses like a lit - tle flow - er gar - den,



When she goes a - bout, all the peo - ple shout, "Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly Var - den."

All the boys will cry, how is that for high, "Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly, Dol - ly Var - den."

She started it one fatal day,
Immediately her mother,
Whose weight is over sixteen stuns,
Rush'd out and bought another,
The cook of course, must have one next,
As bold as a brass farden,
And now I'm bless'd if grandmother's
Not got a "Dolly Varden."—CHORUS.

To walk with them about the streets,
Is any thing but jolly,
When crowds of dirty little boys,
Will follow, shouting "Dolly!"
I dare not pass a rag shop now,
My fate's indeed a hard un,
The black dolls hanging up all seem
To shout "how's Dolly Varden."—CHORUS.

O'ercome by Dolly Varden here,
I rush'd away a Kiten,
The frightful dresses swam'd about,
My shatter'd nerves to frighten,
At Saratoga and Cape May,
And even Castle Garden,
I was a wretched victim to
That awful "Dolly Varden."—CHORUS.

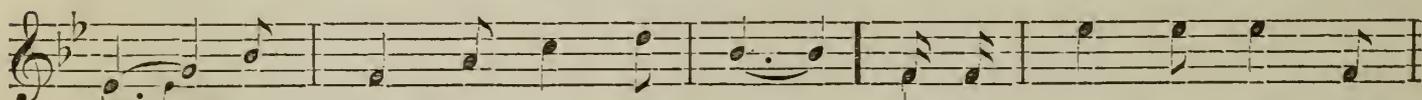
I see it in my dreams at night,
No rest I ever find sirs,
I've Dolly Varden on the brain,
And chintz upon the mind sirs,
This fearful fashion haunts me now,
I really beg your pardon,
But is there anybody here
Who wears a "Dolly Varden."—CHORUS.

"STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE."

Written, Composed and Sung by SAMUEL BAGNALL.



I like a game at Croquet or bowl - ing on the green, I like a lit - tle



boat - ing to pull a - gainst the stream. But of all the games that



I love best to fill me with de - light, I like to take a ram - ble up -

“STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE.”—Concluded.

129

CHORUS.

on a star - ry night, A star - ry night for a ram - ble In a flow - 'ry
dell; Thro' the bush and bramble. Kiss me nev - er tell...

Talk about your bathing or strolling on the sands,
Or some unseen verandah where gentle zephyr fans,
Or rolling home in the morning, boys, and very nearly
tight,
Could never beat a ramble upon a starry night.
I like to take my sweet-heart, “of course you would,”
said he,
And softly whisper in her ear “how dearly I love you.”

And when you picture to yourselves the scenes of such
delight,
You'll want to take a ramble upon a starry night.
Some will choose velocipede, and others take a drive,
And some will sit and mope at home, half dead and
half alive;
And some will choose a steamboat, and others even
fight:
But I'll enjoy my ramble upon a starry night,

DREAMING OF HOME.

Written by B. S. MONTGOMERY.

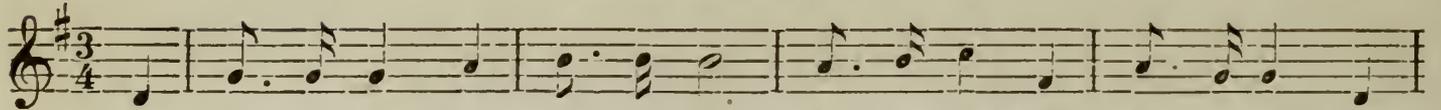
Music by J. L. HATTON.

mf
O bright - ly the star - light Beams o'er the sea, The white waves are
leap - ing In foam on our lee..... The soft winds are mak - ing Wild
mu - sic a - bove,.... While bear - ing our barque from the land that we
love!..... But still 'mid my slum - bers, Though
p *cres.*
far I may roam, Ah, ev - er so fond - ly I'm dream - ing of home!
pp *ad lib.*
Dreaming of home! Dreaming of home! Ah, ev - er so.... fond - ly I'm dream - ing of home!

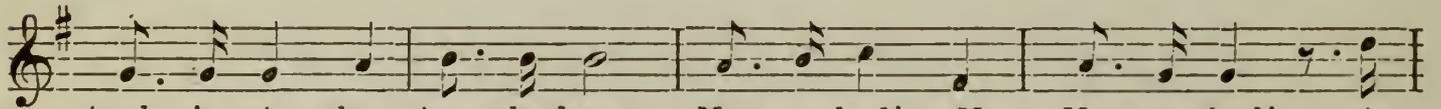
Hark! soft Sabbath music
Like bells in the air!
The dear ones who love me
Are kneeling in prayer!
Hush! Mother's soft whisper!
She's pleading for me!
A prayer and a blessing
She wafts o'er the sea!
Yes! still in my slumbers, &c.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

Rebel Song.



The de - spot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ryland! His



touch is at thy tem - ple door, Ma - ry - land! My Ma - ry - land! A -



venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore, That fleck'd the streets of Bal - ti - more, And



be the Bat - tle - Queen of yore, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal!
Maryland, My Maryland!
My Mother State to thee I kneel,
Maryland, My Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, My Maryland,
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, My Maryland,
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, My Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland, My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland.

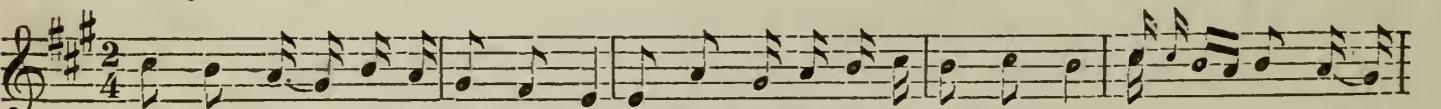
Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, My Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
The old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf nor dumb,
Huzzar! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! she'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland!

WHO'S THAT TAPPING AT THE GARDEN GATE?

Words by J. LOKER.

Music by S. W. NEW.

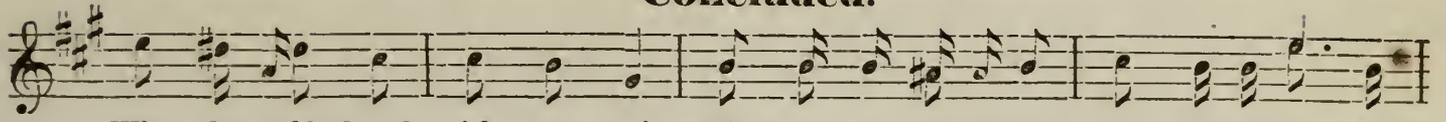


Who's that tap - ping at the gar - den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Ev' - ry night I have

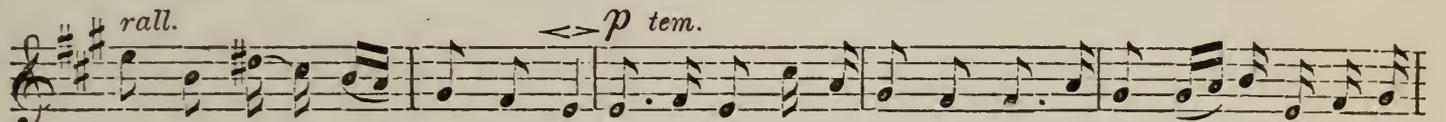


heard of late, Some - body tapping at the gar - den gate. What, you sly lit - tle puss! don't know?

Concluded.



Why do you blush and fal - ter so! What are you looking for un - der the chair? The



tap, tap, tapping comes not from there, Ev'-ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the



gar-den gate, Ev'-ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the gar - den gate.

Oh you sly little "Fox," you know,
 Fidgetting about until you go,
 Drop'd the sugar spoon! why there it lies,
 Bless the girl, where are your eyes.
 Were I able to leave my chair,
 Soon would I find out who was there;
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat,
 Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that,
 Cats don't know when it's half past eight,
 And come tap, tapping at the garden gate,
 Ev'ry night about half past eight,
 There's a tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.

GLORY: GLORY: HALLELUJAH.

Union Song.



John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a



mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, His



soul is march-ing on! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le-



lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

| : The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, : |
 On the grave of old John Brown!—CHORUS.

| : He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! : |
 His soul is marching on! —CHORUS.

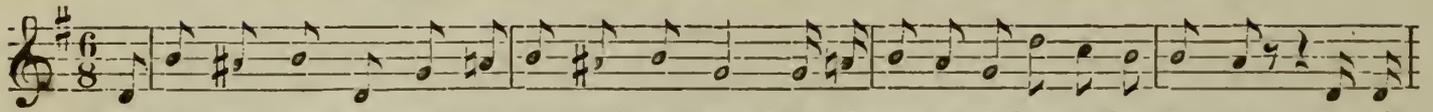
| : John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, : |
 His soul is marching on!—CHORUS. Glory, &c.

| : His pet lambs will meet him on the way, : |
 And they'll go marching on. Chorus.

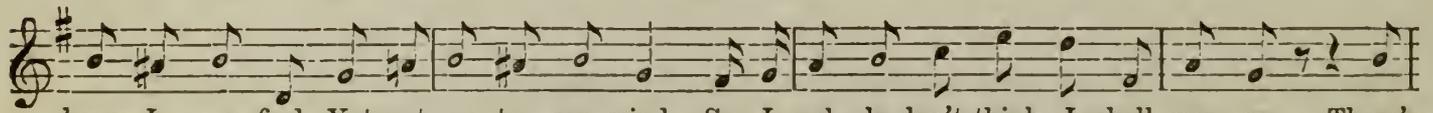
| : They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree, :—
 (We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour Apple tree.)
 As they go marching along. Chorus.

—: Let's give three good rousing cheers for the union, : |
 As we're marching on. Chorus. Glory, &c.
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

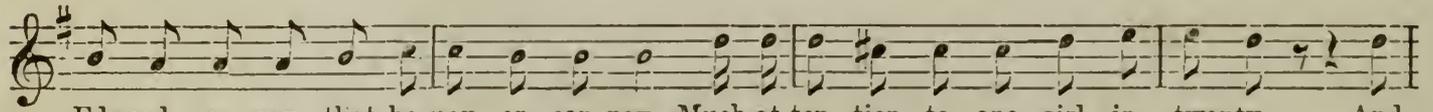
I REALLY DON'T THINK I SHALL MARRY.



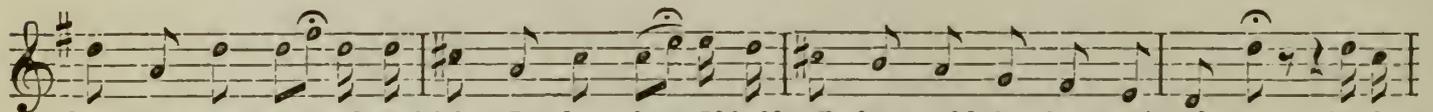
Come lis - ten to me, and I'm sure you'll a - gree 'Tis a shame that I longer should tarry, Though



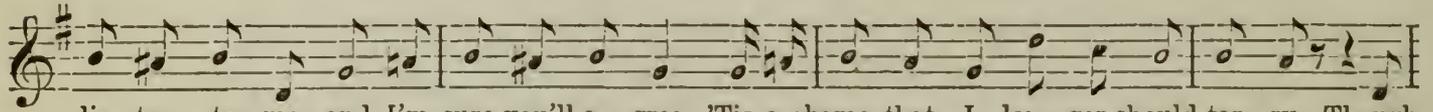
beaus I can find, Yet not one to my mind, So I real - ly don't think I shall mar - ry. There's



Edward so gay that he nev - er can pay Much at - ten - tion to one girl in twenty, And



then his long hair such a fright I de - clare, If half off he would then have quite plenty. So then



lis - ten to me, and I'm sure you'll a - gree 'Tis a shame that I lon - ger should tar - ry, Though



beaus I can find, yet not one to my mind, So I real - ly don't think I Shall mar - ry.

Now George he is fair, and such men I can't bear,
And that turn in his eye is so horrid,
And I'm sure he must drink, or what else can I
think,

Makes his face so uncommonly florid.
And James, tho' he's thin, and I think it no sin,
To confess he's good temper'd and funny,
And I should not object, such a man to select,
Was he bless'd with the needful—the money.

Then Charles wears a wig, but I don't care a fig,
For his locks, his deep sighs, and his letters,
This I wish him to know, That for me he's too low,
I intend to look out for his betters.
And Edwin, tho' short, I own I have caught,
And have promis'd to wed him at leisure,

But I don't care for that he is so very fat,
I can never look at him with pleasure.

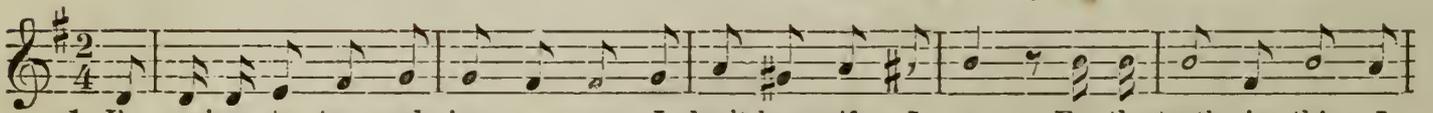
There's Arthur, now mind, who thinks he's refined,
And says he speaks French like a native,
But he turns in his toes and wears very queer
clothes,

Tells stories, and so imitative.
Indeed the whole set puts me quite in a pet,
I've no doubt you'll all own I have reason;
So leave such as these to do just as they please,
And wait 'till some good are in season.

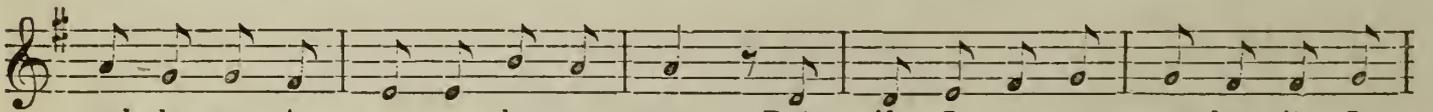
Now you've listened to me and of course you agree
'Tis a shame that I longer should tarry;
But if here I can find a beau to my mind,
Then perhaps after all I shall marry.

I REALLY AM SO SLEEPY.

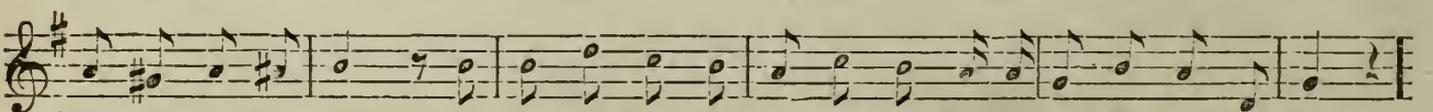
Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.



I. I'm going to try and sing a song, I don't know if I can; For the truth is this, I



real - ly am A ve - ry slec - py man. But if I can re - mem - ber it, I



hope you'll pardon me If now and then I give a yawn, For it wakes me up you see.

(Spoken.)—Yes, I really do hope I shall remember the words, but if I don't you must forgive me for

I real - ly am so sleep - py, so sleep - y, so sleep - y, I
 real - ly am so sleep - y, you'll for-give me, I hope, if I yawn. *D.C.*

When I was quite a little boy and used to go to school,
 My master always thought me a most egregious fool;
 For when he set me work to learn I'd steal off all alone,
 And then and there would fall asleep before the work was done.

(Spoken).—Yes, then my master would catch me, and give me such a shaking on which I'd roll over and say:—

I really am so sleepy, &c.

I'm married, and my wife has got a temper of her own,
 And there's nought she likes so much as with poor me to pick a bone;
 But I've a plan for stopping her which is both safe and sure,
 There's no expense, its learnt at once, and is a perfect cure.

(Spoken).—Yes, it consists in this: when your wife begins holding forth, break in upon her volubility with this refrain:—

I really am so sleepy, &c.

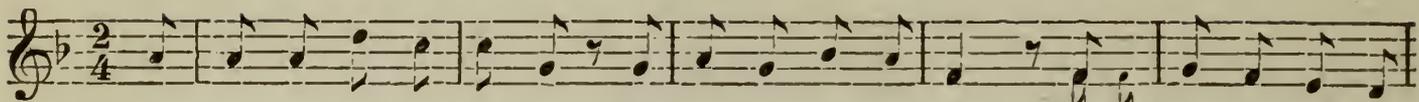
GOOD OLD TIMES.

I do respect the good old times, The times of beans and pork, When our old clever
 honest dads went whistling to their work; When old cock'd hats and breeches were the
 fashion of the day; And good thick bot-tom'd shoes were worn with buckles shin-ing gay.

The times of old, the times of old, when our good mothers wore,
 Good homespun stuffs, and kept their muffs and tippetts evermore!
 When good stout waists were all the rage, and cheeks ne'er painted were,
 And borrowed curls ne'er decked the girls with beauty debonnaire!

The times of old, the good old times, when home-brew'd beer went round,
 The merry hearth when boist'rous mirth and apples did abound,
 When giggling maids would hang their heads in bashful modesty,
 And sprightly lads would eye their dads and nudge them cosily.

WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY.



1. I'm ve - ry fond of mu - sic, To me it's quite a treat, Un - less it be from

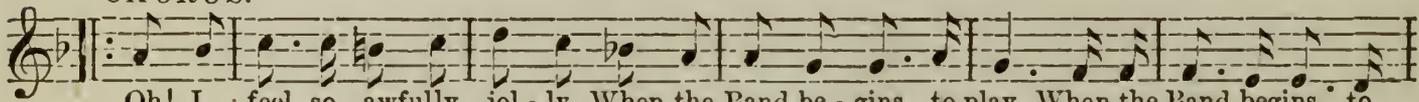


German Bands Or or - gans in the street; Thro' listning to a Band one day, I



fair - ly lost my heart! The Lead - er t'was who found it, And he now with it wont part.

CHORUS.



Oh! I feel so awfully jol - ly, When the Band be - gins to play, When the Band begins to



play, When the Band be - gins to play, I am ve - ry fond of Mu - sic, I could



SOLO.

lis - ten all the day, Es - pecially when my Char - lie leads the Band, Pom, Pom.

My Charlie is my darling, the Beau ideal of loves,
With his hair so black and curly, and the whitest of white gloves.
My love stands in the middle with his baton in his hand,
And leads the instrumentalists in a style that I think grand.
Chorus.—And I feel, &c.

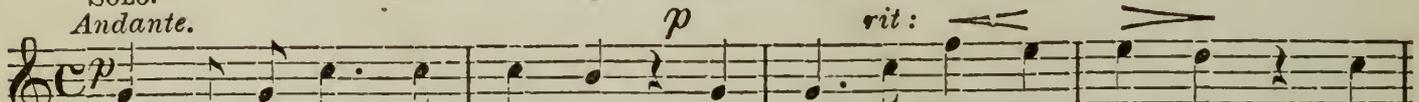
They play such jolly music,—Waltz, Polka, and Quadrille,
And sometimes play so feelingly, it gives me quite a thrill;
The Leader sometimes gives a frown, and looks as though he's rash!
And, then, they play so soft and sweet, and after comes a Crash!
Chorus.—And I feel, &c.

Now where my Charlie's to be seen, I don't intend to tell,
For fear that he might captivate some other belle as well,
He's asked me "One small question."—I gave him my reply,
In about a month there will not be a happier wife than I!
Chorus.—And I feel, &c.

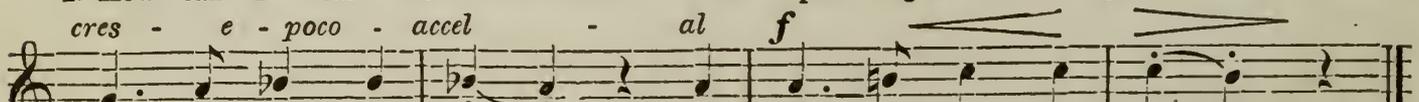
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL,

or "How can I bear to leave thee."

SOLO.
Andante.



1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee, And



then, what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.



AIR and ALTO.

Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

I think of thee with longing;
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That, with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying—
Farewell, farewell, &c.

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

From my dreams a fai - ry call - ed me, Tapping at my win - dow pane, "Come and see a fai - ry
wed - ding Out up - on the moon - lit plain," I rose and went to see the wed - ding
Out among the ten - der flow - ers, The balm - y South wind bringing perfume To be -
guile the joy - ous hours; Then I heard, Then I heard..... Then I
heard the fai - ries sing - ing To the ring - ing, To the ring - ing of the blue blue - bells.

O, how happy was that wedding
In the chastely shadowed light:
Lovely were the fairy dresses,
Petals of the daisies white;
Graceful were the sparkling dances,
Diamond dewdrops glitt'ring bright,

Mellow was the silv'ry laughter
Rippling on the charmed night,
And how sweet the fairies singing
To the ringing of the blue bells.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

It's not at all an ea - sy thing to keep a plea - sant face, When sorrow comes and
makes the world a most un - plea - sant place, Yet sor - row may be soft - ened by a
sure and sim - ple plan, So the course I re - com - mend you Is to meet it like a man.

Chorus.

Just fol - low my pre - scrip - tion as the on - ly cure for care, And you'll
find that all your trou - bles are but "*tri - fles light as air.*"

'Tis hard to lose one's lady love and coldly get the sack,
'Tis hard to lend a pound or two and never get it back,
'Tis hard when some relation dies and leaves a lengthy will,
To find yourself put calmly down for just exactly *nil*.

CHO.—But follow, &c.

It's anything but lively, to be anything but well,
When crowds of eager creditors come tugging at your bell,
And it's pleasant at a party when your nerves are going wrong,
To be asked as quite a favor for a screaming comic song.

CHO.—But follow, &c.

It's awfully delightful to be told you are getting stout,
Or when you've got a toothache to be urged to have it out;
And when you take an omnibus it's more refreshing still,
To find yourself at Highbury when bound for Notting hill.

CHO.—But follow, &c.

I've suffered many trials in the course of my career,
And found hard to see my way particularly clear;
But I've long ago discovered that the proper thing to do,
Is to go and act precisely as I've recommended *you*.
I take my own prescription as the only cure for care,
And I find that all my troubles are but "*trifles light as air.*"

Moderato.

My lov - er he's a go - ing to sea, Oh! Nic - o - de - mus! He's go - ing a - way, and
leav - ing me To watch the lit - tle fish - es, swim - ming in the sea, But he'll soon wish for
home, and to be back with me, The ship will heave to, Nic - o - de - mus, And so
Chorus.
wretched you will be, so wretched you will be. Oh! Nic - o - de - mus, Nic - o - de - mus!
don't you go a - way! I love you, Nic - o - de - mus, and I've loved you many a day, I
loved you in your plain attire, your lovely fustian coat, Don't leave me Nicodemus, for that boiler bursting boat.

Salt water you know, is very wet,
Oh! Nicodemus!
You know you are my only pet,
And your absence will cause me to fume and fret;
They will feed you on salt "junk," and nasty, soft
boiled peas,
Think of this well, Nicodemus,
Ere you cross those watery seas, those windy, watery
seas.
Of pumpkins boiled you'll get no more;
Oh! Nicodemus!
Convince yourself of this before,

You can't run away, there's no back door;
"Reef the anchor, Nicodemus," the captain he will
say,
You'll have to hold on very hard,
Or you'll be blown away, straight down to Botany Bay.
"It's no use you're talking to me," said Nicodemus!
"For I intend agoing to sea,
Out to China for Souchong and Congo tea;
That's a profitable cargo, in fact you can't get better,—
Direct, Hong Kong, Australia,
When you send to me a letter, you send to me a letter.

OH! PAPA, WHERE'S MY MAMMA GONE.

Words by EMILY A. WARDEN.

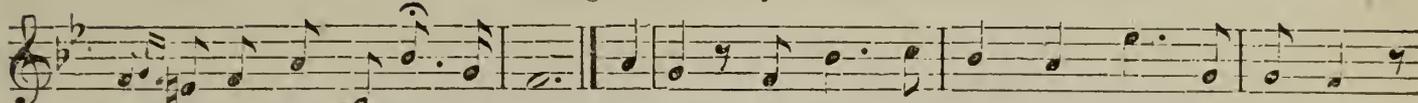
Music by A. GABRIEL.

Oh! pa - pa, where's my mamma gone? I can - not find her all the day, And
when the lone - ly night comes on, She is not near me while I pray. I can - not sing my
even - ing song, Because I miss her gen - tle tone, And Oh! the time is sad and long Since

OH! PAPA, WHERE'S MY MAMMA GONE.—Concluded. 137

rit.

Sing 1st time only, 2nd and 3rd time to Chorus.



man - ma left me here a lone. Hush, hush, my dar - ling do not weep, Your mamma



can-not hear you cry, For when you saw her go to sleep, Her spir-it went to dwell on High.

Say papa why did mamma weep,
The day she kissed us all good-bye?
And when she sweetly went to sleep,
Why did you all so sadly sigh?
How beautiful she looked that day,
With flowers blooming on her breast,
When last they bore her far away,
And told me she had gone to rest.

But surely she is rested now,
And soon she'll come to me again,
Then with her kiss upon my brow,
My heart will soon forget its pain;
I'm waiting for her tender smile,
And watching as the day moves on,
But, oh! it is a weary while,
Say, papa, where's my mamma gone?

"MY TREASURE, MY OWN."

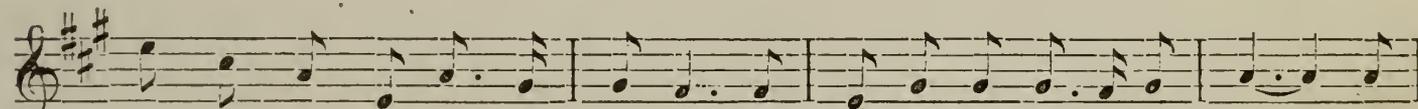
Words by F. S. SMITH.

Music by A. T. GORHAM.

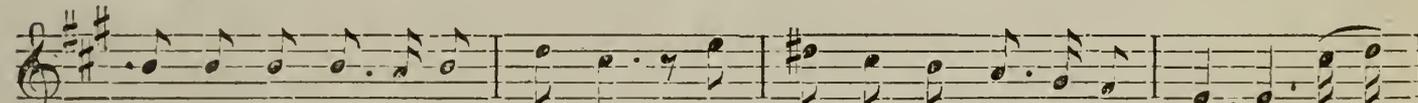
Moderato.



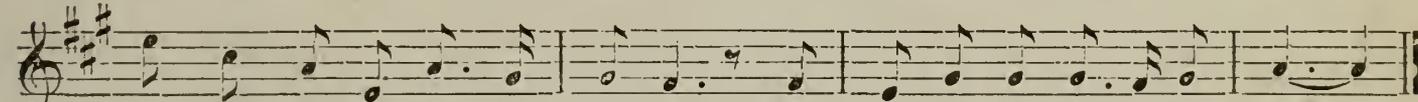
1. Creep close to my heart, oh my dar - ling! And put up your face for a kiss, And



tell me what joy in ex - ist - ence, Can e - qual a moment like this? I

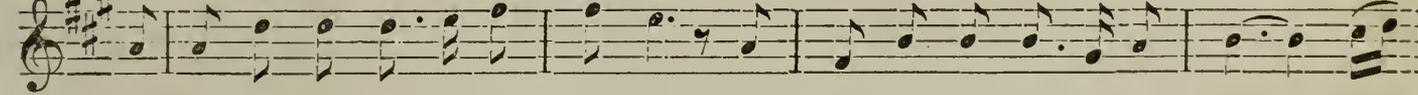


know that Time flies while I clasp thee, But on let his char - i - ot roll, While

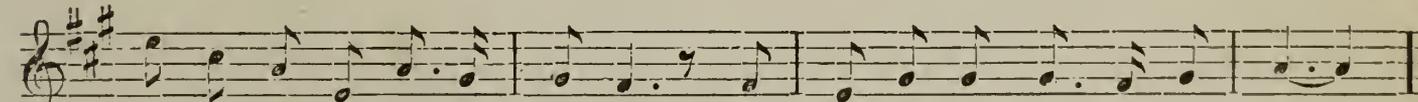


near thee he los - es his pow - er. Thou life-giv - ing light of my soul.

Chorus.



Creep close to my heart, oh my dar-ling! And put up my lips for a kiss, And



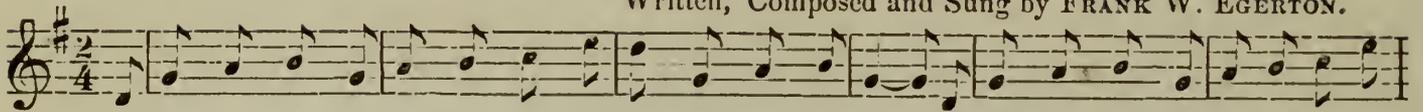
tell me what joy in ex - ist - ence Can e - qual a mo - ment like this?

Creep close to my heart, oh my darling!
I envy no king on his throne,
While thus in sweet rapture I hold thee,
My dear one, my treasure! my own!
Oh, what would the world be without thee?
Who else could my lone heart delight?
How 'twould darken my life should I lose thee,
Thou daystar that rose on my night!

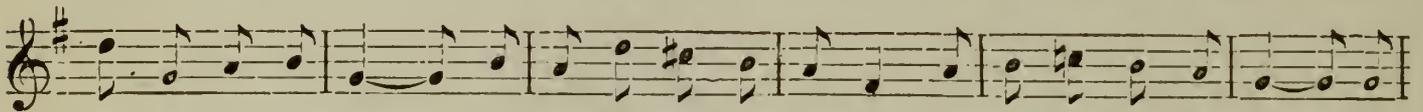
Creep close to my heart, oh my darling!
And tell me thy hopes and thy fears;
And shouldst thou feel sorrow while talking,
I'll soon kiss away thy bright tears.
Come tell me again that you love me—
That nothing shall tear us apart,
While I banish thy fears with my kisses,
Thou radiant queen of my heart!

RAMBLING THRO' THE TOWN.

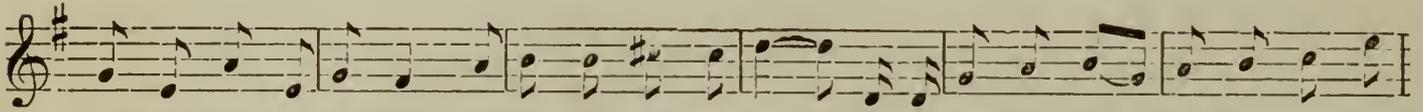
Written, Composed and Sung by FRANK W. EGERTON.



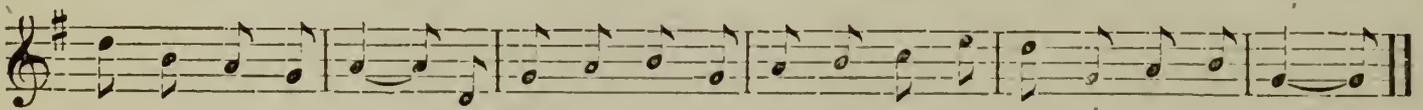
1. I've led a ve - ry qui - et life, a hundred miles from here; I've always felt contented with old



co - sy Leicester-shire... But as I'd ne'er seen London, I thought the oth - er day, I'd



come and view its wonders, before I pass'd a - way,.. I must say that some sights were grand, and



if you'll list to Brown, I'll tell you some *strange sights* I've seen, whilst rambling thro' the town...

I saw two drunken fellows who were fighting in the street,
A policeman on the *other side look'd on, 'twas off his beat,*
He said "*I cannot interfere,*" He was an artful Bob,
He was looking up some unmuzzled pup, (a far more easy job.)
'These men fought on till one poor wretch half dead at length fell down,
I thought this was a disgraceful sight, whilst rambling thro' the town.

A woman stopp'd me in the street, tho' shabby yet look'd clean,
She begg'd and said, "my children starve, we better days have seen,
Ah sir *some* charitable rich, wont give to such as *me,*
But only where their gifts made known, (*thro' papers publicly,*)
I dont possess a fortune, still I spar'd her half a crown,
And turn'd from that distressing sight, whilst rambling thro' the town.

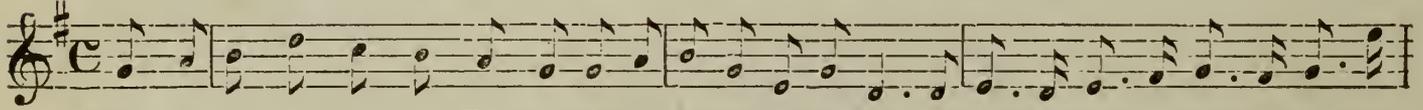
A sight 'twas even worse than that a soldier next I saw,
He'd but one arm and leg, I thought a shocking thing is war;
He had *two* medals, for he'd fought all thro' that cold Crimea,
His pension was six pence a day, but only for one year;
As an Englishman I fairly blush'd, my head I hung it down,
At that *neglected hero,* I saw rambling thro' the town.

And then I saw a sight to see which no one would desire,
'Twas somewhere in this neighborhood a very large house on fire,
A woman rush'd about the street, and shriek'd in accents wild,
Good heavens, is there no one here, will try and save my child?
A fireman up a ladder flew, and brought her infant down,
'That was the *noblest* sight I saw, whilst rambling thro' the town.

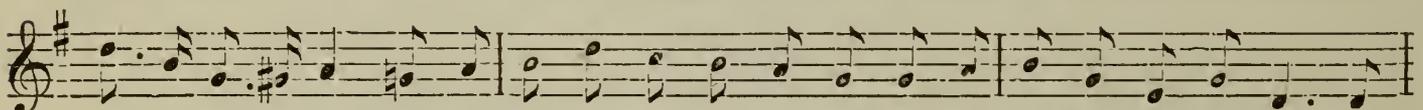
**YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER,
Till the Well runs Dry.**

Written by HARRY LINN.

Composed by ROLAND HOWARD.



When a child I liv'd at Lincoln with my parents at the farm, The lessons that my mother taught to



me were quite a charm, She would of - ten take me on her knee when tir'd of childish play, And

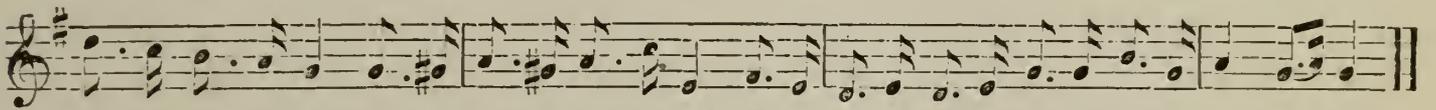
Chorus.



as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my mother say Waste not, want not, is a



maxim I would teach, Let your watchword be despatch and prae - tise what you preach,



Do not let your chances like sunbeams pass you by, For you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

As years roll'd on I grew a mischief making boy,
Destruction seem'd my only sport, it was my only joy,
And we'd do I remember, when oft-times well chastised,
How father sat beside me then, and thus has me advised.

CHORUS.

When I arriv'd at manhood, I embark'd in public life,
And found it was a rug-ged road, bestrewn with care
and strife:

I speculated foolishly, my losses were severe,
But still a tiny little voice kept whispering in my ear.

CHORUS.

Then I studied strict economy, and found to my
surprise,

My funds instead of sinking, very quickly then did rise,
I grasp'd each chance, and always struck the iron
while 'twas hot,

I seiz'd my opportunities, and never once forgot.

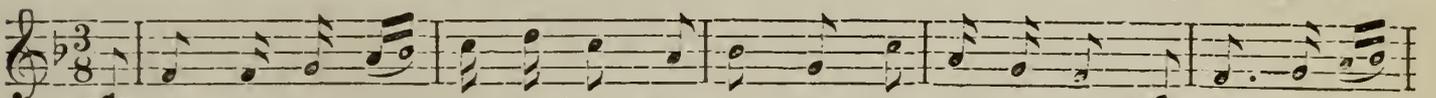
CHORUS.

I'm married now and happy, I've a careful little wife,
We live in peace and harmony, devoid of care and strife,
Fortune smiles upon us, we have little children three,
The lessons that I teach them, as they prattle round my
knee.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

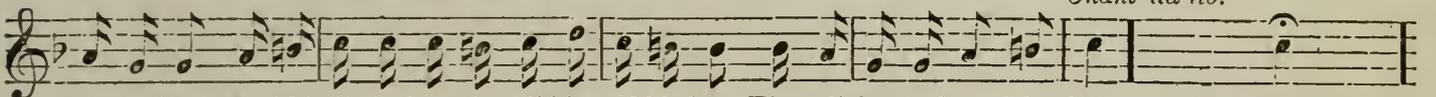
Arranged by M. HOBSON.



There once was a bold fish - erman, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild



bloat - er And the gay maek - er - el, But when he arrove off Pimli - eo, the wind it did be -
Chant ad lib.



gin to blow; And his little boat it wibble wobbled so, That slick overboard he fell.

All among the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kipperd Herrings, and and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait and the Black bait, and the Tittlebats, and the Brickbats -

Chorus.



Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, That's the highly in - ter - est - ing



song he sung, Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man.

First he wriggled, then he striggled,
In the water so briny,
He bellowed, and he yellowed
Out for help, but in vain;
Then down did he gently glide,
To the bottom of the silv'ry tide,
But previously to that he cried,
"Farewell Mary Jane."

CHANT—On arriving at the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he took a cough lozenge, and murmured—

Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the refrain of the gentle song he sung,
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Said the bold Fisherman.

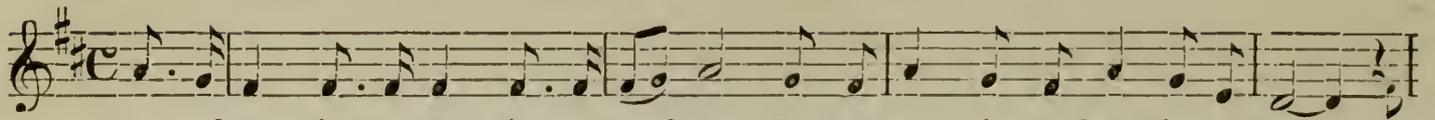
His Ghost walked that night,
To the bedside of his Mary Jane.
He told her how dead he was,
Then say's she, "I'll go mad,"
"For since my love's dead," says she,
"All joy from me's fled," says she,
"I'll go a raving Luniack," says she,
And she went, very bad.

CHANT—She therefore tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can Can" on top of the water-butt, and joined "the woman's rights association," and frequently edifies the angelic members by softly chanting—

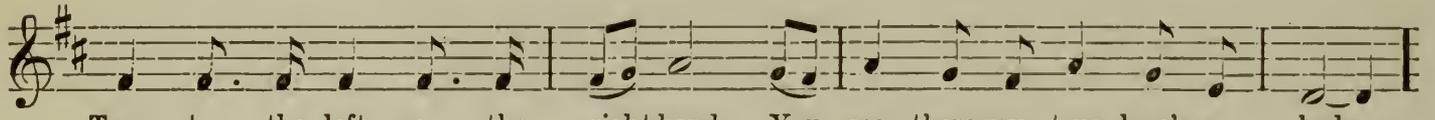
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the kind of soul inspiring strain she sung,
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Oh! the bold Fisherman.

"IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE."

Sung with the greatest success by the "Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe."



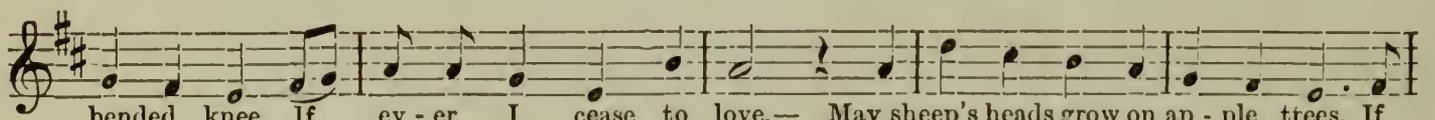
In a house, in a square, in a quad-rant, In a street, in a lane, in a road;



Turn to the left, on the righthand, You see there my true love's a - bode.



I go there a courting and coo-ing, To my love like a dove, And swearing on my



bended knee, If ev - er I cease to love, — May sheep's heads grow on ap - ple trees, If



ev - er I cease to love. If ev - er I cease to love, If ev - er I cease to



love, May the moon be turn'd in - to green cheese, If ev - er I cease to love.

She can sing, she can play the piano,
 She can jump, she can dance, she can run,
 In fact she's a modern Taglioni,
 And Sims Reeves rolled into one;
 And who would not love such a beauty,
 Like an angel dropp'd from above?
 May I be stung to death with flies,
 If ever I cease to love.
 May I be stung to death with flies,
 If ever I cease to love.
 ||: If ever I cease to love, :||
 May little dogs wag their tails in front,
 If ever I cease to love.

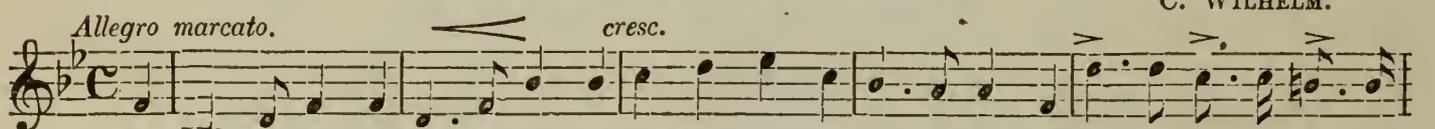
For all the money that's in the bank,
 For the title of a lord or a duke,
 I wouldn't exchange the girl I love,
 There's bliss in every look,
 To see her dance the polka,
 I could faint with radiant love;

May the monument a hornpipe dance,
 If ever I cease to love.
 May we never have to pay the Income Tax,
 If ever I cease to love:
 ||: If ever I cease to love, :||
 May we all turn into cats and dogs
 If ever I cease to love.

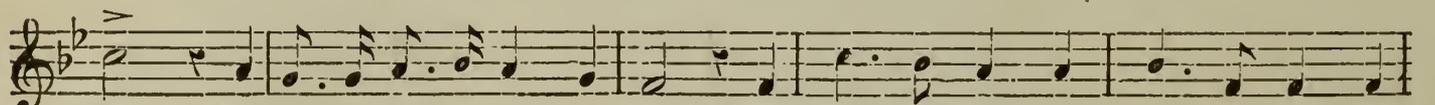
May all the seas turn into ink,
 May negroes all turn white,
 May the Queen in Buckingham Palace live,
 May we drink too much wine to-night;
 May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk,
 May the elephant turn a dove,
 May beggars refuse to eat cold meat,
 If ever I cease to love.
 May I be stuffed with sausage meat,
 If ever I cease to love.
 ||: If ever I cease to love, :||
 May all the rivers run up hill,
 If ever I cease to love.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

C. WILHELM.



A peal like thunder calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave, To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German



Rhine! Who now will guard the ri-ver's line? Dear Fa - ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear

Fa - ther-land, no fear be thine! Firm stands thy guard a - long, a - long the
Rhine! Firm stands thy guard a - long, a - long the Rhine!

A hundred-thousand hearts beat high
The answer flames from every eye ;
The German youth devoted stand
To shield the holy border-land.

He sees above him Heav'n's blue dome,
Whence souls of heroes watch their home,
And vows, with battle's pride possessed ;
Be German, Rhine, as is my breast! Dear

So long as blood shall warm our veins,
While for the sword one hand remains,
One arm to bear a gun, no more
Shall foot of foeman tread thy shore!

The oath resounds, the wave rolls by,
The banner's wave, advanced on high :
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We all will guard the river's line.

GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE,—

“Do not forget your Nelly Darling.”

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

Arranged by M. HOBSON.

Moderato.

Oh! how I en - vy girls who have Their lov - ers close at home, While distance keeps me
far from mine, Who o'er the seas must roam : Should I but see him twice a year, Con -
tent - ed I must be, And hope he'll ne'er for - get my words, When last he went to sea.

CHORUS.

Good - bye, Char - lie, when you are a - way, Write me a
let - ter, love, send me a let - ter, love ; Good - bye, Char - lie,
when you are a - way, Do not for - get your Nel - ly dar - ling.

How nice the drive, the game of chess,
Or moonlight walk must be!
How nice to have one's love “drop in,”
To take a cup of tea!
How nice to have sweet billet-doux,
Arrive by every post!
The whilst poor me can but expect
Just two a year at most.

It's hard to see such swarms of swells,
Who stay at home at ease.
The while my darling has to sail
The wide and stormy sea ;
But I suppose it would not do,
For all to stay at home,
And so I can but hope my love
Ere long will cease to roam.

"DON'T FORGET TO WRITE."

Sung by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

Moderato.

Don't for - get to write me, dar - ling, Prom - ise ev - er to be true ;...

Say you'll think of me as fond - ly, When I'm far a - way from you

I would stay, you know too glad - ly, But, a - las, it can - not be ;

For I soon must leave you sad - ly 'Cross the dark and roll - ing sea ;.....

Don't for - get to write me, dar - ling, Words you know I prize most dear ;

Send me in each lov - ing mis - sive, Sweet - est words of love and cheer.

CHORUS.

Don't for - get to write me, dar - ling, Words you know I prize so dear ;

Send me in each lov - ing mis - sive Sweet - est words of love and cheer.

Don't forget to write me, darling,
Sorrow will my heart annoy ;
As I now must leave behind me,
One in whom is all my joy.
Send me while I'm cross the ocean
Words the sweetest to my ear ;
Those that tell of fond emotion
For the one who is not here.

Don't forget to write me, darling,
Write me in love's language sweet ;
Let each missive still assure me,
Fondest vows I do repeat.
When my heart is sad and lonely,
Sweetest solace it will be,--
Knowing I possess you only,
That you've not forgotten me.

ALL AMONG THE SUMMER ROSES.

Words by Miss (HORACE) SMITH.

Music by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

p semplice.

All a - mong the sum - mer ros - es sat a la - dy, weav - ing po - sies,

And she sang a ten - der prayer to each blos - som frail and fair :

"Keep thy beau - ty, O, sweet flow - er, 'tis thy du - ty, till that hour

Cantabile.

When he comes for whom I weave thee, fade not, blos - som, or he'll leave thee ;
mf *dim. ritard.*

If a flow'r have lost its bloom, To die ne - glect - ed is its doom.

All among the autumn roses sighed a lady, weaving posies,
 And she sang a tender prayer to each blossom frail and fair :
 "Keep thy beauty, O, sweet flower, 'tis thy duty, till the hour
 When upon my grave they lay thee, blossom sweetly there, I pray thee ;
 I, poor flow'r, have lost my bloom, and naught is left me but the tomb."

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

Words by BARFOOT SHENSTONE.

Music by ANNE FRICKER.

Andante con espressione.

Sab-bath morn! snow flakes are fall - ing Round the church-yard's grey stone wall ; Soft - er
 sound the chime-bells, call - ing To the vil - lage and the hall :—Come un - to me, hea - vy
 la - den, Lit - tle chil - dren come to me ; Yeo - man, ma - tron, youth and
 maid - en. Come, to all God's house is free, Come, to all God's house is free.

Cheerfully a crowd is wending,
 Leaving footprints in the snow ;
 Onward leading, upward bending
 To the church-crowned hill they go.
 See! a gleam of sunshine, playing
 O'er the pulpit's glowing red,
 Seems to bless the vicar praying,
 ||: As he bows his silvery head. :||

Footprints, fring'd with crystals sparkling,
 Trace out many a winding way
 To and from the church, when darkling
 Evening veils the silent day.
 Night's fond eyes, with diamond splendor,
 Look down on the scene below,
 Where the loving moonbeams tender
 ||: Kiss those footsteps in the snow. :||

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Andante.

Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough ; In youth it shel - tered
 me..... And I'll pro - tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, That
 placed it near his cot, There, woodman let it stand,..... Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree!
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now tow'ring to the skies.

THE CUCKOO.

Now the sun is in the west, sink-ing slow be-hind the trees, And the Cuckoo, welcome guest,
 gen - tly woos the evening breeze, Cuc - koo! Cuc-koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Gen - tly woos the
 evening breeze; Sportive now the swallows play, Light - ly skimming o'er the brook, Dart - ing swift they
 wing their way, Homeward to their peaceful nook, Whil'st the Cuckoo, bird of Spring, still amidst the
 trees doth sing, Cuc - koo! Cuc-koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc-koo! Still a-midst the trees doth sing.

Cheerful see yon shepherd boy,
 Climbing up the craggy rocks,
 As he views the dappled sky,
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks,
 Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ;
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks.
 Now advancing o'er the plain,

Evening's dusky shades appear,
 And the cuckoo's voice again
 Softly steals upon mine ear.
 While retiring from the view,
 Thus she bids the day adieu.
 Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ; Cuckoo ;
 Thus she bids the day adieu.

LOVE'S MAY MORNING.

J. W. TURNER.

Cantabile.

O Love's May morning, bright-ly beams, In all her splendor fair ; O'er hill and dale the
 sunlight gleams, Sweet ze-phyrs scent the air ; The birds are joy - ous with their songs, And
 all seems blithe and gay, While love with all her witch - ing smiles Now greets the morn of
 May, While love with all her witch - ing smiles Now greets the morn of May.

O Love's May morning is the time
 When youthful hearts entwine
 Affection's wreaths of roses bright
 To decorate most fine
 The brow of those we dearly prize,

As gems of brightest ray ;
 We welcome then the glorious morn
 That brings us smiling May,
 We welcome then the glorious morn
 That brings us smiling May.

FADED LEAVES.

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Words by L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

Ballad.

From a Melody by PAUL HENRION.

Andante espress.

In a draw - er where old rel - ics lie, I keep a treasure hid from sight ; And
rall. *ad lib.* *poco animato.*
 known un - to none oth - er eye, My treasure yields me deep de-light. I love it in the si - lent
rall.
 hour That comes with autumn's sombre eyes ; For my treasure is but a flow - er, A
ad lib. *meloncolia.* *espress.*
 withered stem and fad - ed leaves, With - ered stem, dry and dust - y leaves, Poor fad - ed flow -
Andante. *cres.*
 er, alas! thy bloom is o'er; But never age shall sev - er me and thee, For thy dead
rall. *p*
 leaves recall the years of yore, When one I loved, When one I loved gave a heart all to me.

When the flow'r whose sad leaves are sere,
 Were growing fresh about the lea,
 The hand that cull'd them held me dear,
 And gathered them for love of me.
 But now the giver, like the gift,
 Has faded from a world of bloom ;

In the churchyard a yew doth lift
 Its head above a lonely tomb,
 Lifts its head above the dear one's tomb.
 Poor faded flower, alas! thy bloom is o'er ;
 But never age shall sever me and thee,
 For thy dead leaves recall the years of yore,
 When one I loved, when one I loved gave a heart
 all to me.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bach - e - lor's Hall! what a quare looking place it is, Kape me from such all the
 days of my life ; Sure, but I think what a burn - ing disgrace it is,
 Niv - er at all to be get - ting a wife! See the ould bach - e - lor,
 gloomy, and sad' enough, Placing his tay - ket - tle o - ver the fire ;
 Soon tips it o - ver—St. Patrick! he's mad enough (if he were present,) to fight with the squire.

How like a pig in a mortar bed wallowing,
 Awkward enough, see him kneading his dough ;
 Troth ; if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
 How he would favor his palate, you know ;
 Pots, dishes, pans, and such greasy commodities,
 Ashes and prata-skins kivered the floor ;
 His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
 Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, his table's left sitting so,
 Dishes take care of yourselves if you can ;
 But hunger-returns, then he's funing and fretting so,
 Och! let him alone for a baste of a man ;
 Late in the night, when he goes to bed shivering,
 Niver a bit is the bed made at all ;
 He crapes like a terrapin under the kivering ;
 Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

"NOW THE SWALLOWS ARE RETURNING."

Andantino.

Now the swal - lows are re - turn - ing, And the ro ses bloom once more ; While the
 Night - in - gale is trill - ing The glad song she sang of yore : And sweet hope is gen - tly
 whispering, Deep with - in my throbbing heart, "Soon a - gain thou'lt meet in gladness, Never
rall.
 more on earth to part." "Soon a - gain, thou'lt meet in gladness, Never more on earth to part."

And from Southern climes returning,
 Now the swan flies to our shore,
 While the radiant smile of Springtime
 Kindly beams on me once more ;
 And sweet hope is gently whispering,
 Deep within my throbbing heart,

"Soon again thou'lt meet in gladness,
 Never more on earth to part."
 "Soon again thou'lt meet in gladness,
 Never more on earth to part."

DEAR VOICES OF HOME.

A. FRICKER.

With feeling.

Dear voi - ces at home, I hear ye When my heart is sad and lone, And your well-known ac - cents
piu animato.
 greet me, With soft and soothing tone. Hope on, hope on ; despair not, Behind the cloud's deep
 gloom There breaks a ray of sunlight, To guide thee to thine home. Dear voices of home, I hear ye, when my
 heart is sad and lone, And your well-known accents greet me With soft and soothing tone.

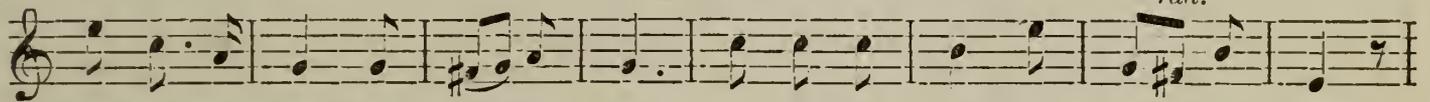
Dear voices of home, I hear ye ;
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 Ye come like angel spirits,
 With comfort-breathing pow'r.
 Tho' hope be well-nigh perished,
 Ye bid me still be strong,

For day's bright beam is coming,
 Tho' night be dark and long.
 Dear voices of home, I hear ye,
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 Ye come like angel spirits
 With comfort-breathing pow'r.

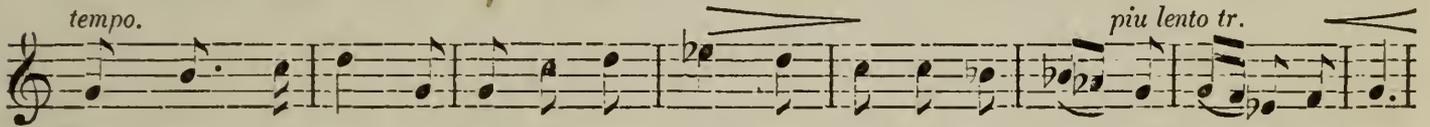
Allegretto grazioso.



Oh yes, I must have some one to love, While I am doom'd the wide earth to rove ;



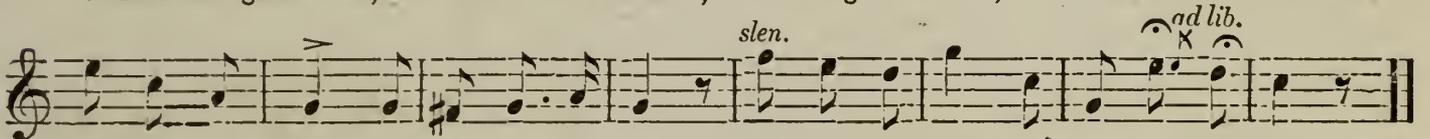
Some one my wand'ring bark to steer O - ver life's wa - ters dark and drear,—



Tho' care as - sail me, tho' for-tune fail me, And my sad heart with sorrow may bend,



I should not grieve me, If fate would leave me, Something to love, more than a friend.



Oh yes, I must have some one to love, Oh yes, I must have some one to love.

Doth not the sun give life to the flow'r?
Waken to joy each bird of the bow'r?
So love can soothe the weariest lot,
A paradise make of the dreariest spot.
Had I the treasure, miser hearts measure,
And yet alone were destin'd to rove,

Wealth would not cheer me, were there not near
me,
Some one to love,—some one to love!
Oh yes, I must have some one to love,
Oh, yes, I must have some one to love.

SANTA LUCIA,

A Neapolitan Popular Song.

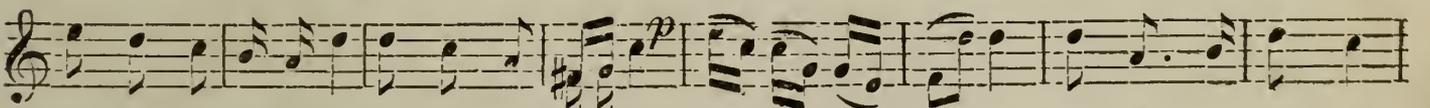
Andantino.



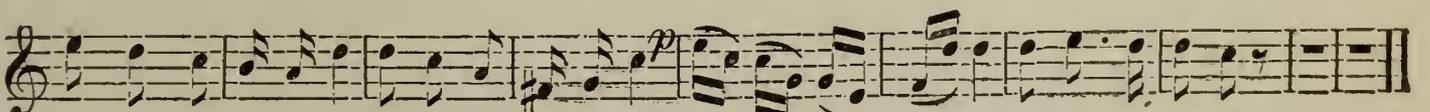
Sil - ver - y star-light Shines o'er the blue sea ; Calm are the bil - lows, Gen-tle the soft breeze.



Sil - ver - y starlight Shines o'er the blue sea ; Calm are the billows, Gen-tle the soft breeze :



Come in my bark away, Swift o'er the gleaming bay, San-ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!



Come, in my bark away, Swift o'er the gleaming bay, Santa Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!

||: Rocked by a zephyr,
Gentle as this,
• Over the waters,
What dreamy, sweet bliss. :||
||: Haste, joyous company,
Out o'er the quiet sea,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia! :||

||: O Naples, fairest one!
O blessed land,
Where all creation smiles,
Joyous and bland! :||
||: Kingdom of song divine!
Music's own realm is thine!
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia! :||

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

I am a jovial collier lad, and blithe as blithe can be, For let the times be
 good. or bad, they're all the same to me; 'Tis lit-tle of the world I know, and
 care less for its ways, For where the dog-star nev - er glows, I wear a - way my days.
Chorus.
 Down in a coal mine, un - derneath the ground, - Where a gleam of
 sun - shine nev - er can be found; Dig - ging dusk - y dia - monds
 all the sea - son round, Down in a coal mine, un - derneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black, with working in the vein,
 And, like the clothes upon my back, my speech is rough and plain;
 Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say,
 'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong, 'tis th' head that goes astray.

At ev'ry shift, be't soon or late, I haste my bread to earn,
 And anxiously my kindred wait and watch for my return;
 For Death, that levels all alike, whate'er their rank may be,
 Amid the fire and damp may strike, and fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care, who sit at home secure,
 What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure:
 The very fires their mansions boast, to cheer themselves and wives,
 Mayhap were kindled at the cost of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up lads, and make ye much of ev'ry joy ye can,
 But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man;
 However Fortune turns about, we'll still be jovial souls,
 What would our country be without the lads that look for coals?

HARVEST HOME,

C. M. HEWKE.

Men of sin - ew, hale and hear - ty, Brave at scythe and sic - kle, come; Come and swell our gleesome party,
 Reap - ers, stur - dy reap - ers, come! Time for all things, this for lei - sure, Time for all things,
 this for plea - sure, Sing our mer - ry har - vest home. Sing our mer - ry har - vest home.

Aged folks, our hamlet's glory,
 Dames and grandsires all must come;
 Come and tell again the story,
 Of the days long bygone, come!
 Ye who with life's ills have striven,
 And to whom now rest is given,
 Welcome to our harvest home.
 Welcome to our harvest home.

High and low, with one another,
 Young and old, come join us, come;
 Each to each in God a brother,
 To our village high-day come;
 Well it is all harvest labors,
 Richly crown'd should find all neighbors,
 In a thankful harvest home.
 In a thankful harvest home.

When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from neither hill nor
pp stringendo. *ritard.*
dale, Chants the silvery night - in-gale, In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im-
ten. a tempo.
part; When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah!
can I e'er know re - pose? Can I, ah! Can I e'er know re - pose?

When the white swan southward roves,
To seek at noon the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west,
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart;
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must too thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove,
Fondly breathing vows of love;
Thou, my heart must find relief,
Yielding to these words belief;
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part again,
Though to-day we part again.

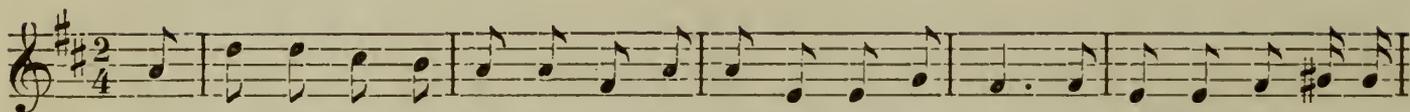
“OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD.”

Oh, would I were a bird! That I might fly to thee, And breathe a lov - ing word, To
thee so far a - way; My heart would beat with joy, To see thee once again, Thy sorrows to al-
lay, For cherish'd is thy name. And when the moon is beaming O'er dis - tant grove and lea, And
joy-ous stars are gleaming, Then, would I were with thee. Oh, would I were a bird! That
I might fly to thee, And breathe a lov - ing word, To one so dear to me.

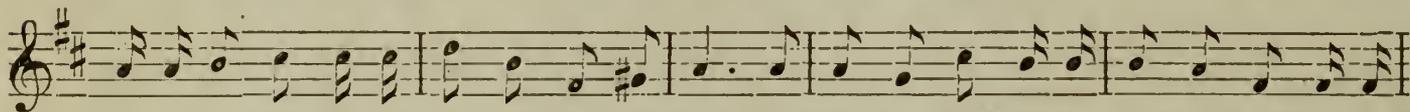
Oh, would that I could fly,
This bright and glorious day,
To give a sigh for sigh,
To one so dear to me;
How happy I would be,
Caroling all the day,
If only blest with thee,
Beguiling time away.

Then life would be a pleasure,
My mind would be at rest,
If with my only treasure,
This heart was ever blest.
Oh, would I were a bird!
That I might fly to thee,
And breathe a loving word,
To one so dear to me.

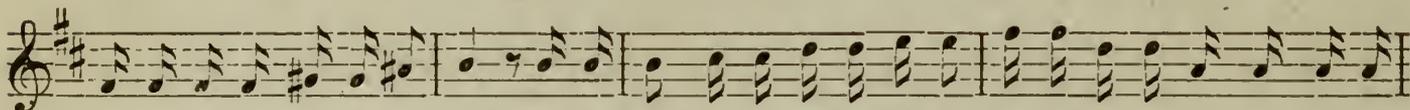
"HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL."



I heard my aunt once sing a chant, Which now p'r'aps isn't new, Of Billy Kidd, who, what-



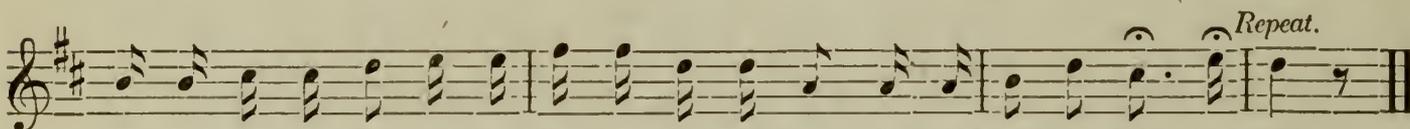
ev - er he did, To his Poll was al - ways true. He sailed a - way in a gal-lant ship From the



pretty port of jo-vial Bris-tol, And the last words he utter'd, While his handkerchee he flutter'd, Were "My



heart is true to Poll." His heart was true to Poll, His heart was true to Poll, No



matter what you do, If your heart is ev - er true ; And his heart was true to Poll.

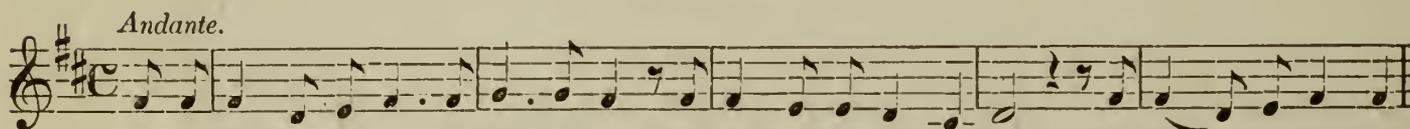
They were wreck'd!—William, to shore he swam,
And he looked about for an inn ;
When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,
Came up, with a cheerful grin.
Says she, "Marry me, and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll,
Or they'll eat you like a flet ;"
So, he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his heart was true to Poll.

CHORUS.—But his heart was true, &c.

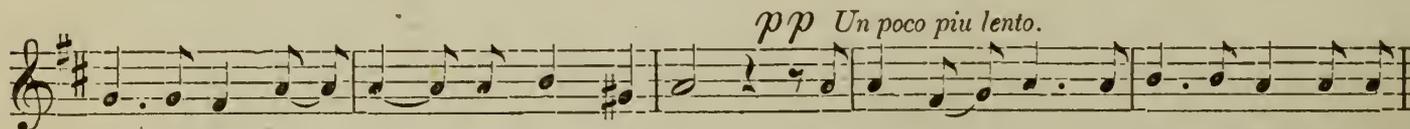
So, William Kidd a happy life led
As the King of the Kikaroos :
He had nothing but a hat upon his head,
And a pair of over-shoes.
They made him a present of twenty wives,
Which their beauties I cannot now extol ;
But one day they all revolted,
So he back to Bristol bolted,
For his heart was true to Poll.

CHORUS.—His heart was true, &c.

"TIRED!"



"Tired!" oh, yes! so tir - ed, dear! The day has been ve - ry long, But shadow - y gloaming



draweth near, 'Tis time for the e - ven song ; I'm read-y to go to rest at last ;

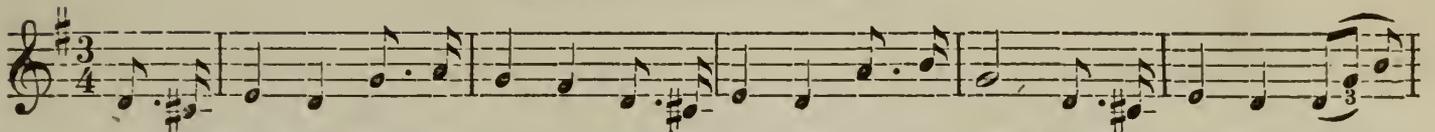


Read - y to say goodnight ; The sun - set glo - ry darkens fast, To-morrow will bring me light.

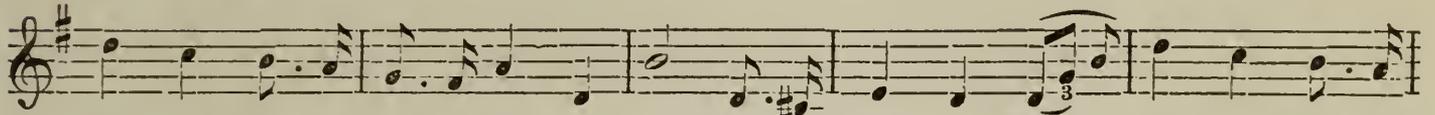
It has seemed so long since morning-tide,
And I have been left so lone ;
Young smiling faces throug'd my side,
When the early sunlight shone ;
But they grew tired long ago,
And I saw them sink to rest.
With folded hands and brows of snow,
On the green earth's mother-breast.

Sing once again "Abide with me,"
That sweetest evening hymn ;
And now, goodnight, I cannot see,
The light has grown so dim.
"Tired!" ah yes! so tired, dear!
I shall soundly sleep to-night,
With never a dream, and never a fear,
To wake in the morning light.

(Der Schweizerbue.)



On the mountain, steep and ho - ry, Sounds the herdsman's evening song; Where the clouds, in golden



glo - ry, Float the ambient tide a - long. Where the clouds, in golden glo - ry, Float the



ambient tide a - long. La la la..... la la la la la la la



la..... la la la..... la la la la la la la la.

Where the Alpine rose is blowing,
There the herdsman builds his home ;
||: From his couch at morning going.
With the lark he loves to roam! :||
La la la, &c.

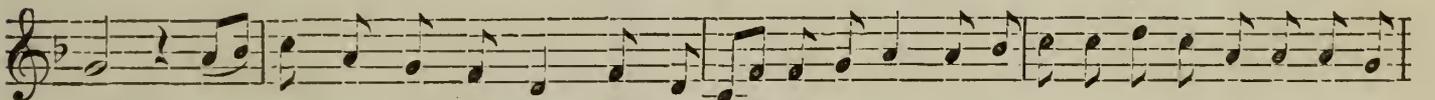
WAITING AT THE DOOR,—

or "Meet me with a Kiss."

Andante.



Oh! meet me with a kiss, When I come home to-night, Let me find my dar-ling waiting at the



door; Oh! let me read a bliss in thine eyes' loving light, Let me feel the same devotion as of



yore. No matter who is by, Let tears come in thine eye, Let me see and hear the rapture you may



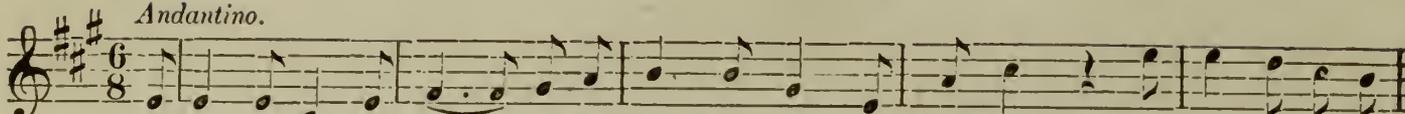
feel: For tho' my heart is strong, I cannot live so long From the pleasure that my treasure can reveal.

I've wander'd far and wide, o'er mountain and the tide,
For the purest pleasure I have been in quest ;
I find it is at home, when we are "all alone"
And my weary head is pillowed on thy breast.
They talk of life on high, of joy within the sky,
Of a time when all from sorrow are set free ;
But lay thy lips to mine, and let thine arms entwine,
And the earth is Heaven grand enough for me.

"WHERE'S ROSANNA GONE?"

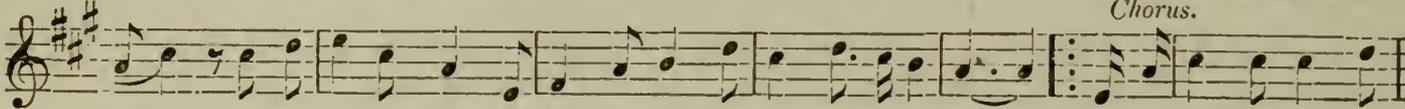
or The kiss behind the door.

Andantino.



O once I was as gay.... As a jol - ly young cock - spar-row, Who's perch'd upon an
ap-ple-tree, Or down amongst the corn ; But now, clean thro' my heart, You could drive a large wheel-

Chorus.



barrow, For my love has left a hole in it: O where's Rosanna gone? I shall nev - er kiss my
love again behind the kitchen door, I shall never squeeze my darling's little finger any more, And
she'll ne'er pinch my funnybone, un-til its ra-ther sore. Oh! where's Rosanna gone?

Of an evening, after tea,
While her Daddy blew his 'bacca,'
I'd seek my love Rosanna, and
Ask her to share my lot.
But when he found it out,
Oh my! how he would whack her,
While I'd jump over the garden wall,
As tho' I'd just been shot.—CHO.

Some say she's hid away,
By her cruel Dad, on purpose
To cure her of her love for me ;
Some say my love's no more.
If she's defunct, then soon
Shall they find my clay, cold corpus,
And our ghosts shall come, and frighten her Dad
Behind the kitchen door.—CHO.

"SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!"



Spring! Spring! gen-tle Spring! Youngest sea - son of the year, Hith - er haste, and with thee bring
A - pril with her smile and tear ; Hand in hand with jo-cund May, Bent on keep-ing ho - li-



day. With thy dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy robe of brightest green,— We will welcome

Cres.



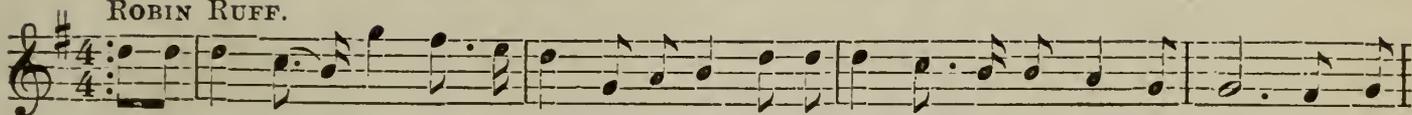
thee and them, As ye've ev - er, wel - comed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Youngest
sea - son of the year, Life and joy to na - ture bring! Nature's dar-ling, haste thee here!

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Gusty March before thee flies,
Gloomy Winter banishing ;
Clearing for thy path the skies.

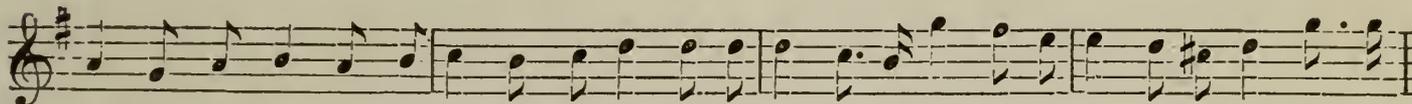
Flocks and herds, and meads and bow'rs,
For thy gracious presence long!
Come and fill the fields with flow'rs,
Come and fill the woods with song.
We will welcome thee, &c.

or "If I had but a thousand a year."

ROBIN RUFF.



If I had but a thou-sand a year, Gaffer Green, If I had but a thou-sand a year, What a I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green; I'd go, faith, I hard-ly know where, I'd



man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, If I scatter the chink, and leave others to think, If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, If I

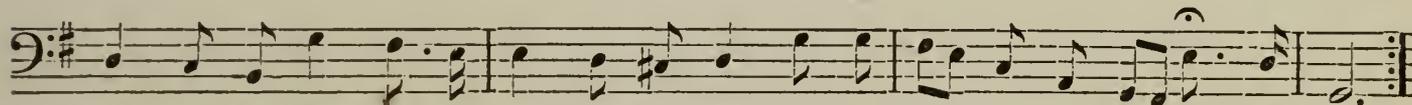
GAFFER GREEN.



had but a thousand a year! The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff, Would scarce had but a thousand a year! But when you are a - ged and grey, Robin Ruff, And the



find you in bread or in beer; But be hon - est and true, and say what would you do, If you day of your death draws near, Say what with your pains would you do with your gains, If you



had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, If you had but a thousand a year? then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, If you then had a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF.



I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green, For your questions are al - ways so queer, But as

GAFFER GREEN.



oth - er folks die, I sup - pose so must I. What, and give up your thou-sand a

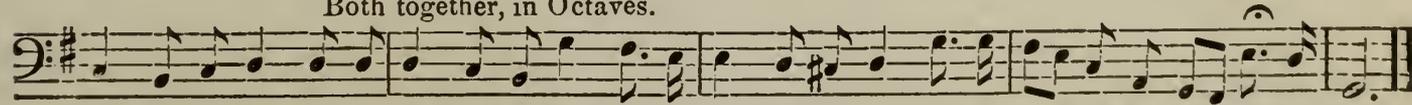


year, Rob-in Ruff? And give up your thousand a year? There's a place that is bet - ter than



this, Rob - in Ruff, And I hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great, tho' he

Both together, in Octaves.



hath no estate, Aye, as if he'd a thou-sand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year.

"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

Tempo di Valse.

In sail - ing a - long the riv - er of life, O - ver its wa - ters wide, We all have to
 bat - tle with trou - ble and strife. And wait for the time and the tide. Men of each oth - er are
 prone to be jeal - ous, Hopes are il - lu - sions and not what they seem, Life and its pleasures, phi -
 los - o - phers tell us, Go float - ing a - way like a leaf on the stream. Then try to be
 hap - py and gay my boys, Re - mem - ber the world is wide, And
 Repeat. *ff*
 Rome wasn't built in a day my boys, So wait for the turn of the tide.

Why people sit fretting their lives away,
 I can't for a moment surmise,
 If life is a lottery as they say,
 We cannot all turn up a prize;
 A folly it is to be sad and dejected,
 If "fortune shows favors," she's fickle beside,
 And may knock at your door some fine day unex -
 pected,
 If you patiently wait for the turn of the tide.

CHORUS.

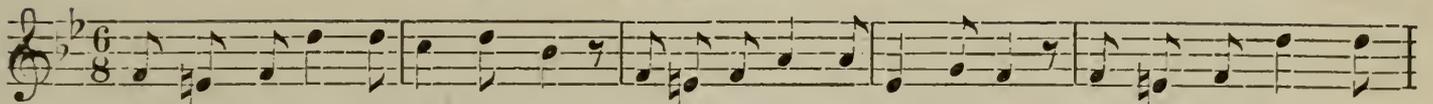
Man is sent into the world we're told,
 To do all the good that he can,
 Yet how many worship the chink of the gold,
 And never once think of the man;
 If you are poor from your friends keep a distance.
 Hold up your head, though your funds are but
 small,
 Once let the world know you need its assistance,
 Be sure then you never will get it at all.—CHO.

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

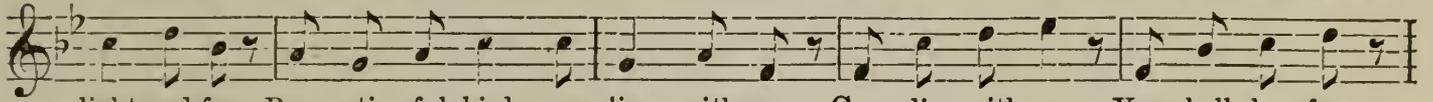
My boat's by the tow - er, my bark's in the bay, And both must be gone ere
 the dawn of the day, The moon's in her shroud but to guide thee afar On the deck of the Darings a
 love-light-ed star. Then wake lady, wake, I am waiting for thee, And this night, or nev - er, my
 bride thou shalt be. Then wake, lady, wake, I am waiting for thee, And this night, or never, my bride thou shalt be.

Forgive my rough mood unaccustomed to sue,
 I woo not perhaps as your land lovers woo,
 My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
 That startle the deep when the combat's begun,
 And heavy and hard is the grasp of that hand,
 Whose glove has been ever the guard of the band,
 But think not of these, and this moment be mine,
 And the plume of the proudest shall lower to thine.
 One hundred shall serve, the best of the brave,
 And the chief of a thousand shall kneel to thy
 slave,
 And thou shalt reign Queen and thy empire shall
 last,
 Till the red flag by inches is torn from the mast.

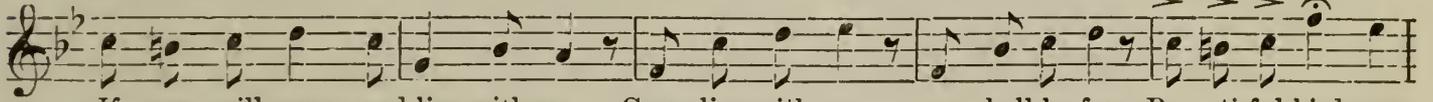
Oh, islands there are on the face of the deep,
 Where the leaves never fade, and the skies never
 weep,
 And there if thou wilt our love bowers shall be,
 When we leave for the greenwood our home on the
 sea.
 And there thou shalt sing of the deeds that were
 done,
 When we loosed the last blast and the last battle won,
 Ah! haste, love, haste, for the fair breezes blow,
 And my ocean bird poises her pinions of snow.
 Now fast to the lattice these silken cords twine,
 They are meet for such feet and fingers as thine,
 The signal my mates, ho! hurrah! for the sea,
 This night and forever my bride thou shalt be.



Beau-ti - ful bird of spring has come, Seeking a place to build his home, Warbling his song so



light and free, Beau - ti - ful bird, come live with me. Come live with me, You shall be free,

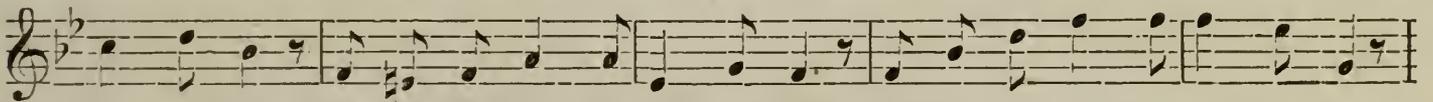


If you will come and live with me, Come live with me, you shall be free, Beau-ti-ful bird come

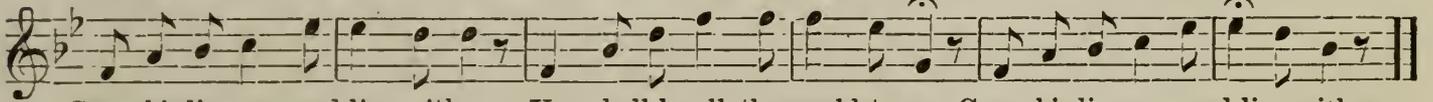
Chorus.



live with me, I'm all a - lone, Come live with me, Come live with me. Come birdie, come and



live with me, We will be hap - py, light and free; You shall be all the world to me,



Come, birdie, come and live with me, You shall be all the world to me, Come, birdie, come and live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing, Many a thought of loved ones bring,
Hov'ring around your tiny nest, Calling your loved ones home to rest,
Oh! happy bird, no thought or care, No aching heart, no grief to bear,
Over the land, over the sea, Come change your home and live with me,
Come change your home, no more to roam, Come change your home.

Birdie, what makes you fly away, When I come near you, tell me pray,
I'll not deceive you, you are free, If you should come and live with me.
Now, birdie fly, fast to the sky, To your sweet home, for night is nigh,
And when the sun shines o'er the lea. Bring thy sweet mate, and live with me,
Then we will sing, Daylight to bring, Then we will sing.

MEET IT LIKE A MAN.



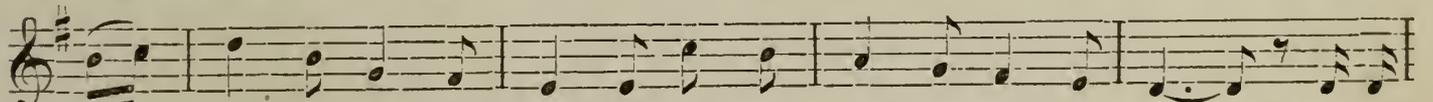
Its not at all an ea - sy thing to keep a plea - sant face When sorrow comes, and



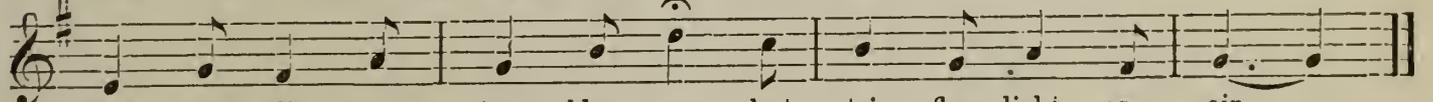
make the world a most un - plea - sant place. Yet sor - row may be soft - en'd by a



sure and sim - ple plan, So the course I re - commend you is to meet it like a man.



Just fol - low my pre - scrip - tion as the on - ly cure for care, And you'll



find that all your trou - bles are but tri - fles light as air.

'Tis hard to lose one's lady-love, and coldly get the sack,
'Tis hard to lend a pound or two, And never get it back,
'Tis hard when some relation dies, and leaves a lengthy will,
To find yourself put calmly down for just exactly *nil*.

Its awfully delightful to be told you're getting stout,
Or when you've got a tooth-ache to be urged to have it out;
When you take an omnibus it's more refreshing still
To find yourself at Roxbury when bound for Bunker Hill

YANKEE GIRLS.

His - to - rians, po - ets, painters, all, Yes, all man - kind since Ad - am's fall, Have
 treat - ed with a viv - id glare, The glow - ing charms of An - cient fair, But

I am one of those blind - sid - en churls Who think none so pret - ty as the Yan - kee girls.

Their unassuming mein imparts,
 The spotless essence of their hearts,
 Their youthful chasteners, title page
 The volumes of unsullied age,
 While peace and war alike unfurls
 The virtues of the Yankee Girls.

The Yankee girls! oh, what a charm!
 'Twas that which nerved Columbia's arm,
 Which arm in spite of tyranny,
 Declared this soil forever free;
 Then while our standard round us furls,
 The watch-word be the Yankee girls!

CALL ME THINE OWN.

Romance from "L'ECLAIR."

Call me thine own, name fond, endearing, Like music sweet falls on mine ear,
 Tells me of hope, life's pathway cheering, Whispers of home with thee ever near, Call me thine own,

doubt would destroy, For on - ly thro' faith are we se - cure; Making our hearts Strong to endure, What lies be -

fore us, Sorrow or joy, Call me thine own, thine, thine alone, Name fond, endearing, Call me thine own.

Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us,
 Hopes faint and die that lighted our way,
 Trials may come, sorrows may grieve us,
 Friends may depart, or falsely betray.
 Call me thine own, all else may fall,
 With love in our hearts, Heaven still remains;

Each bond, with time, fresh vigor gains,
 And o'er life's tempests love shall prevail.
 Call me thine own, thine, thine alone,
 Name most endearing, call me thine own.

* DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.

Don't be an - gry with me, dar - ling, Smile your brightest, sweet - est smile;

Keep the joy - ous twin - kle beam - ing, In your bright eyes all the while;

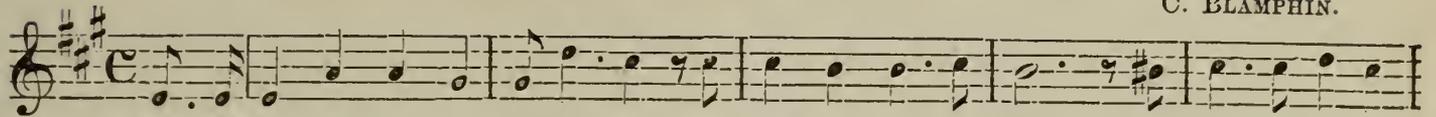
Let your laugh be one of plea - sure, Drive each shad - ow from your brow,

Be a - gain the heart's sweet trea - sure,
 Don't be angry with me, darling,
 Keep the tear back from your eye;
 'Twas a friendly, timely warning,
 Given for the days gone by;

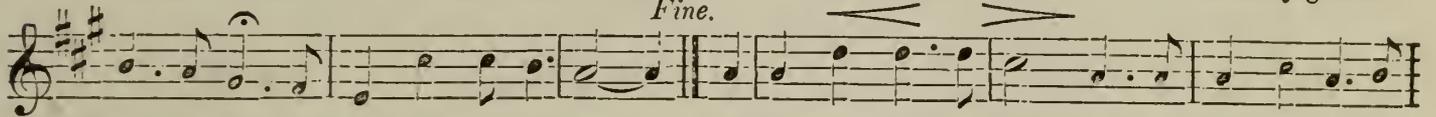
Don't be an - gry, dar - ling, now.
 Not for worlds would I distress you,
 Cast one cloud upon your brow,
 Let not, then, my words depress you,
 Don't be angry, darling, now.

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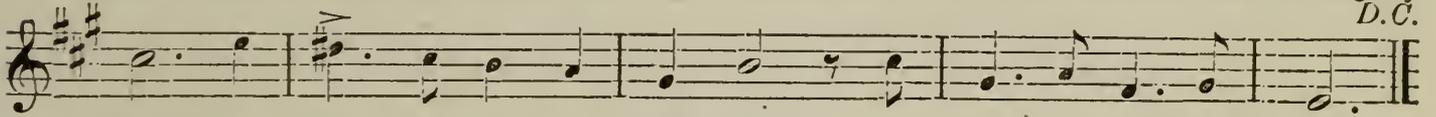
C. BLAMPHIN.



When the corn is wav - ing, Annie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To hear thy gen-tle



voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile : The moon will be at full, love, The stars will brightly
D.C.



gleam, Oh, come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous scene.

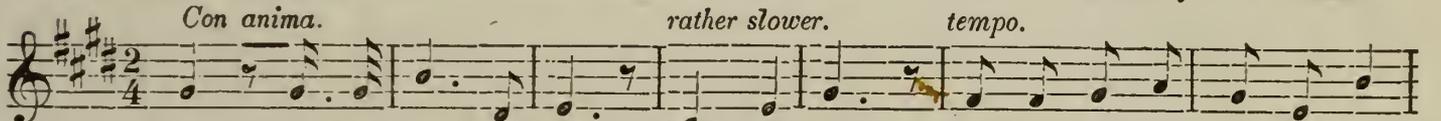
When the corn is waving, Annie dear,
Our tales of love we'll tell,
Beside the gentle flowing stream,
That both our hearts know well :

Where wild flowers, in their beauty,
Will scent the evening breeze,
Oh, haste, the stars are peeping,
And th' moon's behind the trees.

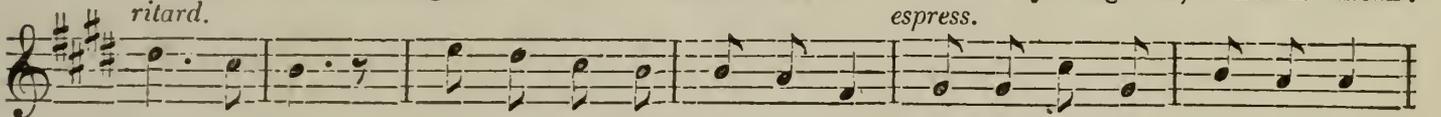
NONE CAN TELL.

Words by W. H. A. EMRA.

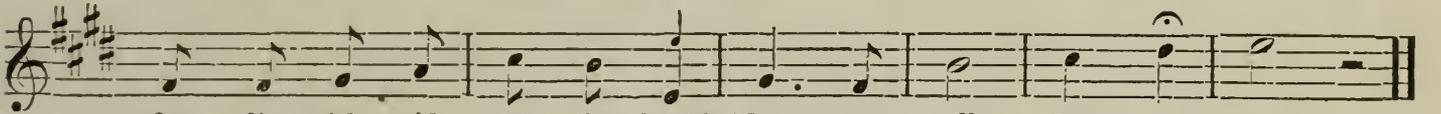
Music by G. B. ALLEN.



Child, is life bright a - lone? None can tell. Always laugh-ter, nev-er moan?



None can tell. Will spring flow'rets bloom as sweet, Un - der care - less rov - ing feet,



Or lie with - er'd with the heat? None can tell, None can tell.

Youth, is she truly thine?
None can tell.
Will love's light eternal shine?
None can tell.
Will the sun make glad thy day,
Or will black clouds hide his ray,
And love's tender beams decay?
None can tell.
None can tell.

Bride, is there joy for thee?
None can tell.
Or will blue skies clouded be?
None can tell.
Will the bright dream ne'er depart,
Or will grief, with lasting smart,
Keep a dull grasp on thy heart?
None can tell.
None can tell.

I HAVE TRIED NOT TO LOVE THEE.

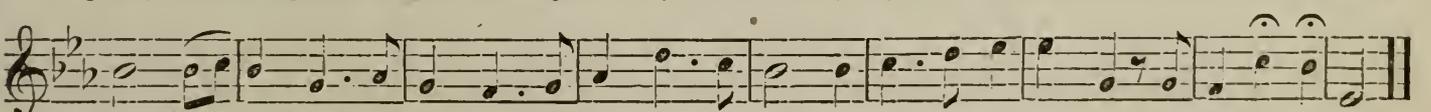
C. BLAMPHIN.



1. I have tried not to love thee, To drive from my heart, Each sweet re-collection With which I should



part ; The one gleam of sun-shine My life has e'er known, Thy smile and the music Thy voice made a-



lone. I've tried not to love thee, To drive from my heart Each sweet recollection, With which I should part.

I may never more see thee,
And hope may depart,
But why should I banish
Thy love from my heart.
'Tis all that you've left me,
The one golden beam,

Of light to illumine
Life's future dark stream.
I've tried not to love thee,
To drive from my heart
Each sweet recollection,
With which I should part.

SWEET POLLY PRIMROSE,

or, I wish I was a Fish.

Sweet Pol - ly Primrose was a girl of nineteen summers old, I lov'd sweet Pol-ly
bet-ter far than all the wealth un - told, And she was ve - ry fond of me, But
now I wail and weep, For the girl I love's at present, At the bot - tom of the deep, So I
Chorus.
wish I was a fish, with a great long tail, I wish I was a fish with a great big tail, A
ti - ny lit-tle tit-tle, but a win-kle on a whale, At the bot-tom of the deep blue sea, Oh! my!

Sweet Polly was on board a ship,
For her I felt deep loss,—
When the vessel sighted Breakwater,
It began to pitch and toss.—
My love was gazing over
At the water rolling by,—
When some-how she tumbled overboard,
And never said good bye!
So I wish I was a fish, &c.

The Captain and his gallant crew,
Jumped over-board to save
My darling Polly, but in vain;
She'd sunk beneath the wave,—
And when they told me of her fate,
I'd tear my hair and weep,—
And requested I might be allow'd
To plunge into the deep.
So I wish I was a fish, &c.

I had a dream last night that I
Was down below the wave,
And there I saw my Polly in
A gorgeous coral cave,—
She'd chang'd into a mermaid,
Oh! what a sad, sad tale,—
She was doing Shoo fly double
In conjunction with a whale.
So I wish I was a fish, &c.

While she's a sportive mermaid,
I'm so wretched here above,—
So I think I'll take a plunge and be
A merman with my love;—
But the precise locality
I don't exactly know,—
Where I may find my Polly,
So perhaps I'd best not go;
So I wish I was a fish, &c.

EVER BE HAPPY.

Ev - er be hap-py and light as thou art, Pride of the faith-ful heart! Long be thy reign
O'er land and main, By the glaive by the chart, Queen of the faithful heart, Oh! Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the faithful heart, Pride, pride of the faith-ful heart, Pride, pride of the faith-ful heart.

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Joy unto all impart!
We will obey
Thee night and day,
With a will we will start,
Pride, pride of ev'ry heart,
Oh! Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Joy unto all impart!
Joy, joy unto all impart!
Joy, joy unto all impart.

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Never from us depart!
On the blue sea,
Home of the free,
By the wave by the mart,
Queen, queen of ev'ry heart,
Oh! Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Never from us depart!
Queen, queen of the faithful heart,
Queen, queen of the faithful heart.

Spirited, but not too fast.

To the lords of con - ven - tion 'twas Claver-house spoke, Ere the king's crown go down there are
crowns to be broke, So each ca - va - lier who loves honor and me, Let him follow the bonnet of
bonnie Dun-dee. Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come, sad - dle my horses and
call up my men, Come, open the west port and let me gae free, And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, said just e'en let him be,
The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the
North,

There are wild dunnie wassuls three thousand times
three,

Will cry "Hey for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
Come, fill up, &c.

Awa' to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, tho' triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.
Come, fill up, &c.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by C. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I, who
shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee; Are their hearts grown cold and
strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to know, Do they
think of me at home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve,
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouch'd?
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind forgiving word
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh,
Do they think of me at home?
Shall I never cease to sigh,
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved,
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam?
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?

ANNIE LAWRIE.

Max - wel-ton's banks are bon-nie, where ear-ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
Law - rie gave me her prom - ise true, Gave me her prom - ise true, And
ne'er forget will I, But for bonnie An-nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow-drift, her throat is like the swan ;
Her face is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Lawrie I'd lay me down and die.
Like dew on the gowan lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet ;
Her voice is low and sweet, and she is all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Lawrie I'd lay me down and die.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURG TOWN.

'Twas with - in a mile of Ed-in - bor - o' town, In the ro - sy time of the
year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his
dear ; Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny makin' hay, The lassie blush'd and frowning cried, No,
no, it will not do,..... I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, monnot buckle to.

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had followed the lass,
Contented she earned and eat her own bread ;
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, &c.

But when he vowed he would make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd forever be true.
Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
At church she no more frowning cried,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, &c.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

S. NELSON.

I have heard the mavis singing His love-song to the morn; I have seen the dewdrop clinging To the
rose just new - ly born; But a sweeter song has cheer'd me, At the evening's gentle close, And I've
Ritard. *A tempo.*
seen an eye still brighter Than the dewdrop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Mary, And thine
Ad lib.

art - less winning smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Argyle.
Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too ;
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue ;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own ;

I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone ;
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Affetuoso.

There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin; The dew on his
thin robe was hea - vy and chill; For his coun - try he sigh'd, when at twi - light re -
pair - ing, To wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill. But the day - star at - tracted his
eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where
once, in the fire of his youth - ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold anthem of E - rin Go Bragh.

2. "Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger :
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger, —
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild, woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh !
3. "Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O ! cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me !
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !
4. "Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure ;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
5. "Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin Go Bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion —
Erin Mavourneen ! — Erin Go Bragh !"

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Andante Patetico.

1. She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sighing ; But
mf cold-ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.

2. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking. —

Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him, —
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

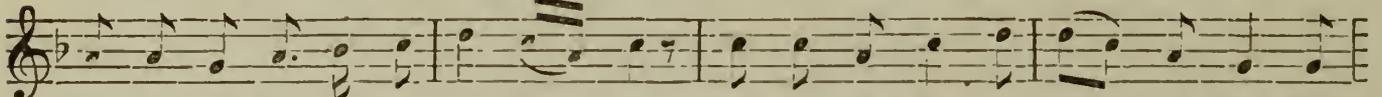
4. Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
Where they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

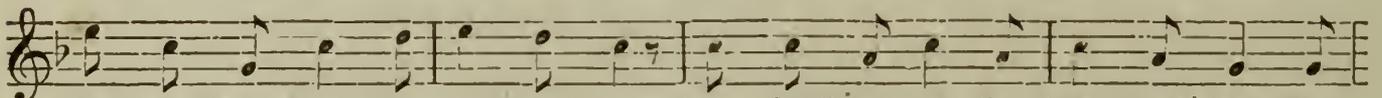
Andantino.



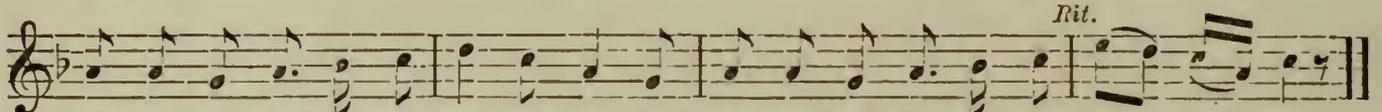
1. Faintly, as tolls the evening chime, Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our



voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll



sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The



Rapids are near and the daylight's past! The Rapids are near and the day-light's past!

2

3

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

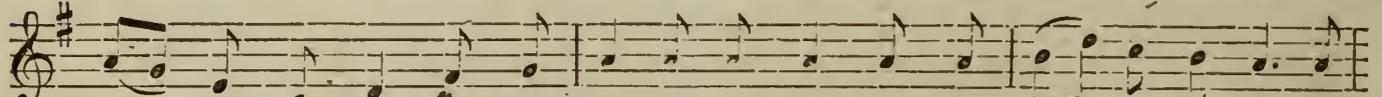
Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens, and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

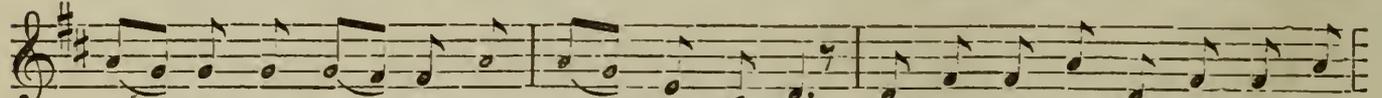
Moderato.



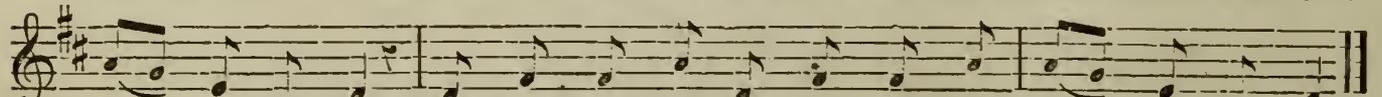
1. Will you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you? Our bed shall be ro-ses all



span-gled with dew. Will you come to the bow'r I have shad-ed for you? Our



bed shall be ros-es all span-gled with dew. Will you, will you, will you, will you,



Come to the bow'r? Will you, will you, will you, will you Come to the bow'r?

2

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your
Will you, will you, will you, will you [eye. Smile, my beloved?

3

But the roses we press, shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

3

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses or kisses from you.

Will you, will you, will you, will you —
Won't you, my love?

Allegretto.

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas St. Patrick him-self sure that set it, And the sun on his la-bour with pleasure did smile, And with dew's from his eye of-ten wet it. It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the bracke, thro' the mire-land, And he call'd it the dear lit-tle sham-rock of Ire-land, The sweet lit-tle sham-rock, the dear lit-tle sham-rock, The sweet lit-tle green lit-tle sham-rock of Ire-land.

ad lib.

2. This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command
 In each climate that each shall appear in.
 And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland.
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.
3. This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;
 And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Moderato.

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one morning was tripping, With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Cole-raine, When she saw me she stumbled, the pitch-er it tumbled, And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain. Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now, Sure, sure such a pitch-er I'll ne'er meet a-gain, 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry, O! Barney Mac Clea-ry You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine

- 2 I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should cause her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain ;
 For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Andantino.

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma-ny friends I've met; Not
one fair scene or kind-ly smile, Can this fond heart for - get. But I'll con - fess that
I'm content, No more I wish to roam: Oh! steer my bark to E-rin's Isle, For

E - rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

2. If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonny Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore.

3. Though pleasant days in both I pass,
I dream of days to come;
Oh steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING.

Allegreto e Sentimentale.

Be - lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to-
day, Were to change by to-mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fal - ry gifts, fad - ing a-
way,— Thou would'st still be a-dor'd, as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
will; And a-round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart Would entwine it-self ver-dant-ly still!

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which Time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Andante con Espress.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of Mu - sic shed, Now
hangs as mute on Tara's walls 'As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So
glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:—

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives!

Adagio con espress.



1. Come, rest in this bo-som, my own stricken dear! Tho' the herd have fled
from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the smile that no
cloud can o'er-cast, And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask-not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I loved thee, whatever thou art!
3. Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee, or — perish there too.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Andante.



1, 'Tis the last rose of summer Left bloom-ing a-lone; All her
love-ly com-panions Are fad-ed and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No
rose-bud is nigh. To re-lect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

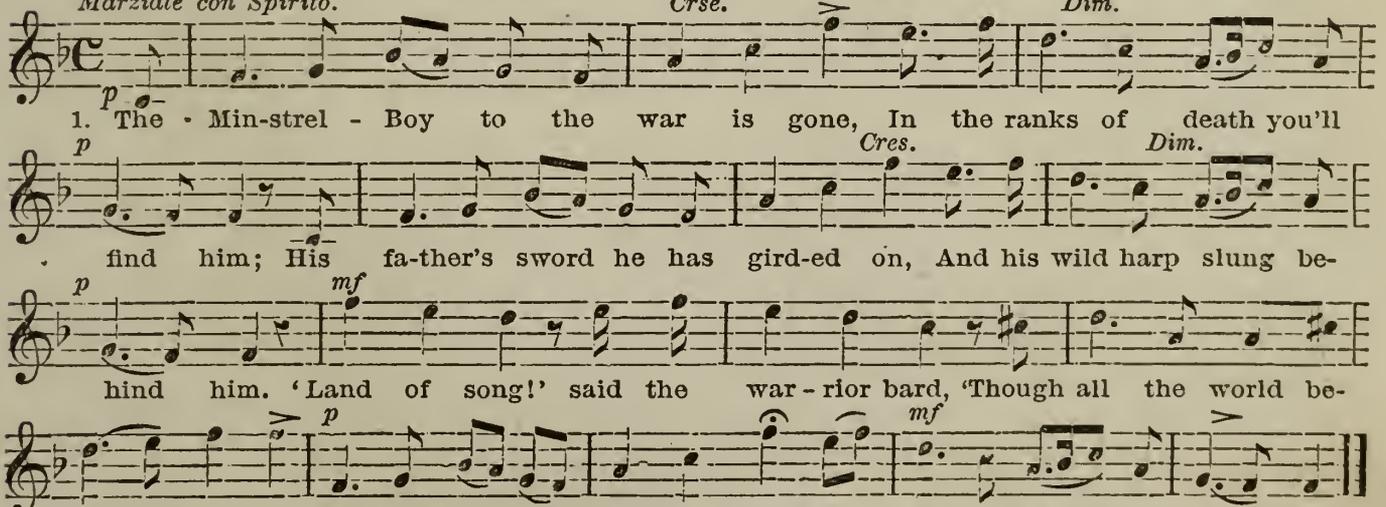
3. So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Marziale con Spirito.

Crse.

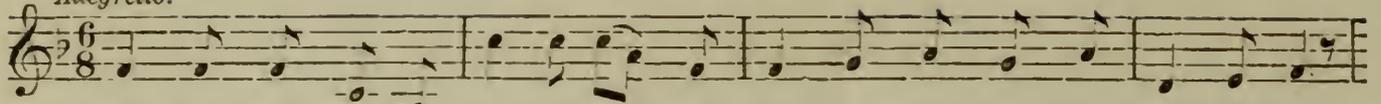
Dim.



1. The - Min-strel - Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
find him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
hind him. 'Land of song!' said the war-rior bard, 'Though all the world be-
trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful heart shall praise thee!'
The Minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

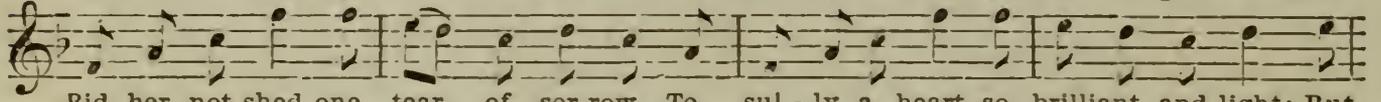
THE LEGACY.

Allegretto.

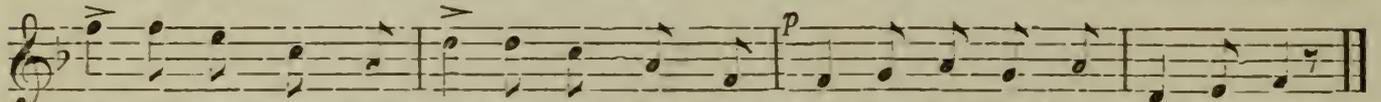
1. When in death I shall calm re-cline, Oh! bear my heart to my mis-tress dear;



Tell her it liv'd up-on smiles and wine Of the bright-est hue While it linger'd here.



Bid her not shed one tear of sor-row To sul-ly a heart so brilliant and light; But



balm-y drops from the red grape bor-row, To bathe the rel-ic from morn till night.

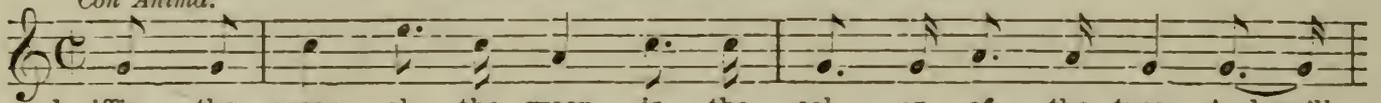
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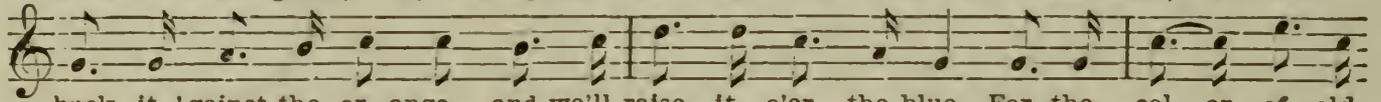
When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my heart to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest:
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty has seldom bless'd.
But when some warm, devoted lover
To her he adores, shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

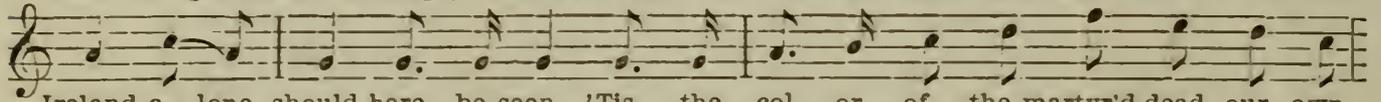
UP FOR THE GREEN.

Con Anima.

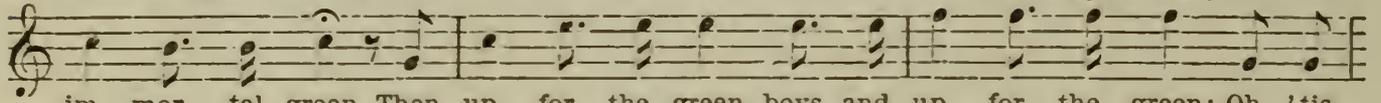
1. 'Tis the green, oh, the green is the col-or of the true, And we'll



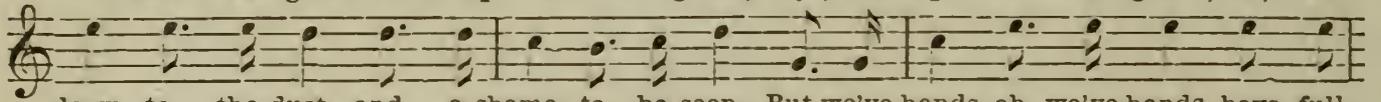
back it 'gainst the or-ange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue, For the col-or of old



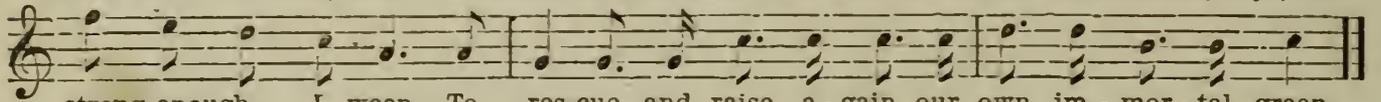
Ireland a-lone should here be seen. 'Tis the col-or of the martyr'd dead, our own



im-mor-tal green. Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green; Oh, 'tis



down to the dust, and a shame to be seen. But we've hands, oh, we've hands, boys, full



strong enough, I ween, To res-cue and raise a-gain our own im-mor-tal green.

2. They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose,
'Tis better to obey and live, than sure to die as foes;
But we scorn all their threats, whatever they may mean;
For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.
So we'll up for the green, boys, and we'll up for the green!
Oh! to die is far better than to be curst as we've been;
And we've hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,
To rescue, and to raise again, our own immortal green.
3. They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure:
No, we won't — no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more!
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.
Then, up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sassanach: "We'll never sell the green!"
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green!

4. Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
 At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb;
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
 When we met him on the battle-field of France — at Fontenoy.
 Then, we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
 Oh 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again, our own unsullied green!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Poco Allegretto. *Cres.*

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
 dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hopes may bloom, And
 days may come, Of mild-er, calm-er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As
 love's young dream! Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

2
 Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A smile so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame;
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one loved name!

3
 Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first-love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste!
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!
 Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

1. I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills And o'er the moor that's sed-gy; With heavy thought my
 heart is fill'd Since I part-ed with Peg - gy. Whene'er I turn to view the place, The
 tears doth fall, and blind me, When I think on the charming grace Of the girl I left be-hind me.

2. The hours I do remember well,
 Which next to see doth move me,
 The burning flames my heart doth tell,
 Since first she owned she loved me.
 In search of some one fair and gay,
 Several doth remind me:
 I know my darling loves me well,
 Though I left her behind me.

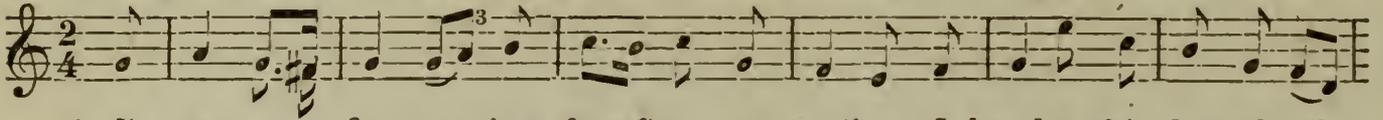
Each mutual promise faithful made,
 By her whose tears doth blind me,
 And bless the hours I pass away,
 With the girl I left behind me.

3. The bees shall lavish, make no store,
 And the dove become a ranger,
 The fallen water cease to roar,
 Before I'll ever change her.

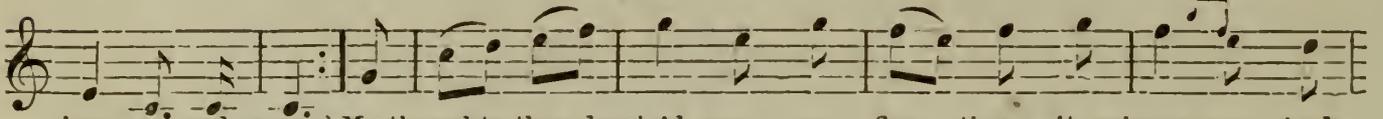
4. My mind her image full retains,
 Whether asleep or waking;
 I hope to see my jewel again,
 For her my heart is breaking.
 But if ever I do go that way,
 And she has not resigned me,
 I'll reconcile my mind and stay
 With the girl I left behind me.

THE BLACK BIRD.

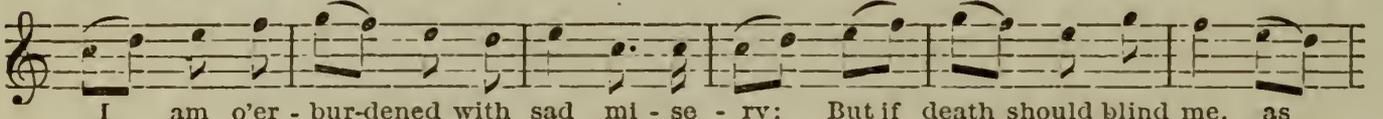
The "Blackbird," was the name given to the "Chevalier," for his dark complexion. Very popular among the adherents of the Stuarts in Ireland and Scotland. From the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724.



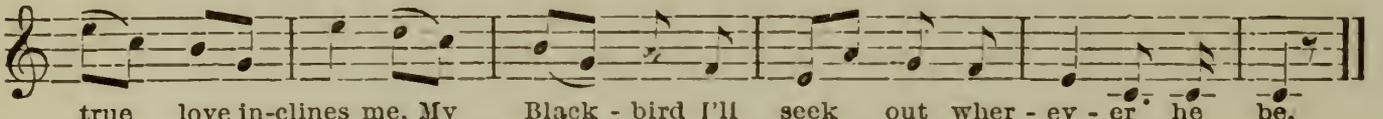
1. It was on one fine morn-ing for soft re - cre - a - tion, I heard a fair dam-sel mak-
Sigh - ing and sob - bing with sad la - men - ta - tion, Say - ing, my Black-bird most roy-



ing a sad moan, } My thoughts they deceiv'd me, re - flec - tion it grieves me, And
al has flow'n. }



I am o'er - bur-dened with sad mi - se - ry; But if death should blind me, as

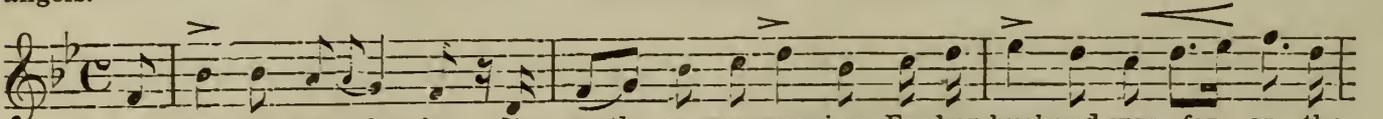


true love in-clines me, My Black - bird I'll seek out wher - ev - er he be.

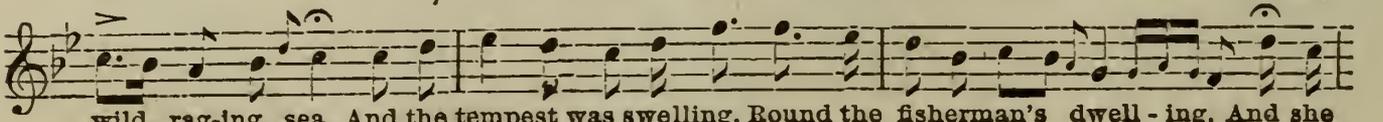
2. Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
Because he was the true son of a king.
But O that false fortune has proved so uncertain,
That caused the parting between you and me,
His name I'll advance in Spain or in France,
And seek out my blackbird wherever he be.
- 3 In England my blackbird and I were together,
When he was most noble and generous of heart;
But woe to the time when he arrived there,
Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.
In Scotland he's deemed and highly esteemed:
In England he seems but a stranger to me;
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
All blessings on my blackbird wherever he be.
- 4 But if by the fowler my blackbird is taken,
'Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,
I hope I shall see him in May or in June.
The birds of the forest, they all flock together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,
So I'd resolved in fair or foul weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.
- 5 Oh! he is all my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
He's justly beloved, though my heart follows thee;
How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
Deserving of blessing wherever he be.
It is not the wild ocean can fright me with danger,
Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;
For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
More than from one that in Britain was born.

ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.



1. A ba - by was sleeping, Its moth - er was weeping, For her husband was far on the
Ad lib.



wild rag-ing, sea, And the tempest was swelling, Round the fisherman's dwell - ing, And she

Feelingly.

cried, "Dermot dar-ling, Oh come back to me." Her beads while she numbered, The

Lento affetuoso.

ba - by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she bend - ed her knee, "Oh,

bless'd be that warn - ing, My child, thy sleep a - dorn ing, For I

Lento.

know that the an - gels are whis - per - - ing to thee."

2

3

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly,
My baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy
Her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels
Were whispering with thee."

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

Moderato con Espressivo.

1. As beauteous as Flo - ra is charming young No - rah, The joy of my heart and the

pride of Kildare; I ne'er can de - ceive her, For sad - ly t'would grieve her, To

find that I sighed for a - noth - er less fair. Her heart with truth teeming, Her

eyes with smiles beaming; What mor - tal could in - jure a blos - som so rare, As

No-rah, dear No-rah, the pride of Kildare, As No-rah, dear No-rah, the pride of Kildare.

2. Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love!
Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare;
Yet nothing shall ever thy heart from mine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.
Her heart with truth teeming, Her eyes with smiles beaming;
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA.

1. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming, O - ver the wa - ter,
 far, far a - way, Where the ban - ner of freedom o'er us will be wav - ing, Where
 all are so joy - ful, happy and gay. We'll take a last look on the home we are leaving, And
 sigh for the fate of our own na - tive shore: We'll go to the land where the
 green fields are bloom - ing. The home of the stran - ger, our new home, As - tore.

2. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,

O, friends of our youth, we bid you adieu;

And, O, while our footsteps are far distant roaming,

Dear ones of our kindred, we'll oft think of you.

Then bear us away to the land of the stranger,

The home of the pilgrim, the land of the free;

Cheer up, my own Kathleen, we'll brave every danger,

And go to the green fields, away over the sea.

3. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,

Kathleen, my darling, the ship's by the strand;

We'll cross the great ocean, 'mid billows all foaming,

All perils and dangers we've learned to withstand.

Then cheer up, my loved one, let sorrow no longer

Dim the fond eye that once beamed with light,

There is plenty, they say, in the land where we're going,—

The green fields of America ever are bright.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

Moderato.

1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the offering be; My heart and lute are
Fine.
 all the store, That I can bring to thee; A lute whose gen - tle song reveals, The
D.C.
 soul of love full well, And bet - ter far, a heart that feels, Much more than lute can tell;

2 Tho' love and song may fail, alas!
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.

If ever care his discord flings
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let love but lightly touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again.

KITTY TYRRELL.

1. You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling, You're looking as bright as the day; But
 while on your charms I'm di - lat - ing, You're stealing my poor heart a - way; But

keep it and welcome, ma - vourneen, Its loss I'm not go - ing to mourn; Yet
 one heart's enough for a bo - dy, So - pray give me yours in re - turn, Ma -
A Piacere.
 vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, O, pray give me yours in re - turn.

2 I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store;
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may be a pound or two more;
 It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen.
 That something, you know, is yourself.

3 You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
 Say "yes," and you'll never repent;
 Or if you would rather be silent,
 You're silence I'll take for consent;
 That good natured dimple's a tell-tale,
 Now all that I have is your own;
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

THE FAIRY BOY.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly Elf left in its place.

Tenderly.
 1. A mother came when stars were paling, Wailing round a lonely spring, Thus she cried, while
 tears were fall - ing, Call - ing on the Fai - ry king. Why with spells my child ca - res - ing,
 Courting him with fai - ry joy, Why destroy a mother's blessing, Wherefore steal my ba - by boy?

2 "O'er the mountain, through the wild wood
 Where his childhood loved to play,
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander, day by day;
 There I wander growing fonder,
 Of the child that made my joy;
 On the echoes wildly calling
 To restore my Fairy boy.

3 "But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain;
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He's the treasure of their train!
 Fare thee well! my child, forever;
 In this world I've lost my joy;
 In the next we ne'er shall sever,
 There I'll find my Angel boy."

PADDY SNAP, OR QUICK, WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

1. Quick, we have but a second, Fill round the cup, while you may; For time, the churl, hath beckon'd And
 we must a - way, a - way! Grasp the pleasure that's fly - ing, For O, not Orpheus' strain Could
 keep sweet hours from dying, Or charm them to life again. Then quick! we have but a second, Fill
 round the cup while you may; For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way, a - way!

2 See the glass, how it flushes
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou should'st delay to sip.

Shame, O, shame unto thee,
 If ever thou seest that day,
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouched away!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Andante.

1. Kathleen Mav-ourneen! the grey dawn is break - ing, The horn of the hun-ter is
heard on the hill. The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing Kath-leen Ma-
vour - neen! what, slumb'-ring still. Oh hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sever, Oh!
hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part, It may be for years, and it may be for
ev - er, Oh, why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart, It may be for
years, and it may be for - ev-er, Then why art thou silent. Kathleen Ma-vour-neen.

- 2 Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my sight!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years. and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen.

COLLEEN BAWN.

("The Colleen Bawn" means, literally, "The Fair Girl;" Applied as a pet-name, as in the song and in the celebrated drama so called, it becomes a term of endearment.)

Andantino non troppo.

1. Oh, Patrick dar-lin' would you leave me, To sail a - cross the big salt sea? I
nev - er thought you'd thus deceive me; Its not the truth you're tell - in' me; Though
Dublin is a migh - ty ci - ty, Its there I should be quite for-lorn, For
poor and friendless, who would pi - ty Left lone - ly there, - your Colleen Bawn?

- 2 You tell me that your friends are leaving
The dear green isle, to cross the main;
But don't you think they'll soon be grieving
For dear ould Ireland once again?
Can they forget each far-famed river?
Each hill a thousand songs adorn?
Can you depart from them forever —
Could you forget your Colleen Bawn?
- 3 Sure, Patrick, me you've been beguiling, —
It's not my heart you mane to break!
Tho' fortune may not now be smiling,
Your Colleen Bawn you'll not forsake:
I'll go with you across the sea, dear,
If brighter days for us won't dawn,
No matter where our home may be, dear,
I still will be your Colleen Bawn.

1. Oh! Dermot As-tore! between waking and sleep - ing, I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay; Ev' - ry pulse of my heart, the sweet measure was keeping, Till Kill - lar - ney's wild ech-oes had borne it a - - way. Oh! tell me, my own love, is this our last meet-ing, Shall we wan - der no more in Kil - lar - ney's green bow'rs, To watch the bright sun, o'er the dim hills re-treat-ing, And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flow'rs? Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between wak - ing and sleeping I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay; Ev' - ry pulse of my heart, the sweet measure was keeping, Till Kil - lar - ney's wild echoes had borne it a - way.

2 Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter
 When I met thee by night in the shady boreen,
 And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
 Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen Colleen!"
 I know we must part, but O! say not forever,
 That it may be for years, adds enough to my pain;
 But I'll cling to the hope that though now we must sever,
 In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.

THE LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER.

1. Ah! lit - tle did I think, my boy, When we cross'd the bri - ny foam, To seek in oth - er lands the bread We could not find at home. Ah! lit - tle did I think that thou Would lay thee down and die; . . . Just as the welcome shore was gain'd, And bread so very nigh.

2 Could I but lay thee 'neath the sod
 Thy infant feet first prest, —
 That velvet sod, with daisies wrought,
 Where sire and sister rest, —
 I would not weep such lonely tears;
 For kindred had been there,
 To send the cornoach's low wail
 Upon the midnight air.

3 Oh! Virgin Mother! hear my prayer,
 To him the undefiled;
 That he would guard from fever's rage
 My last — my only child.
 Ah! gather flowers, my precious gem,
 To deck thy brother's grave;
 Perchance thine own, ere many suns,
 Shall sink beneath the wave.

DARLING OLD STICK.

1. My name is bold Morgan M'-Car-thy, from Trim, My re-la-tions all died ex-cept
 one brother Jim; He is gone a so-ger-ing out to Cow bull, I dare say he's laid low with a
 knick in the skull; But let him be dead or be liv-ing, A pray'r for his corpse I'll be
 giv-ing, To send him soon home or to heav-en, For he left me this dar-lin' ould stick.

- 2 If that stick had a tongue, it could tell you some tales,
 How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils;
 It made bits of skull fly about in the air,
 And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair.
 For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses!
 It has often broke bridges of noses
 Of the faction that dared to oppose us, —
 It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.
- 3 The last time I used it 'twas on Patrick's day,
 Larry Fegan and I got into a shilley;
 We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
 Where I danced, and, when done, I kissed Kate M'Evoy.
 Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
 And, by Jabers! he brought in a dozen;
 A doldrum they would have knocked us in,
 If I hadn't the taste of a stick!
- 4 War was the word when the factions came in,
 And to pummel us well, they peeled off to their skin.
 Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
 And the first that came up, I sent on his back;
 Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy,
 (For he once humbugged sister Nancy,)
 In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
 To myself and a bit of a stick
- 5 I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,
 She then tipped me the wink — we were off in a crack;
 We went to a house t'other end of the town,
 And we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.
 When I got her snug into a corner,
 And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
 She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
 Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick.
- 6 We got whiskificated to such a degree,
 For support, my poor Kate had to lean against me;
 I promised to see her safe to her abode,
 By the tarnal, we fell clean in the mud on the road.
 We were roused by the magistrate's order,
 Before we could get a toe further —
 Surrounded by peelers for murder
 Was myself and my innocent stick.
- 7 When the trial came on, Katy swore to the fact,
 That before I set too't I was decently whacked;
 And the judge had a little more feeling than sense —
 He said what I done was in my own defence;
 But one chap swore again me named Carey,
 (Though that night he was in Tipperary,)
 He'd swear a coal-porter was a canary!
 To transport myself and my stick.

- 8 When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock,
 And the gay fellows all round me did flock ;
 I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
 For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin :
 I went and bought a gold ring, sirs,
 And Kate to the priest I did bring sirs,
 So next night you come, I will sing, sirs,
 The adventures of me and my stick.

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

Scherzando.



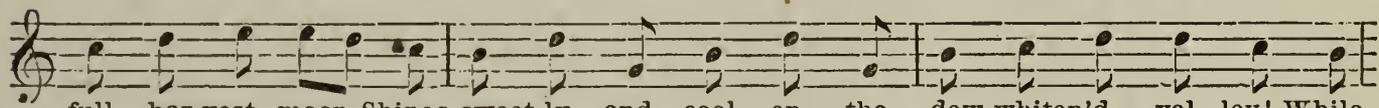
1. " Ah, sweet Kit - ty Neil, rise up from that wheel, Your neat lit - tle foot will be



wea - ry from spinning; Come trip down with me to the sy - ca - more tree, Half the



par-ish is there, and the dance is be - gin - ning. The sun has gone down, but the



full - har-vest moon Shines sweet-ly and cool on the dew-whiten'd - val - ley! While



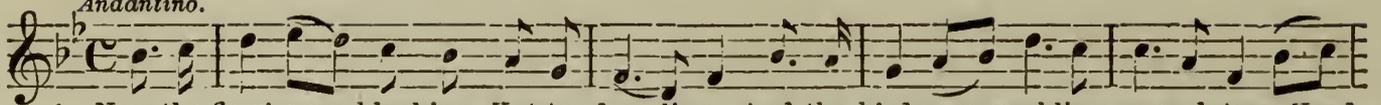
all the air rings with the soft, loving things, Each lit tle bird sings in the green shaded alley."

- 2 With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues —
 So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
 And now on the green, the glad groups are seen —
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
 And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil —
 Somehow when he asked she ne'er thought of refusing.

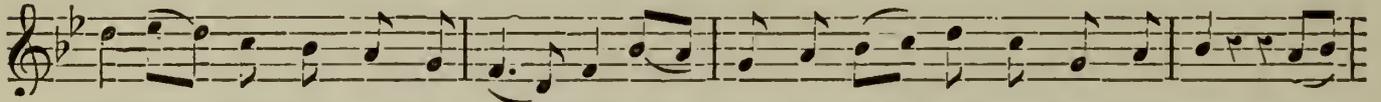
- 3 Now Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, set each couple in motion ;
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground —
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
 Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing —
 Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

- 4 Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
 Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?
 Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh : —
 " Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, love ! "

KATTY, DARLING.

Andantino.

1. Now the flow'rs are blushing, Kat-ty, dar - ling, And the birds are warbling on each tree, Heed



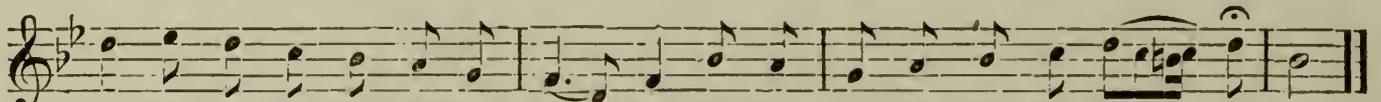
not your mother, Kat - ty, dar - ling, I'm on - ly now waiting, love, for thee. The



sun is bright - ly beaming, And my heart with love is beating high; Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty



dar - ling, Ere the sun has left the morn - ing sky. Kat-ty, Kat-ty, Kat-ty, Kat-ty, Oh!

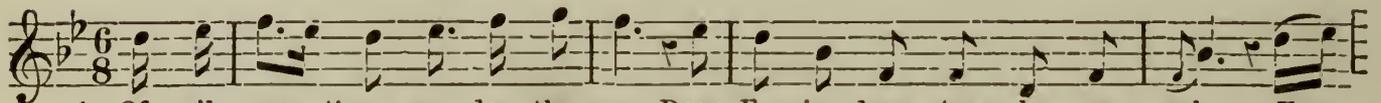


then has - ten quickly, Kat-ty dar - ling, Ere the sun has left the morn - ing sky.

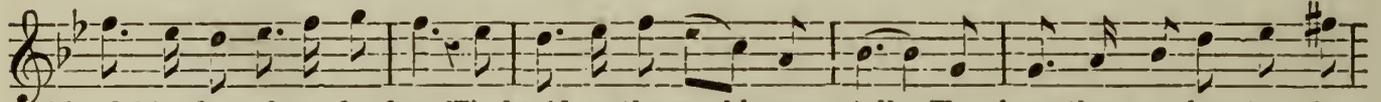
2 Yon grove shall hide us, Katty, darling,
While the sun is sparkling o'er the sea;
Oh! then meet me early, Katty, darling,
And love's truth I'll whisper to thee.
The golden rays around are shining,

But the lustre of thy bright eye,
To me is dearer, Katty, darling,
Than the rays that sparkle in the sky,
Katty, Katty, &c.

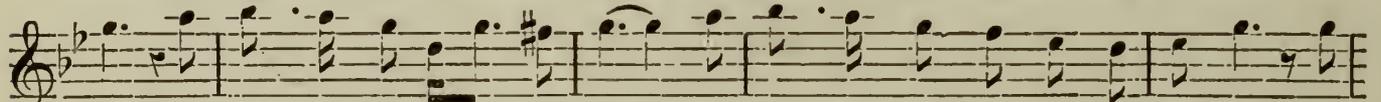
THE EMERALD ISLE.



1. Of all na - tions un - der the sun, Dear E - rin does tru - ly ex - cel, For



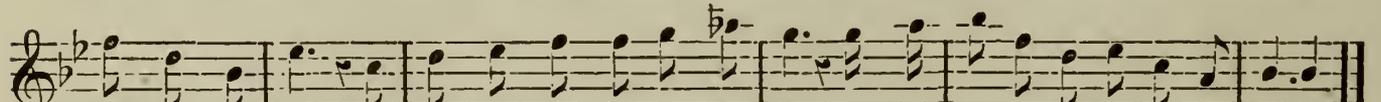
friendship, for valour, for fun, 'Tis fam'd as the world can tell; The boys they are hearty, the



girls Sweet daughters of beauty they prove, The lads they ne'er dread a - ny per - ils, The



las - ses are brimful of love. Then sing whack, for the Em - e - rald Isle! Where shil - le - lahs and



shamrocks abound. May peace and pros - per - i - ty smile O'er the land and its natives a - round.

2 Our forefathers said that Saint Pat
Drove venom away from our shore;
The shamrock he blessed, and for that,
We steep it in whiskey galore.
He told us while time should remain,
Still happy would be the gay sod,
And bloom in the midst of the main,
By the footsteps of friendship still trod.
Then, sing whack, &c.

3 As for heroes, we have them in plenty,
From the gallant old Brian Boru,
In battles, faith upwards of twenty,
He leathered the Danes black and blue.
Invasion our sons could not sever,
Like lions they fought on the strand,
And may their descendants forever
Protect their beautiful land.
Then, success to the, &c.

1. He tells me he loves me, and can I believe, The heart he hath won he can wish to deceive, For ev - er and al - ways his fond words to me, Are Ail - een Mavourneen, a cush - la - machree: Last night when we part - ed his gen - tle good bye, A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh, Each time with a sigh, And still the same words he whispered to me, My Ai - leen Mavourneen, My Ai - leen Mav - our - neen a cush - la - machree.

2 The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
 Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
 Yet still the same fond words he whispered to me,
 Were "Aileen, Mavourneen, a cush la machree!"
 Oh, when will the day come, the dear, happy day,
 That a maiden may hear all a lover can say, all a lover can say?
 And he speaks out the words he has whispered to me, —
 "Aileen Mavourneen, Aileen Mavourneen, a cush la machree!"

THE LOW BACK'D CAR.

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a market day, A low backed car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And decked with flowers of spring, No flow'r was there that could compare With the blooming girl I sing, As she sat in the low backed car— The man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er asked for the toil, But just rubbed his old poll, And looked af - ter the low - back'd car.

2 In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars,
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death in warlike cars;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
 That knock men down in the market town
 As right and left they fly,
 While she sits in her low-backed car—
 Than battles more dangerous far—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from the low-backed car.

3 Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these;
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,

Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love!
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 The lovers came near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin'
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

4 Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
 For the lady would sit forinst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me
 With my arm around her waist —
 While we drove in the low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Maher,
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh —
 Though it beat in a low-backed car.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Andantino.

1. A - lone, to the banks of the dark - roll - ing Danube, Fair Ad - e - laide hied when the
 bat - tle was o'er: "O! whith - er," she cried, "hast thou wan - dered, my lov - er, Or
 here dost thou wel - ter and bleed on the shore? What voice did I hear? 'Twas my
 Henry that sigh'd!" All mournful she hasten'd, nor wandered afar, When, bleeding and low on the
 heath she descried, By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

- 2 From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 "Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar?"
- 3 "Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn,"
 "Ah no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
 Ye babes of my love that await me afar —"
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur, "Adieu,"
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar!

MARY OF TIPPERARY.

Moderato Grazioso.

1. From sweet Tipper - a - ry See light-hearted Ma - ry, Her step like a fai - ry, scarce
 ruffles the dew, As she joyously springs, And as joy - ous - ly sings, Dis - dain - ing such things as a
 stocking or shoe; For she goes bare - footed, Like Ve - nus, or Cu - pid, And who'd be so
 stupid to put her in silk, When her sweet foot and aneale The dewdrops be - span - gle, As she
 trips o'er the lawn, At the blush of the dawn, As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

- 2 For the dance when arrayed, see this bright mountain maid,
 If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond lure,
 O'er some clear fountain stooping, her dark tresses looping, —
 Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure!
 How lovely that toilet! would Fashion dare soil it
 With paint, or with patches, when Nature bestows
 A beauty more simple, in mirth's artless dimples?
 Heaven's light in her eye — the soft blue of the sky —
 Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like a rose!

1. Oh! Mol-ly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lone-ly wait-ing here for you, While the stars a-bove are brightly shining— Because they've noth-ing else to do; The flow-ers, late were o-pen keep-ing; To try a ri-val blush with you, But the mother, Nature, set them sleep-ing, With their ro-sy fa-ces wash'd with dew. Oh! Mol-ly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you, The stars above are brightly shining, Be-cause they've nothing else to do, Mol-ly Bawn,..... Mol-ly Bawn!

2 Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine ;
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine.
 The wicked watch dog here is snarling,
 He takes me for a thief, you see,
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly Darling,
 And then transported I should be.

KATHLEEN AROON.*

1. Why should we part-ed be, Kathleen A-roon! }
 When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen A-roon! } Come to those gold-en skies:
 Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear-ful eyes, Kath-leen A-roon!
 Why should we parted be, Kathleen Aroon?
 When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen Aroon.
 Oh! leave those weeping skies, where man a martyr dies,
 Come dry those tearful eyes, Kathleen Aroon!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

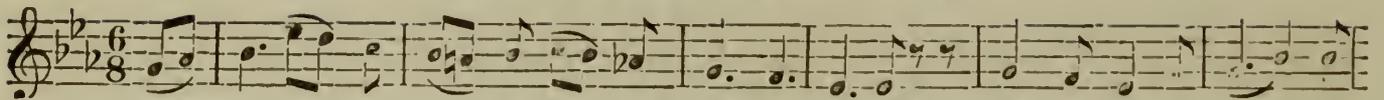
1. At ear-ly dawn I once had been Where Lene's* blue waters flow, When summer bid the groves be green, The lamp of light to glow, As on by bow'r, and town, and tow'r, And wide-spread fields I stray, I met a maid in the greenwood shade, At the dawning of the day.

2 Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
 No mantle fair she wore,
 But down her waist fell golden hair
 That swept the tall grass o'er ;
 With milking-pail she sought the vale,
 And bright her charms display,
 Outshining far the morning star,
 At the dawning of the day.

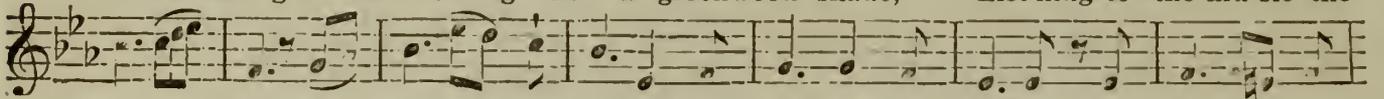
3 Beside me sat the maid divine,
 Where grassy banks outspread —
 “ Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid,” I sportive said.
 “ False man, for shame, why bring me blame? ”
 She cried, and burst away :
 The sun's first light pursued her flight,
 At the dawning of the day!

* Killarney.

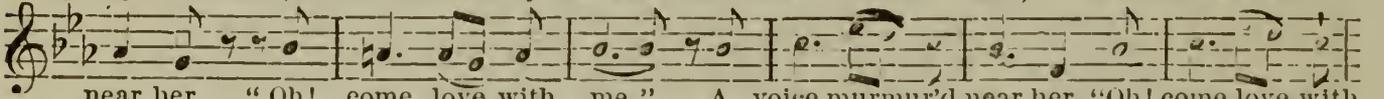
THE FAIRY TEMPTER.



1. A fair girl was sit-ting in a greenwood shade, List'ning to the mu-sie the



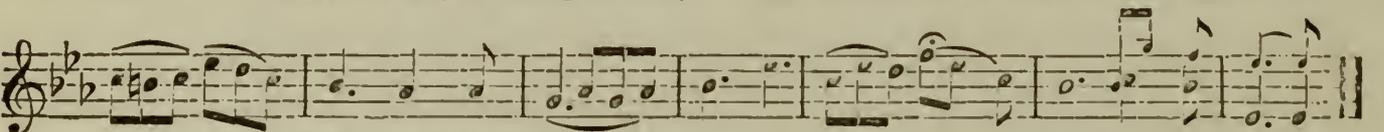
spring birds made, When sweet-er by far than the birds on the tree, A voice murmur'd



near her "Oh! come love with me." A voice murmur'd near her, "Oh! come love with



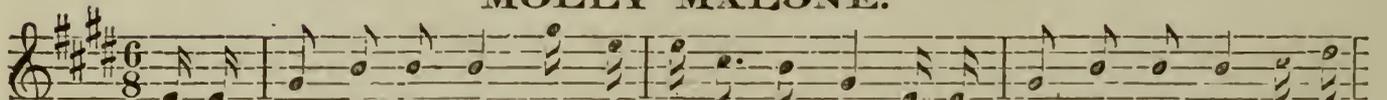
me." In Earth or Air, A thing so fair, I have not seen as thee. Then come love,



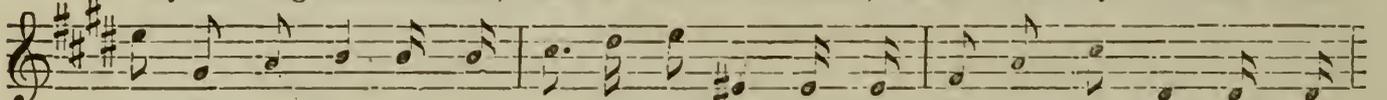
come love, come love with me.... come love, come love come love with me.

- 2 With a star for my home in a palace of light,
 Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
 Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
 I will show thee the birth-place of jewels and gold;
 And pearly caves beneath the waves,—
 All these, all these are thine
 If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine, —
 If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine.
- 3 Thus whispered a fairy, to tempt a fair girl;
 But vain was his offer of gold and of pearl;
 For she said: "Though thy gifts to a poor girl be dear,
 My father, my mother, my sisters are here.
 Oh! what would be thy gifts to me
 Of earth, and sea, and air
 If my heart were not there, if my heart were not there,
 If my heart were not there, If my heart were not there."

MOLLY MALONE.



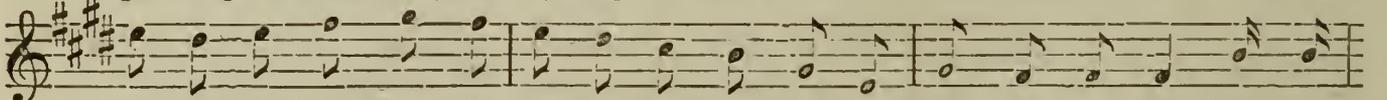
1. By the big hill of Howth, That's a bit of an oath, That to swear by I'm loath To the



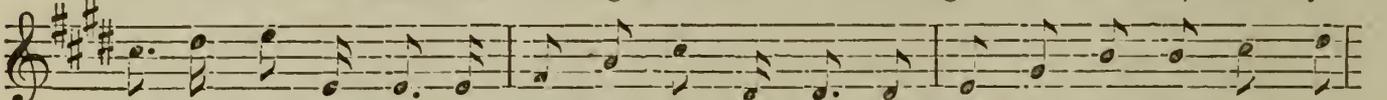
heart of a stone; But be poison my drink, If I sleep, snore, or wink, Once for-



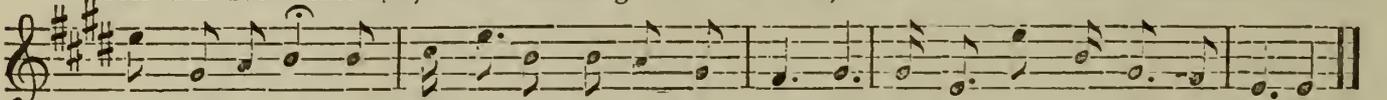
get-ting to think of your dy-ing a-lone. Och! it's how I'm in love, Like a



beau-ti-ful dove That sits coo-ing a-bove On the boughs of a tree, For my-



self I'll soon smether, In something or oth-er, Un-less I can both-er Your



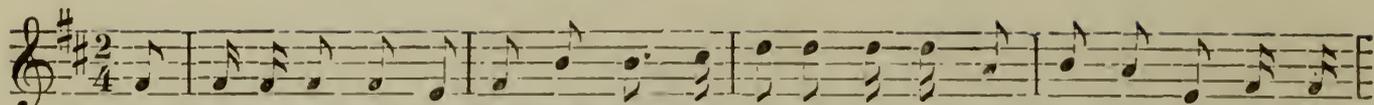
heart to love me, Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Ma-lone, Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Ma-lone.

- 2 I can see if you smile,
 Though I'm off half a mile,
 For my eyes all the while,
 Keep along with my head;
 And my head, you must know,
 When from Molly I go,
 Takes its leave with a bow,
 And remains in my stead.
 Och! its how, &c.

- 3 Like a bird I could sing,
 In the month of the spring,
 But its now no such thing
 I'm quite bothered and dead.
 Och! I'll roar and I'll groan,
 My sweet Molly Malone,
 Till I'm bone of your bone,
 And asleep in your bed.
 Och! its how, &c.

1. O! ma-ny bright eyes full of goodness, and gladness, Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine, And ma - ny cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness, Have I worship'd in si-lence and felt them di-vine! But Hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings, Ne'er fashion'd a be-ing so faultless and fair As the li - ly - cheek'd, the rose of the Roughty, The fawn of the val-ley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

- 2 It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;
But time has not ages, and earth has not distance
To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
Again am I straying where children are playing —
Bright is the sunshine, and balmy the air,
Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare!
- 3 Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air.
But, Oh! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;
To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
Oh! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?
Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughty,
That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare.
- 4 Oh! beauty, some spell from Nature thou bearest,
Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
That hearts that are hardest from forms that are fairest,
Receive such impressions as never can die!
The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear;
Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it —
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare!
- 5 To him who far travels, how sad is the feeling —
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,
When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,
All fade as a vision and vanish from him!
Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland
That memory weaves of the bright and the fair;
While this sigh I am breathing my garland is wreathing,
And the rose of that garland is Kate of Kenmare.
- 6 In lonely Quinlan, in summer's soft hours,
Fair Islands are floating that move with the tide,
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide!
Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened
And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,
Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
Like the fawn of the valley — sweet Kate of Kenmare!
- 7 Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may behold thee —
Though the pride and the joy of another you be —
Though strange lips may praise thee, and strange arms enfold thee,
A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee!
One feeling I cherish that never can perish —
One talisman proof to the dark wizard, Care —
The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,
Of which thou art the type, gentle Kate of Kenmare.



1. Tim Fin-i-gan liv'd in Walker Street, An I-rish gin-tle-man migh-ty odd, He'd a



beau-ti-ful brogue so rich and sweet, And to rise in the world he carried the hod;

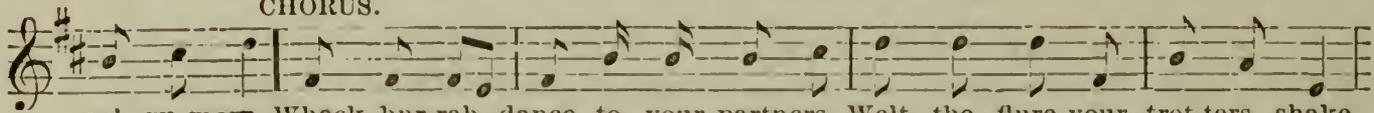


But you see he'd a sort of a tipling way; With a love for the liquor poor

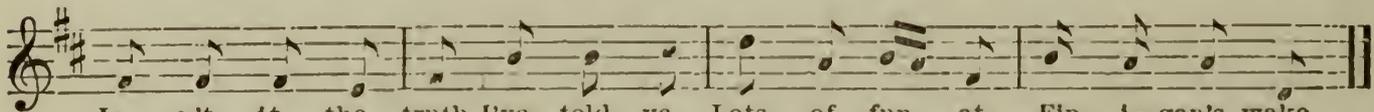


Tim was born, And to help him thro' his work each day, He'd a drop of the creature

CHORUS.



ev'-ry morn. Whack, hur-rah, dance to your partners, Welt the flure your trot-ters shake,



Is - n't it the truth I've told ye, Lots of fun at Fin - i - gan's wake.

- 2 One morning Tim was rather full,
 His head felt heavy, which made him shake,
 He fell from the ladder and broke his skull;
 So they carried him home his corpse to wake:
 They rolled him up in a nice, clean sheet,
 And laid him out upon the bed,
 With fourteen candles round his feet,
 And a couple of dozen round his head.

CHORUS.

- 3 His friends assembled at his wake,
 Missus Finnigan called out for the lunch:
 First they laid in tay an' cake,
 Thin pipes an' tibbacky an' whiskey punch.
 Miss Biddy O'Neil began to cry,—
 "Sich a purty corpse did ye ever see:
 Arrah! Tim avourneen, an' why did ye die?"
 "Och, none of yer gab," sez Judy Magee

CHORUS.

- 4 Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job:
 "Arrah, Biddy," ses she, "yer wrong, I'm sure,"
 But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob,
 An' left her sprawling on the flure.
 Each side in war did then engage,—
 'Twas woman to woman an' man to man,—
 Shillelah law was all the rage,
 And a bloody ruction soon began.

CHORUS.

- 5 Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,
 When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
 It missed him, and, hopping on the bed,
 The whiskey scattered over Tim!
 Bedad! he revives! see how he raises!
 An' Timothy jumping from the bed,
 Cries, while he lathered around like blazus:
 "Bad luck to yer sowls, d'ye think I'm dead!"

CHORUS.

Moderato.

1. I'll seek a four-leav'd Shamrock, In all the fai - ry dells, And if I find the
 charmed leaves, Oh how I'll weave my spells. I would not waste my mag-ic might On
Ritard. *Ad Lib.*
 dia-mond, pearl, or gold, For treas - ures tire the wea - ry sense, Such
A tempo.
 triumph is but cold: But I would play th' enchanter's part In cast-ing bliss around, Oh!
Ad lib.
 not a tear nor ach-ing heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

2 To worth I would give honor,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years;
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again like parted streams,
 And mingle as of old.
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,
 Thus scatter bliss around;
 And not a tear nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

3 The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning,
 Like Noah's faithful dove;
 And hope should launch her blessed bark
 On sorrows dark'ning sea,
 And mis'ry's children have an ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,
 Thus scatter bliss around;
 And not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

* A four-leaved Shamrock is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

Andante.

1. So my Kathleen! you're go - ing to lave me All a - lone by my-self in this
 place! But I'm sure that you'll nev-er de-ceave me, Oh no! if there's truth in that face!
 Tho' Eng - land's a beau-ti - ful country, Full of il - i - gant Boys, och! what then? You
 would - n't for-get your poor Ter-ence, You'll come back to ould Ire-land a - gain.

2 Och! them English! deceavers by nature!
 Tho' may be you'd think them sincere;
 They'll say you're a sweet, charming creature,
 But don't you belave them, my dear!
 Now, Kathleen agrah! don't be mindin'
 The flatterin' speeches they'll make;
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breakin' his heart for your sake.

3 It's a folly to keep you from goin'
 Tho' faith! it's a mighty hard case,
 For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowin'
 When next I may see your sweet face!

And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better shall I be off then:
 You'll be spakin' sich beautiful English
 Sure I won't know my Kathleen agen!

4 Eh now! where's the need of this hurry?
 Don't fluster me so in this way!
 I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was manin' to say!
 Now, just wait a minute, I bid ye,
 Can I talk if you bother me so?
 Och! Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that you go.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

1. { Sure won't you hear what roar - ing cheer Was spread at Pad - dy's wed - ding O. }
 { And how so gay they spend the day, From churching to the bedding O? } First,
 book in hand, came Father Quipes With the bride's dadda the bailie O, While the chaunter with the
 mer - ry pipes Struck up a lilt so gai - ly O. Tiddery, teddery, &c.

- 2 Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O,
 And Murdock Maggs, and Tirlogh Shaggs,
 M'Loughlin, and Dick Durfey, O;
 And then the girls, rigged out in white,
 Led on by Ted O'Rily, O,
 While the chaunter, &c.
- 3 When Pat was asked if his love would last,
 The chapel echoed with laughter O,
 "By my soul," says Pat, "you may say that,
 To the end of the world and after O;"
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteely O,
 While the chaunter, &c.
- 4 Then a roaring set at dinner met,
 So frolicksome and so frisky O;
 Potatoes galore, a skirrag or more,
 With a flowing madder of whiskey O:
 Then round to be sure didn't go the wipes,
 At the bride's expense so freely O,
 While the chaunter, &c.
- 5 And then, at night, Oh what delight
 To see them capering and prancing O!
 An opera or ball were nothing at all,
 Compared to the style of their dancing O;
 And then to see old Father Quipes,
 Beating time with his shillelah O,
 While the chaunter, &c.
- 6 And now the lot so tipsy are got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking O,
 While the bridesmaids fair so gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking O;
 "Decadorus, we'll have," says Father Quipes,
 Then the bride was kissed round, genteely, O;
 While to wish them good night, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

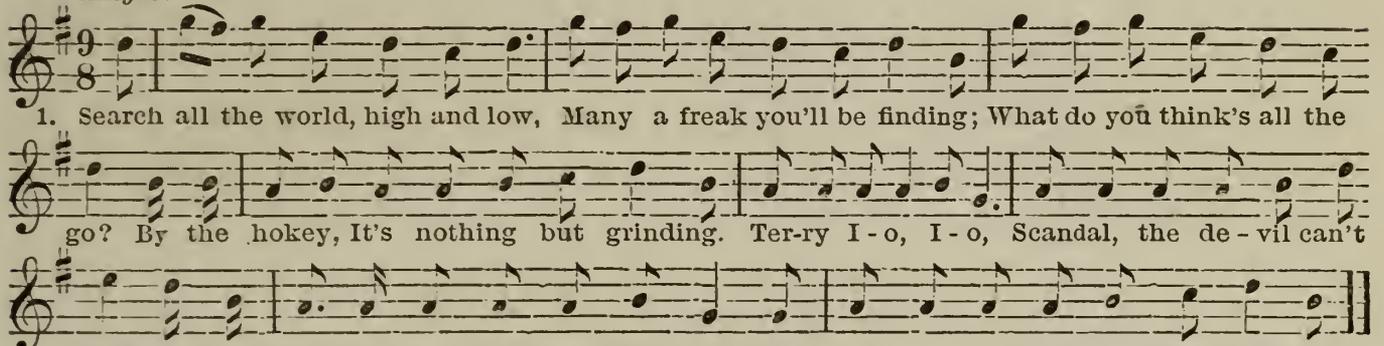
DUBLIN BAY.

1. There sail'd away in a gallant ship, Roy Neill and his fair young bride, They had ventur'd all in the
 bounding bark that danc'd o'er the silv'ry tide; But their hearts were young and spirit's light, As they
 dash'd the tears away, As they watch'd the shore recede from sight of their own sweet "Dublin Bay."

- 2 Three days they sailed, when a storm arose, and lightning flashed the deep,
And the thunder's crash broke the short repose of the weary seamen's sleep.
Roy Neil he clasped his weeping bride, and kissed her tears away,
"Oh, love," she cried, "'twas a fatal hour we left sweet Dublin bay!"
- 3 On the crowded deck of that doomed ship, some knelt in mute despair,
While some, more calm, with a holy lip raised their voice to their God in prayer;
"She's struck on the rocks!" the sailors cried; in the depth of their wild dismay,
The ship went down with that fair young bride that sailed from Dublin Bay.

THE GRINDERS.

Allegro.



1. Search all the world, high and low, Many a freak you'll be finding; What do you think's all the
go? By the hokey, It's nothing but grinding. Ter-ry I-o, I-o, Scandal, the de-vil can't
bind her; The world is all "how came you so?" And ev'-ry pro-fession's turn'd grinder.
- 2 Law's a state mill, and those elves, And his grinders are like a sledge-hammer.
The lawyers, like terrible giants, Terry Io, &c.
Grind all the grist for themselves, 6 Like cobblers, to make both ends meet,
And leave all the chaff for their clients. Thus, at grinding, all stick to their tether;
Terry Io, &c. But Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
Will grind the whole boiling together.
Terry Io, &c.
- 3 Doctors grind you for fees so pell mell, 7 Britain's grinders are sound wooden walls;
That they kill you for mere preservation; The Cambrian and Scot an't behind her;
For they know, if they let you grow well, And for aid, when Hibernia calls,
You'd die soon enough of starvation. Sure Paddy's the devil's own grinder.
Terry Io, &c. Terry Io, &c.
- 4 The gamester he grinds by the card, 8 If ever erased from this breast
Oh, sure he's the devil's own cousin! Are your generous favours so binding,
The tailor he grinds by the yard, May the devil grind me with the rest,
And the baker he grinds by the dozen. Just to properly finish his grinding.
Terry Io, &c. Terry Io, &c.
- 5 The miser grinds north, east, west, south; 9 The barber at grinding's a crammer;
The churchwarden's got a wide mouth,

MARGERY GRINDER. (*Same air as the preceding.*)

- 1 When I was a mighty small boy,
Young Margery came to our town, sir;
How I was bothered with joy!
Like a kitten I frisked up and down, sir,
Calling her, "my sweet pearl;" following always behind her,
For her black eyes no girl could match my sweet Margery Grinder.
- 2 My mother, in vain, bade me work;
Nor work nor eat could poor Barney;
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and after some blarney,
"Give me advice," says she; "no friend than you can be kinder:
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on Margery Grinder.
- 3 "What devil has got in the place?
The folks are all mad!" cries my mother;
"There's Captain Dermot Macsheatan,
And that deaf lawyer, Patrick, his brother,
They're dancing and hobbling all after pert little Margery Grinder."
- 5 This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the Father, though frisky;
"Mrs. Liffy," says he, "take my word,"
(But he first took a noggin of whiskey.)
"Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he can find her:"
So, by his advice, I was carried next day to sweet Margery Grinder.

WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

1. Oh! Pad - dy dear and did you hear the news that's go - in' round, The Shamrock is for -
bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground. Saint Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His
col - or can't be seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the Wearin o' the Green. I
met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said how's poor ould
Ireland, and how does she stand; She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that
ev - er you have seen They're hanging men and wo - men there for Wearin' o' the Green.

- 2 Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod:
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show;
Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to "Wearin' o' the Green."
- 3 But if, at last, our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day;
Oh, Erin! must we lave you? driven by a tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happier land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God! we'll live and die, still "Wearin' o' the Green."

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

1. Oh! re - member the time in La Mancha's shades, When our moments so bliss - ful - ly flew:
When you call'd Me the flow'r of Cas - til - ian Maids, And I blush'd to be call'd so by You.
When I taught You to warble the gay Se - gua - dille, And to dance to the light Cas - ta - net.

- 2 They tell me you lovers from Erin's green Isle,
Ev'ry hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor Maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never would think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love.

Andante.

1. At-tend to me, landsmen and sail-ors, and others, My dit-ty ap-peals to your
 courage and sense, Come round me, my lads, let's shake hands like brothers, And join one and
 all in old Ireland's defence. Tho' Statesmen by tricks to se-duce us en-deavour, We'll
 stand by our Country, old Ire-land for ev-er, By our own dear Country, old
 Ireland for ev-er; We'll stand by our Country, old Ireland for ev-er.

2 Our forefathers fully considered the cause
 Of justice, and wisdom, of honor and fame ;
 Then wisely and bravely established such laws
 As raised above others' Hibernia's great name :
 Then shall we lose sight of them ? Never, boys, never !
 Huzza for our country, — Old Ireland forever !

4 Ye sons of Hibernia, come, join hand in hand,
 We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land ;
 And when o'er the grog, the first toast that is given
 Shall be : " Plenty and peace to the land that we live in."
 Tho' statesmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
 We'll stand by our country, — Old Ireland forever.

THE BEAM ON THE STREAMLET WAS PLAYING.

1. The beam on the streamlet was playing, The dew drop still hung on the thorn, When a
 blooming young cou-ple were straying, To taste the mild fragrance of morn. He
 sigh'd as he breath'd forth his dit-ty, And she felt her breast sweetly glow! "Oh!
 "look on your lo-ver with pi-ty, Ma "Cal-eend-has Croo-thee-na-moe.

2 " Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,
 Or evening shall weep the soft tear,
 Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,
 So long shall thy image be dear.
 Oh! fly to these arms for protection,
 If pierced by the arrow of woe,
 Then smile on my tender affection,
 Ma Caleendhas Crootheenamoe! "

3 She sighed as his ditty was ended ;
 Her heart was too full for reply ;
 Oh! joy and compassion were blended,
 To light the mild beam of her eye.
 He kissed her soft hand : " What above thee
 Could Heaven in its kindness bestow ? "
 He kissed her sweet cheek : " Oh! I love thee,
 Ma Caleendhas Crootheenamoe! "

THE MOON DIM'D HER BEAMS.

1. The moon dimm'd her beams in a feather - y cloud, As she sail'd thro' the star-stud-ded vault of the sky, And slowly the moss-cover'd branches all bow'd To the bree-zes of night moaning dis - mal - ly by: When o'er the long grass of her love's narrow bed, The dew-sprinkled daugh-ter of Dar - go re - clin'd: For - lorn on the grey stone she rest - ed her head, And sad - ly she sigh'd to each gust of the wind.

- 2 " Oh! where is the warrior that awfully rose
 • In his might like the wide-spreading oak on the heath?
 Alas! the bright eye that flashed fire on his foes
 For ever is closed in the slumber of death!
 In his hall not a string of the harp is now stirred,
 The bards sit around wrapped in silence and grief;
 And only the sobs of his father are heard: —
 Who shall comfort the sorrowing heart of the chief?
- 3 " Oh! where are the blood-erusted spear and the shield?
 In indolent rest 'neath the wall they recline,
 And where are his dogs that were fierce in the field?
 Round his grass-tufted hillock they hungering whine.
 Oh, hear me! thou spirit of Crothal, attend!
 In pity look down on the house of thy rest;
 For thee doth the fast-falling tear-drops descend,
 And thine the last sigh that escapes from my breast."

MINE BE THE COTTAGE WITHIN THE VALE.

Moderato.

1. OH! mine be the cot-tage with-in the vale, Where a clear streamlet is flowing,
 Whilst a-round the fragrant gale Sweet health from its wing is be - stow - ing. When
 mild - ly the heavens are beaming, And eve's pur - ple tin - ges are gleaming,
 Oft I'll list the pilgrim's tale, And strew him a couch for his dreaming.

2 Oh! sweetly the woodbine shall wind along,
 Blossoms each lattice adorning,
 Whilst the lark's melodious song
 Salutes the bright beams of morning,

Now, tell me, ye minions of pleasure,
 As night's lagging moments ye measure,
 Can ye, 'midst the city's throng,
 Bestow on your hearts such a treasure.

1. O what a dainty fine thing is the girl I love! She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove; If that I had her just down by yon mountain side, It's there I would ax her if she would become my bride. The skin on her cheek is as red as Eve's ap-ple; Her pret-ty round waist with my arms I'd soon grapple; But when that I ax'd her for leave just to fol-low her, She cock'd up her nose, cried, No, Mister O'-Gallagher. Toorel lel loorel lel toorel lel loorel la, Toorel lel loorel lel toorel lel loorel la, Toorel lel loorel lel toorel lel loorel la, She cock'd up her nose, cried, No, Mister O' - Gal-la-gher.

2 Oh Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you; why,
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie;
'Cause you're hard-hearted I'm melted to skin and bone!
Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mollify;
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy;
Then, with a frown, I'm desired not to follow her;
Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher?
Toorel lel, &c.

3 'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her,
Into Jim Garvey's I went, where I sat with her;
Cicely, my jewel, If that thou wilt be my own,
Soon Father Luke he will come, and he'll make us one.
On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glisten bright!
Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night.
When that she found me determined to follow her,
"I'm yours," she then cried out, "sweet Mr. O'Gallagher."

WHERE LIFFY ROLLS ITS SILVER STREAM.

Andantino Cantabile.

1. Where Liff-ey rolls its sil-ver stream Thro' Leinster's pleasant vales, 'Twas there I sung, and love my theme, And Kathleen heard my tales. The vows approv'd by you, fair maid, Sprang from a heart most true; For tho' my eyes and tongue have stray'd, My tho'ts are still with you, . . . Kathleen.

2 A sparkling eye or rosy cheek
Reminds me of your charms,
When love the theme I hear you speak,

And wish you in my arms.
The vows approved, &c.

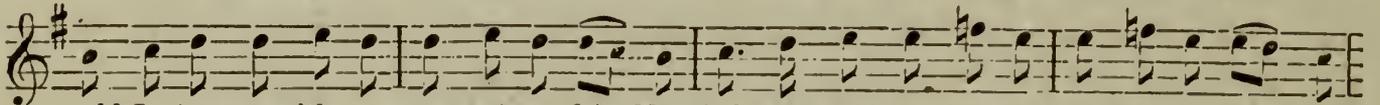
THE TWIG OF SHILLELAH.



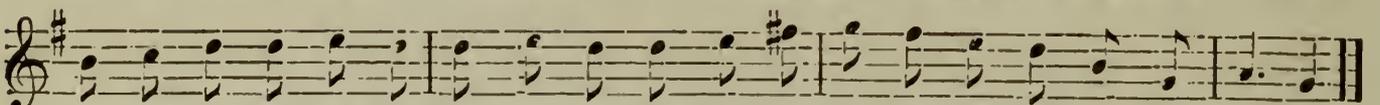
1. Mul-roon-ey's my name, I'm a co-mi-cal boy, A tight lit-tle lad at shil-le-lah; St



Paddy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy, A-mong the sweet bogs of Ki-la-lah. The



world I be-gan with a prospect so fair, My dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir; So



all my es-tate was a heart free from care, And a tight lit-tle twig of shil-le-lah.

2 "Turn Captain," cried dad, "and if kilt in the strife,
Success and long life to shillelah!

Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,

As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah."

But, thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,

How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,

Wid my head in my mouth, to stand picking my teeth

Wid a tight little twig of shillelah.

3 Yet firmly both Ireland and Columbia I'll aid,

The lands of white pine and shillelah;

For now these two sisters are man and wife made,

As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah.

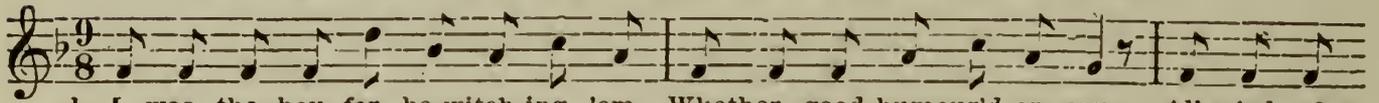
I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true;

To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?

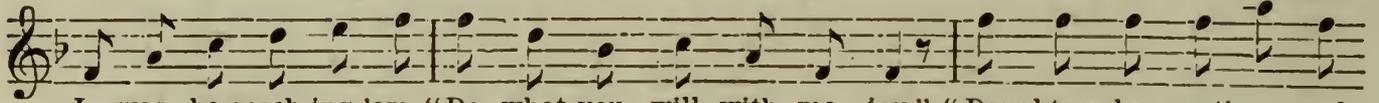
Yes, I'll give 'em my hand — but, along wid it too,

A tight little twig of shillelah.

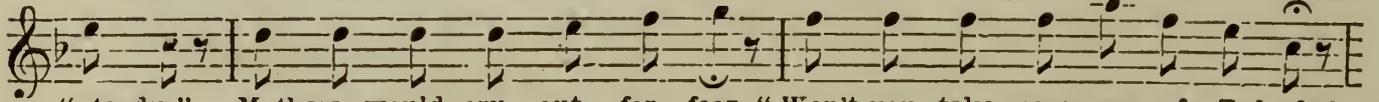
I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.



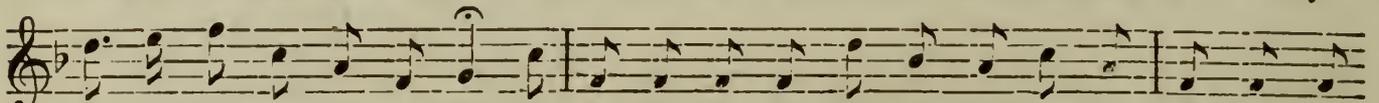
1. I was the boy for be-witch-ing 'em, Whether good humour'd or coy; All cried, when



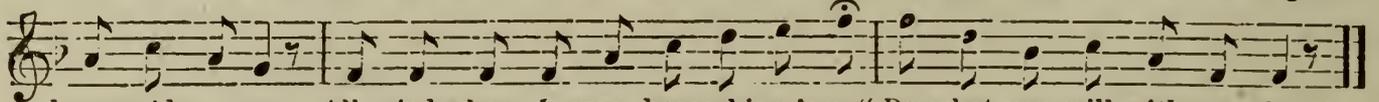
I was be-seech-ing 'em, "Do what you will with me, joy." "Daughters, be cautious and



"steady," Mothers would cry out for fear, "Won't you take care now of Ted-dy?"



"Oh! he's the de-vil, my dear!" For I was the boy for be-witch-ing 'em, Whether good



humour'd or coy; All cried when I was beseeching 'em, "Do what you will with me, joy."

2 From every quarter I gathered 'em,
Very few rivals had I;
If I found any I leathered 'em,
That made 'em plaguily shy.
Pat Mooney my Sheelah once meeting,
I twigged him beginning his clack;
Says he, "At my heart I've a beating,"
Says I, "Then take one at your back."
For I was the boy, &c.

3 Many a lass that would fly away
When other wooers but spoke,
Once if I took her, I die away,
There was an end of the joke.
Beauties, no matter how cruel,
Hundreds of lads though they'd crossed,
When I came nigh to them, jewel,
Melted like mud in a frost.
For I was the boy, &c.

1. Shall the Harp, then, be si-lent, when he who first gave To our count-ry a
 name, is with - drawn from all eyes? Shall a Minstrel of E - rin stand
 mute by the grave, Where the first, where the last of her Pa - tri - ots lie?

- 2 No, — faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crossed,
 Yet, yet shall it sound 'mid the nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star has been lost.
- 3 What a union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
 Was embraced in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.
- 4 Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the wastes of her annals, that epoch sublime —
 Like a pyramid raised in the desert — where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time ;
- 5 That one lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when filled with his soul,
 A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for one sacred instant, touched Liberty's goal ?
- 6 Who that ever hath heard him — hath drunk at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown ?
- 7 An eloquence rich, wheresoever it wave,
 Wandered free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.
- 8 Who that ever approached him, when free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bowed,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head —
- 9 Is there one, who has thus through his orbit of life,
 But at distance, observed him, through glory, through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same ?
- 10 Oh, no not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined, —
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

THE WAKE OF TEDDY THE TILER.

1. From Dublin town, the oth-er night, A cou-ri-er came with all his might, To tell us of a jol-ly fight At the wake of Ted-dy the Ti-ler. Poor Ted-dy was a mason's man, His face was like a warming pan, And ev'-ry night he made a plan, To go and visit Ju - dy Gann, At the cabin, 'mong all the bogs, Where Patrick banish'd toads and frogs, Grunting and squeaking were the hogs, At the wake of Ted - dy the Ti - ler. Phil-lil-loo, hubbaboo, whack, hurrah! Tear a-way, fight a-way, E - rin go braugh! There was a grand po - ta - to war, At the wake of Ted-dy the Ti-ler.

2 One morning, Teddy went with tiles,
To tile the house of Paddy Miles,
Who won Miss Judy Gann with smiles,
For the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
As Teddy up the ladder trod,
With mortar in Pat Murphy's hod,
Miss Judy Gann began to nod,
And call him one of the awkward squad :
She then kissed Paddy Miles and found
Poor Teddy lifeless on the ground ;
And a Coroner's Inquest soon were bound
To the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phililloo, &c.

4 To love and whiskey some did yield,
While others for a row soon peeled,
And marched off to a potato field,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Potatoes in the field that grew
To make Paddy's Irish stew,
Up in the air, some thousands, flew,
Like shots and balls at Waterloo :
A kidney tatar — such a size ! —
Met Paddy Flynn between the eyes,
And sent him into one of his styes
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phililloo, &c.

3 On a shutter home they carried Ted,
And laid him out upon his bed, —
A large red night-cap topped his head,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
A howling, then, they did agree
That Teddy died felo- de-see,
'Cause Judy Gann, false-hearted she,
Kissed Paddy Miles, while on his knee.
The female ladies all began
To black the eyes of Judy Gann,
And swore she shouldn't boast a man
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phililloo, &c.

5 While they were fighting all that day,
A Burker stole poor Ted away,
And then there was the devil to pay
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
To find poor Ted some did engage,
Some put each other in a rage,
Police were sent for to assuage,
And some were shoved into a cage.
Miss Judy Gann ran home to roost,
But cracked her head against a post,
And so, the fool, gave up the ghost
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phililloo, &c.

ON A GREEN BANK GENTLE MARY WAS SEATED.

1. On a green bank gen - tle Ma - ry was seat-ed, Night's gloom-y man - tle was curtain'd around, And soft-ly each note list'ning E - cho re - peat - ed, As she breath'd the melting sound, "Oh, sweetest hope, thou art my treasure! With a tear I look to thee; Heigh - ho! a fare - well to pleasure, Till my lov - er re - turns to me."

- 2 Chill fell the dews, and the night it was dreary,
Wildly the wind from the mountain now roved;
The dews and the wind were unheeded by Mary, —
She thought but of him she loved.
Again she sang: "Thou art my treasure,
Oh, sweet hope, I look to thee!
Heigho! a farewell to pleasure,
Till my Edmund returns to me."

RORY O'MOORE.

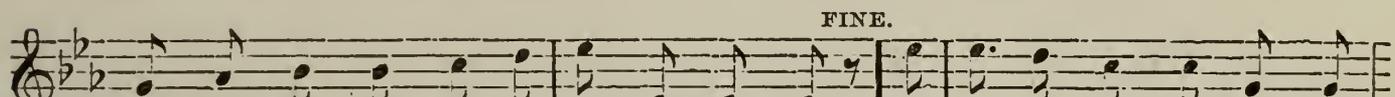


Young Ro - ry O'Moore courted Kath-a-leen bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she,
D. C. "O Jew-el," says Ro - ry, "that same is the way, You've thrated my heart for this



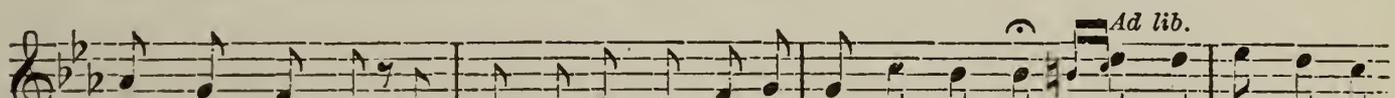
soft as the dawn, He wished in his heart pret - ty Kathleen to please, And he
ma - ny a day, 'Tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis

FINE.



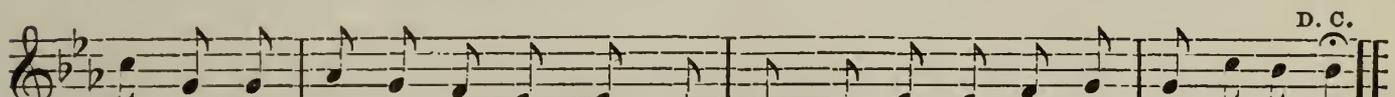
thought the best way to do that was to teaze; "Now Ro - ry be ai-sy," sweet
all for good luck says bold Ro - ry O'Moore.

Ad lib.



Kathleen would cry, Re-proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't

D. C.



know, in truth, what I'm a - bout, Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak in-side out."

- 2 "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
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."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure, I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear;
For dhramas always go by conthrarities, my dear.
Oh, jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.
- 3 "Arrah Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough,
And I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest." *
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, —
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck, —
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, lave off, sir, you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before;"
"Then, here goes another," says he, "to make sure;
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

1. Och, love is the soul of a nate I-rish-man, He loves all the love-ly, loves
all that he can, With his sprig of shil-le-lah and shamrock so green; His heart is good-
humor'd, 'tis hon-est and sound, No malice or ha-tred is there to be found, He
courts and he mar-ries, he drinks and he fights, For love, all for love, for in
that he de-lights, With his sprig of shil - le - lah and shamrock so green.

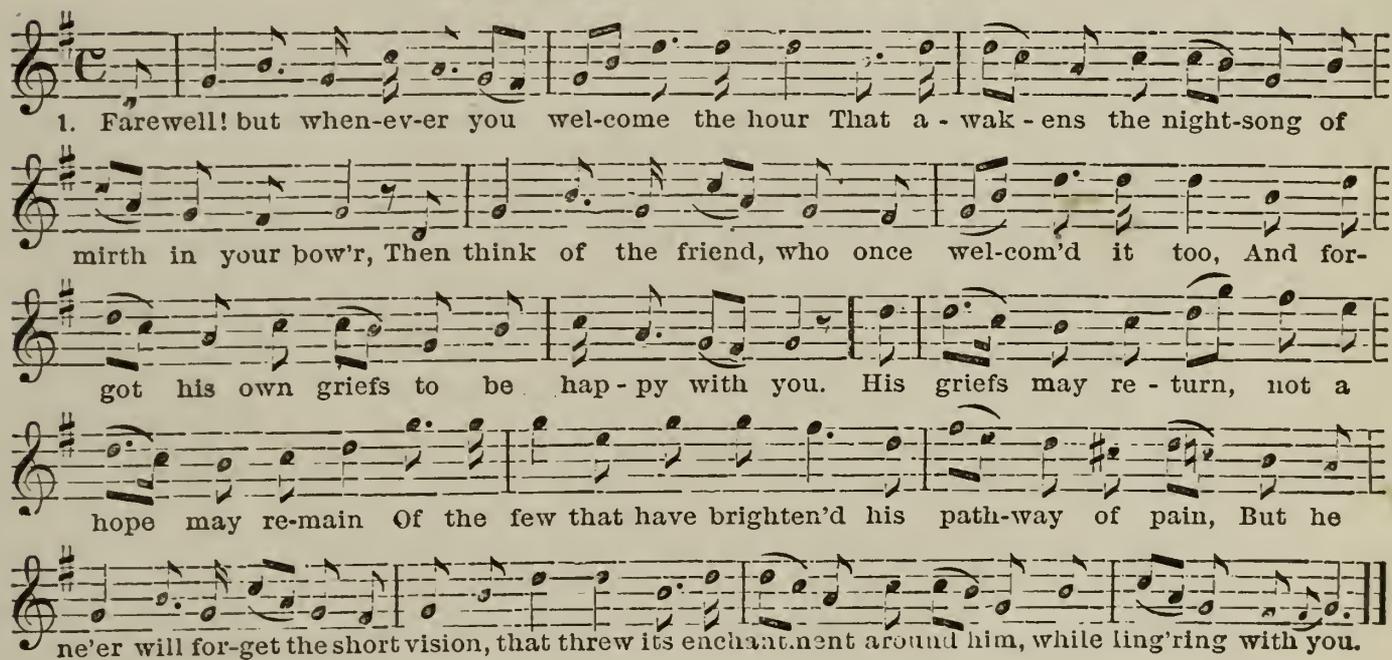
- 2 Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ;
His clothes spick and span new without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck ;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
- 3 At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart light with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries : " Get you gone, Pat ! " yet consents all the while :
To the Priest then they go, and, nine months after that,
A fine baby cries out : " How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ? "
- 4 Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak and its neighboring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green ;
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon ;
United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose, leek, and thistle, long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

WIDOW MACHREE.

1. Wid-ow Machree 'tis no won-der you frown, Och hone! Wid-ow Machree! Faith it
ruins your looks that same dir-ty black gown, Och hone! Wid-ow Machree! How alter'd your
air, with that close cap you wear, 'Tis de-destroy-ing your hair, That should be flow-ing
Rall
free, Be no long-er a churl, Of its black silk-en curl, Och hone, Wid-ow Machree.

- 2 Widow Machree, now the summer is come, Och hone, Widow Machree;
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum? Och hone, Widow Machree;
See the birds go in pairs, and the rabbits and hares, — why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish, though they can't speak, they wish,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
- 3 Widow Machree, and when winter comes in, Och hone, widow Machree;
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin, Och hone, Widow Machree;
Why the shovel and tongs to each other belongs, and the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup, like a hermit you sup,
Och hone, Widow Machree.
- 4 And how do you know, with the comforts I've told, Och hone, Widow Machree;
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cold? Och hone, Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head, sure your peace would be fled, could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite that would wake you each night,
Crying: "Och hone, Widow Machree?"
- 5 Then take my advice, darlin' Widow Machree, Och hone, Widow Machree;
And with my advice, faith, I'd wish you'd take me, Och hone, Widow Machree;
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 your heart,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

FRIENDSHIP'S FAREWELL.



1. Farewell! but when-ever you wel-come the hour That a-wak-ens the night-song of
mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once wel-com'd it too, And for-
got his own griefs to be hap-py with you. His griefs may re-turn, not a
hope may re-main Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain, But he
ne'er will for-get the short vision, that threw its enchant-ment around him, while ling'ring with you.

- 2 And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you this night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all over with smiles!
Too blest, if it tell me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured: "I wish he were here!"
- 3 Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled, —
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.

1. It was bus'ness requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying; I bargain'd the captain to
sail pret - ty quick: But just at the moment the an-chor was weighing, A spalpeen, he
want-ed to play me a trick. Says he, "Paddy go down stairs, and fetch me some beer now," Says
I, By my shoul, you're mon-stra-tious-ly kind; Then you'll sail a - way, and I'll look mighty
queer now, When I come up and see my-self all left behind. With my tal de ral lal de ral
lal de ral la ral la, tal de ral la ral la la ral la la: And sing
pal - li-lah, whil-li - luh, whil-li - luh, pal-li - lah, Whack, bod - er - a - tion, and Lan - go - lee.

2 A storm met the ship, and did so mightily dodge her,
Says the captain, "We'll sink, or be all cast away;"
Thinks I, "Never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
And my life is insured — so the office must pay."
But a thief who was sea-sick kicked up such a riot, —
'Though I lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor elf —
I could not help bawling: "You spalpeen, be quiet!
Do you think there is nobody dead but yourself?"
With my tal de ral, &c.

3 Well, we got safe on shore, ev'ry son of his mother;
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy Magee:
"Och, Dermot," says he, "is it you or your brother?"
Says I: "I've a mighty great notion it's me."
Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey, —
But for bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame, —
Says he: "My good friend, though we've bulls in Hibernia,
They're cuckolds in England, and that's all the same."
With my tal de ral, &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.

1. When I was at home, I was mer-ry and frisk-y, My dad kept a pig, and my
moth-er sold whiskey, My un-cle was rich, but would nev-er be ea-sy, Till
I was en - list - ed by Cor-po-ral Ca - sey. Oh! rub a dub, row de row.

Cor-po-ral Ca - sey, rub a dub, row de row, Cor-po-ral Ca - sey! My dear lit-tle Sheelah I
 thought would run cra - zy, Oh!... when I trudg'd a - way with tough Cor - po - ral Ca - sey.

- 2 I marched from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy, —
 He stuck to my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.
- 3 We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but he bothered me rarely;
 And who should the first be that dropt? — why an't plase ye,
 I was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
 Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy;
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

THE FINE OULD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

1. I'll sing you a da-cent song, that was made by a Pad-dy's pate, Of a
 real old I-rish gentleman who had a fine estate, Whose mansion it was made of mud, with
 thatch and all complete, With a hole at top thro' which the smoke so grace-ful did retrate; Hur-
 rah for the I - rish gen - tle - man, the boy of the ould - en time.

- 2 His walls so cold were covered wid the devil a thing for show,
 Except an old shilelah, which had knocked down many a foe;
 And there old Barney sits at ease without a shoe or hose,
 And quaffs his noggin of potteen to warm his big red nose,
 Like a fine ould Irish gentleman, the boy of the oulden time.
- 3 To Donnybrook his custom was, to go to ev'ry fair,
 And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there;
 And while the rich they feasted him, he still among the poor
 Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar,
 Like a real ould Irish gentleman, the boy of the oulden time.
- 4 But och! mavrone! once, at a row, ould Barney got a knock,
 And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't overget the shock:
 They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan, —
 "Och! Barney, darlint, jewel, dear — why did ye die? och hone!"
 Then they waked the Irish gentleman, the boy of the oulden time.
- 5 Though all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
 Yet Irish hearts of oulden time, were just as at this day.
 Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man —
 To serve a friend, and bate a foe, it always was the plan
 Of a raal ould Irish gentleman, the boy of the oulden time.

DARBY THE BLAST.

1. O! my name is Dar-by the Blast, My country is Ireland all o-ver; My re-

lig-ion is nev-er too fast, But live, as I wander, in clover; To make fun for my-

self ev'-ry day, The la-dies to plaze when I'm a-ble; The boys to amuse, as I

CHORUS.

play, And make the jugs dance on the ta-ble, Oh! suc-cess to the chanter, my dear.

2 Your eyes on each side you may cast,
 But there isn't a house that is near ye,
 But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
 And they'll tell ye 'tis he that cheers ye.
 Oh! 'tis he can put life in a feast;
 What magic lies under his knuckle
 As he plays "Will you send for the Priest?"
 Or a jig they call "Cover the Buckle."
 Oh! Good luck to the chanter, yer sowl.

3 But give me an audience in rags,
 They're illigant people for list'ning;
 'Tis they that can humor the bags,
 As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
 There's many a weddin' I make,
 Where they never get farther nor sighing;
 And when I perform at a wake
 The corpse looks delighted at dying.
 Oh! Success to the chanter, yer sowl.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

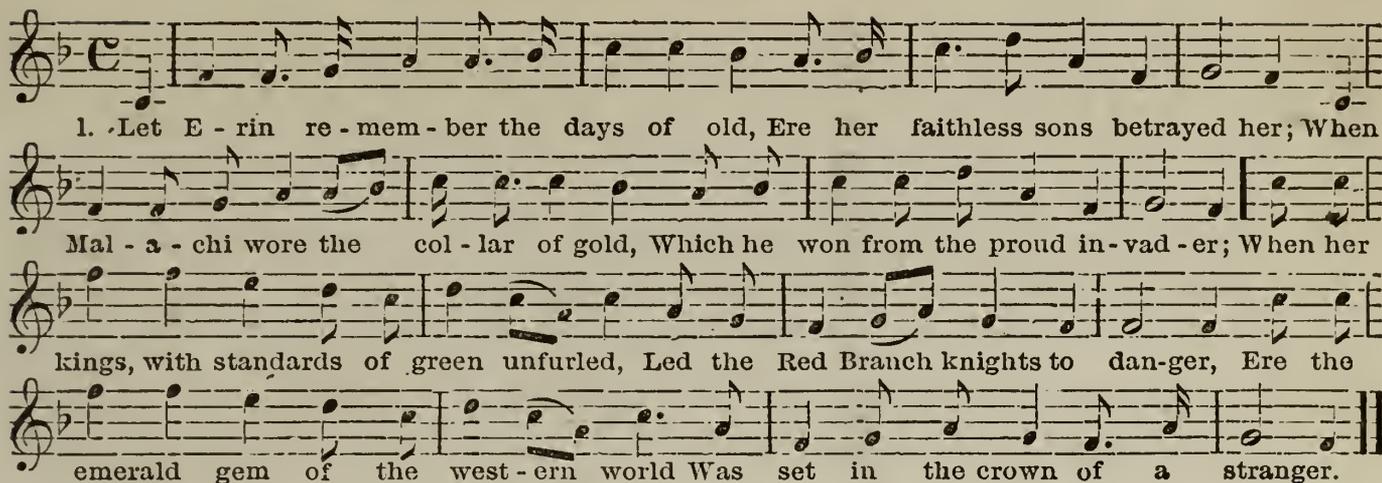
1. 'Tis believed that this Harp, which I now wake for thee, Was a Sy-ren, of

old, who sung un-der the sea; And who of-ten at eve, through the

bright bil-low roved, To meet, on the green shore, a youth, whom she loved.

- 2 But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
 Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.
- 3 Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheek smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
 And her hair shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings
 Fell over her white arm to make the gold strings! *
- 4 Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
 Still to mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
 Till thou did'st divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief, when away.

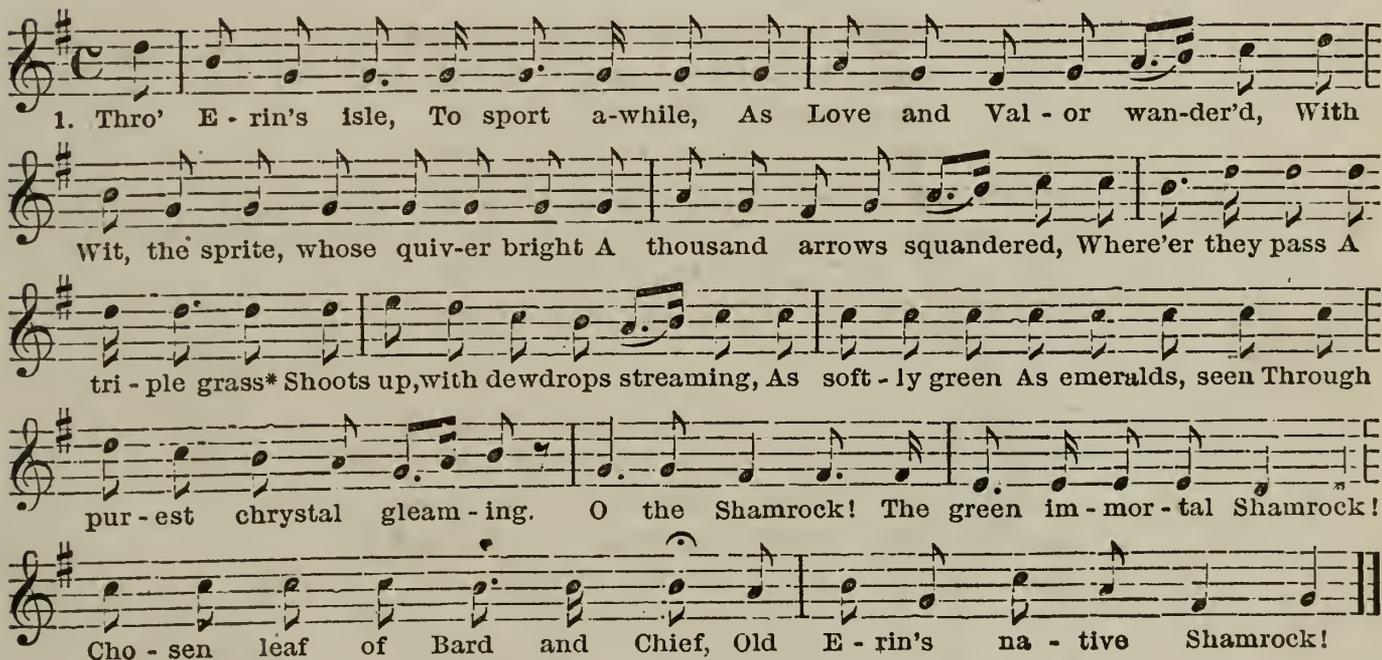
* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Hudson, of Dublin.



1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betrayed her; When
 Mal - a - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from the proud in - vad - er; When her
 kings, with standards of green unfurled, Led the Red Branch knights to dan - ger, Ere the
 emerald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

2 On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the waves beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

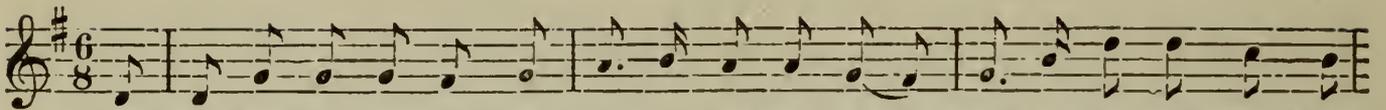
THE SHAMROCK.



1. Thro' E - rin's isle, To sport a - while, As Love and Val - or wan - der'd, With
 Wit, the sprite, whose quiv - er bright A thousand arrows squandered, Where'er they pass A
 tri - ple grass* Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming, As soft - ly green As emeralds, seen Through
 pur - est chrysal gleam - ing. O the Shamrock! The green im - mor - tal Shamrock!
 Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na - tive Shamrock!

2 Says Valor: "See, they spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning!"
 Says Love: "No, no, for me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning!"
 But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
 And cries: "Oh, do not sever
 The type that blends three god-like friends, —
 Love, Valor, Wit, forever!
 Oh, the shamrock! the green, immortal shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief, —
 Old Erin's native shamrock!"

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoll, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."



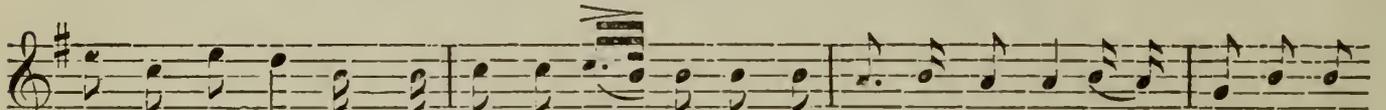
1. Sublime was the warning which Lib - er - ty spoke, And grand was the moment when



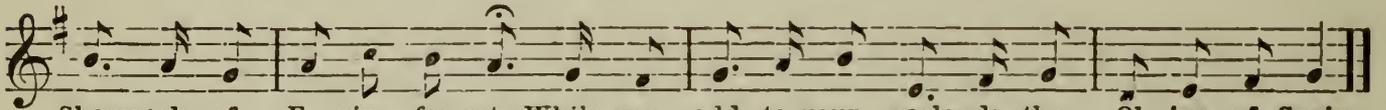
Spaniards a - woke . In - to life and re-venge from the Conquer - or's chain! O,



Lib - er - ty! let not this spir - it have rest, Till it moves, like a breeze o'er the



waves of the west; Give the light of your look to each sor-row - ing spot, Nor O be the



Shamrock of E - rin for-got, While you add to your garlands the Ol - ive of Spain.

2 If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights;

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same!
And oh, may his tomb want a tear and a name
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.

3 Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain,—
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword in the long-sighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.

4 God prosper the cause! — Oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.

