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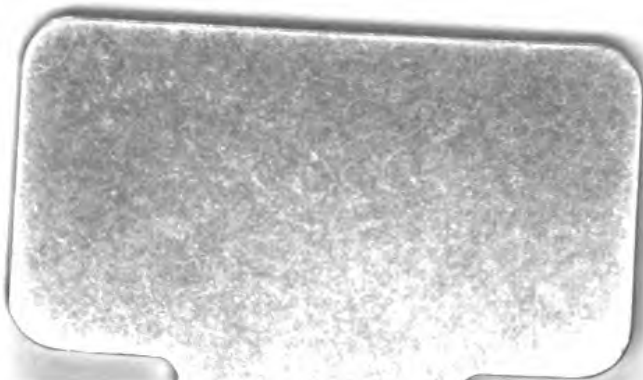


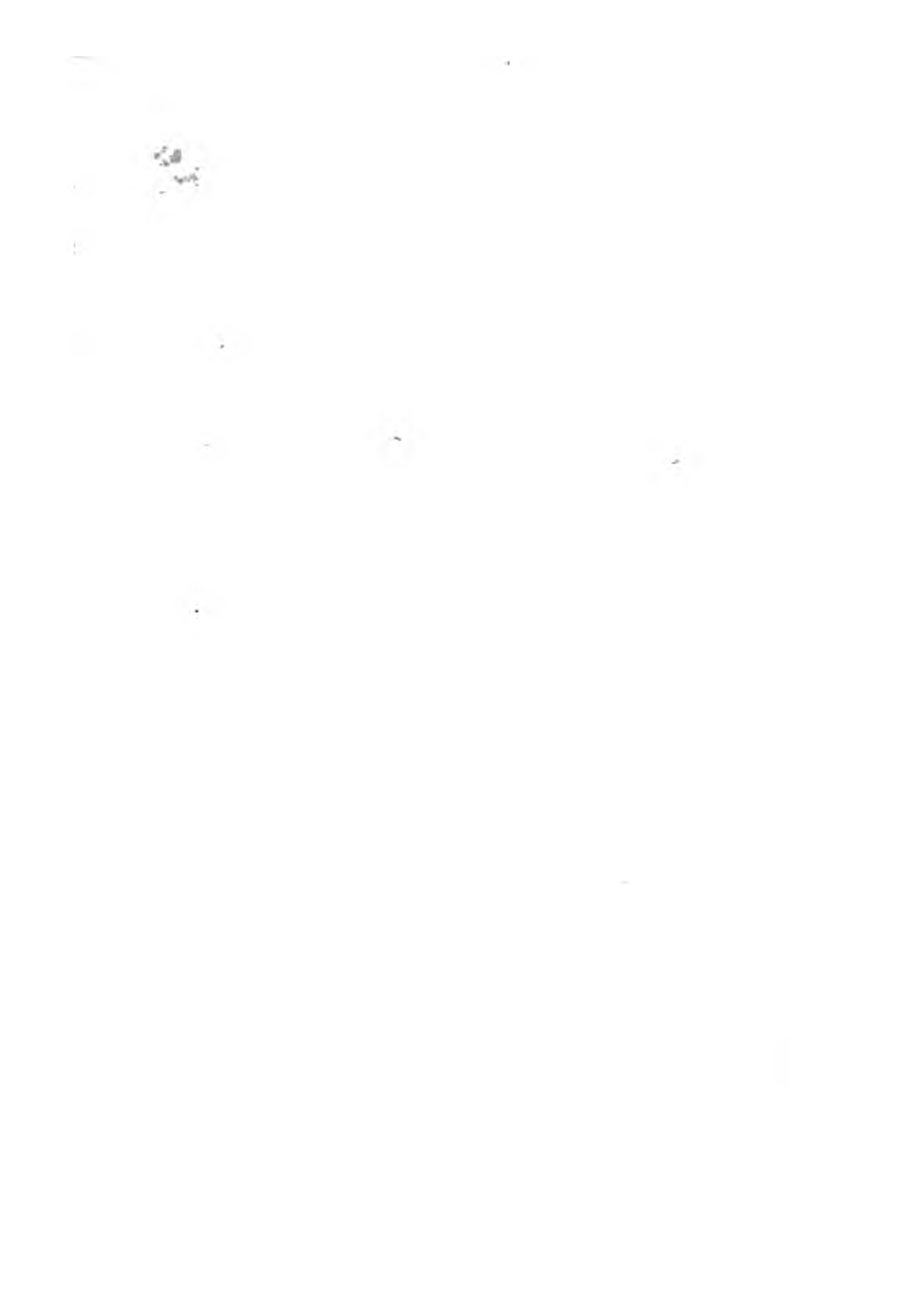
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SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.



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SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.

EDITED BY



J. E. CARPENTER.

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SONGS

FOR

ALL SEASONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

JOHN LABERN.]

[*Tune*—"Vulcan's Cave."]

THE other evening, flush'd with wine—
I think the time was half-past nine—
I rambled in without design
 To Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
The company were getting thin,
My cranium seem'd around to spin,
I remember nothing 'mid the din
Save Napoleon's carriage getting in—
I awoke however in a fright,
By a shindy bordering on a fight,
And found I'd been lock'd up for the night
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
Believe it, or believe it not,
This conversation, piping hot,
Occurr'd among the waxy lot,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Towards the group I groped my way,
 When by the moon's celestial ray,
 I spied Will Shakspeare spouting away
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 Says Will, I'm sack'd from Drury Lane—
 Illegitimates they maintain—
 For legs and lungs they're in the vein,
 Few actors now for me they train.
 Says Paganini—ah, ah—it's clear
 Music's de food of love, my dear—
 I believe we *can scrape* a living there,
 Cries Pag, in the Wax Exhibition,
 Believe, &c.

Says Bonaparte—I must complain,
 When a hop o' my thumb, without a brain,
 Dare take an Emperor's name in vain,
 It's too much of an Exhibition.
 Says Tommy Thumb—As well as you,
 I've taken towns by storm a few ;
 And *sovereigns* in plenty, too,
 Though I *never kill'd* any one, 'tis true.
 Cries Wellington—Go it, Tom—show fight,
 Why *he's* not everybody quite,
 I lick'd him once, down straight and upright,
 Cried the Duke, in the Wax Exhibition.
 Believe, &c.

Says Nelson—Damme, this I know,
 My lofty pillar sinks me low,
 It's base to leave my *basement* so,
 I'm a pitiful Exhibition.
 Says Cromwell—Mate, come, you sing small,
 'Cause I'm a *Commoner*—(there's a *stall*)—
 The Lords have thrown me over the wall,
 So I ar'n't got no *statty* at all.
 Says Father Mathew—I shall no doubt,
 Have one for pushing the *T.* trade about.
 Yes—atop of a *pump* or a *water spout*—
 Cries Hume, in the Wax Exhibition.
 Believe, &c.

The war of tongues grew loud and warm,
When Sir Robert Peel began to storm,
For Cobden trod upon his *corn*,

In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
Says Cobden—Man, I tell you plain,
The only way to ease your pain,
Cut it if it's such a bane,
And goes so much *against the grain*.
Says Peel—I really would if I could,
But the danger's great be it understood—
Perhaps injure myself for life I should,
And there'd be an exhibition.

Believe, &c.

Lord John eyed Peel with vast conceit—
Says he—You rook'd me out complete,
Of that situation in Downing-steet,

And that was my greatest ambition.
Says Bob—Here's *compensation*, my boy.
Keep it, says John, I'm rather coy,
Though out of my mouth (which did annoy)
You took *the bread*, so I wish you joy.
Stop a bit, Johnny, don't talk so base,
You know you're *not strong enough for the place*—
Said Peel, right bang in Russell's face,
At Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

Because he's out of luck, says Dan,
You want to crow over the little man,
But talk away, John, as *free* as you can,
Cried Dan in the Wax Exhibition.
Says Peel, I thought I'd quieted you
With a tidy sum—Och, says Dan, in a stew
Take back your dirty money do,
And then commenced a filliloo.

At last Peel—(mind it wasn't right)—
Call'd Dan the real *potato blight*.
At this Dan stripp'd and straight show'd fight,
In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

A ring was form'd by the waxy mob,
 Justice to Ireland, says Dan to Bob,
 As he tried to get at the Premier's nob,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.
 Peel bobb'd his nob with an artful grace,
 The blow caught Arthur in the face,
 When the doors flew open wide apace,
 'Twas the servants coming to dust the place.
 Into the street like mad I packs,
 But shall never forget the cuffs and cracks,
 And th' impressions made by these *Lads of wax*,
 In Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Believe, &c.

THE LADIES OF OTAHEITE.

COB BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"The King of the
 Cannibal Islands."

'Twas at the time from slavery,
 That men of colour were set free
 By mighty Huggermuggerree,
 The King of Otaheite.
 The ladies, all at once, complain'd
 That they alone were kept enchain'd,
 And begg'd to have the right of shares,
 In managing the state affairs :
 They sent a petition two miles long,
 Presented by Humparleybong,
 A great reformer, right or wrong,
 In the senate of Otaheite.
 Smilery, dimplery, ogleum, squa',
 Scratcherycat et Clapperyclaw,
 Chit-chit-chat et Tonguerywa',
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Now, when the senate did discuss
 The ladies' prayer, a deal of fuss,
 Like bursting of a blunderbuss,
 It caused in Otaheite.

The Ministers soon got in disgrace—
 The Premier did resign his place ;
 The Chancellor then gave up his mace
 To the ladies of Otaheite.

Who from themselves soon chose a set—
 The Countess Taxywaxygreat,
 Who had experience in her pate,
 Was made Prime Minister of State.
 The Dowager Duchess of Macaw,
 Who wore a wig and knew the law,
 Was Chancellor made, with great *éclat*,
 By the ladies of Otaheite.

Smilery, dimplery, &c.

But, ah! ere long I must confess,
 They brought the State in great distress,
 They spent the revenue in dress,
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Look glum did each wiseacre chief,
 And for *nine moons* they sat in grief ;
 But they, to make my story brief,
 Did shortly after get relief :
 For suddenly the married squaws
 Left Parliament, and making laws,
 To nurse young pickaninnies' paws,
 At home in Otaheite.

Some bold reformers then arose,
 And got a majority in the house,
 And of their pow'r they soon did chouse
 The ladies of Otaheite.

Of government they split the cares—
 The management of foreign affairs
 The men preserved, but told their dears
 The home department should be theirs.
 The ladies didn't object at all,
 They got their long clothes all made *small*,
 And now at home they govern all
 The men of Otaheite.

Smilery, dimplery, &c.

VENICE PRESERVED.

THEODORE HOOK.]

[Tune—"The Sprig of Shillelah."

OCH! tell me the truth now, and did you ne'er hear
Of a pair of big traitors, called Jaffier and Pierre,
Who thought that their country was shockingly
served?

Who met in the dark, and the night, and the fogs,—
Who "howl'd at the moon," and call'd themselves
"dogs,"

Till Jaffier to Pierre pledged his honour and life,
And into the bargain his illigant wife,—

By which very means was ould Venice preserved.

The ringleaders held a snug club in the town,
The object of which was to knock the Doge down,
Because from his duty they thought he had swerved.
They met every evening, and more was their fault,
At the house of a gentleman, Mr. Renault,
Who—och, the spalpeen!—when they all went away,
Stayed at home, and made love to the sweet Mrs. J.,—
By which, in the end, was ould Venice preserved.

When Jaffier came back, his most delicate belle—
Belvidera they call'd her—determined to tell
How she by old Renault that night had been served.
This blew up a breeze, and made Jaffier repent
Of the plots he had laid; to the Senate he went.
He got safe home by twelve: his wife bade him not fail;
And by half-after-one he was snug in the gaol,—
By which, as we'll see, was ould Venice preserved.

The Doge and the Court, when J.'s story they'd heard,
Thought it good for the country to forfeit their word,
And break the conditions they should have observed.
So they sent the police out to clear every street,
And seize whomsoever by chance they might meet;
And before the bright sun was aloft in the sky,
Twenty-two of the party were sentenced to die,—
And that was the way was ould Venice preserved.

Mr. Jaffier, who 'peach'd, was let off at the time ;
 But that wouldn't do, he'd committed a crime,
 Which punishment more than his others deserved ;
 So when Pierre was condemn'd, to the scaffold he went.
 Pierre whisper'd and nodded, and J. said " Content."'
 They mounted together, till kind Mr. J.,
 Having stabb'd Mr. P., served himself the same way,—
 And so was their honour in Venice preserved.

But och ! what a scene, when the beautiful Bell,
 At her father's, found out how her dear husband fell!
 The sight would the stoutest of hearts have unnerved.
 She did nothing but tumble, and squabble, and rave,
 And try to scratch J., with her nails from the grave.
 This lasted three months, when cured of her pain,
 She chuck'd off her weeds and got married again,—
 By which very means was this *Venus* preserved.

NOT AT HOME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

NOT at home ! not at home ! close my curtain again,
 Go and send the intruders away ;
 They may knock if they will, but 'tis labour in vain,
 For I'm not made up for the day.
 Though my ball was the best of all possible balls,
 Though I graced my saloon like a queen ;
 I've a headache to-day, so if any one calls,
 " Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

Not at home ! not at home ! bring strong coffee at two,
 But now leave me to doze in the dark ;
 I'm too pale for my pink ! I'm too brown for my blue,
 I'm too sick for my drive in the park.
 If the man whose attentions are pointed should call
 (Eliza, you know who I mean),
 Oh ! say, when he knocks, I'm knocked up by my
 ball,
 " Not at home !" I am not to be seen.

Not at home to Sir John, not at home to the Count,
 Not at home till my ringlets are curl'd;
 Should the jeweller call with his little account,
 Not at home! not at home for the world!
 I at midnight must shine at three splendid "at
 homes,"
 Then adieu to my morning chagrin,
 Close my curtain again, for till candle-light comes,
 "Not at home!" I am not to be seen.

ISABEL AND HER PAGE.

DAMER CAPE.]

[*Music* by HENRI TALBOT.]

OF Isabel, what now I tell is true as historie:
 She lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, along
 with her familie;
 Her father old, a baron bold, was fond of revelrie;
 He passed his days, his nights always, at a famous
 hostelrie.
 But to his door, you may be sure, full many a suitor
 came,
 From many a land, to sue for her hand, for to change
 her maiding name.
 Singing: Hey away! a roundelay!
 A cheer for the good Queen Anne,
 And Isabel, and every swell
 That lived in that ere reign!

The Baron bold, one night was cold, so he called for
 the wassail cheer;
 And higher and higher he piled the fire, and the logs
 burned bright and clear;
 He piped his clay, and smoked away, till the night
 began to wane,
 And when the bowl was drained, I'm told, he had it
 filled again;

He roared a song the whole night long, along with a
 motley crew
 Of knights and friars, of unsober desires, who were
 down to a move or two.

Singing : Hey away ! &c.

When the clock struck one this crew began deep
 wagers for to lay ;
 And the Baron bold lost all his gold, to a Friar of
 orders grey.
 The cheer, 'tis said, got in his head, and he roared
 both loud and long,
 For he did not care who heard him sing, and his
 lungs were tough and strong.
 And what is worse, when he'd lost his purse, he
 lost his hall and land ;
 But he'd had his fill, and he wagered still, till he lost
 his daughter's hand.

Singing : Hey away ! &c.

Now the friar so old, who'd won his gold, and the
 knight his daughter fair,
 The wine they drunk, the knight and the monk ; but
 the old man tore his hair,
 When he told the news, she did refuse to give her
 hand away.
 " I am engaged to my sister's page," poor Isabel did
 say.
 Oh ! then, I trow, there was a row, and the Baron
 backed the Knight
 Against the page, who did engage to call him out to
 fight.

Singing : Hey away ! &c.

Their friends they bring to form a ring, in the ancient
 castle ground,
 And the Page and the Knight went in to fight, full
 four-and-twenty round.

The rounds were done ; the Page had won ; the
 Knight he lay in fear ;
 His ransom rare, the maid so fair, the Page's heart
 did cheer.

The Monk so old, who'd won the gold, a right good
 friend proved he,—

He married the pair, and left all there a happy
 familie.

Singing : Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub ;
 The Baron he left off play.

And that's the end of my ri-tol-looral
 Rural roundelay.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Air*—"Brother, have a guinea."]

MR. BENJAMIN BUMPS was a banker's clerk,
 He was a light-made man, though his face was dark ;
 And his leisure hours were employ'd between
 The care of his nails and the hair on his chin.
 He liked to be seen very nicely dress'd,
 He was very fond of dancing and a rubber of whist ;
 And if ever in his drinking he indulged a little drop,
 There was nothing he liked half so well as ginger-pop.

He was once taking home from his favourite shop
 A bottle in each pocket of this ginger-pop,
 And as he carried it along very snug and sly,
 He kept ogling the ladies as he pass'd them by.
 There was one divine creature, very brilliantly dress'd,
 He was just about to speak to her, and close to her
 he press'd ;
 When a bottle in his pocket found its cork wouldn't
 stop,
 Spouted out and cover'd all her dress with ginger-
 pop !

All the people were astonish'd at the ginger-pop,
 For when the beer began to run all the folks began to
 stop,
 The lady look'd at her silks—Bumps look'd for a
 cloth ;
 He was covered with confusion—she was covered with
 froth.
 Bumps found that the crowd for a row was seeking,
 While the lady he was wiping he was threaten'd with
 a licking ;
 So he hurried her away into the nearest shop,
 To clear her from the mob and the ginger-pop.

Bumps saw that he had ruined quite a bran-new
 dress,
 So he made some long apologies—he couldn't do less ;
 He kept smoothing her down till she was almost dry,
 When the other cursed bottle in his pocket let fly.
 Poor Bumps stood aghast with dismay and fear,
 At the mischief he was making by the working of the
 beer ;
 For he found he now had got into a cutler's shop,
 Where he play'd the very devil with the ginger-pop !

While the beer with a spurt kept fiz-fizzing out,
 Bumps to make the matters worse kept wiggle-wag-
 gling about ;
 He kept firing away on all the blades in the shop—
 E'en the daggers and the swords were subdued by his
 pop.
 The scissors felt keenly the spluttering they bore,
 The knives had never met with such a w(h)etting
 before :
 The tweezers and the snuffers—every razor in the
 shop—
 Got treated with a taste of the ginger-pop !

The cutler, although he was a close-cutting blade,
 Was very easily satisfied, the money being paid ;

Bumps got the lady home in a cab, and then
 Got leave to have the happiness of seeing her again.
 He gave her all his heart—and a new silk dress,
 For his love, like ginger-pop, soon began to effervesce ;
 He at length “popp’d the question,” she his hopes
 didn’t stop,
 So he popp’d upon a wife with his ginger-pop.

LECTURED BY PA AND MA.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*

LECTURED by pa and ma o’er night,
 Monday at ten quite vex’d and jealous ;
 Resolved in future to be right,
 And never listen to the fellows :
 Stitch’d half a wristband, read the text,
 Received a note from Mrs. Racket,
 I hate that woman, she sat next,
 All church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
 The toast was cold, ’twas past eleven ;
 I dreamt the Captain thro’ the air
 On Cupid’s wings bore me to heaven :
 Pouted and dined, dress’d, look’d divine,
 Made an excuse, got ma to back it ;
 Went to the play, what joy was mine !
 Talk’d loud, and laugh’d with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay :
 “The girl’s quite altered,” said my mother.
 Cried Dad, “I recollect the day
 When, dearee, thou wert such another.”
 Danced, drew a landscape, skimm’d a play,
 In the paper read that Widow Flackit
 To Gretna Green had run away,
 The forward minx, with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick, "Pour soul, she'll die!"
 Five doctors came with lengthened faces:
 Each felt my pulse; "Ah me!" cried I,
 "Are these the promised Loves and Graces?"
 Friday grew worse; cried ma, in pain,
 "Our day was fair; heaven do not black it!
 Where's your complaint, love?"—"In my brain."—
 "What shall I give you?"—"Captain Clackit."

Early next morn a nostrum came
 Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices;
 A letter, I had been to blame,
 The Captain's truth brought on a crisis.
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 Of a few clothes I made a packet,
 And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
 And ran away with Captain Clackit.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Irish Air*—"All Kings in our turn."]

A SUP of good whisky will make you glad;
 'Too much of the creatur' will make you mad;
 If you take it in reason, 'twill make you wise;
 If you drink to excess, it will close up your eyes.
 Yet father and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you that whisky is bad;
 I think so too—if there's none to be had;
 Teetotallers bid you drink none at all;
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all!
 Both layman and brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell you 'twill hurt your health ;
 The justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;
 Physicians and lawyers both do agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee.
 Yet surgeon and doctor,
 And lawyer and proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
 He to the three-legged horse is bound,
 In the face of his regiment obliged to strip ;
 But a noggin will soften the nine-tailed whip.
 For sergeant and drummer,
 And likewise his honour,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte sublime,
 All told us that drinking was held a great crime !
 Yet, after their dinner, away they slunk,
 And tiddled, so sly, till they got quite drunk.
 For Sultan and Crommet,
 And even Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By *yea* and by *nay* they will make it plain ;
 But some of the broad-brims will get the stuff,
 And tiddle away till they've tiddled enough.
 For Stiff-back and Steady,
 And Solomon's lady,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians also do boast ;
 Ould Ireland's the country (for all their noise)
 For generous drinking and hearty boys.
 There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

KING RICHARD THE FIRST.

[EDWARD DRAPER]

[Air—"Cork Leg."]

KING RICHARD has gone to the Holy Land,
 But in returning has been trepann'd,
 And prisoner made by a ruffian band,
 And nobody knows where his gaol doth stand.
 Ri tooral, looral, &c.

A minstrel whose name begins with B,
 (Bloundell, or Blundell, or Blondell)—he
 Cries, I'll my monarch soon set free
 For a minstrel can always pitch in a key,
 Ri tooral, looral, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Meanwhile in lonely misery
 The King in prison cast,
 Like Poet Bunn lamented o'er
 "The memory of the past."

No mild cigars—no Bass's Ale,
 No newspapers, no letters—
 Sometimes to soothe his mind, he'd dance
 A hornpipe in his fetters.

Sometimes he'd whistle lively airs,
 Till one day down below
 He heard his notes re-echoed
 From a very old banjo.

[Air—"Ole Joe."]

King Richard stood at his dungeon grate,
 He couldn't get out, so he had to wait,
 But at sound of the tones he knew so well
 He jumped for joy all round his cell!

SPOKEN—(*Dubioso*). What! King Richard the
 First!—Yes, the real original King Richard—I can
 assure you you'll find it historically correct!

King Richard kicking up behind and before
And the minstrel playing up before King Dick!

There's some one in the yard, that I know,
Playing on an old banjo!

RECITATIVE.

Meanwhile a very ancient air
The minstrel, true and kind,
Played just before the window;—
That was merely as a blind.

[*Air*—BLONDEL—"Buffalo Gals."]

I've wander'd over many lands,
 Many lands, many lands,
Yet Gravesend shrimps and Brighton sands
 No strangers are to me,
So—Lion-heart King—wont you come out to
 night
 If I lend you a knife and a file?

RECITATIVE

Cries Richard, though in matters small
I never make a fuss,
The way that I am barr'd in here,
Is really bar—bar—us.

[*Air*—CŒUR DE LION—"When I lived in Tennessee."]

Not a man in ten I see,
 Cock a doodle, doodle doo!
In strength would dare to cope with me,
 Cock a doodle, doodle doo!

Yet tho' my window isn't high,
These bars and chains my pow'rs defy,
And when I try just all I know,
I make a very foolish show.

 If you'll help to set me free
 Royal gratitude you'll see,
 Your legs shall ever welcome be,
 Beneath my own mahogany!

[*Air*—"Roast Beef of Old England,"]

Next day when the turnkey look'd into the cell,
His hair all stood up, and his countenance fell,
Till his agonized feelings found vent in a yell,
Of—Where is the King of Old England,
Oh, where is the Lion-heart King?

Next minute the castle alarm-bell rang out,
And soldiers and warders all hurried about,
While the walls and the rafters all rang with a shout,
Oh, where is the King of Old England,
Oh, where is the Lion-heart King?

That morning the king, with a favouring gale,
With his kind friend the minstrel for Britain set sail,
Where his nobles all roared as he told them the tale,
Hurrah for the King of Old England,
Hurrah for the Lion-heart King!

SAID A FOX TO A GOOSE.

UPTON.]

[*Air*—"Said a Smile to a Tear."]

SAID a fox to a goose
(From a farm-house let loose),
Who chanced to be pluming a feather,
"Dear goose, how d'ye do?
'Tis strange, and yet true,
That you and I meet here together!
Together!
That you and I meet here together!"

Said the goose (with a stare),
"Mr. Fox, are you there?
And to see you, indeed, is a pleasure!
In truth, I must say,
That your visit to-day
Is really *delight* beyond measure!
'Yond measure," &c.

Says the fox, "Then, we'll walk,
 And like friends so dear talk,
 And never was seen finer weather."
 Says the goose, "Gander Grange
 Has forbade me to range,
 Or else we would travel together,
Together,
 Or else we would travel together."

Says the fox, "Let him be,
 Take an airing with me,
 And hear both the goldfinch and linnet!
 On the *love* of a *friend*
 You can, goosy, *depend*,
 And"—snapt off her head in a minute!
A minute!
 "And"—snapt off her head in a minute!

THE DUSTER, THE BROOM, AND THE PAIL.

J. BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Callaghans—Brallaghans."]

To those gods—the Penates and Lares—
 Three agencies useful belong!
 Yet bards, from their uses who share ease
 And comfort, have left them unsung!
 But other things sing they *ad libit*,
 The Loom, or the Plough, or the Sail;
 Then a votive lay let me contribute,
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail.

The Duster, the robe of a Duchess
 Might have formed; and be useful at last:
 The Broom, too, of pow'r shows rare touches
 Of freeing the "blacks" in the past.
 The Bucket should be much respected—
 In short, all the trio we hail!
 Like poor merit hid and neglected,
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail!

The Duster, like that poison'd garment
 Of old, oft its victim has bound ;
 The Bucket a " Goodwin " for varmint
 Has proved when young kittens were drown'd !
 The Broom, too, all corners found way in,
 So ferret-like, with its long tail !
 Then join in one jubliant pæan—
 The Duster, the Broom, and the Pail !

NOTHING AT ALL.

IN Derry-down Dale, when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy a-courting to Kate ;
 With my nosegay so fine, and my holiday clothes,
 My hands in my pockets, a-courting I goes ;
 The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot ;
 Now I was so bashful, and loving withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth, I said nothing at all.
But fol de rol.

When I got to the door, I look'd sheepish and glum,
 The knocker I held 'twixt the finger and thumb ;
 Tap went the rapper, and Kate show'd her chin,
 She chuckled and duckled, I bow'd and went in.
 Now I was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me ;
 So I bow'd, and she grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
 Then I smiled and scratch'd my head, and said nothing
at all.

But fol de rol.

If bashful was I, no less bashful the maid,
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-strings
play'd ;
 Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed little Kitty and I should be one ;

In silence we young folks soon nodded consent,
 Hand in hand to the church to be married we went,
 Where we answer'd the parson, in voices so small,
 Love, honour, obey, and a—nothing at all.
But fol de rol.

But mark what a change in the course of a week:
 Our Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak,
 Could toy with my deary, laugh loud at a jest,
 She could coax, too, and fondle as well as the best.
 Ashamed of past follies, we often declared,
 To encourage young folks, who at wedlock are scared,
 For if once to their aid some assurance they call,
 You may kiss and be married, and a—nothing at all,
But fol de rol.

MR. AND MRS. PRINGLE.

AN obstinate man had a scold for his wife,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 They led, you'll suppose, a queer cat-and-dog life,
 Like tavern-bells, always at jingle.
 Mr. P. was a man to his word who stuck fast,
 He declared—when he'd said it, he'd said it ;
 Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last
 So for comfort you'll give them some credit.
Poor souls !

To Richmond by water determined to go,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 He wanted the sail up, but she said no !
 The thoughts of it made her tingle.
 He insisted it should be put up, with a frown,
 And declared—when he'd said it, he'd said it ;
 She vowed if it was put up she'd pull it down,
 So for firmness you'll give them some credit.
Firm souls !

For the sail then beginning to pull and to haul,
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 Says the boatman—" You'll into the Thames both
 fall,
 With other odd fish to mingle."
 And into the river they sure enough roll'd
 As soon as the waterman said it ;
 So out of *hot* water they got into *cold*,
 For extremes then you'll give them some credit.
Wet souls.

Then the drags were procured in an instant, to find
 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle ;
 Mrs. P. was brought up, but her spouse left behind ;
 She, in tears, cried—I'm lost, I'm left single.
 At length the odd fish was lugg'd out, almost
 drown'd,
 Dispelling her fears as she said it :
 So with nursing and kissing they speedily found
 That perversity gain'd 'em no credit.
Loving souls !

MR. FROST AND MISS SNOW.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—" Russian Dance."

ONE Mr. Frost was quite lost—led a miserable life,
 Like to die—and for why? 'Cause he couldn't get a
 wife ;
 He was cold—but so bold—took ladies by the nose,
 Did offend—foe and friend—as you easy may suppose ;
 At last the pure Miss Snow, she came down here
 below,
 And in paying his addresses to her *warn't* a moment
 lost,
 For morning, noon, and night, he stuck to her so tight,
 She consented that she would become the wife of Mr.
 Frost.

I can speak, that a week, had scarcely pass'd away,
 When the sun, had begun, to shine forth every day;
 Mr. Frost, ardour lost, and she call'd herself a fool,
 For as the sun got warm—the love of Frost got cool.
 But Frost he did deny—and said, "'Twas all my eye,
 His love was as strong as ever, and her senses must
 be lost,
 To hurt her feelings loath, he'd freely take an oath,
 He'd be true to her as long as she was true to Mr.
 Frost."

Words are vain, and 'tis plain his love had little
 strength,
 And, oh, oh, 'gan to go, when the days had got more
 length;
 For oh! law, Tommy Thaw came from the south one
 day,
 And, 'tis said, did persuade Mrs. Frost to run away.
 Her heart had such a twist, that she could not resist
 Such melting moments, and by such a pressing lover
 cross'd;
 He had so many charms, that she melted in his arms,
 So Tommy Thaw he ran off with the wife of Mr.
 Frost.

MISTRESS JUDY MINNIGIN.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Barney Brallaghan."]

'Twas late one night, I'm told,
 When Pat, with whisky burning,
 Along the road he roll'd,
 And homeward was returning;
 Resolved no more to roam,
 The rain quite fast was falling,
 But when that he got home,
 He thus began his bawling:
 "Ope the door,
 Charming Mistress Minnigin;
 Rain fast pour,
 So pray let me in again."

Says Judy, from within :

“Come sooner home you might, sir ;
I'll not let you in,
So late as this at night, sir.”

“Oh yes, my darling, do,
I own it rather late is ;
See what I've got for you,
Besides some nice paratees.”

Ope the door, &c.

“For you I've got a treat,
I've got some whisky, too, now ;
A pig that you may eat,
All this I've got for you now.

So haste and let me in,
Just like a drowned rat, too,
I'm wet quite through my skin,
And I've spoilt my Sunday hat, too.”

Ope the door, &c.

Says Judy, “That I wont,
In here you'll not be poking ;
Pray, my love, now don't
Think that I am joking.
For when you went away,
To come back you'd be scorning ;
So now, my boy, you may
Keep outside till the morning.”

Ope the door, &c.

“A jackass, too, I've got,
On it you may ride, too ;
When to church you trot,
I'll walk by your side, too.
A cat for you I've caught,
With young 'tis very big, too ;
For two thirteens I've bought
A little guinea-pig, too.”

Ope the door, &c.

"To Dublin, faith, I've been,
 I call'd, too, at your mother's ;
 Brother Pat I've seen,
 He's at the Cat and Snuffers."
 Says Judy, "What you're at,
 Your talking's all in vain, sir ;
 With your jackass, pig, and cat,
 You may go back again, sir."
Ope the door, &c.

Says Pat, "You may as well
 Let me in, I pray, now ;
 News I've got to tell,
 Ope the door, I say, now.
 My love that you may taste,
 I've lips with kisses to smack ye ;
 But if you don't make haste,
 I've got a big stick to whack ye."
Ope the door, &c.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony boddy ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Maggie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.
 She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mo—
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither.
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinned,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-braid shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther.
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 But Willie's wife is no sae trig—
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

LORD CHARLES CLEVERLEY.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

[*Tune*—"The Charming Man."]

LORD CHARLES is the hope of the peerage ;
 No fears of a wreck need o'erwhelm
 The passengers down in the steerage,
 With men like Lord Charles at the helm.
 A publisher's shop full of blue books
 Is this budding senator's head ;
 He has also written a few books,
 Much noticed, and some of them read.

He's travell'd o'er Europe and Asia.
 Half-track'd to its sources the Nile.
 (His work, "From Park-lane to Dalnatia,"
 Was brought out in wonderful style.)
 He's finished five books of a poem,
 And acts of a tragedy four,
 Which fortunate people, who know him,
 Say Shakspeare will certainly floor.

But still from his station's high duties
His lordship is not to be won ;
Himself, e'en from poesy's beauties,
He tears, when there's work to be done.
He wont let the State (how paternal !)
Through indolence fall in the lurch.
He edits a talented journal,
Dissenters to bring back to Church.

To him legislation's a plea uræ ;
(Though by it so many are bored !)
Last session he brought in a measure
To have the old Maypoles restored ;
And, then, with the people so kindly
He mixes—their meetings attends—
Advises them not to rush blindly
In face of their masters and friends !

His charity, too, so disarming
To malice ; he's founded some schools,
(The costume and badge are most charming !)
Himself he has framed all the rules.
With scriptural texts (*his* selecting)
The walls round are tastily hung :
Content and submission directing,
As virtues most fit for the young.

At soirées of all institutions,
As chairman to act he'll engage ;
Of knottiest points the solutions
He'll give to men three times his age.
He'll talk agriculture to graziers,
And bid them to cultivate—grass ;
He pats on the head even glaziers,
And tells them their business is—glass !

'Tis cheering and really delightful
To see such a promising gem—
A Lord—of democracy frightful,
The tide who has talent to stem!

The peers, they say, care but for plenty,
 And wont even work for their pelf !
 Here's one who has scarcely turned twenty,
 Will manage the nation himself !

PEGGY DOOLAN AND DENNIS
 O'DOGGERTY.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music* by CLEMENT WHITE.]

FROM the sole of my head to the crown of my foot,
 I'm feeling the smart of sly Cupid's dart ;
 The door of my reason I've always kept shut,
 But he must have got in and rifled my heart !
 I'm turn'd topsy-turvy, and often I'm led
 To doubt if I stand on my heels or my head ;
 I wander in darkness just like a blind pup,
 And my head should have written on, " Keep this
 side up."

CHORUS.

To a man who's in love the same 'tis, they say,
 The sunlight of night, or the moonshine of day !
 Och, hone ! withisthru ! och ! what'll I do ?
 Peggy Doolan no longer to Dennis is true !

Not a fish that does fly, not a bird that does swim,
 But is happier far than love's victims are ;
 I'm ragged and bare, who once was so trim,
 I'm murder'd and ruin'd intirely, agrah !
 My tears blind my eyes to a mighty degree,
 And daily " eye-water " it is at my SEE !
 They rowl down my cheeks—form a puddle com-
 plete,
 In which if I stand I get *cold in my feet !*
 To a man who's in love, &c.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

[FRANCIS SEMPLE.]

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what wast they ca'd her.
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker!
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

"Maggie," quo' he, "and by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee,
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft
 When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you—
 Live you upo' the Border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot with right gude will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 "Weel done!" quo' he—"Play up!" quo' she;
 "Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter;
 "'Tis worth my while to play indeed
 When I hae sic a dancer."

“ Weel hae you play’d your part,” quo’ Meg ;
 “ Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There’s nane in Scotland plays sae weel
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I’ve lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin’ ye should come to Auster Fair,
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.”

THE POWER OF THE LADIES.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—“ Dicky Birds.”

OF good *Queen Bess*’s golden days
 Our histories still ring ;
 Her reign was never yet surpass’d
 By that of any *king*.
 And should our maidens follow
 Her example, you’d see, then,
 That the LADIES would do all things
 Much better than the *men*.

Prime Ministers they’d aptly make,
 Each *husband* will allow ;
 When *petticoats* have *government*
 We all of us must bow.
 As *Rulers*, time still proves the fair
 Possess the greatest skill ;
 For, say or do whate’er we can,
 The LADIES *rule* us still.

That greatly they’d the *Pulpit* grace
 Is clear as is the day ;
 For who’d not soar to virtue
 When an *Angel* points the way ?
 And that the *Woolsack* they’d adorn,
 I’ve said, and say again ;
 For, after all, the *Ladies*
 Are best *Judges* of the men.

That they are best of *Counsellors*,
 Is clear to old and young ;
 For how can woman fail
 When she has got to use her tongue ?
 And that they'd best of *Doctors* prove
 Is equally as sure ;
 For where's the *ill* in life, I ask,
 A *Lady* cannot cure ?

As *Vintners* and *Distillers*,
 Who can doubt the Ladies' merits ?
 For, ah ! who like the Ladies still,
 Can put a man in *spirits* ?
 That good *Upholsterers* they'd be,
 I'll prove, too, in a minute ;
 For no house can be *furnish'd*
 If there's not a *Lady* in it.

And thus, I think, I've clearly prov'd
 The Ladies one and all ;
 And while we've them to aid us,
 That old England ne'er can fall.
 And 'tis my firm belief they might
 Soon bring men to that station,
 To be merely kept as *make-weights*
 In the scale of population.

CONUNDRUMS.

BENSON.]

{ *Tune*—"One Morn when I was
 Brewing."

YOUR patience I'm beseeching ;
 A riddle I'll be teaching ;
 It is a prayer—ay, and the fair
 The subject I'll be preaching.

You'll give it up—you'll give it up ?
 (*Spoken.*) (*Ask a conundrum.*) Do you give it up ?
 Tol lol, &c.

If you have learnt your letters,
 You're as good, ay, as you're betters ;
 Just answer this—'tis not amiss,
 'Twill prove you know your letters.
 You'll give it up—you'll give it up ?

(*Spoken.*) Why are the letters of the alphabet
 (except the first three) like *exiles*? D'ye give it up ?
 'Cause they are beyond C.

Tol lol, &c.

Another I don't lack man,
 The subject is a black man :
 I'll tell you all, that a snow ball
 Is like a little black man.
 D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(*Spoken.*) Why is a short black man like a snow-
 all ? D'ye give it up ? 'Cause he's not a-tall black.

Tol lol, &c.

Here's another now quite handy,
 The subject is a dandy ;
 Can you descry, and tell me why
 A haunch of venison's like a dandy ?
 ' D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(*Spoken.*) Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison ?
 D'ye give it up ? 'Cause he's a bit of a *buck*.

Tol lol, &c.

A new one I've been picking,
 It is a little chicken ;
 I'll prove the while, when you shall smile,
 You're like a little chicken.
 D'ye give it up ? d'ye give it up ?

(*Spoken.*) Why are two persons smiling at each
 other like the wings of a chicken ? D'ye give it up ?
 'Cause there's a *merry thought* between them.

Tol lol, &c.

Now my song is nearly ended,
 And if you're not offended,
 I'll take delight new ones to write,
 Till my subjects are all ended.

You'll give 'em up! you'll give 'em up.

(Spoken.) Why is my song like *Hampton Court*?
 D'ye give it up? 'Cause 'tis surrounded by puzzles!

(Spoken.) Why is my song like a house without a
 roof? D'ye give it up? 'Cause 'tis capable of the
 greatest improvement!

Tol lol, &c.

MURROUGH O'MONAGHAN.

[HARRY CAREY.]

At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drum-
 condra,

Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg;
 He had brought from the war, as his share of the
 plunder,

A crack on the crown and the loss of a leg.

"Oagh, Murrough!" he'd cry, "musha nothing may
 harm you,

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea?

You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
 You'd now have a pension and live on full pay.

"But, now I'm a cripple, what argufies thinking?

The past I can never bring round to the fore;

The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking,

Will ever find strength in good whisky galore!

Oagh, whisky, my jewel, mavourneen, my joy, and my
 jewel!

What signifies talking of doctors and pills?

In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,

A glass of North-Country, can cure all our ills.

“When cold, in the winter, it warms you so hearty ;
 When hot, in the summer, it cools you like ice ;
 In trouble—false friends, without grief I can part you,
 Good whisky’s my friend, and I take its advice !
 When hungry and thirsty, ’tis meat and drink to me ;
 It finds me a lodging wherever I lie ;
 Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me—
 The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

“Now, merry be Christmas! success to good neighbours,
 Here’s a happy new year, and a great many too !
 With plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is true !”
 Poor Murrough then joining his two hands together,
 High held up the glass, while he vented this
 prayer—
 “May whisky, by sea or by land, in all weathers,
 Be never denied to the children of care !”

COURTING A MAID AND COURTING A WIDOW.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

{ *Air*—“Bridesmaids’ Chorus.”—
 WEBER.

WHEN you court a maid,
 Call to your aid
 Every expression of tenderness ;
 Soft balmy sighs,
 Love-beaming eyes,
 Do more than words can express.
 Absent, swear
 How dolefully long time lingers ;
 Present, have bliss
 In a little kiss,
 And a squeeze of her pretty little fingers.
 Do this three months,
 She’s your own.

If a widow's in your string,
'Tis quite a different thing :
Let your professions of love be warm ;
Soft balmy sigh,
Then do not try,
Oh no ! you must court her by storm.
Kiss and smack,
You're sure to succeed by one trial ;
Insist,
And be kiss'd
In return by her, no widow will make a denial.
Do this *three days*,
She's your own.

THE LAND OF SHILLELAH.

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Balinrobe.
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who liv'd in the reign of King Jamus,
Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.
With my whack fal de lal, fal fal de lal lee,
Oh, the land of shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise ;
That city, where first as a spinster
I open'd these pair of black eyes ?
In this town there is fire without smoking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And there is such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
 The sons of the brave O's and Mac's,
 Who died whene'er they were victorious,
 And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
 Our heads are stout and full of valour,
 Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
 In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
 And the ladies reward all our pains.

St. Patrick is still our protector,
 He made us an island of saints,
 Drove out snakes and toads like a Hector,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
 Then if you'd live and be frisky,
 And never die when you're in bed,
 Come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
 And drink ten years after you're dead.

THE LAWYER IN LOVE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Captain Wattle."]

AT Chambers, in Gray's-inn, dwelt one Mr. Puddy,
 Who drank deep of *Law*, tho' a very dry study ;
 Altho' but *Attorney*, he hop'd to rank higher,
 And digested *Coke*, as he stirr'd up his *fire*,
 'Till a widow (the front of whose house had a hatch-
 ment),
 With her cash and her charms made him have an *At-
 tachment* ;
 Love in his net this poor lawyer did draw :
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all *Law*.

The widow was fair, had an eye which was as light
 As evening star, or as bright as a gas-light ;
 Mr. P. found himself in a queer situation,
Commenc'd Suit, and made a *Writ-ten Declaration*,
Pleaded his Cause, and wish'd to make end on't ;
 Himself was the *Plaintiff*—the widow *Defendant* :
 Put in *Brief* for his *Plea*, oh she car'd not a *straw*,
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all *Law*.

*Case set down for hearing—but Practice was stupid ;
 The Court of Queen's Bench is no Court for Cupid ;
 The widow's affections against him were rooted,
 And he by her Verdict completely Nonsuited ;
 Yet sweet hope impell'd him, in spite of denial,
 To make application to have a New Trial ;
 But she had a Covenant with one Mr. Daw :
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all Law.*

*This his poor heart such a sudden shock gave it,
 He of his damages made affidavit ;
 Then took Exceptions, filed Writ of Error,
 Show'd cause against, and put in Demurrer ;
 But th' widow got married, join'd issue—her graces,
 Two special originals—both fiery faces,
 He Costs out of pocket—from which we may draw,
 When Cupid commands—good bye to all Law.*

“THE SOLDIER.”

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—“Callaghans—Brallaghans.”]

WHEN a man who is married gets jealous,
 What evils around him it draws !
 For it is sure to encourage young fellows
 Determined to give him some cause ;
 So when a man once has got wed,
 'Tis always the very best plan,
 If his wife should put horns on his head,
 To hide them as well as he can.
 Oh ! wedlock's a blessing, they tell us,
 But if the good man or his wife
 Should happen by chance to be jealous,
 Good bye to the joys of their life.

Dick Nobbs had a pretty young wife,
 But Dick was a sad jealous elf,
 And he feared, tho' he'd got her for life,
 He had not got her all to himself.

Dick was told t'other night at the door,
 As he chanced to come home unawares,
 That his wife had come in just before
 And had taken "a soldier" up stairs.

Dick stared at the news, then in haste
 Up stairs, full of vengeance, he hied,
 Caught his wife just preparing to taste
 The delight which her soldier supplied ;
 But oh ! 'twould have pleased you to see
 How simple and foolish Dick looked,
 When this soldier but turned out to be
 A jolly red-herring just cooked.

Thus Dick had found more than he wished,
 His wife had got out of a scrape,
 The soldier was properly dished,
 And hadn't a chance to escape :
 Dick's wife was ne'er blamed for the act,
 While her joys with "the soldier" went on,
 For tho' she was caught in the fact,
 It didn't amount to *crim. con.*

REFORM, IN DOORS AND OUT.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Nothing at all."]

EGAD ! all the world is about to reform,
 For all earthly evils it seems the true charm ;
 And folks of all stations are making a rout
 For a grand alteration both in doors and out.
 It appears that a time for a change has now come,
 And every one is beginning at home ;
 So let us imagine, for sake of the fun,
 What by all for the general good will be done :
 Since folks of all stations are making a rout
 For a grand reformation both in doors and out.

The miser's reform is to be rather funny,
 It is—to get less and less partial to money ;
 While that of the spendthrift will be the reverse,
 His maxim's to be “keep your gold in your purse.”
 The Quakers, for sake of example, intend
 To follow the fashions—yea, verily friend,
 To go to the playhouse, to balls, and learn bowing,
 To swear a round oath, and forget thee and thouing.

The Lawyers' reform, I believe, please the pigs,
 Is to give good advice and leave off wearing wigs ;
 To lower their fees and to cut “Doe” and “Roe,”
 “Six and eightpence,” “likewise,” “aforesaid,” and
 “also.”

The Doctor's reform is a bitterish pill,
 He's to send us less physic whenever we're ill ;
 Leave mystification—not make a long bill,
 And if he can't cure us—he wont try to kill.

Some creatures must rise in the world inch by inch,
 Oh, nature ne'er made ev'ry bird a *goldfinch* ;
 The Ploughmen intend to stick close to their work,
 And no longer consider the rich man a Turk.
 Legislators intend to avoid all pretences
 For swelling our laws for such petty offences
 As whipping a donkey, or stealing a straw,
 That we may walk about without breaking a law.

The reform of the Welchmen economy speaks,
 On the days of St. David they will not wear leeks ;
 The Scotchman's to be soon an *unco douce laddie*,
 Wha'll avoid the *braw lasses*, flings, reels, and strong
toddy.

Och ! no more will the Irishman use the shillaly,
 Nor blarney, nor kick up a *shindee*, but daily
 On butter-milk live, and ne'er get a skin full
 Of whiskey, and never more utter a bull.

Then there's Mr. Isaacs, the good-natured Jew,
 He swears "by de profet! I vill reform, too ;
 I'll have a fix'd price for my goods and my vork,
 And vill at my dinners eat pacon and pork."
 Our Actors intend to grow pious, because
 They'd no longer get vain by receiving applause ;
 And each beautiful Actress intends, too, ifegs !
 In future to make a less show of her legs.

The Parsons intend to leave off taking tithes,
 And the mist of pluralities wipe from their eyes ;
 Fox-hunting avoid and humility teach,
 And endeavour to practise whatever they preach.
 The Courtiers' reform is to be, as I hear,
 To endeavour to do with less routs in the year ;
 And they have signified that it is their intentions
 To give up all thoughts about places and pensions.

The Lord Mayor of London reform has in view,
 By giving an extra good dinner or two ;
 And the Aldermen eagerly seek reformation,
 And each does his best for his own corporation.
 It is right we should follow the rage of the day,
 So we all will reform in a moderate way ;
 And soon will the flag of content be unfurl'd,
 And Britain become the best place in the world.

JESSIE McCREE.

A. ISAACS.]

[Tune—"The Laird o' Cockpen."]

WHA'S e'er been in Scotland has heard o' Cairnwood,
 Where the castle o' Graham on an eminence stood,
 Possess'd by a laird o' a baron's degree,
 An' he gaed a wooing to Jessie McCree.

Noo Jessie, ye ken, was a lass o' sixteen,
 Wi' bright gowden hair, and bonny blue een,
 A gude store o' gowd for a tocher had she,
 An' monny a suitor had Jessie McCree.

The laird he was wealthy, but ugly an' auld,
His face fu' o' wrinkles—his pow it was bauld,
An' his age could be nae less than sixty an' three,
When he gaed a wooing to Jessie McCree.

Ane wintery morning he gat him up soon,
An' bright gowden buckles he set in his shoon,
Wi' gay silken breeks that cam down to his knee,
"Ye'll hae me, I'm thinking noo, Jessie McCree."

Then he walked to her dwelling, and tapp'd at the
yett,
She bade him come in, sae he took aff his hat ;
"Good morning, Miss Jessie, and how's a' wi' ye?"
"Weel, thanks t'ye for speering," said Jessie McCree.

Then to open his errand he said that her lips
Were sweet as the rose where the honey bee sips,
Far brighter than diamonds the blink o' her ee' ;
"Haud aff wi' your lees, laird," said Jessie McCree.

"Noo, lassie, ye ken as I'm getting auld,
Through the lang winter's nights I lay unco' cauld ;
I'm in want o' a gudewife to warm me," said he ;
"Ye maun seek ane elsewhere, then," said Jessie
McCree.

"Laird, ken ye young Willie wha lives o'er the muir,
O, I'll hae that laddie though he is but puir ;
For I loe him dearly, and weel he loes me,
An' I'll ne'er be fause to him," said Jessie McCree.

"I hae weel-stocket farms, lass, an' muckle gude land,
Besides yonder castle sae lofty an' grand,
An' a' shall be yours 'gin ye will hae me,
Wad ye no be a leddie, then, Jessie McCree?"

"Hout, dinna fash me wi' your lan' and your gear,
My Willie has twenty gude pund's by the year ;
Wi' that an' my laddie contented I'll be,
Sae gude-bye to your lairdship," said Jessie McCree.

Noo lang since for her gudeman young Willie she's
 ta'en,
 An' they hae got siller an' farms o' their ain ;
 An' ye gang to her dwelling, right welcome ye'll be
 To a glass o' gude whisky frae Jessie McCree.

WHAT IS LONDON'S LAST NEW LION ?

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

WHAT is London's last new lion ? Pray inform me, if
 you can ;
 Is't a woman of Kamschatka or an Otaheite man ?
 For my conversazione, you must send me something
 new,
 Don't forget me ! Oh I sigh for the *éclat* of a *début* !

I am sick of all the "minstrels," all the "brothers"
 this and that,
 Who sing sweetly at the parties, while the ladies laugh
 and chat ;
 And the man who play'd upon his chin is *passé* I sup-
 pose,
 So try and find a gentleman who plays upon his nose.

Send half a dozen authors, for they help to fill a rout,
 I fear I've worn the literary lionesses out !
 Send something biographical, I think that fashion
 spreads,
 But do not send a poet, till you find one with two
 heads.

The town has grown fastidious ; we do not care a
 straw
 For the whiskers of a bandit, or the tail of a bashaw !
 And travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them
 soon,
 Unless you send me some one who has travell'd to
 the moon.

Oh ! if you send a singer, he must sing without a
throat !
Oh ! if you send a player, he must harp upon one
note !
I must have something marvellous, the marvel makes
the man ;
What is London's last new lion ? pray inform me, if
you can !

THE DOGS' MEAT MAN.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"White Cockade."]

IN Gray's Inn Lane, not long ago,
An old maid liv'd a life of woe ;
She was fifty-three, and her face like tan,
When she fell in love with a dogs'-meat man.
Much she lov'd this dogs'-meat man ;
He was a good-looking dogs'-meat man ;
Her roses and lilies had turn'd to tan
When she fell in love with a dogs'-meat man.

Every morning he went by
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
And right opposite to her door did stan',
And cry, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.
Then her cat would run out to the dogs'-meat man,
And rub against the barrow of the dogs'-meat man,
As right opposite to her door did stan',
And cry, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.

One morn she kept him at the door,
Talking half an hour or more ;
For you must know that was her plan,
To have a good look at the dogs'-meat man.
"Times are hard," says the dogs'-meat man ;
"Folks get in my debt," says the dogs'-meat man ;
Then he took up his barrow and away he ran,
And cried, "Dogs'-meat !" this dogs'-meat man.

He soon saw which way the cat did jump,
 And his company he offered plump ;
 She couldn't blush, 'cause she'd got no fan,
 So she *sot* and grinn'd at the dogs'-meat man.
 "If you'll marry me," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "I'll marry you," says the dogs'-meat man :
 For a quartern of peppermint then he ran,
 And she *drink'd* a "good health" to the dogs'-meat
 man.

That very evening he was seen
 In jacket and breeches of velveteen ;
 To Bagnigge Wells then in a bran-
 New gown she went with the dogs'-meat man.
 She'd *biscakes* and ale with the dogs'-meat man,
 And she "walk'd arm-in-arm" with the dogs'-meat
 man ;
 And the people all said *vat* round did stan',
 He was quite a dandy dogs'-meat man.

He said his customers, good lod !
 They ow'd him a matter of two pound odd ;
 And she replied it was quite scan-
 Dalous to cheat such a dogs'-meat man.
 "If I had but the money," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "I'd open a tripe-shop," says the dogs'-meat man,
 "And I'd marry you to-morrow." She admir'd the
 plan,
 And—she lent a five pound note to the dogs'-meat
 man.

He pocketed the money and went away,
 She waited for him all next day ;
 But he never com'd, and she then began
 To think that she was didd'd by the dogs'-meat man,
 She went out to seek for the dogs'-meat man,
 But she couldn't find the dogs'-meat man,
 Some *friend* gave her to understan'
 He'd got a wife and seven children, this dogs'-meat
 man.

So home she went in grief and tears,
 All her hopes transform'd to fears,
 And her hungry cat to mew began,
 As much as to say, "Where's the dogs'-meat man?"
 She couldn't help thinking of the dogs'-meat man,
 The handsome swindling dogs'-meat man,
 So you see just in one day's short span,
 She lost her heart—a five pound note—and the dogs'-
 meat man.

THE HORRORS OF LIVING IN LONDON.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—"The Gipsy Party."]

OF country troubles I've heard much,
 Of hedges, ditches, dirt, and such,
 But on a different theme I'll touch,
 The horrors of living in London!
 Your cockney travellers often tell,
 Of dangers great which them befell,
 While journeying beyond "Bow bell,"
 And forc'd with raw greenhorns to dwell!
 Of rural miseries let 'em prate,
 But we may have many just as great,
 And so you'll say when I relate
 A few of the horrors of London!
 Tooral looral, &c.

An urgent letter to a friend,
 Into the country you've to send,
 So with it yourself must wend,
 Ere all the mails leave London!
 In crossing of some street, the way's
 Completely stopp'd by carts and shays,
 Waggons, omnibuses, drays,
 Extending far as you can gaze.

So 'neath the horses' legs you cut,
 And breathing reach the office—but
 That very moment find it shut !

And such are things in London !

Tooral looral, &c.

The opera, or Drury Lane,
 You leave at night, with ladies twain,
 When all at once down comes the rain,
 Another horror of London !

To save the dears from dirt and wet,
 Beneath some gateway you all get ;
 Then to the cab-stand off you set,
 But find the vehicles all let !

From street to street you hurry on,
 But all is vain, so back you run,
 To join the ladies—but they're gone !

Another horror in London.

Tooral looral, &c.

Perhaps you're bald or grown quite grey,
 And walking on a windy day,
 Your hat and wig are blown away,
 And carried half o'er London !

Then off you start with all your might,
 To overtake them in this plight,
 While at your bald head every wight
 Sets up a shout of rare delight.

With grief aloud you curse and groan,
 For, after you so far have flown,
 Clean o'er the bridge your hat is blown,

Another horror of London !

Tooral looral, &c.

In white ducks dress'd, a perfect beau,
 Cravat and waistcoat white as snow,
 For to a party you've to go,

In one of the squares of London !

You cross the road, by sweeper seen,
 Who asks for alms, and if you're mean,

Your ducks that were so nice and clean
 He spatters o'er with mud, for spleen ;
 You mutter curses long and deep,
 But then no good from that you reap ;
 He brings his friend to fight—a sweep !
 Another horror of London !

Tooral looral, &c.

While walking through the street, you look
 Into a pamphlet, or a book,
 And find that you have your way mistook,
 A common thing in London !
 You study on, but not being fenc'd,
 An iron bar you run against ;
 Its bearer you blow up incens'd,
 But with abuse get recompens'd !
 Then on you go to 'scape a brawl,
 But venturing on too near the wall,
 You clean into a cellar fall—
 Another horror of London !

Tooral looral, &c.

As through the hail and sleet you go,
 The wind a hurricane will blow,
 Your pleasure heighten'd by some snow,
 And that's a treat in London !
 Your umbrella inside out
 Is blown—while all the urchins shout,
 And, stopping to give one a clout,
 Your hat's knock'd off and kick'd about,
 But from some house-top soon is blown,
 A *tile*, while running for your own,
 Upon your head, which makes you groan,
 And curse the horrors of London.

Tooral looral, &c.

Being ill from nervousness, you take
 A room retired, for quiet sake ;
 As noise would quite your system shake,
 And where's not noise in London ?

You find, ere you've passed one day o'er,
 A coffinmaker lives next door ;
 While o'er the way at No. 4,
 There's practising—a trumpet blower—
 And in next room, by a thin wall screen'd,
 A noisy child is being wean'd,
 Who howls all night—the little fiend !
 And such is living in London !
Tooral looral, &c.

THE VAGRANT.

DAMER CAPE.]

[*Music by Henri Talbot.*]

OH ! I'm an unfortunate Vagrant,
 I ain't got nothing to veer ;
 If provisions they wasn't so precious,
 It ain't for the clothes as I care.
 The classical coves never vore 'em,
 Their beauties they did not adorn ;
 But although they had nothing got o'er 'em,
 For vittals they'd never to mourn.
 But still I'm not ashamed to own
 My title, though my fate I moan ;
 For I much better days have seen,
 And better men have vagrants been.
 So *I'm* a Vagrant ;
Thou'rt a Vagrant ;
 Vagrants too are *he* and *she* ;
 We are Vagrants ;
 You are Vagrants ;
 And where are *they* that wouldn't be ?

Says Shakespeare—and all of you know him—
 “The world it is only a stage,
 And all men and the women are players ;”
 And he isn't far wrong, I'll engage.

Then the Act of King George says that players
 Are Vagrants wherever they go ;
 So, if all men and women are players,
 Of course, they are Vagrants, you know.
 So, by the Act I've always stood,
 For Billy's notion is so good,
 That I have found, between the two,
 I'm every bit as good as you.
 And I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

Oh money ! why did they invent it ?
 If nobody had none to spend,
 The tradesmen would learn better manners,
 The prices of vittals would mend.
 'Twas a hard day to us, when to Ceres
 Was born her son Plutus, I trow ;
 They did very well without money,
 Then, what do we want with it now ?
 It only causes wiciousness,
 And wicked avariciousness.
 We shouldn't need no prison wall
 If vittals they was free to all.
 Still, I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

Oh ! the chances of life are so many,
 Some day better off I may be ;
 And although I ax you for a penny,
 Some day, perhaps, you'll ask it of me.
 I've an awful good mem'ry for faces ;
 And though malice to no one I bear,
 With them as gives me in my trouble,
 Of course, my good luck I should share.
 So don't be shy, hand out your tin,
 'Tis money leads you into sin.
 And, just a word before we start,
 Let what you give come from your heart !
 For I'm a Vagrant, &c., &c.

CAPITULATION.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [Tune—"Over the Water to Charley."

OH ! Love is a power that levels us all,
 Of that we have verification ;
 By love, mighty love, did man get his downfall ;
 Love reigns thro' life's ev'ry gradation.
 The Prince and the Peasant, the Beggar, the King,
 Whatever man's rank or his station,
 If once his soft heart is got in love's string,
 He must make a Capitulation.

One Monday I met with a beautiful maid,
 Whose eyes had the snake's fascination ;
 Her charms altogether such sweetness display'd,
 I felt in complete tribulation.
 I found in my breast, to my greatest surprise,
 My beating heart make abdication,
 For the very first glances that shot from her eyes,
 I was forced to make Capitulation.

On Tuesday upon my lost state did I brood,
 And found out her sweet habitation :
 Tho' by my feelings, edg'd on to intrude,
 Afraid of her disapprobation.
 With true love I look'd at the house for some hours,
 My mind rack'd with strong agitation ;
 Love ev'ry moment gain'd more and more powers,
 And still further Capitulation.

On Wednesday I wrote her a letter so bold,
 And made of my love declaration ;
 Begg'd to my prayer she would not be cold,
 But give me sweet hope's consolation.
 An interview ask'd, which if she'd condescend,
 I'd prove my sincere adoration ;
 But if she refused me, my life I would end,
 To prove my heart's Capitulation.

On Thursday I saw her, we talk'd for an hour,
 I felt a revivification ;
 Every word gave her more and more power,
 Her charms were a bright constellation.
 On Friday, ye powers of heavenly bliss,
 Of kindness I saw indication ;
 So I press'd her to wed—she blush'd out a yes,
 And silent—made Capitulation.

Saturday, sorrow was left in the lurch,
 And I had the gratification,
 Of happily leading my charmer to church,
 While she was in great trepidation.
 With rapture and joy did the time fly away,
 Enjoying love's dulcification ;
 Every thought that possess'd me was gay,
 And I made still more Capitulation.

On Sunday repentance peep'd into my mind,
 For spousy soon made transformation ;
 Convincing me fully that love is e'er blind,
 And wedlock has predestination.
 Her charms are all vanish'd, her temper is vile,
 She rules with such strong domination ;
 That whether she pleases to frown or to smile,
 I'm obliged to make Capitulation.

THE MEN ARE ALL CLUBBING TOGETHER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

THE men are all clubbing together,
 Abandoning gentle pursuits,
 They revel with birds of a feather,
 And dine in black neck-ties and boots.
 They've no party-spirit about them,
 (My parties are stupid concerns,)
 The ladies sit sulky without them,
 Or dance with each other by turns.

Oh ! where are the dandies who flirted,
 Who came of a morning to call ?
 We females are so disconcerted,
 I'd *fee* males to come to my ball !
 'Twas flattery charm'd us—no matter,
 Paste often may pass for a gem ;
 Alas ! we are duller and flatter,
 Than when we we're flatter'd by them.

When family dinners we're giving,
 They send an excuse,—there's the rub :
 Each gourmand, secure of good living,
 Like Hércules, leans on his *club*.
 A hermit, though beauty invites him,
 Alone at the Union he sits,
 But what is the *fare* that delights him
 Compar'd with the *fair* that he quits ?

THE HORRORS OF THE COUNTRY.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Young Ben the Carpenter."]

SOME people love the country ; now
 I hate it, and that's flat—
 As a mackerel hates the dry land,
 Or a mouse adores a cat.
 I'd sooner run ten miles away,
 You say, p'raps "more's the pity"—
 Rusticity's all fudge—give me
 Old London's *rusty city*.

In sloppy streets of town I'd sooner
 Get my feet soak'd through,
 Than stroll the meadows, when the grass
 Gives ev'ry one its *dew* (due).
 The rustic *stile's* quite out of mine—
 The lofty pine, oddzounds !
 I'd never *pine* for, nor the *Oaks*,
 Except on Epsom Downs.

Than hear the linnet's tuneful note,
I'd rather *hop the twig*—
And, talk about fresh country *air*,
Give me a London *wig*!
The rivulets and murm'ring streams
I really cannot *brook*,
And angling is so *in my line*,
I like it—with a hook!

All rural habits, too, I shun—
It is a fact, now mark—
I never could see any fun
In rising with the lark.
Talk about bright chanticleer,
Such *clear chanting* I scorn—
The *Morning Herald* I prefer
To the *herald of the morn.*

When I prefer a village *green*,
To *Clerkenwell* I go,
You may set me down a *green horn*,
But I'm not so green, I know;
No hills save Ludgate I could climb,
And talk of banks of *Don*,
The Bank of England is the one
I love to *run upon.*

Of the beauties of the farm-yard
How some with rapture talk—
The cattle plague me here enough,
For I'd rather from them walk.
The pigs, for instance—when they're cook'd
I like them, by the by—
But I see no fun in having
A *sty* fixed in one's eye.

Through gardens in the month of June,
How some delighted stray—
Give me old Covent Garden
On a busy market day.

To doat on trees bow'd down with fruit,
 It is in some folk's *natures* ;
 An Irish porter I'd best see
Bow'd down by weight of tatures.

Respecting agriculture, too,
 I'm plain in my revealings,
 The sight of men a ploughing, it
 Quite *harrows* up my feelings.
 To boast about the golden corn,
 They mean some *chaff* to put,
 And to see men with their reaping hooks,
 It's time for me to cut.

The sickle fairly makes me *sick*,
 I hate the very name,
 And I look upon the reapers
 As a set of rogues in grain.
 Don't name the country, pray, to me,
 It don't at all accord ;
 I never found myself *at home*,
 Whene'er I went *abroad*.

THE LAST SUMMER BONNET.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Air*—"The Last Rose of Summer."]

'Tis the last summer bonnet,
 The worse for the wear ;
 The feathers upon it
 Are dimm'd by sea air.
 Gay places it went to,
 But lingers at last,
 A faded memento
 Of sunny days past.

The prejudice still is
 For poets to moan,
 When roses and lilies
 Are going and gone ;

But Fashion her sonnet
Would rather compose
On summer's last bonnet,
Than summer's last rose !

Though dreary November
Has darken'd the sky,
You still must remember
That day in July ;
When after much roaming,
To Carson's we went,
For something becoming
To take into Kent.

You, long undecided
What bonnet to choose,
At length chose, as I did,
The sweetest of blues.
Yours now serves to show, dear,
How fairest things fade ;
And I, long ago, dear,
Gave mine to my maid.

Oh, pause for a minute,
Ere yours is resign'd ;
Philosophy in it
A moral may find.
To past scenes I'm hurried,—
That relic revives
The beaux we worried
Half out of their lives.

'Twas worn at all places
Of public resort ;
At Hogsnorton races,
So famous for sport.
That day, when the Captain
Would after us jog,
And thought us entrapt in
His basket of prog !

He gave me a sandwich,
 And not being check'd,
 He offered a hand—which
 I chose to reject!
 And then you were teas'd with
 The gentleman's heart,
 Because you seem'd pleased with
 His gooseberry tart!

'Twas worn at the ladies'
 Toxophilite fête,
 (That sharp-shooting trade is
 A thing that I hate;
 Their market they mar, who
 Attempt, for a prize,
 To shoot with an arrow
 Instead of their eyes).

And don't that excursion
 By water forget;
 Sure, summer diversion
 Was never so wet!
 To sit there and shiver,
 And hear the wind blow,
 The rain, and the river,
 Above, and below!

But hang the last bonnet,
 What is it to us,
 That we should muse on it,
 And moralise thus?
 A truce to reflecting;
 To Carson's we'll go,
 Intent on selecting
 A winter chapeau.

Then let Betty take it,
 For Betty likes blue;
 And Betty can make it
 Look better than new.

In taste, Betty's fellow
 Was never yet seen ;
 She'll line it with yellow,
 And trim it with green !

NO LOVE WITHOUT MONEY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Geoffry Muffencap"]

If you will list, I vow, sirs,
 I'll tell you of a row, sirs,
 Caused me to part with my sweetheart,—
 I'm telling of it now, sirs.
 Indeed I am.

One night I went to meet her,
 With true love I did greet her,
 When in she looks at a pastrycook's,
 And wanted me to treat her.
 Indeed she did.

At this I felt quite funny,
 Says I, "My charming honey,
 I've lots of love, as you may prove,
 But, lack, I've got no money !
 Indeed I an't."

Says she, "Young man, 'tis plain, sir,
 Your love is all in vain, sir,
 Unless you've cash to cut a dash,
 My heart you'll never gain, sir.
 Indeed you wont."

Says I, "You can't mean so, miss ?
 My heart is in a glow, miss !
 I loves you true, I swears I do,
 As very well you know, miss.
 Indeed you do."

Says she, " You foolish sot, sir,
 You make my passion hot, sir ;
 Love makes you blink, — you cannot think,
 That love will boil the pot, sir.
 Indeed it wont."

I shock'd was when I heard her ;
 Says I, " Don't say no further ;
 You surely will with coldness kill,
 And you'll be hang'd for murder.
 Indeed you will."

Says she, " You foolish elf, sir,
 As you have got no pelf, sir,
 Get rid of hope, go buy a rope,
 And you may hang yourself, sir.
 Indeed you may."

The tears in my eyes started,
 I felt quite broken-hearted ;
 She left me by myself to sigh,
 And that's the way we parted.
 Indeed it was.

MORAL.

Young men who would be doing,
 To stop all mischief's brewing,
 Be sure you flash a stock of cash
 Whene'er you goes a wooing.
 Make sure you do ;
 Quite sure you do.

THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—" Mrs. McLeod."

OH, ladies, I'm sure that you never would divine
 There could be a susceptible bosom like mine ;
 Ah ! there's not a man who with love has had deal-
 ings,
 Has ever possess'd half my exquisite feelings.

My unfortunate fate to your bosoms will prove
 How much I have suffer'd by falling in love ;
 My affections were fix'd on Miss Caroline Freeling,
 Who with me, I thought, had reciprocal feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—She had a beautiful romantic cast of countenance, and sensibility beamed from her bright blue eye, like sun rays from the liquid crystal.

Oh, I thought no one like my dear Caroline Freeling,
 For beauty and talent and excessive fine feeling.

When first I beheld her, she, on the piano,
 Play'd, "Meet me by moonlight alone," in a manner
 That struck me as being so chaste and so true ;
 But what struck me most was her blue satin shoe.
 That blue satin shoe it was conquer'd my heart ;
 But the glance of her eye such love did impart,
 That if any one else got a look from Miss Freeling,
 Ah, me ! I declare, it o'er-master'd my feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—Oh, I shall never forget the soft languishment of her look as she gave the tender passages in—

(*Sings.*)—Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale,
 Should be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.

Oh, I thought no one like my dear Caroline Freeling,
 For beauty and talent and excessive fine feeling.

The love in my bosom unable to smother,
 My breast heav'd a sigh, and her's heaved another ;
 Embolden'd, I to her confess'd my affection,
 And ask'd her to wed, and she had no objection.
 The happy day settled, we met at the shrine,
 The rites were begun, oh ! but ere she was mine,
 In a fit of hysterics fell Caroline Freeling,
 Which highly affected my sensitive feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—I couldn't guess the cause then ; but afterwards when I learnt—

I griev'd very much at such underhand dealing,
And was nigh overpower'd by excess of my feeling.

Oh, when she revived, she was led from the church
By her friends, and alone I was left in the lurch ;
I wont tell you now the effect on my mind,
But I say her behaviour was very unkind.
Of affection for me she had ne'er had a spark,
And now she had fallen in love with the clerk
In the church, and, in short, faint away did Miss
 Freeling,
Unable to check the excess of her feeling.

(*Spoken.*)—I shall never forget the shock I felt when I received the following *billy* from the deluded girl.
—(*Reads letter.*)—“Dear injured man, pardon a victim to extreme sensibility. The racks and tortures my agonized bosom feels in saying with Byron—

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.”—(*crying.*)

Oh, I can proceed no further.

Ah, when I read over this note from Miss Freeling,
I leave you to guess at the state of my feeling.

PUFFING.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Air*—“Mrs. Simpin lived at Leeds.”

WE are all aware that mischief is an easy thing to do,
And hurting people's feelings by reports that are not
 true ;

I once knew of a powder-mill that did, perhaps in
 sport,

Hurt all the neighbours' feelings by one mischievous
 report.

In fact, this powder-mill blew up with such a shocking
shock,
Not a single door around but gave itself a double-
knock ;
The bells all rang aloud as though they never would
have done,
And all the servants started, though they knew not
where to run.

This shock, in shaking ev'ry house, while tiles and
windows flew,
Kicked up a dust, of course, because it shook the car-
pets too ;
The ladies hearing this report, of danger were pre-
sumers,
And *flying* from their *rooms*, they added to the *flying*
roomers.

Now rumours are like snowballs—by trav'ling get en-
larg'd,
Some guns which lay on shelves went off, although
they were not charg'd ;
Old Snubbs was busy shaving when the sudden shock
arose,
His razor slipp'd—and cut, they say, two inches off his
nose.

The cook became a Quaker, though he long had been
a fryer,
To see the fish, good soles, jump from the pan into
the fire ;
To see the soot come tumbling down o'er fish and fowl,
good lack !
Until the soot had dress'd them nicely in a *suit* of
black.

The grocer, busy mixing tea, was knock'd down by
surprise
At this report, that gunpowder so suddenly should
rise ;

The clocks all stopp'd, the dogs all howl'd, the lambs
made *lam-entation*,
Pans felt the *pan-ic*, china sets were set in agitation.

Old Mr. Grubb, while carving, was so shock'd by this
alarm,
His fork slipp'd from a goose's leg into his neighbour's
arm ;
While Mrs. Grubb, just then, was taking wine with
Mr. Mace,
Bobb'd her cap into the gravy and the wine into his
face.

A meeting of these sufferers resolv'd to make appeal,
And get redress from Mr. Squibb, the owner of the
mill ;
So to complain of various shocks they one and all
began,
And very clearly prov'd he was a very shocking man.

Squibb very coolly told 'em the case was plain enough,
No business now was carried on without the aid of
"puff ;"
Men cared not whom they hurt by puff, so they grew
rich and prouder,
And so he tried what he could do by puffing off his
powder.

THE MODEST MISS.

J. LABERN.]

[Tune—"Sich a gittin' up stairs."]

TALK about modest girls, and I've seen a few,
There's none beats the one that I'm sticking up to,
Her singular ways would make some chaps ill,
But with all her faults, 'gad ! I loves her still.
Such a delicate duck was Clementina Crimmins,
Such a werry modest gal you never did see.

Once the Lowther Arcade we took a stroll down,
 To buy toys for our babies, 'gainst they came to town,
 When she fainted away right under my nose,
 'Cos she saw a Dutch doll without any clothes!
 Such a delicate, &c.

Once taking a stroll with my modest dear,
 At length a tater-field we came near—
 She wouldn't walk through, to my great surprise,
 'Cos she said the taters had all got *eyes!*
 Such a delicate, &c.

She went out shopping the other night,
 But rush'd from the draper's with great affright,
 'Cos the innocent shopman, with looks quite winning,
 Happen'd to show her some *undressed* linen.
 Such a delicate, &c.

With herself and mother I dined one day,
 But when she was asked to clear away,
 She wouldn't move the cloth—oh, gemini pegs!
 'Cos she said as how the table had *legs!*
 Such a delicate, &c.

She wanted to wear—'gad, you'd hardly suppose—
 Spectacles to hide her *naked* nose;
 In windy weather she wont stir a peg,
 For the wind's so rude he wants to see her *leg!*
 Such a delicate, &c.

When she goes to the butcher's—you may think I jest,
 But she never will ask for a *leg* or a *breast*,
 As for buying *rump* steaks, she has too much shame,
 And she calls a cockatoo out of his name.
 Such a delicate, &c.

We've been going to be married—so she affirms—
 This eight or nine years, but we can't come to terms;
 She says she don't care how soon she weds,
 On condition that we sleep in separate beds.
 Such a delicate, &c.

EVERY ONE TO THEIR LIKING—OLD ENGLAND FOR ME.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Legacy."]

SOME time back, I felt much inclined to turn rover,
 Of pleasure to have an additional gleam ;
 So, without preparation, I started for Dover,
 And cross'd the salt water to Calais by steam.
 No sooner on board, than the wind got alarmish,
 So high and so big roll'd the waves of the sea ;
 I said to myself, all the while I felt qualmish,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

We got there without being shipwreck'd or stranded,
 Excepting the sickness, quite safe and sound ;
 I was carried on shore by a female, and landed,
 And glad enough, sure, when I touch'd dry ground.
 I strutted about like an Englishman, grandish,
 But their parley-vous talk and I did not agree ;
 For even the children, they talk'd quite outlandish :
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

At Calais I found there is nobody tarries ;
 So like other folks, wi' more cash than sense,
 The very next morning I started for Paris
 In a curious stage coach, the *Negligençe* :
 I did not at all like this part of my tour ;
 The postboy's jack-boots were great wonders to see ;
 We travell'd a matter of two miles an hour :
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

At Paris arrived, where they say every charm is,
 I got from the coach, and the street I cross'd ;
 I was ax'd for my passport by two jehndy armies ;
 I felt in my pocket, and found 'twas lost,
 I felt myself quite in a queer situation,
 They soon made me know I was no longer free ;
 I said, in the midst of my grand twitteration,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me!

There's no misfortune in life but has a door :
 At last I found out what I was to do,
 That was to write to the British ambassador
 For a passport of one I had lost in lieu.
 I got it, but not till some days I'd been waiting,
 They told me polite, I might then Paris see ;
 'Twas so grand, oh, says I, hang your Frenchified
 prating,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !
 For fear I'd be lock'd up, and put to such rack again,
 On what d'ye think then my mind was bent ?
 Why, I went to coach-office, and took my place back
 again,
 And came home from France just as wise as I went.
 There's many young men their own judgments have
 prided,
 In making a tour the French fashions to see,
 Emptied their pockets, saw just what I did:
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !
 When folk at home learn'd that France I had been
 there,
 Wi' questions they bored me, wi' might and main ;
 Says I, depend on't, enough I have seen there,
 To hinder my travelling there again.
 To spend cash at home is an Englishman's duty ;
 He may track foreign parts, foreign wonders to see ;
 But for liberty, roast beef, plum-pudding, and beauty,
 Every one to their liking—old England for me !

OH! LET NOT YOUR PASSION FOR MARY THE MAID.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by Sir R. H. BISHOP.]

OH! let not your passion for Mary the maid,
 Cause you, my Lord Harry, to blush ;
 When beauty ennobles, immediately fade
 Birth, parentage, duster, and brush.

E'en pride from her presence shall never recoil,
 Her smiles all impediments soften,
 And who is more likely to make the pot boil
 Than she who has boil'd it so often ?

Then throw by your gun, it might worry her nerves,
 As she settles her sweets on the shelf ;
 And why should you shoot on a neighbour's preserves,
 When she's making *preserves* for yourself :
 She will prove to you soon, if you raise her aloft,
 She is worthy the warmest of lovers !
 She will superintend all your *courses*, and oft
 Give new zest to the *scent* of your *covers*.

Regard not her frown, you may penetrate stone,
 By the dripping of water, they say ;
 Take courage, your pretty plain cook is not one
 On whom *dripping* can be thrown away.
 You shrink from nobility's daughter who loves
 To freeze you with manners majestic,
 And your choice of a partner for life only proves
 That your habits are strictly *domestic*.

DARLING NEDDEEN*

The Music arranged by W. GUERNSEY.

As Thady MacMurtoogh O'Shaughnessy, oge,
 T'other day was industriously mending a brogue,
 On a neat little hill that they call Drumcusheen ;
 His sole, and his welt, and his cord was so strong,
 That, soon waxing warm, he lilted a song ;
 He bellowed as loud as his lungs they could bawl—
 Oh ! bad cess to the tanners, I'll leather them all,
 But I'll first sing the praises of darling Neddeen !

* Neddeen, in the town of Kenmare, in Kerry, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

On the face of this earth 'tis the most *curous* place,
 I swears black and blue, by the nose on my face,
 'Tis the sweetest of any that ever was seen ;
 Och ! it's there you will see both the hedgehog and
 whale,
 And the latter continually flapping his tail,
 Just to raise up a breeze for the fowls of the air,
 As the eagle, the jackass, or goslings so fair,
 While they sing round the cabins of darling Neddeen !

There stone houses all are weather-slated with mud,
 And the *praties*, and women, and whisky is good,
 And the latter small hardware, they call it poteen.
 Small blame to them keeping no lamps there at night,
 Because of the girls, whose eyes show them light ;
 You may talk of your lamps, that is all lit with *gas*,
 Och ! give me the black eye of a sweet *colleen das*,
 Such as light up the cabins in darling Neddeen !

There the geese run about thro' the most of the street
 Ready roasted, inviting the people they meet
 To eat, lord an' squire, *cabboque* and spalpeen ;
 From the cows they gets whisky, the ganders give milk,
 And their best woollen blankets is all made of silk ;
 Their *purty* young girls they never grows old,
 And the sun never set there last winter, I'm told,
 But stay'd lighting the pipes of the boys of Neddeen !

Oh ! if I kept singing till this time next year,
 Not half of the beautiful beauties you'd hear,
 From the Skelligs down west to the great Noersheen ;
 There the sea's great broad bottom is covered with grass,
 Where many a young mermaid's seen washing her glass ;
 An' great elephant teeth are turn'd up in the bogs,
 Some charmed into saw-dust, some changed into logs,
 Or converted to toothpicks in darling Neddeen !

Long life to the marquis, I'm glad he's gone down
 To his own little city, a far sweeter town
 Than Bandon, Duumanway, or Ballyporeen ;

Long life to his honour, 'till after he's dead
 May nothing that's teasing e'er run in his head ;
 May he give to each tenant a long building lease ;
 May their *praties*, an' butter, an' childer increase,
 'Till Dublin looks smaller than darling Neddeen !

THE MEMBER FOR DOUBLIN' ;

OR,

TWO SWEETHEARTS AT A TIME.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Composed by CLEMENT WHITE.

I'VE often Garrick seen, two goddesses between,
 But he don't know where to lean ; and that is just
 like me !

Two maids my heart is troublin', to boilin' point I'm
 bubblin',

A member, then, for Dublin', I think that I may be!
 That swan must be a rum thing, wid two necks from
 him growin' ;

Well, like him I am something—a goose!—I'm
 three heads showin'.

Och ! I am all forlorn, now !
 By two girls am I torn, now !
 Before I had been born, now,
 I wish that I had died !

But you do not often see a handsome man like me
 Wid such a foine degree of head, and back, and
 calves ;

When first I met the eyes of the girls, I was a prize !
 For each, with glad surprise, immediately cried
 "Halves !"

I'm puzzled like the cow, sir, from which stack I shall
 eat ;

Or like that tripe-shop mouser, the where to have the
 meat !

Och ! I am all, &c.

That single-blessedness is welcome, I can guess,
 But "double" brings distress, from August unto
 June ;

Och ! by the pipe of Moses, beside me are two roses,
 And beauty each discloses, and I'm the *stick* be-
 tune !

It makes a man feel shy, sir, at Cupid's game to
 play,

For I'm a sort of *twicer*, as boys at buttons say.

Och ! I am all, &c.

Like Janus, he who wore a pair of heads of yore,
 My gaze they stand before, and with their arts en-
 tice ;

Enough sweet one enjoys, but too much of it cloy,
 For sure it soon destroys what else might have been
 nice.

We know 'tis pleasant weather when sheds the sun its
 light,

But sun and moon together both shining—is too
 bright.

Och ! I am all, &c.

A double-bladed knife, or two-edged sword means
 strife,

And plenty is one wife, and one we often rue ;

"Than one, two heads are better ;" bedad ! seen on a
 letter,

Enough quite is one fetter to wear instead of two !

Wont I be dying neither ! no physic can repair,
 Though I'm inclin'd to *ether*, for either's always there.

Och ! I am all, &c.

SMALILOU.

[MERRY.]

THERE was an Irish lad

Who loved a cloister'd nun,

And it made him very sad,

For what was to be done ?

He thought it a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out,
 And he could not get in:
 Yet he went every day, as he could do no more—
 Yet he went every day unto the convent door;
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou!
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.

To catch a glimpse of her
 He play'd a thousand tricks;
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the walls some kicks;
 He stamp'd and rav'd, and sigh'd and pray'd,
 And many times he swore
 The divil twist the iron bolts!
 The divil burn the door!
 Yet he went every day, he made it quite a rule—
 Yet he went every day—and look'd very like a fool—
 Though he sung sweetly, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped
 To take a little peep:
 And what did she do then?—
 I'm sure you'll think it right—
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 She bade the nuns good night:
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they run away!
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou!
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.

BECAUSE 'TIS IN THE PAPERS.

THOMAS HUDSON.] { *Tune*—"Good Morning to your
Nightcap."

OH! what a blessing 'tis that we, whate'er our rank
or station,
Can daily by the papers see the news of all the
nation.
On every coming day we view enough to cure the
vapours ;
And all we read we know is true, because 'tis in the
papers.

The editors are all exact, with novelty supply us,
Kindly scrape up every fact to amuse and edify us ;
Such feelings fine and nice they show, spurning false-
hood's capers ;
And all they say we know is true, because 'tis in the
papers.

The advertising doctors' bills on blessings closely
border,
For taking only two small pills will cure ev'ry dis-
order ;
Infallible and simple, too, they cure all nervous
vapours :
And all their powers must be true, because 'tis in the
papers.

A captain of a Yankee ship (I think his name is
Larpent)
Saw plainly on a recent trip the monstrous large sea
sar-pent ;
The passengers and frighten'd crew were at the mon-
ster gapers,
'Twas five miles long—it must be true, because 'twas
in the papers.

A man who married sixteen wives, for *Poly-gamy's*
arrested ;
A boy has swallow'd nine clasp knives, and all of them
digested ;
A cat has hatch'd young ducklings two, each one
frisks and capers ;
They're both alive—it must be true, because 'tis in
the papers.

A lady, o'er fond of a glass (you must not think it
fustian),
Has met her death so sad, alas ! by brandy's hot
combustion ;
It burnt her vitals thro' and thro', she melted into
vapours,
And ne'er seen since—it must be true, because 'tis in
the papers.

A lady in the South of France, who'd been some five
years married,
Was taken in a sort of trance, and coffin'd down and
buried,
In six months' time she came to life, and from the
grave's sad vapours
She walk'd away—it must be true, because 'tis in the
papers.

A man, last week, down in the west, inclined to be a
glutton,
He ate near half a bullock dress'd, and six raw legs of
mutton—
Drank porter, gallons twenty-two, which washed down
all the capers,
In just an hour—it must be true, because 'twas in the
papers.

Sweet Miss A., of ninety-eight, with Mr. B., of
eighty,
Have enter'd holy wedlock's state, with both their
purses weighty ;

A son's already come to view, at which the old man
 capers,
 Depend upon't, it must be true, because 'tis in the
 papers.

Some fishermen have lately seen, as lately they were
 roaming,
 Four mermaids, handsome, sweet, and clean, their
 hair so tidy combing ;
 They let them have a nearer view, to see their frisks
 and capers,
 Then they dived—it must be true, because 'tis in the
 papers.

Thus every day, nay, every hour, shows plainly what
 the news is,
 And whether it be sweet or sour, informs us and
 amuses ;
 Then let us give our best thanks to those who tell
 their capers,
 And ev'ry day so thankful view the facts in all the
 papers.

THE OULD BOG HOLE.

THE pig is in the mire, and the cow is on the grass,
 And a man without a woman is no better than an ass ;
 My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks like the
 drake,
 And sweet Judy Flanagan I'd die for her sake.
 My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
 She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee ;
 We met t'o her night our hearts to condole,
 And I sat Judy down by the ould Bog Hole.
 Singing—Cushla mavourneen, will you marry me ?
 Arrah, cushla mavourneen, wi l you marry me ?
 Arrah, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me ?
 Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee ?

'Then Judy she blushed, and hung down her head,
Saying, "Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get
wed;

But they say you're so rough, and you are such a
rake"—

"Don't believe it," says I, "for it's a l a mistake ;
To keep you genteel I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook, and the spade ;
The turf to procure which is better than coal,
And I'll work to my knees in the ould Bog Hole.

Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"Arrah, give me your hand, and consent just at once,
Sure it's not every day you will get such a chance ;
When the priest makes us one, how happy I'll be
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mistress Magee !
Tho' the meal should be scarce we'll have praties
enough,

And if you should long for more delicate stuff,
I'll take out the ould rod which my grandfather stole,
And I'll go fish for eels in the ould Bog Hole.

Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"Fine children we'll have, for we must mind that,
They'll be Darby and Barney, and Kitty and Pat ;
They'll be Judy so meek, and Mary so bluff"—

"O stop! stop!" she cried, "have you not got enough?"

"I have not," said I, "sure I'll not be content
Till you bring home as many as there's days in the
Lent ;

How the neighbours will stare when we go for a
stroll,

When we all promenade round the ould Bog Hole."

Singing, Cushla mavourneen, &c.

"By the hokey!" says she, "I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney you know how to use ;
You have bothered my heart with the picture you've
drawn,

If I thought I could trust you, the job might be done!"

"Holy murder!" says I, "do you doubt what I say?
If I thought 'twould convince you, I'd swear half a
day;"

"Oh no," she replied, "it's of no use at all,"

Then she whispered consent by the oul' Bog Hole.

"Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight!"

"Be aisy you blackguard, until it's all right;

Sure, after we're wed, we may kiss and condole,

And fish for the eels in the culd Bog Hole."

YES, KIND SIR, AND THANK YOU TOO.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,

As blithe I ganged to milk my kine,

When near the winding bourn of Tay,

Wi' bonny gait and twa black een,

A Highland lad sac kind me tent,

Saying, "Sonsy lass, how'st a' wi' you!

Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?"

'Twas, "Yes, kind sir, and I thank you too."

Again he met me i' the e'en,

As I was linkan o'er the lee,

To join the dance upon the green,

And said, "Blithe lass, I'se gang wi' thee."

Sae braw he looked i' th' highland gear,

His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,

My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,

"Say yes, kind sir, and I thank you too."

We danced until the gleaming moon

Gave notice that 'twas time to part;

I thought the reel was o'er too soon,

For an! the lad had stol'n my heart.

He saw me hame across the plain,

Then kissed sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,

That when he asked to kiss again,

'Twas, "Yes, kind sir, and I thank you too."

Grown bauld, he pressed to stay the night,
 Then griped me close unto his breast—
 "Howt lad! my mither sair would flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi'out the priest:
 Gang first 'fore him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do;
 For ask to kiss me when you will,
 'Twill be, ' Yes, love, and I thank you too.'"

FAITH, I'LL AWA' TO THE BRIDAL.

[*Air*—"Hie awa' to the Bridal."—PLANCHE.]

FAITH, I'll awa' to the bridal,
 For there will be tippling there;
 For my lady's a-going to be married,
 To whom I don't know, and don't care.
 But I know we shall all be as frisky
 And tipsy as pipers, good lack;
 And so that there's plenty of whisky,
 She may marry the devil for Mac.
 So, faith, I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

I once left the bottle for Cupid,
 And bade an adieu to my glass;
 I simpered and sighed, and looked stupid,
 And courted a cherry-cheek'd lass.
 She turn'd out a jilt—'twere a lie should I
 Say, that it gave me no pain;
 For sorrowing made me so dry, that I
 Took to my bottle again.
 So, faith, I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

They say there's five reasons for drinking,
 But more, I'm sure, may be got;
 For I never could find, to my thinking,
 A reason why people should not.

A sixth I'll not scruple at giving,
 I'll name it while 'tis in my head ;
 'Tis, if you don't drink while you're living,
 You never will after you're dead.
 So, faith, I'll awa' to the bridal, &c.

THE LOW-NECK'D DRESS.

[*Air*—"The Low-back'd Car."]]

WHEN first I saw Miss Clara,
 A West-end ball 'twas at,
 A low-neck'd dress she wore, and near
 The open door she sat ;
 But when that door was thriving oak,
 Exposed to tempests keen
 And biting air
 So much, 'twas ne'er
 As the blooming girl I mean—
 As she sat in her low-neck'd dress,
 Becoming, I must confess ;
 For of all the men round
 Not one could be found
 But look'd after the low-neck'd dress.

The polka's tumult over,
 The fondest of mammas
 Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls ;
 But scornful "Hums" and "Ha's"
 From Clara (artful goddess !)
 The kind proposal meet—
 Quite faint she feels—
 She fairly reels—
 She never could bear the heat !
 So she sits in her low-neck'd dress ;
 But the heat would have troubled her less,
 For long weeks will have roll'd
 Ere she's rid of the cold
 That she caught from the low-neck'd dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
 'Neath downy cloak of fur,
 Or pilot-coat, and round that throat
 A ploughman's comforter ;
 For I'd know that tender bosom
 Was safe from climate's ill,
 And the heart so sweet
 Would much longer beat
 Than I now feel sure it will
 While she clings to her low-neck'd dress.
 I've proposed, and she answered, " Yes ;
 Next week it's to be,
 But make sure I shall see
 That it's not in a low-neck'd dress !

SWELLS OF THE OCEAN.

DAMME CAPE.]

[*Music by Robert Coote.*

I HAVE been down to Brighton, and dipped in the
 sea ;
 I have dived at the waves, and have swam from the
 shore ;
 And have laughed with delight that my limbs were so
 free,
 The swell of the ocean to carry me o'er.
 But when I've returned to my bathing machine,
 And have dressed and emerged on the pebbly
 strand,
 Oh ! what a different "swell" have I seen ;
 What a different "swell" have I grasped by the
 hand.

You may grasp by the hand, boys,
 But keep your hearts free
 From the "swells" on the shore
 By the side of the sea.

There's a swell on the shore looking out for a bride,—
 For he knows, cunning dog, why the girls are brought
 down ;

And I'm sorry to say, when he tries the sea-side,
 The mammas are more veruant than they were in
 town.

He ogles an heiress ; ma sanctions the " match,"

And all in a season the mischief is done ;

But silly mamma finds, too late, that her " catch "

Was a *roué* in town, and a prodigal son.

Oh ! silly mammas,

Let your daughters go free

From the wily embrace

Of such swells of the sea.

There's a swell on the shore who's been down for a
 week,

And he says for eleven weeks more he'll remain,—
 He has travelled to Brighton his pleasure to seek,

And he's not in hurry to leave it again.

He's a swell who at home was a wine-merchant's
 clerk,

With a hundred a year, and spent five pounds a day ;
 So he went to the Bankruptcy Court " for a lark "

His " protection's " postponed, and he's " out of the
 way."

And instead of a prison-yard,

Here he walks free,

'Mongst the swells on the shore

By the side of the sea.

There's a " swell," very heavy, who smokes large
 cigars,

And lies on the beach, where the German band
 plays ;

There's a fair, lovely girl, and the best of mammas,

Who reside at the Bedford, and that's where *he*
stays.

He's attentive at table, he sings, he *croquets*,—

“What a beautiful pair you would make,” says
mamma.

Alas ! there's a wife who sells bonnets and stays,
And works very hard, to support his cigar.

She's a slave in her shop,
While at Brighton he's free,
And walks with the swells
On the shore by the sea.

With his wife, “for a change,” an attorney goes
down ;

She walks on the Esplanade, he on the Pier ;
They make friends, and ask them to call when in
town,

But the friends, when they're clients, regret it, I
fear.

Young men who borrow ; the people who lend ;
Young ladies who must not in love have their way ;
Folks who seek fortunes ; and others who spend ;
All meet in the crowd on this wondrous highway.

But there are jolly people,
Unfettered and free,
'Mongst the swells on the shore
By the side of the sea.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID ?

“WHERE are you going, my pretty maid ?”

“I'm going a milking, sir,” she said,

“Sir,” she said, “sir,” she said.

“Shall I go with you, my pretty maid ?”

“Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid ?”

“My father's a farmer, sir,” she said.

"Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Oh, 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 ax'd you, sir," she said.

ADVENTURES IN A STEAM-BOAT!

[Tune—"Tortoiseshell Tom Cat."]

OH, what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting,
 All those endure, you may be sure, who go to sea;
 A ship is a thing that you never can get quiet in,
 By wind or by steam, 'tis all the same, 'twas so
 with me.

Wife and daughter on the water said they'd like to
 sail a bit;

I consented, soon repented, soon began to rail a bit—
 "Papa, now pray do go to-day, the weather's so in-
 viting, lauk!

I'm sure 'twill do such good to you—they feed you like
 a fighting-cock." Oh what, &c.

In a boat I got afloat, as clumsy as an elephant,
 So spruce and gay to spend the day, and make a
 splash;

Gad! it's true I did it, too, for stepping in I fell
 off on't,

And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash.
 Wife squalling, daughter bawling, everything provok-
 ing me;

Call'd a "hog," "poodle dog," all the sailors joking
 me;

Dripping wet, in a pet, with many more distressables,
 A fellow took the long boat-hook, and caught my in-
 expressibles. Oh what, &c.

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited—
 Laugh'd at by the passengers, and quizzed by the
 crew ;

Raved and swore that on shore I rather had been gib-
 leted,

Than, thus half-drown'd, by all around be roasted
 too.

Danger past, and dry at last, indulging curiosity,
 I stared to see the vessel flee with such a strange
 velocity.

“Pray,” said I, to one hard by, “what power can
 impel us so?”

“The smoky engine goes by steam—at least the sailors
 tell us so.” Oh what, &c.

Not a sail to catch a gale, yet magically on I went,
 'Gainst wind and tide, and all beside, in wonder
 quite ;

Cast my eye up to the sky, and, tall as London's
 monument,

I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.
 People toiling, roasting, boiling—bless us, such a
 rookery,

They'd soup and fish, and fowl and flesh—a London
 Tavern cookery ;

Then the noise of men and boys, a din to rival hubbub,
 I thought the crew were monsters too, the master Cap-
 tain Beelzebub. Oh what, &c.

Wife to me says she, “Now's your time to pick a bit,
 The dinner's serving up below, and we must fly ;”
 Says I, “My dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be
 sick a bit,

I'm seized with an all-overness—I faint, I die !
 I cannot eat, I loathe my meat, I feel my stomach
 failing me—

Steward, hasten, bring a lasin—what the deuce is
 ailing me ?

If it's handy, get some brandy." The malady to
 quench unable,
 Down I lay, for half a day, in pickle quite unmention-
 able." Oh what, &c.

As to dinner, I'm a sinner, if I touch'd a bit of it ;
 But anchor cast, and home at last, I'm safe once
 more ;
 In the packet such a racket, crowding to get quit of it,
 Like cattle from a coaster we were haul'd on shore,
 With, "How d'ye do?" and "How are you? I see
 you're better physically."
 "Zounds, be still, I'm very ill; you're ever talking
 quizzically."
 Some with glee may go to sea, but I shall not be
 willing, sirs,
 For such a day again to pay just two pounds fifteen
 shillings, sirs. Oh what, &c.

WED IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE.

THOMAS HUDSON.] [Tune—"Michael Wiggins."

A DASHING young milkman, by name David Jones,
 Was going his rounds one Monday ;
 He cried "Milk below!" with such musical tones,
 When who should he meet but Miss Grundy!
 Says he, "By this light, I love at first sight,
 And I hope I shall not be refused, eh ?
 To ease my heart's pain, will you meet me again
 To-morrow?" Said she, "Oh, that's Tuesday."
 Young folks, pray attend, take advice from a friend,
 Ere you give up sweet liberty's treasure ;
 In wedlock's respect take time to reflect—
 Wed in haste, you'll repent it at leisure.

On Tuesday they met, and his love he made known,
 She blu-h'd, and could no longer then stay,
 But something she said, 'twixt a sigh and a groan,
 'Bout having more time on the We'n's day.

The We'n'sday came slowly, he dress'd himself smart,
 And that proved for certain a worse day ;
 She ne'er came at all, and it sadden'd his heart,
 So impatiently waited till Thursday.

Young folks, &c.

The Thursday good luck brought, his heart was in
 bliss,

His blood was all hey day and high day,
 For her love she confess'd, and she granted one kiss,
 And promised another on Friday.

On Friday, oh dear ! Mr. Jones scratched his head,
 Says he, " I don't know what I'm at to-day ;
 I want you to tell me how soon you will wed"—
 She promised to tell him on Saturday.

Young folks, &c.

On Saturday, blushing, she made him rejoice,
 She hinted she would not lose one day ;
 She'd leave it—to him, she had not—a choice,
 So married they were on the Sunday.
 But scarce out of church, their love away fled,
 And each finds the other a clog life ;
 They always are quarrelling, up and a-bed,
 And lead a complete cat and dog life.
 Young folks, pray attend, take advice from a friend,
 Ere you give up sweet liberty's treasure ;
 In wedlock's respect take time to reflect—
 Wed in haste, you'll repent it at leisure.

THE UNINVITED ONE!

W. HUGGINS.]

[Air—"The Washing Day."]

UPON my word, 'tis very hard,
 Quoth little Mr. B. ;
 I cannot get a single card
 For dinner, ball, or tea.

The Smiths on Wednesday had a rout,
And so had Mrs. Gun ;
They both contrived to leave me out,
The uninvited one !

Last week my neighbour, Mr. Moore,
A dinner gave, they say—
And though I call'd two days before,
The hint was thrown away.
This very night there's Mrs. Delf
Has got a Sally Lunn,
And yet, alas ! I find myself
The uninvited one !

It much surprised me, too, when Brown —
Who's reckoned so polite—
At breakfast feasting half the town,
That day forgot me quite.
It's very odd—yet I don't know
What harm I can have done,
That I should be, while others go,
The uninvited one !

At Lady Lappet's fancy ball,
Some fancied me a guest ;
Oh no, I got no card at all,
“The honour to request.”
I heard each carriage stop, alas !
With Spaniard, Turk, and nun—
It seems these fêtes just come to pass
The uninvited one !

To take their tea with old Miss Love,
Last night what numbers went ;
And though she lives two doors above,
To me no note was sent.
I'll tell you what I thought of—but
Excuse a little pun—
That, like her cake, I then was *cut*,
The uninvited one !

Young Twist, who lives at No. 4,
 Display'd on Monday night,
 A supper for at least a score,
 But I got no invite.
 They kept it up, I heard it said,
 Almost till rise of sun—
 While I at ten crept into bed,
 The uninvited one !

The archers met not long ago,
 Which gave me sorrows real—
 I'm such a shot—but now my bow
 Is but a *beau idéal* !
 The belles—more lovely ne'er were seen—
 The contest arch begun ;
 I was not there in Lincoln green,
 The uninvited one !

When lately dined the London Mayor
 At Greenwich—though I set
 A trap to be invited there,
 No whitebait could I get.
 And thus while others daily roam
 In search of mirth and fun,
 I'm forced, alack ! to stay at home,
 The uninvited one !

It very often causes tears,
 And now and then a frown,
 To think because I'm up in years,
 That in the world I'm down.
 Oh ! would but fortune change my lot,
 And make me, whom they shun,
 An heir with many friends—and not
 The uninvited one !

In short, to go out while I've breath,
 No more shall I be task'd ;
 And even to the Dance of Death,
 'T is doubtful if I'm ask'd.

The undying and the doom'd may whine,
 Yet find their woes outdone;
 For what their fate compared with mine—
 The uninvited one?

HIS WORSHIP.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by* DIBDIN.]

HIS worship, Justice Gander, sworn new'y of the peace,
 Resolved to set the neighbours together by the ears,
 Of the half-crowns and the shillings their pockets well
 to fleece,

Regardless of the public, their praises or their sneers.
 Master Matthew was his clerk, a keen and cunning
 wight,

Studied Cunningham and Burn, for the law has
 various meanings :

“Remember,” cried his worship, “when I'm wrong to
 set me right,
 For you're my representative, factotum, locum
 tenens.”

Fomenting litigation, the neighbours flock around;

One came to get a warrant—a shilling was the cost;
 “Here, Matthew, bring the book.” “Sir, 'tis no-
 where to be found.”

“Zounds! he'll repent—what shall we do? the shil-
 ling will be lost.

Swear, damme! and pay sixpence—I fancy that's the
 rule;

Those who can't get the harvest must sit down with
 the gleanings;

How could you be so careless? You dolt! you stupid
 fool!”

“Your worship's representative, factotum, locum
 tenens.”

A rich lady 'gainst a helpless girl most loudly did complain ;

“ Here, Matthew, make her mittimus, ne'er mind how she cajoles——”

“ We must not, sir, commit her—the law we cannot strain,

And the superior courts would haul your worship o'er the coals.

I could not for the soul of me distress so sweet a lass ;
For justice' sake, to equity the heart should have these leanings.”

“ You're not proper for your place, sir—you're a goose, an oaf, an ass !”

“ Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens ”

Next day this pretty damsel was walking in a field ;

His worship pass'd by too, and began to toy and play ;

“ You were yesterday my prisoner—to-day to you I yield ;”

She ran for life, while he pursued, and begg'd of her to stay.

“ Sir, is this justice ? O for shame !” “ 'Tis justice, lovely fair—

For justice on the bench and in love has diff'rent meanings ;

Nay, struggle not !” “ Is there no friend ? no hope ?”

“ None !— Zounds ! who's there ?”

“ Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.

“ You hired me, sir, to set you right whenever you were wrong ;

For once, then, justice practise, sir, since justice you dispense ;

Give me this pretty damsel—we've loved each other long—

And ne'er oppress those honest hearts that merit your defence.”

Cried Gander, " Matthew, I'm the goose, the ass, and
have been blind ;

I now see law and equity have very different mean-
ings ;

Henceforth the poor shall bless me ; and may each
great man find

As able, as upright, and as just a locum tenens."

TWO WENCHES AT ONCE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—" Margery Topping."]

TILL I fell in love, I wur happy enow,
At threshing or reaping, at harrow or plough ;
At sunrise each morn wi' the lark I wur springing,
And, just like the lark, I wur always a singing,
Tol de rol lol de rol lay.

Cupid, quite envious of my happy life,
Put into my head that I wanted a wife ;
'Bout love and such-like things completely a dunce,
I fell slap in love wi' two wenchies at once.

The miller's young daughter, she gave the first twist,
Her lips look'd as if like they long'd to be kiss'd ;
And whiles I gazed at her, 'twixt love and surprise,
I was fairly struck dumb by her sister's bright eyes !

Mary was fair as an angel could be,
Eyes like sweet Betsy's I never did see ;
I tried all in vain my hot feelings to smother,
By looking at one first, and then at the other.

If I went to see Mary, to her I was blind,
For Betsy directly came into my mind ;
And when I saw Betsy, 'twas just the contrary—
I always was sure to be thinking of Mary.

When Betsy look'd at me, or when Mary smiled,
 I felt of my senses completely beguiled ;
 'Twas all of no use, I look'd this or that way,
 Like a donkey between two great bundles of hay.

Things went on thus for five or six week,
 I never could muster up courage to speak ;
 When all of a sudden they both went to church,
 And left me, a bachelor, quite in the lurch.

Young men, be advised ; if love gets in your scone,
 Never go courting two wenches at once ;
 With one lass you may work your way safe and sound,
 But between two stools, all know what comes to the
 ground. Tol de rol de rol lol de rol lay.

THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT YOU MAY COME TO.

J. LABERN.]

[Tune—"Charlie over the Water."

IF ever misfortune 'gainst man did combine,
 That man he to-night stands before you,
 Who's lost all his cash in the "Diddlesex" Line,—
 I hope that his troubles wont bore you.
 To double my five thousand pounds how I thought,
 But they gave mine the double like fun, too ;
 I've been hunted by *stags*, and paid *dear* for the sport—
 There's no knowing what you may come to.
 You may turn up your nose at hard work, and
 declare
 It's what you would never succumb to ;
 Tho' you're rolling in riches at present, beware,
 There's no knowing what you may come to.

When I think how my cash, that for years twenty-
 nine,
 I'd been scraping should, presto ! elope, sirs,
 I *rail* at myself being drawn in a *line*,
 And wish myself drawn in a *rope*, sirs.

Once I'd a house and all else to accord,
 And annually spent a round sum, too ;
 Now I m only a lodger—it shows how I'm *floored*—
 Oh, you never know what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

The parties I used to give, week after week,
 To the Popkins, the Pipkins, and Prices :
 What a tale might be told, if the tables could speak,
 Of wines, jellies, and custards, and ices.
 The cold looks of my friends, whom I once received well,
 Are the *ices* I meet now, so glum, too—
 It's hard that they pass me, because I'm no swell—
 But you never know what you may come to,
 You may turn, &c.

With poultry my table did once groan and growl—
 For the loss of it I could put crape on—
 My face I long *pull it* whene'er I run *foul*
 Of a policeman now with a *cape on*.
 I'd pheasants and hares in galore I'll allow,
 But that 'ere game must I say mum to ;
 I'm obliged to put up with a Welsh *rabbit* now—
 Oh ! there's no knowing what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

With sirloins of beef once my larder was packed,
 And fore quarters of lamb, by-the-bye, sirs—
 The *hooks* still remain—a *lamentable* fact—
 But the joints are, alas ! all my *eye*, sirs.
 To common-place *breastes* of mutton I bow,
 Or stubborn beef-steaks put my gum to ;
 I can't even *shell out* for oyster-sauce now—
 Ah ! you never know what you may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

So what with my crosses, and losses, and strife,
 I think it's enough to perplex one :
 Moore observes in his song, "They may rail at *this* life ;"
 I hope they've no *rails* in the *next one*.

My splendid piano I sold for a song,
 Which my daughter, Fanchette, used to strum to ;
 She'll perhaps have a mangle to turn before long,
 For there's no knowing what we may come to.
 You may turn, &c.

SHE WOULDN'T DO FOR ME.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Old Bachelor."]

IN courting the ladies I've wasted my life,
 Useless day after day ;
 And oh ! for the want of a charming wife
 Daily I pine away.
 Could I but get one exact to my mind,
 Contented and happy I'd be ;
 Alas ! in the number not one can I find,
 There's not one will do for me.

Miss Vain had elegance, beauty, and grace,
 Combined in a form so rare ;
 Each beau said, as he looked in her face,
 An angel was not more fair.
 She thought her charms did others surpass,
 And oft as oft could be,
 I found Miss Vain was fond of the glass,
 So she would not do for me.

Miss Grub had wealth in silver and gold,
 Houses and lands also ;
 And though Miss Grub was growing old,
 Was courted by many a beau.
 In costly silks and satins clad,
 As fine as fine could be,
 Her cash was good, but her temper was bad,
 So she would not do for me.

The Widow Gadd her weeds still wore,
 Was reckon'd a charming prize ;
 Just in her bloom at twenty-four,
 With a pair of melting eyes.

Although I courted the Widow Gadd,
I soon from her got free ;
I found three husbands before she'd had,
So she would not do for me.

Miss Clack was the next—she struck me mute,
Her voice so sweet and clear ;
Just like the notes of a breathing flute,
Came floating o'er the ear.
With love I sadly sigh'd—poor e'f,
And love brought misery ;
I found she'd have all the talk to herself,
So she would not do for me.

Then I courted the sweet Miss Glum,
Fair beauty's reigning toast ;
I certainly thought she must be dumb,
For of silence she made a boast.
To prove she was not of family low,
She show'd me her pedigree ;
But as she would not say ay or no,
Why she would not do for me.

Two sisters next, who'd been to France,
Seen Italy and Spain ;
Both could tastily sing and dance,
But courting was all in vain.
I saw them but once—that at a ball,
And though both frank and free,
One was too short—t'other too tall,
So they would not do for me.

The next was a lady—a “stocking blue”—
Of person and features fair ;
Own it I must—to give her her due,
Her knowledge was solid and rare.
But when of love I essay'd to speak,
Not of this world seemed she ;
She answer'd only in Latin and Greek,
So she would not do for me.

Could I meet a lady exact to my mind,
 With beauty extreme I'd dispense ;
 So she were affable, modest, and kind,
 And blest with common sense.
 Her heart with th' purest affection to glow,
 And from affectation free ;
 Happy to-morrow to church I'd go,
 She'd just be the wife for me,

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music by BLEWITT.*

MY Julie had such pretty eyes,
 All piercing grey their colour ;
 The very stars within the skies,
 When they appeared, seemed duller !
 This was *before* our marriage !
 But soon I found, alas ! alack !
 To my especial wonder,
 That these same eyes could turn as black
 As skies when charged with thunder !
 But this was *after* marriage !

My Julie had such pretty feet,
 So fairy-like and little ;
 I often thought they'd snap in two,
 They were so light and brittle.
 This was *before* our marriage !
 But these same little feet that oft
 For fairy's I'd been picking,
 I found were anything but soft,
 Whene'er they took to kicking !
 But this was *after* marriage !

My Julie had such pretty hands,
 And fingers small and taper ;
 And nails with little white "half-moons,"
 And soft as satin paper.
 This was *before* our marriage !

But these same nails that none could match,
 And tiny hands inviting,
 I found could come up to the *scratch*,
 And do a little fighting!
 But this was *after* marriage!

My Julie reach'd perfection quite,
 When summed up altogether,
 And all my future seem'd most bright,
 And naught but sunny weather.
 This was *before* our marriage!
 But ah! vain hope! I only dream'd,
 For short my reign of revel;
 The lady I an angel deem'd
 Turn'd out a very devil!
 But this was *after* marriage!

MY SON TOM.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by S. GÖDBE.]

My son's a youth of talents rare,
 You really ought to know him;
 But he blushes so, when people stare,
 That he seldom lets me show him.
 To school he never yet was sent,
 Nor yet to Oxford College;
 So all are in astonishment,
 Where Tom pick'd up his knowledge.
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare,
 You really ought to know him;
 But he blushes so, when people stare,
 That he seldom lets me show him.

But Tom's a minor, recollect,
 But nineteen next November!
 And so, of course, one can't expect
 Big books he should remember;

With clever boys, if peop'e force
 Their minds, 'tis ruination ;
 So I let nature take her course,
 A fig for education !
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

By instinct Tom picks up at once
 The things that others study.
 My husband storms, and calls him dunce,
 He should not do so, should he?
 Some talk about the books they've read,
 And each is thought a wise one,
 Tom makes all out of his own head,
 Remarks that quite surprise one.
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

Tom wears no stock, no long-tail'd coat,
 Unfit for boys of his age.
 A jacket and an open throat
 Best suit his form and visage :
 Hereafter when the fair and gay
 My darling is pursuing,
 I'm sure he will not fail to say,
 "'Twas all my mother's doing !"
 My Tom's a youth of talents rare, &c.

I'M A RANTING, ROVING BLADE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

WHOO ! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
 Of never a thing was I ever afraid ;
 I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a thrade,
 And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something ; this truth they
 instil,—

That pride makes us fall all against our will ;
 For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
 I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide you ever did see
I know ev'ry place of curoosity
From Thig-á-na Vauragh to Donaghadee ;
And if you're for sport come along wid me.

I'll lade you sporting round about—
We've wild ducks and widgeon, and snipe and
throuth ;
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home, then I'm sure they're
out.

The miles in this counthry much longer be—
But that is a saving of time d'you see,
For two of our miles is aigual to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way ;
If you're hurry's not great, and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut that's the longest way.

And I'll show you heaps of good drinkin' too,
For I know the place where the whiskey grew ;
A bottle is good when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one, but I'd die for two.

Thruth is scarce when liars is near,
But squealing is plenty when pigs you hear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear,
And rint it is scarce four times a-year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when
we're cowl'd ;
And the girls they know bashfulness makes us grow
bowld ;
We grow young when we like, but we never grow
owld.

And the sivin small sines grows natural here,
 For praties has eyes, and can see quite clear ;
 And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,
 And the corn-fields is listening with all their ears.

But along with sivin sines we have one more —
 Of which I forgot for to tell you before—
 'Tis nonsense, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

A CELEBRATED THREE PART MEDLEY.

PART FIRST.

THE Nightingale Club in a village was held,
 At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,
 Where the singers, no doubt, would have greatly ex-
 cell'd,
 But for want of—
 Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty fiddlers—
 Peaceful slumb'ring—
 At the town of nate Clogheen,
 Where—
 The graces they were culling posies,
 And found—
 The finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay :
 This ram was fat behind, sir,
 This ram was fat before,
 This ram was—
 A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next, a merry plough-boy, that whist'ed—
 Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 He call'd for—
 The lass of Patie's mill, so bonny, blithe, and gay,
 And in spite of all my skill, she stole—
 A bold dragoon, with his—
 O dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?—

For of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives with—
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine ?
 What made the assembly shine ?
 Oh ! it was—
 The rum old Commodore,
 The batter'd old Commodore,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for—
 The Maid of Lodi, who sweetly sung—
 Call again to-morrow : call again to-morrow ;
 Can't you, can't you call again to-morrow ?

PART SECOND.

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get—
 A regiment of Irish dragoons, and they were quar-
 tered—
 In a mouldering cave, the abode of Despair,
 Britannia sat weeping her loss,
 She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaimed in despair—
 'Twas in the good ship Rover,
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for ten years and over,
 I ne'er touch'd—
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch ;
 Wot ye how she cheated me—
 In the Bay of Biscay O—
 Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me.
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing—
 Oh, hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,

When thy sleep shall be broken by—
 The wood-pecker tapping the hollow beach tree.
 The wood-pecker tapping—
 Poor Sally's wooden-ware,
 Who all for money barter,
 Her cottons, tapes, her top-knots rare,
 Her bodkins, lace, and—
 Paddy Shannon high-mounted on his trotting little
 pony,
 Set off on a journey from Leather-lane to Bow,
 To ogle Widow Wilkins, who he courted for her
 money,
 And tugging at his bridle, cry—
 Don't I look spruce on my Neddy,
 In spite of his kicking and prancing,
 Gee ho, gee ho, and stand steady,
 Mr. Neddy, I'm not fond of dancing—
 When absent from her my soul holds most dear,
 What a medley, what a medley of—
 Old chairs to mend—
 A very good song, and very well sung,
 Jolly companions every one—
 Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up their
 clamour,
 And were nightly knock'd down by the president's
 hammer,
 Were nightly knock'd down, &c.

PART THIRD .

Your pardon, kind gentlefolks, pray,
 I'm called once more to roar out a song, sir,
 And when a lad's call'd on they say—
 Come bustle, neighbour Prig,
 Clap on your hat and wig ;
 In our Sunday clothes so gaily,
 Together we will range the fields—
 When the wolf in nightly prowl,
 Bays the moon with—

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
 Your bed shall be,
 On that spot in ancient lore oft named,
 Where—

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Ri fol, &c.

The fairest maid in all the town,
 Fol lol, &c.

If she loved me as I loved she—

On this cold flinty rock I would lay down my head,
 And sweetly I'll sing—

Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to
 row,

But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That to treat—

An old woman in Yorkshire, in Yorkshire she did
 dwell,

She loved—

Billy Taylor, a brisk young fellow,
 Full of mirth and full of glee,

And thus his mind he did discover—

To a frog who would a wooing go,
 Heigh ho! says Rowley,

Whether his mother would let him or no, with his—

Here's a health to all good lasses,

Here's a health to all good lasses,

Here's a health to—

Our noble Queen, &c.

THE LITTLE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

SIR SOLOMON SIMONS, when he first did wed,

Blushed black as a crow, his lady did blush light;
 The clock it struck twelve, they were both tucked in
 bed,

In the chimney a rushlight—a little farthing rushlight.

Fal de diddle de, a little farthing rushlight.

Sir Solomon then gave his lady a nudge,
 And cries he, "Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
 light ;"
 "Then, Sir Solomon," says she, "to get up you can't
 grudge,
 And blow out the rushlight, the little farthing rush-
 light." Fal de diddle de, &c.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
 And vastly he swore, and very much did curse
 light ;
 And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
 And he puff'd at the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Lady Simons then got up in her night-cap so neat,
 And over the carpet my lady she did brush light ;
 And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
 A puffing at the rushlight—then she puffed at the
 rushlight ;
 But neither of them both could blow out the rush-
 light. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Sir Solomon and lady, with their breath quite gone,
 Rung the bell in a rage, they determined to crush
 light ;
 Half asleep, in his shirt then up came John,
 And he puffed at the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight,
 But neither of the three could blow out the rush-
 light. Fal de diddle de, &c.

Cook, coachee, men, and maids, very near, all in buff,
 Came, and swore that in their lives they ne'er met
 with such light ;
 And each of the family by turns had a puff
 Of the little farthing rushlight—the plaguy farthing
 rushlight.

(*Spoken.*)—First, the old cook said, “Let me try it—wind does wonders. I’ll try and blow it out.”
 (*Puff.*) Then Sir Solomon said, “Let me try it; I’ll do it, I’ll warrant.” (*Puff.*) Then Lady Simons said, “Sir Solomon, you can’t do it; please let me try it. I’m long-winded; I’ll do it presently. (*Puff, puff.*) Then says John, the black footman (*yawning*), “Please hand it to me, I’ll blow it out; for I see you can’t do it.” (*Puff.*)

But neither of the family could blow out the rushlight.
 Fal de diddle dee, &c.

The watchman at last went by, crying “One”—
 “Here, vatchmans, come up, than you we might on
 vorse light!”

Then up came the watchman—the business was done;
 For he turned down the rushlight, the little farthing
 rushlight,
 Fal de diddle dee,—and he put out the rushlight.

MRS. M'CAWLEY AND THE DOCTOR.

A LITTLE old woman was taken ill,
 Heigho! says Peter;
 A little old woman was taken ill,
 So she sent for the doctor to give her a pill,
 With a rowley powley,
 Ginger and jalap, oh!
 Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

The doctor he came to feel her hand,
 Heigho! says Peter;
 The doctor he came to feel her hand,
 When he found her so drunk that she couldn't well
 stand,
 With her gin bottle, wet throttle,
 Talk away, mug away,
 Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein,
Heigho ! says Peter ;

Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein ;
When the little old woman said, Oh ! fie for shame !
With her rowley powley,
Hick-up and kick-up,
Heigh ! says Peter M 'Cawley.

Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
Heigho ! says Peter ;

Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
When she up'd with the gin keg, and quite broke
his head,
With her rowley powley,
Scratch 'em and fight away,
Heigh ! says Peter M 'Cawley.

Oh ! oh ! says the doctor, is this your fun ?
Heigho ! says Peter ;

Oh ! oh ! says the doctor, is this your fun ?
Then the devil may cure you—and off he run,
With his rowley powley,
Gammon and physic,
Heigh ! says Peter M 'Cawley.

ANALYSATION ; OR, WHAT ARE MORTALS MADE OF ?

[*Music by J. BLEWITT.*]

WHAT are Mortals made of ?
By analysation
I've tried all the nation,
Defin'd each gradation,
And prov'd every station
With Sir Humphrey's best
New chemical test,
And found what Mortals are made of.

What are M. P.'s made of?
Of a rotten borough,
And loyalty thorough,
Of aye and no,
And a time serving bow,
Of bills to be passed,
And a place at last,
And such are M. P.'s made of.

What are Officers made of?
Of power and skill,
The foeman to kill;
A heart without fear,
When the enemy's near,
And pity, that's shown
When the battle is won,
And such are Officers made of.

What are Parsons made of?
Of Latin and Greek,
And prayers once a week;
Good livings and port,
And a text of a sort,
A great bush wig,
And a little tithe pig,
And such are Parsons made of.

What are Lawyers made of?
Of causes and fees,
And the Common Pleas,
The Court of King's Bench,
The bills we retrench,
A brief and a case,
And an impudent face,
And such are Lawyers made of.

What are Doctors made of?
Of Warwick-lane,
A fee and a cane,

Rhubarb and manna,
And ipecacuanha,
Powders and pills,
And cursed long bills,
And such are Doctors made of.

What are Aldermen made of ?
Of citizens' gains,
Of gowns and gold chains,
Turtle and Claret,
As long as they'll bear it,
Of a Guildhall chair,
And hopes to be mayor,
And such are Aldermen made of.

What are Authors made of ?
Of paste and shears,
And folks by the ears,
Of a grey goose quill,
And stories at will,
Foolscap and ink,
And a want of the chink,
And such are Authors made of.

What are Husbands made of ?
Of sulks and huffs,
And kicks and cuffs ;
Conjugal rights,
And raking at nights,
Of this and that,
And no one knows what,
And such are Husbands made of.

What are young Wives made of ?
Of honeymoon,
And storms very soon !
Dears and loves,
And turtle doves,
Of all that's good,
If right understood,
And such are young Wives made of.

HIGHGATE PROBATION.

SCARCE come up to London a country lout,
 From father's snug cottage at Reigate ;
 To qualify I in the world to set out,
 I went to be sworn at Highgate.
 So I took't an oath that I thow't mighty queer,
 But I said that I'd keep't by the letter,
 That all my life through I'd prefer strong beer,
 Unless I lik'd small beer better.

I saw'd what it meant, though I be but a clown—
 The oath, you see, meant self-denial ;
 And 'tis proper enough, for when folks come to town,
 Their honesty's put to the trial ;
 Now you see, to be honest's the small beer of life,
 'Tis poor, but one's conscience 'twon't fetter ;
 So who wool may drink strong beer and get into
 strife,
 I likes quiet and small beer better.

'Fore now I've been offered both money and gear,
 My neighbour to cheat of his treasure ;
 But diamonds and gold may be purchased too dear,
 And with pain we too often buy pleasure.
 I do like pleasure, too ; but softly and fair,
 Don't of honesty be the forgetter ;
 But take her advice, and of strong beer beware,
 When she bids you like small beer better.

So in this 'versal world, you do see ev'ry man
 Maunt guzzle as thof he were bursting ;
 But drink of his own what he honestly can,
 And not for another's be thirsting.
 Ods waunds ! if a man gets a thousand a year,
 Let 'm spend ev'ry doit to the letter ;
 But if more than his own it would cost for st
 beer,
 Let 'm smile and like small beer better.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

WHAT a queer set of creatures we are, I declare,
 What one person likes, why another can't bear ;
 It was always a plan when I first went to school,
 To like everything good, like the Lord Mayor's fool ;
 Some like to look thin, some like to look fat,
 Some like to see this, and some like to see that ;
 But if you'll be silent and listen to me,
 I'll just tell you all what I don't like to see.

CHORUS.

You may call me a quiz, you may call me a Pry,
 But I cannot bear things that look queer to the eye ;
 If you like to see 'em, it's nothing to me—
 I tell you they're things that I don't like to see.

Now, I don't like to see little boys with cigars,
 They're better at home with their pa's and their ma's ;
 I don't like to see folks in misery sunk,
 And I don't like to see a teetotaler drunk ;
 I don't like to see ugly women use paint,
 Nor a grey-headed sinner pretend he's a saint ;
 Or a swell in a dickey tied over a rag,
 Nor a fop with mustachios, who's not worth a mag.

I don't like to see ladies picking their gums,
 Nor a boy of sixteen always sucking his thumbs ;
 I don't like to see women drink to excess,
 Nor a miss in black stockings and white muslin dress ;
 I don't like to see a coat fit like a sack,
 Nor a man pinch his belly for the sake of his back ;
 I don't like to see a man whopping his moke,
 It shows that his brotherly feeling's a joke.

I don't like to see frosty weather in May,
 Nor a man wear his church-going tile every day ;
 I don't like to see people sulk at their meals,
 Nor a girl with great tatars stuck out at her heels ;

I don't like to see people shooting the moon,
 Nor a chap buttoned up on a hot afternoon ;
 I don't like to see Peelers drunk on their beat,
 Nor young ladies' bustles fall off in the street.

I don't like to see people pay twice for once,
 Nor a man about thirty a thick-headed dunce ;
 I don't like to see a man eat more than his whack,
 Nor a swell with his hair just a yard down his back ;
 I don't like to see yellow wipes round the throat,
 Nor a man wipe his nose with the sleeve of his coat ;
 I don't like to see a pretty girl pout,
 Nor young ladies sending their clothes up the spout.

I don't like to see women dress fal de ral,
 Nor a boy about twelve sticking up to a gal ;
 I don't like to see folks smoke pipes at a play,
 Nor a swell in white ducks on a pouring wet day ;
 But I do like to see all your gay, smiling faces,
 And I hope ev'ry night you will here take your places,
 For I don't like to see empty seats I declare,
 And I do think you all will agree with me there.

SLY REYNARD THE FOX.

SLY Reynard sneak'd out from a farmer's hen-roost,
 Where a young one he'd just been a-picking ;
 Half strangled he look'd, for he could not get loose
 A bone, from his throat, of the chicken !
 O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

He twisted his jaw, and his eyes roll'd about,
 Like a cat in a quinsey he croak'd, too ;
 " Will no good-natur'd bird," he cried, " take the bone
 out ?"

('Twas a flock of poor geese that he spoke to.)
 O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

“I'll befriend ye for ever,” cried reynard the fox,
 “From the weazle, cat, badger, and ferret ;
 He that pulls the bone out that distorts my poor chops,
 Is a goose I'll reward for his merit !”

O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

A gander advanc'd, once the pride of the flocks,
 No friend of his fate could remind him,
 He thrust his poor beak down the throat of the fox,
 But he left his poor head there behind him.

O reynard, sly reynard the fox !

THE ZOOLOGICAL WIFE.

[Tune—“The Horticultural Wife.”]

I'M a lover of Zoology, my heart's nearly broke,
 You may laugh if you please, I consider it no joke :
 I keeps a menagerie—I'm very well to do,
 But a Tartar of a wife is the cause of all my woe.

Oh, oh, in vain do I strive

To keep my spirits up and my heart “all alive.”

Tho' she's spiteful, yet she's handsome, to the life I'll
 depict her—

She twines round my heart like a Boa Constrictor,
 She's my Kangaroo, my Owl, my Madagascar Bat,
 My Elk, my Armadillo, and my sweet Polecat.

Oh, oh, &c.

She's my Ourang Outang, my Wolf, and my Stork,
 My Elephant, my Dodo, my Squirrel, and my Hawk ;
 I'm a perfect Jackal, a Lion's provider,
 For she snaps up her grub like a hungry Tiger.

Oh, oh, &c.

Like a Hyena she laughs, like a Crocodile she cries ;
 She's my Guinea Pig, my Zebra, my Bird of Paradise ;
 She's my Ostrich, my Puffin, my Ring-tail'd Monkey,
 My Reindeer, my Civet Cat, my Zebra Donkey.

Oh, oh, &c.

I'd sooner single-handed fight the fiercest Bear in
 Russia,
 Than fall in with my wife when she's brought home
 by a Crusher ;
 "With gentle words and fond embrace," I beg her to
 desist ;
 I talk to her of love—but she salutes me with her fist.
 Oh, oh, &c.

I've tamed all the Lions, and that's pretty fair,
 I've overcome the Tiger, but I dursn't tackle her ;
 When I bangs the Dromedary, to pick a quarrel, she
 Cries "Pretty creature, what a shame !" and pitches
 into me. Oh, oh, &c.

I'll stand it no longer, that she may rely on,
 I'll offer up myself as a supper for the Lion ;
 But as second thoughts are best, I'll wait with resig-
 nation ;
 My troubles are all ended if I gain your approbation.
 Oh, oh, &c.

THE LOST PAIR OF BREECHES.

O. W. HOLMES.] [Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

I'M not a chicken ; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember ;
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;—
 For me two storms were brewing.
 Blow, blow, blow,
 I never met with such a breeze nor such a blow !
 It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married folks get clashing :
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing,—

A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder,—
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Blow, blow, &c.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
 And how the shingles rattled !
 And oaks were scattered on the ground
 As if the Titans battled ;
 And all above was in a howl,
 And all below a clatter,—
 The earth was like a frying-pan,
 Or some such hissing matter.

Blow, blow, &c.

It chanced to be our washing day,
 And all our things were drying ;
 The storm came roaring through the lines,
 And set them all a flying ;
 I saw the shirts and petticoats
 Go riding off like witches ;
 I lost—ah ! bitterly I wept—
 I lost my Sunday breeches.

Blow, blow, &c.

I saw them straddling through the air,
 Alas ! too late to win them ;
 I saw them chase the clouds as if
 The devil had been in them ;
 They were my darlings and my pride,
 My boyhood's only riches,
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,
 "My breeches ! O my breeches !"

Blow, blow, &c.

That night I saw them in my dreams,
 How changed from what I knew them !
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,
 The winds had whistled through them ;

I saw the wide and ghastly rents
 Where demon laws had torn them ;
 A hole was in their amplest part,
 As if an imp had worn them.

Blow, blow, &c.

I have had many happy years,
 And tailors kind and clever,
 But those young pantaloons have gone
 For ever and for ever !
 And not till fate has cut the last
 Of all my earthly stitches,
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn
 My loved, my long-lost breeches.

Blow, Ulow, &c.

OLD BEN, THE YANKEE ; OR, MORE JONATHANS.

UNCLE BEN did you never hear tell ?
 In Boston town he was known full well ;
 The only failing poor Ben had
 Was that his memory was bad.
 For sich a tarnation chap was Old Ben, the
 Yankee,
 Sich an absent man you never did see.

Once with him I walking did go,
 When he felt an itching in his great toe ;
 He stoop'd with sich a serious phiz,
 And scratch'd my toe instead of his.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

After washing once, it was the case,
 He with the paper wiped his face ;
 He then sat down, the towel perused,
 And vow'd he had been much amused.
 For sich a tarnation, &c.

Going to slumber, it was said,
 He put the candle into bed ;
 " All right," says he, " the light I'll dout,"
 He gave a puff, and blew himself out.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

In his optics being but queer,
 He put his specs once on his ear ;
 Then walk'd sideways, four miles did go
 Before he did the difference know.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to ride his horse
 He put the saddle his own back across ;
 Nor saw he his mistake, alack !
 Till he tried in vain to get on his own back.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Intending once to get into bed,
 He put his trousers there instead,
 He tuck'd 'em up, and then this elf
 Across the chair-back threw himself.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once bread-and-butter going to cut,
 The butter o'er his own face he put ;
 Nor once his error did he trace,
 Till he'd cut a slice off his own face.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

ENCORE VERSES.

Being once into the cellar sent,
 Instead, down his own throat he went ;
 Nor did he see he wasn't right
 Till the wind on his stomach blew out the light.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Cooking a goose in an absent fit,
 He put himself upon the spit ;

Nor once the blunder did he see't,
Till roasted and served up to eat.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

A turkey carving once, the elf,
'Tis said, forgot, and carved himself ;
Nor saw he his mistake, i'feggs,
Till he'd eaten one of his own legs.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once his forgetfulness was such,
Instead of an egg he boil'd his watch ;
And kept in ignorance sublime
Till he look'd at the egg to see the time.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Once pulling off a tight, thick boot,
He by mistake pull'd off his foot ;
Nor did he see he'd lost a peg
Till he'd walk'd four miles upon one leg.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a key, to a string this dunce
Let himself out of window once ;
Nor saw he his mistake before
He was fix'd in the lock of his own door.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

Instead of a letter, once this elf
Into the letter box dropp'd himself ;
Nor did he once perceive his hobble,
Till ask'd if he were single or double.

For sich a tarnation, &c.

HE, SHE, AND THE POSTMAN.

E. L. BLANCHARD.]

[Sung by J. L. TOOLE.]

THERE was a maiden lov'd a youth,
In the town that I was born in—'orn in ;
She wrote to him by the ev'ning post,
To meet her in the morning. (*Chorus*) 'orning.

The morning came, no letter did,
 Cos the postman he forgot it—'got it ;
 Though he delivered a note to her,
 That there note was not it.
(Chorus) 'ot it.

O cruel postman to forget,
 That letter to deliver—'liver ;
 Cried she, my true love is false to me,
 Then *splashed* into the river.
(Chorus) 'iver.

Then the lovier he did pine away,
 And left off playing at skittles—'kittles ;
 He got so thin, left off drinkin',
 And never eat no more wittles.
(Chorus) 'ittles.

At last he got a waterbutt,
 He was not so partickler—'tickler ;
 He pushed his head right down foremost,
 Till his legs was perpendickler.
(Chorus) 'ickler.

Then the postman kill'd his-self likewise,
 For fear of what might happen—'appen ;
 And if you now a table tries,
 You may hear his spirit rappen.
(Chorus) 'appen.

THE WONDERFUL CORK LEG.

JACOB COLE.]

{ Tune—"The King and
 the Countryman."

A variation of the story of "The Cork Leg."
 YOU all no doubt have heard or read
 Of the great Dutchman, Mynheer Von Cled ;
 Who was so exceedingly rich, 'tis said,
 His wealth could hardly be credited.

Ri tural, &c.

A poor relation came to crave
His bounty—and what d'you think he gave ?
Why he gave him a kick for daring to beg,
And he kick'd so hard that he broke his own leg.

He very much wish'd to preserve his limb,
But the doctors on seeing it said to him—
“Your leg must come off—but don't look glum,
For it still may be preserv'd—in rum.”

Mynheer was proud and he couldn't decide
'Twixt a mortified leg and a mortified pride ;
He at length complied, not liking it half,
For he felt quite *cow'd* at the loss of his *calf*.

Determined to have a new leg complete,
An artist engaged to do the *feat*,
And made him a leg with cork, that should
Be better than any of flesh and blood.

Such a leg was made as never was seen,
With lots of *machin-ery* in the shin ;
Such joints and wheels and screws 'twas showing,
With clockwork, and steam to set it going.

Mynheer put on his leg and he went for a walk,
His new leg stepp'd as light as a cork ;
He held out his hand as an old friend met him,
And he wanted to stop, but his leg wouldn't let
him.

Now his new leg to walk very fast was inclin'd,
While his other leg wanted to lag behind ;
So Mynheer soon found from his manner of strut-
ting
That his legs were not on a mutual footing.

Mynheer thought this was exceedingly odd,
But the more he held back the faster he trod ;
He caught hold of a post, full of fears and alarms,
But his leg proved stronger than both his arms.

So on he went—and wherever he pass'd
 Folks wondered at seeing him walk so fast;
 He walked into the country, far from home,
 Saw some gentlemen's seats—but he couldn't sit down.

For home and his wife he began to pine;
 Of his dinner he thought, and his bottle of wine;
 But instead of his drawing a cork, 'twould seem
 The cork was most certainly drawing him.

Night came, and he felt a dark despair,
 He still walk'd on, but he didn't know where;
 A robber on meeting him near a wood,
 Cried "Stand!" Said he, "I wish I could."

Not a morsel of victuals had he procured,
 Though he walked so fast and such hunger endured
 So that all his days you may be assured,
 Were *fast days* in every sense of the word.

He'd nothing to drink but of misery's cup,
 And by not lying down he was quite knock'd up;
 His strength decayed and he grew so ill,
 That he died—but his leg kept walking on still.

He left no will, because 'tis known
 His leg ne'er allowed him a will of his own;
 But none ever died by land or sea,
 Who left behind such a *leg as he!*

'Tis a fact likewise that the man who made
 This wonderful leg has never been paid;
 Ready money was promised him for the amount,
 But to this day that leg is a running account.

[NOTE.—Both the late Mr. Hudson's and Mr. Cole's songs
 are founded on a story entitled "Mynheer Von Wodenblock,"
 which appeared some years since in one of the Annuals.]

SALLY DOYLE (SALAD OIL).

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Washing Day."

O, SALLY DOYLE! sweet Sally Doyle!

For my *desert* I'm pressing;

I like you "drest all in your best,"

For much depends on "dressing!"

O! may your days be ever-green;

Nor be you dull or deadish;

But still look fresh—in short, unto

The *end of time* be reddish.

O, Sally Doyle! O, Sally Doyle!

You're loved by staid and flighty;

And oft by some decay'd *from age*,The mouldy and the *mity*!

All light and easy may you be,

Your bowl have but few dregs to it;

Though oft your fate has been to have

A bit o' yolk and eggs to it!

But, Sally Doyle! sweet Sally Doyle!

From all grief fate avert her!

May she ne'er have a lobster who'll

Desert, and then desert her!

For ever I'll *be true* to her,

A knight be inexpressi—

Ble—a Saladin—or take

Unto a field of Cressy!

POOR SUSIAN.

H. J. BYRON.]

[Music by F. MUSGRAVE.

'TWAS near the Boro' Market that there dwelt a fine
young man,He fell in love with a damsel, which her name was
Susian;They always were a making love, just like a pair of
spoons,Hall the mornings, hall the hevenings, and hall the
hafternoons.

Well, matters had been going on like that a year or more,
 When Susian remarked one day, "My age is thirty-four ;
 I feel as I am getting on, I am not a young gal,
 And I should very much like to know if your views
 is matrimonial ?"

Says he, "What is your property ? though lucre I despise,
 But we cannot live on nothing, which to try would not be wise ;
 We've both on us got appetites, which satisfied must be,
 And we can't have proper dinners if we hain't got
proper tea."

Says she, "Oh, James, you've called me oft my beautiful, my hown,
 And said as how you did adore me, for myself alone !
 I give thee all I can, no more, as says one of the songs,
 I've got six pounds, a silver watch, and a pair of sugar tongs."

Says he, "'Tain't much, considering how much provision's riz,
 But we'll be married next Sunday three weeks as ever is ;
 The sweets of matrimony will improve life's bitter cup—
 Some folks would put down Sunday bands, I'll go and put ours up."

The three weeks passed like lightning, time ran on rapid wheels,
 And James called on her hev'ry day, and halways had his meals ;
 At last the happy day did come, a select partee of five
 Set trembling in the vestry, but—her James did not arrive.

Says she, "Why don't he come? oh dear, I thought
to me he'd rush,
I'm much afraid he's been run over by a homblebush;"
When some one handed in a letter to the trembling
bride,
And these 'em 'ere's the artless words, as written was
inside.

"Farewell, for I was not aware, when first your form
I saw,
That you was thirty-four, you should have told me
that afore;
I've spent your tin, I've sold the watch, the sugar
tongs I've spouted,
You'd have been dear, love, at the price, and so that is
all about it."

Now at this sad infelligence the friends did jeer and scoff,
How Susian, poor thing, went on, and then, poor
thing, went off;
They all left—bride, likewise bridesmaids, the clerk,
also the minister;
And as for Susian, poor dear, why she is still a spinister.

MORAL.

Now all unmarried damsels who have a little pelf,
You'd better see your property is settled on yourself;
Take warning by poor Susian's sad tale of shameful
wrongs,
Stick to your tin, grab fast your watch, and always
hold your tongs.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

J. BRUTON.]

{ Tune—"John White, the
Policeman."

To sing the life of Francis Drake—
The hero of the sea—
I call upon the Muse, which must
A sort of *Sea-mews* be!

'Tis known QUEEN BESS admired him much—
 His daring and his pluck !—
 And why should not a tough old DRAKE
 Match such a dear old *duck* ?

DRAKE'S mother brought her spouse twelve babes,
 Like bees alive and buzzin' ;
 In other words and naval phrase,
 She gave him a "*round dozen* !"
 Of Francis, eldest of them all—
 Ye anxious mother spake :—
 " I prophecy the *lit. le duck*
 Will turn out some *great DRAKE* !"

Into a tub of hot suds once
 The mother let him *fall* did !
 " *Wear* he some CHILD'S CAUL" now said she,
 " He *were*, p'rhaps, some *child scalded* !
 The present marks his future well—
 I guess it by this dipping !
 As I find him *shake at dripping*, now
 I shall find him *DRAKE at shipping* !"

At twenty he sail'd in a ship—
 His luck not getting *worser* !
 Said he, " I soon will make a purse,
 Sure as I make a PURSER !"
 Away he sailed to Africa,
 Where he could money make :—
 And there became a "*Guinea fowl*"—
 If not a GUINEA DRAKE !

A wench of spirit, DRAKE'S sweetheart,
 To join him did aspire :—
 But DRAKE said " let her be *put out*—
 I hate a *gal o' fire* !"
 She in a galley was row'd home,
 Whilst DRAKE at ease reclined him,—
 Repeating to himself the song—
 " *The galley left behind him* !"

Drake's whole time passed in robbing Spain !
 Queen Bess it seemed to please
 In issuing *Distresses* there
 With him upon the *Seize* !
 And Drake himself to Spaniards all
 As cruel was as Nemesis :
 E'er putting in the *Breakers* for
 A *Sail* UPON THEIR PREMISES !

Bold Drake had sail'd around the globe—
 To all parts near and far,
 His sailor-daring, showing his,
 The *Spirit was of Tar* !
 The famed "ARMADA" scamper'd when
 Appear'd Drake's oak-ships !—why !
 They plainly saw the *English Bark* !
 And he, the *Spanish Fly* !

Bess promised Drake to dine with him,
 And she her word ne'er shrunk it :
 "I am not used to 'JUNK'" said she,
 "If I am used to *junket* !"
 At Deptford she arrived, and said,
 "I much this honour feel !
 This day I've come to *dine on BOARD*,
 And mean to *eat a deal* !"

Her sword then taking in her hand,
 And giving him a leer ;
 Said she, "I should make you a lord,
 As you've made me ap-pear !"
 "My wit," said DRAKE, "is very dull,
 Whilst yours has got a clear edge,
 But being near the shore that's why
 You think about the *PIER EDGE* !"

"What is the hour?" then asked the Queen,
 "I'm one P.M.!" said he :
 "You're one P.M.," said she, "a thought!
 You should be one 'M.P.'"

But as you can't, why then you shan't—
 And yet I'll make all right :
 Your glorious deeds have made my *day*,
 So I'll make you my *Knight !*"

MARY MOORE.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Yankee Doodle."]

Poor Mary Moore had no great store
 Of charms that were predominant,
 Her nose she'd lost, her eyes were crost,
 Her chin was sharp and prominent ;
 For years, 'tis said, she'd lived a maid-
 Of-all-work with a jeweller ;
 I'll now relate poor Mary's fate,
 For none could e'er be crueller.

As Mary thought her charms would not
 Through love to wedlock carry her,
 She half-starved herself to save up pelf
 To buy some man to marry her ;
 And ev'ry day she'd dress so gay,
 In hopes the men might notice her,
 But all her schemes were vain, it seems,
 For she'd no sweetheart go to her.

Years passed away, till she one day
 Did on a soldier fix her eyes ;
 'Twas in the park she saw this spark,
 When he was out at exercise ;
 Her looks, her sighs, her ogling eyes
 Soon told him she admired him,
 Till he did prove as kind in love
 As she could have desired him.

One day he went by appointment,
 And just tapped at the area door,
 'Twas planned, no doubt, for all were out
 Except his darling Mary Moore.

The anxious maid no time delayed,
The door she opened willingly,
For she was drest in all her best,
And really looked quite killingly.

Her hand he caught, and Mary thought
No harm to let him keep it ; he
Next dared to kiss her lips, and this
Completed her felicity.

And to secure his love more sure,
As money she knew he had not,
The maid brought forth all she was worth,
And showed him all that she had got.

These tempting charms his bosom warm,
He swore she quite delighted him ;
He kissed, he pressed, the maid was blest,
And fondly she requited him ;
But while the fair just stepped up stairs
That she might tea and coffee set,
He put the riches into his breeches-
Pocket safe—and off he set.

When she came down and found him gone,
Poor maid, she was in *sich* a stew !
She looked around, and soon she found
She'd lost her swain and riches too.
“ Alas,” she said, “ my hopes are fled !
When in the cold grave *I* am laid,
The folks will say, ‘ Ah, lack-a-day,
That Mary Moore should die a maid.’ ”

MORAL.

Now all young women beware of the gemmen,
When they say your charms have smitten 'em ;
They may strive to prove they're brimfull o' love,
When perhaps there's not a bit in 'em ;
'Tis well understood that in courtship you should
Give 'em smiles and kind words and a drop o' tea,
But be sure let the parson the marriage knot fasten
Ere you let 'em touch a bit o' your property.

HUNTING.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Ge ho, Dobbin."]

I AM called on to sing, and I grieve that your choice
 Should have fallen upon one who has not any voice ;
 But that Harmony's call shan't go hunting about,
 I'll use my endeavours to hunt a song out,
 And prove, if I can, since hunting began,
 A fox-hunter is a most singular man.

At breakfast he'll heartily drink and he'll eat,
 Tho' he talks all the while about going to "the
 meet ;"
 And he seems to prefer, altho' he is no glutton,
 A saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton.

He seems quite a riddle which no one can guess,
 Tho' he starts from a kennel, unsoiled is his dress ;
 Through wet and thro' mire he goes splashing for
 miles,
 And yet he'll go *clean* o'er the ditches and stiles.

Though he brags about clearing all things in his way,
 'Tis clear that he can't clear a dark foggy day ;
 He'd a milksop be thought if a tear dimmed his eye,
 Yet he's constantly joining the hounds in full cry.

He cares not for cards—the King, Queen or Jack,
 Though he goes through *a deal* to *cut in* with the
 pack ;
 Reels, polkas, and all kinds of dancing he'll scoff,
 Though it cheers him to see twenty couples cast off.

His sky of good fortune may not be o'er-cast,
 Though he oft appears "going to the dogs" very fast ;
 He assumes to be knowing wherever he goes,
 While 'tis plain ev'ry dog leads him on by the nose.

He's a mighty great love for his country, he says,
 Tho' he's trying to cross it in all sorts of ways ;
 He might follow the church with the zeal of some
 people,
 But he'll hazard his neck in pursuit of the steeple.

He preserves ev'ry fox, yet his character swerves,
 For he always runs down the poor thing he preserves :
 Thus I have your patience preserved all along,
 And perhaps, after all, you'll run down my poor song.

MORAL.

Thus a fox-hunter lives till his courses are done,
 And like the poor fox to the earth he's been run ;
 Then, whoever his wealth or his title disputes
 Can't stand in his shoes, 'cause he always wore boots.
 So you see by this plan, since hunting began
 A fox-hunter is a most singular man.

THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

H. CLIFTON.]

[*Music* by C. SOLOMON

TOM BROWN was a man you don't meet every day,
 And a traveller too in the fancy goods way ;
 But as very few journeys young Thomas had been,
 Those he met on the road often fancied him green.
 Now travellers, commercial, are fond of a joke,
 And o'ten poor Thomas would humbug and smoke ;
 'Neath the weight of their gibes he would frequently
 smart,

Yet always appear to take all in good part,
 Would smile at their nonsense and join in the laugh
 At himself and seem pleased with their chaff,
 Tho' his sensitive soul with agony burn'd,
 But I'll tell you for once how the tables were turn'd.

At a country hotel, the sign I forget,
 Some trav'lers, commercial, at dinner were met,

A convivial crew, all strangers to Tom,
 From England, Ireland, and Scotland they'd come.
 Now Tom looked so simple as his chair he bestrode,
 They ne'er could believe him a knight of the road ;
 He stared like a greenhorn, and look'd like a lout.
 A clever young swell commenced drawing him out :
 "What line are you in, sir?" Tom answered him,
 "Eh."

Again said the swell, "Inform me, sir, pray,
 What line are you in? the soft I suppose!"
 "Oh no," replied Tom, "I travel for Nose."

They all looked surpris'd, and Tom looked so green,
 "You travel for Nose, oh it's Moses you mean."
 "Not Moses, but Noses," Tom answered him blue,
 "And as yours seems a big one, I'll buy it of you,
 And give a good price, as the end is so red,
 And not ask for the nose until after your dead."
 "You will," said the swell ; "but when will you pay?"
 "Whenever you please, if you like, pay to day ;
 But mind, if the bargain you chance to repent,
 The money's return'd and five pounds to be spent
 In a round of champagne for the lot," added Brown,
 "Agreed," said the swell, and the money went down

The old ones exclaimed, "It's really too bad
 To swindle the young man, he's certainly mad,
 Bereft of his senses, a tile loose, that's plain,
 To purchase a nose he may ne'er see again."
 But Tom called a waiter and then in his ear,
 Whisper'd something he wish'd not the others to hear,
 Then joined in the song, applauded the toast,
 In fact he appeared in himself quite a host.
 But friends they must part, so the company arose,
 Amongst them the swell who had sold Tom his nose,
 And said "Good-bye, old fellah, when death shall me
 kill,
 I'll take care to leave you my nose in my will."

But that moment the waiter ran in like a shot
 With a large pair of tongs, the ends both red hot,
 Tom seiz'd on the tongs, and moving apace
 In advance put the ends near the knowing one's face.
 "Why, what do you mean?" said the swell, in affright,
 For the ends sing'd his cherish'd moustachios outright.
 "Excuse me," said Tom, "I regret to give pain,
 But I must mark my nose, just to know it again."
 The knowing one saw he was cleverly done,
 The others all laughed and applauded the fun;
 For the swell did not care to have half his nose
 burn'd,
 Stood the round of Champagne and the tables were
 turn'd.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

JACOB COLB.]

[Tune—"Charlie over the Water."]

MISS WINIFRED WRIGGLE was anxious to know,
 If those two little moles which she carried
 On her nose, were a sign of wealth, pleasure, or woe,
 Or if she was twice to be married.
 She consulted her cards and her teacups for truth,
 But Time was the best to discover,
 For she found she had lost all her beauty and youth,
 Without ever gaining a lover.
 She still tried each art to look blooming and gay,
 But her looks were December, her fancy was May.

If a courtship was talked of, or marriage took place,
 Miss Wriggle and scandal were busy:
 "Does William go courting that trollop, Miss Mace,
 Why, he's not in his senses, sure—is he?
 She may look pretty well when thus dressed—but
 were he
 To see her sometimes of a morning.

Such a drab—he would think her no better than me ;
 I'll give him some hints as a warning."
 Will had just come from London, that form'd her ex-
 cuse,
 She hastened off to him to ask him the news.

Says Will, "I've no news that concerns me at all,
 But I hear a new law has been carried,
 Which decrees that all women with mouths very
 small!

Shall once in their life-time get married."
 "Indeed !" says Miss Wriggle, "an excellent law,
 Suits me and my mouth to a tittle ;
 A smaller, I think, sir, you never yet saw,
 'Tis consider'd remarkably little.
 So a husband I'm sure of, my mouth is so small,
 Why, you scarcely can see that I've any at all."

"Worse luck," replied Will ; "for one man and no
 more
 Is allowed to such mouths as your head shows,
 But those with large mouths may have two—perhaps
 four,
 For none with small mouths will be widows."
 "Your pardon," says she, "I was joking before,
 To say that my mouth never stretches ;
 For at times 'tis as large as a pigeon-house door,
 And almost from ear to ear reaches.
 God bless our good Queen and her Parliament too,
 My moles gave me warning that I should have two."

WILLIAM AND MARY.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"William and Mary."]

I WILLIAM and his Mary sing,
 Who once the state coach drew :
 Two sovereigns rolled into one,
 Or, one crown into two.

The reigning toast were these two once—
 Good, gracious, kind, and supple ;
 And quaff'd was oft the *loving cup*,
 Unto this *loving couple* !

A pair of Royal flowers were they,
 Each blooming as we're told :
 He, Mary's dear *Sweet William*,
 She, his bright *Mari-gold* !
 Or, if not flowers, rare fruit were they,
 As history does declare ;
 A well-known fruit perpetuates
 Their name—"The *William Pair* !"

Two heads than one upon a note
 Are better it is known !
 And better two heads were than one—
 In that day—on a throne !
 And Mary writing unto Will—
 (Love stick at trifles wont !)
 Would ne'er in any *billet doux*
 To him say, "*Billy don't* !"

King James, ere they came, held the throne—
 And oft made people rue ;
 A *Jemmy* in hot water put,
 And therefore in a *stew* !
 He by his daughter Mary was
 Off from his kingdom pack'd ;
 She often said she'd "skim his broth"—
 Which was a *ladle-like* act !

James was exacting, cold, and proud—
 So had to cut one day ;
 And show how oft a sovereign
 Can go a good long way !
 The Kentish coast he quickly sought--
 And from the cliffs of Deal,
 He mutter'd, "Ah ! from these *Deal heights*
 What true *de-lights* I feel !"

And thus absquatulated James,
 One dreary day to grizzle;
 For soon as two began to *reign*,
 He thought that he might *mizzle!*
 For very soon it proved the fact—
 For in the truth should none err!
 That *he* being *one*—should make a *tour*—
 And *they*—being two—a *oner!*

Said James, “What changes are in life!
 Another land I'll try;
 I'll Ireland seek—this land I'll quit—
 I've other fish to fry!
 From Nassau Bill with Mary comes—
 And in such act I trace;
 The English take this *pair o' soles*
 Away from their *Dutch place!*”

'Tis said that James thought Bill a fool—
 Unletter'd and uncouth;
 In short, a—*silly Billy*; but t'has
 No *sylla-ble* of truth!
 'Tis also said James tried to get
 Will run through while in liquor!
 As if a king the trade would take
 At last of a “*Bill sticker!*”

“A short reign and a ‘Mary’ one”
 The Queen's was—but soon o'er;
 For soon divided was the pair,
 By fate's knife to the core!
 The Queen died—Will fell from his mare—
 How oft griefs little vary—
 Alas! the short *rein of his mare!*
 The short *rein of his Mary*

That debt called “National” to us
 Ne'er came his time until;
 And ages at his name will think
 About “that *little Bill!*”

In his time too a treaty pass'd,
 Which made his throne safe—poz!
 His candle in a save-all placed—
 The *piece of Ris-wick*, 'twas!

PAT AND HIS LEATHER BREECHES.

ALTHOUGH a simple clown,
 My life passed sweet as honey,
 'Till daddy died in town,
 And left me all his money ;
 Some twenty pounds or more,
 With harrows, ploughs, and ditches ;
 With grunTERS half a score,
 And a pair of leather breeches.
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

As pleased I were as fun,
 And dressed myself up natty ;
 Thinks I, the girls each one
 Must think me very pretty :
 With fortune quite content,
 Grief gave my heart no twitches,
 To church on Sunday went,
 To sport my leather breeches !
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

But coming home, oh ! dear,
 Some lads did jeer and flout me,
 They filled my mind with fear,
 As they all flocked about me :
 They 'gainst me did conspire,
 Soused me in ponds and ditches,
 And soon with mud and mire
 They daubed my leather breeches.
 Rumpy, bumpty, &c.

I next did go to woo
 A damsel young and dapper,
 But she at me looked blue,
 And ding-dong went her clapper ;
 Says she, " I hate your plan,
 My heart agin your riches,
 'Cause I can't bear a man
 As wears them leather breeches."
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

To Dublin I went off,
 My spirits just to rally,
 But each one did me scoff,
 In street, and lane, and alley :
 My woes came on by halves,
 I got insulting speeches,
 One fellow bawled out " Calves !"
 Another, " Twig his breeches."
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

But now once more I'm free,
 And by the train to-morrow,
 I will from Dublin flee,
 And try to drown my sorrow :
 Once more to plough I'll go,
 A fig for pride or riches,
 No more I'll be a beau,
 Or sport my leather breeches.
 Rumpty, bumpty, &c.

WIDOW JONES.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Cheer boys, cheer."]

OH, Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I'm in deep
 distress!

Night and day I pass in sighs and moans ;
 Blighted in the bud are all my hopes of happiness,
 And all by cruel fickle Widow Jones.

Long before I knew her, her complexion had grown
 sallow,
 And other ladies said that she was old ;
 I really could not see it then : for though her skin was
 yellow,
 'Twas just the same colour as her gold.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I tried a little
 flattery ;
 But deaf she was and could not hear my tones ;
 Useless my endeavours, for safe behind her battery
 My eloquence was lost on Widow Jones.
 The roses on her cheeks had long since turned to
 whiteness ;
 She totter'd and she hobbled very lame ;
 Though her hair by time had acquired a silvery
 brightness,
 The silver in her purse shone just the same.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones ! Widow Jones ! love now made
 me bolder ;
 I ventured soft to squeeze her shrivelled hand ;
 And though no living flesh and blood than hers could
 e'er be colder,
 I made her my pretensions understand.
 Her voice was crack'd and squeaking, and not sweet
 love denoting ;
 From music's notes it wander'd very wide ;
 Yet it sounded sweet to me, and I was fairly dotting,
 For other notes she plenty had beside.
 Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

So Widow Jones, Widow Jones, nodded her consent
 That we should be married by banns ;
 With beating heart elate to the parish clerk I went,
 Thinking of her houses and lands ;

But changeable and fickle, like a weathercock's a
woman ;

She was seen by a captain on half-pay,
Who, without any ceremony, went to Doctor's Com-
mons,

And married her by license next day.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

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EVERYBODY'S SONG BOOK.

EVERYBODY'S SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.



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EVERYBODY'S SONG BOOK.

IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Air*—"John O'Reilly the active."]

IF thou wouldst have me sing and play,
As once I played and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the strings,
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.
Then take the worn-out lute away,
And bring one newly strung,
If thou wouldst have me sing and play,
As once I played and sung.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what nought could tell.
O ask not, then, for passion's lay
From lute so coldly strung—
With this I ne'er can sing or play
As once I played and sung.

No—bring that long-loved lute again,
 Though chill'd by years it be—
 If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,
 'Twill wake again for thee.
 Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream
 Of thoughts that gush'd along,
 One look from thee, like summer's beam,
 Will thaw them into song.
 Then give, oh give, that wakening ray,
 And, once more blithe and young,
 Thy bard again will sing and play,
 As once he played and sung.

ENGLAND.

MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.

ENGLAND, oh England ! dear land of our birth !
 Land of the fair, and the brave, and the free ;
 England, dear England, the first of the earth,
 Some pride is forgiven us, singing of thee.

Near thee, away from thee, still 'tis the same,
 Still we must cherish thee, thrill at thy name,
 Joy in thy nobleness, honour thy fame,
 E'en should we vaunt thee, are we to blame ?

England, England, beloved native land !
 Land of the generously helpful and strong ;
 Sing we thy praises in brotherly band,
 Lift we our voices in heartiest song.

JANET'S CHOICE.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.

THEY say I may marry the laird if I will,
 The laird of high degree ;
 And jewels so fair I may twine in my hair,
 And a lady I'd surely be :

But oh, where would my heart be ?
 In spite of my gems so gay ;
 My heart it would break for somebody's sake,
 So I think I had better say " Nay,"
 And I will marry my own love, my own love, my own love,
 And I will marry my own love, for true of heart am I.

So the laird may marry the lady,
 The lady of high degree ;
 And jewels so fair she may twine in her hair,
 They are better for her than me.
 And gaily I'll dance at the bridal,
 I'll merrily dance on the lea
 With Susan, and Alice, and Emma,
 But Donald shall dance with me.
 And I will marry, &c.

So the laird he married the lady,
 The lady of high degree ;
 And the lowland lassie he lov'd so well
 Abode in her own country.
 " For oh, where would my heart be ?"
 Was ever her constant cry ;
 " If ever I dared to marry the laird,
 Why, Donald would surely die."
 So I will marry, &c.

WEEP FOR THE LOVE THAT FATE FORBIDS.

MRS. MACLEAN [L. E. L.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

WEEP for the love that fate forbids,
 Yet loves unhoping on,
 Though ev'ry light that once illum'd
 Its early path be gone ;
 Weep for the love that must resign
 The soul's enchanted dream,
 And float, like some neglected bark,
 A down life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love that cannot change ;
 Like some unholy spell,
 It hangs upon the life that loved
 So vainly and so well.
 Weep for the weary heart condemn'd
 To mis'ry's endless tie ;
 Whose lot hath been, in this cold world,
 To dream, despair, and die.

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE.

GLEE.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ;
 In thy vats our cares be drowned,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned ;
 Cup us till the world goes round !

THE CUCKOO.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

'Twas in the early days of spring,
 When bud and bloom appear,
 We heard the truant cuckoo sing,
 To welcome in the year ;
 It sung within some mossy cell,
 Where fairy creatures love to dwell,
 And sweet its measured cadence fell
 Upon the listening ear.

Cuckoo—cuckoo !

Oh ! those happy days of spring
 When we heard the cuckoo sing.

'Twas when the summer nights were long,
 We sought the woodland bowers,
 To hear the nightingale's sweet song
 Amid the listening flowers ;

But all too soon the summer fled,
And cruel winter reigned instead ;
The fallen leaves lay brown and dead !
Fly fast, ye wintry hours !
Cuckoo—cuckoo !
Come again, bright days of spring,
Oh ! to hear the cuckoo sing !

JANET'S BRIDAL.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.]

AND so I am going to be married
This brightest, merriest day ;
They are gathering now for the bridal,
Oh, what will the neighbours say ?
I have but a knot of blue ribbons,
No jewels to deck my hair,
But I have a chaplet of blue-bells
Which Donald has sent me to wear.
Blue-bells, fairy-like blue-bells,
That opened at dawn for me.

How fragrant my favourite roses,
And clematis steep'd in dew ;
The mavis is singing this morning,
He carols the woodland through ;
And Mary and Alice are coming,
And laden with flowers I see,
To strew on the dear little footpath,
As far as the hawthorn tree.
Blithely over the mountain
They gather from near and far.

The sunbeams are kissing the roses,
And the butterflies white and blue
So joyfully flutter this morning,
And am I not joyful too ?
Our home will be over the heather,
A mile from the hawthorn tree ;

Oh, I shall be happy with Donald,
 And he will be happy with me.
 Happy, ever so happy,
 Our lowland home will be.

DRINK TO-NIGHT.

GLEE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music by* CALCOTT.]

DRINK to-night,
 If the moon shines bright,
 And mark upon her border ;
 Some deeds to be done
 To Phœbus the sun,
 In trim and comely order.
 First that appear,
 Are the priests of the year,
 With their censors full of wine ;
 Then Cynthia bright,
 In all her light,
 The goddess most divine !
 And as they pass,
 They drink and sing,
 All health and praise
 To Apollo our king.

ONE BY ONE.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.]

[*Music by* A. PROCTER.]

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Passing shadows through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM OF HOME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. WALLERSTIEN.]

It was not of his native skies,
Though they were bright and blue,
It was not of the starry eyes
That he in childhood knew ;
The sunny path—the shady trees,
Where oft he used to roam,
It wander'd back to none of these,—
That old man's dream of home.

It was not of his early friends,
He dreamt not—where are they ?
The charm to life that friendship lends
For him had passed away ;—
It showed to him that sunny strand
That only angels roam,
It bore him to the spirit-land,—
That old man's dream of home.

SHE MAY SMILE ON MANY.

W. H. D. ADAMS.]

[*Music* by HOWARD GLOVER.]

LET them hover round her,
 Let them seek her side,
 Faithful I have found her,
 'Tender, true, and tried ;
 So no anxious feeling
 Stirs my heart again,
 Never doubts revealing
 Darkest depths of pain.

Careless she of any
 Flutterers in the sun ;
 Smile she may on many,
 Yet she will love but one.
 Let them in the dances
 Clasp her promised hand ;
 I feel her loving glances,
 They reach me where I stand.

In her ears their voices
 Whisper courtly praise,
 But I know her heart rejoices
 Only in my praise.
 Careless she of any
 Flutterers in the sun,
 Smile she may on many,
 Yet she will love but one.

 THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

AMPHION'S lute and Orpheus' lyre
 Pleas'd amateurs of yore,
 Our amateurs' loud harps inspire,
 And those we heard no more.
 Harps that assist each female charm,
 The snowy hand, and rounded arm,

That turn with more than mortal grace ;
 The stately neck, and lovely face,
 As rapidly the fingers trace
 Each natural, flat, and sharp ;
 But, most the senses to ensnare,
 Give me the soft celestial strain
 That gently floats upon the air,
 That all can feel, but none explain,
 In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
 From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
 Æolian harp.

The love-sick maid her anxious pain
 Vents from yon tow'r above,
 And to the harp pours forth the strain
 Sacred to night and love.
 Now, while the lover scales the gates,
 Disdaining watch-dogs or spring-guns,
 The hour of assignation waits,
 And into every danger runs :
 Nor father, brother, husband shuns,
 Their weapons e'er so sharp ;
 The open'd window lulls his fears,
 While, softly riding on the breeze,
 The well-known signal to his ears
 Is gently wafted through the trees :
 Sounds the charm'd ear so smoothly greet,
 From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
 Æolian harp.

Each belle, thus holding in disdain
 Apollo and his lyre,
 Thumps, as she harps on the same strain,
 The catgut and the wire :
 The Irish harp, Scotch harp, Welsh harp,
 The mania nought can stop ;
 The chords they ransack, strain, and warp,
 Range from the bottom to the top,
 And shift, and turn, and change, and chop
 Each natural, flat, and sharp.

Yet nought the senses can ensnare
 Like the dear soft celestial strain
 That gently floats upon the air,
 That all can feel but none explain,
 In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
 From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
 Æolian harp.

LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE BOY.

J. A. WADE.]

[*Music* by WADE.]

LOVE was once a little boy,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 He was then so innocent,
 And not, as now, on mischief bent,
 Free he came, and harmless went,
 Heigho ! heigho !

Love is now a little man,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 And a very saucy one,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 He walks so stiff, and looks so smart,
 As if he owned each maiden's heart.
 I wish he felt his own keen dart,
 Heigho ! heigho !

Love will soon be growing old,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 Half his life's already told,
 Heigho ! heigho !
 When he's dead, and buried too,
 What shall we poor maidens do ?
 I'm sure I cannot tell—can you ?
 Heigho ! heigho !

WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by JOHN BARNETT.]

“ WHY do the flowers bloom, mother,
 Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
 And brightest those we reared, mother,
 Around my brother's tomb ?”

“ To fill the world with gladness,
 My child, were flow'rets given,
 To crown the earth with beauty,
 And show the path to heaven !”

“ Then wherefore do they fade, mother,
 Why do those sweet flowers fade,
 When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
 Earth's brighter scenes pervade ?”

“ My child, those flow'rs that wither
 Have seeds that still remain,
 That the sunshine and the summer
 Restore to life again !”

“ And shall not those who die, mother,
 Come back to life once more,
 E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
 Those beauteous flow'rs restore ?”

“ Yes—yes, my child, such powers
 To human flowers are given,
 Here earth's frail buds may blossom,
 But we may rise—IN HEAVEN.”

 THE BROKEN SIXPENCE.

ANSWER TO THE BLUE RIBBON.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.]

I'M waiting till you wipe away
 The tear-drops from your cheek ;
 You had so many words to say,
 You would not hear me speak ;

Oh, Maggie, is it but for this
 I've counted every day,
 And thought old 'Time had lost his wings
 Since last I went away!

Here hangs the bright blue ribbon,
 It has never left my side
 Since first beneath the beechen trees
 I wooed you for my bride;
 I hid it for a moment,
 Just to see if you would care,—
 To see if it would grieve you, Maggie,
 Not to find it there.

The days are unforgotten, love,
 Where oft at eve we met
 To wander by the osier beds,
 Beside the rivulet.
 You marked the fair forget-me-nots,
 So delicately blue;
 But I cared not for flowers, my love,
 My thoughts were all of you.

Here hangs the broken sixpence still,
 Upon the ribbon blue;
 I've kept them carefully, my love,
 And prized them fondly too;
 And, oh, whatever may betide,
 Trust me as I trust you;
 For trust it winneth troth, my Maggie,
 All the kingdom through.

AWAKE, ÆOLIAN LYRE!

GLEE.

T. GRAY.]

[*Music* by DANDY.]

AWAKE, awake! Æolian lyre, awake!
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs,
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow ;
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.

And Ceres' golden reign through verdant vales,
 Now headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
 Now rolling down the steep a-main,
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

MISS H. F. GOULD.]

[*Music* by S. C. HORN.]

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,
 And hide thee under the wave,
 For I have a bed of coral for thee,
 And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
 In a cell of the mermaid's cave.

Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
 And hide thee under the wave,
 And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
 In a cell of the mermaid's cave.

And she who is waiting, with cheek so pale
 At the tempest and ocean's roar,
 And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
 Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail

Come whitening up to the shore :

Come, mariner, &c.

She has not long to linger for thee,
 Her sorrows will soon be o'er ;
 For the chord shall be broken, the prisoner free,
 Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be
 So sweet—she will wake no more.

Come, mariner, &c.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by CHARLES W. GLOVER.]

OH, call back the thought—let it die on the tongue,
 That would answer in anger the old or the young ;
 Though thy purpose be good and thy passion be strong,
 Will discord convince if you're right or you're wrong ?
 Let reason and truth be your motto thro' life,
 You'll thus avoid much of its sorrow and strife ;
 For the maxim I hold that true honour affords,
 Is, sincerity prove by your deeds not your words.

No matter how humble the service be thought,
 'Tis the act, not the deed, that with honour is fraught,
 And the meanest attempt can more kindness display
 Than all the fine promises words can convey ;
 If to preach were to practise, how easy 'twould be
 To relieve ev'ry want and distress that we see !
 But since that vain boasting no honour affords,
 Your sincerity prove—by your deeds, not your words !

 THE HOMEWARD WATCH.

W. C. BENNETT.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

THE sailor the deck is pacing,
 And he hums a rough old song,
 Bearing north from its southern whaling,
 As the good ship drives along ;
 And his thoughts with hope are swelling,
 For his watch it well may cheer,
 To know that at last he speeds to her
 He has left for many a year.

And she, in the darkened chamber
 Where day is turned to night,
 By the candle dimly lighted,
 She lies in her shroud of white ;

Closed eye, and cold, cold cheek ;
 The slumber of death sleeps she,
 Of meeting with whom he's dreaming,
 In his homeward watch at sea.

I CAUGHT HER TEAR AT PARTING.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by KOLLMAN.]

I CAUGHT her tear at parting,
 It mingled with my own ;
 Her farewell, too, was spoken
 In sorrow's gentlest tone.
 Yet well do I remember
 The sweet smile that she wore,
 As I spoke of that blest meeting
 When we should part no more.
 Speed on, ye weary hours !
 Time, haste thy flight for me !
 Speed on, that where my heart is—
 That there my home may be !

How keen the pang of absence,
 Oh, many a heart hath proved !
 But none hath felt more keenly
 Than mine, for my beloved.
 Though kind ones crowd around me,
 With friendship's sweetest lay,
 I cannot but remember
 The loved one, far away.
 Speed on, &c.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

T. MOORE.]

[*Music* by STEPHENSON.]

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth and never rise ;
 While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.
 Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
 Leave me to sigh.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[Irish Melody.]

THE young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee :
 For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

I'LL SPEAK OF THEE.

[*Music* by M. B. HAWES.]

I'LL speak of thee, I'll love thee too,
 Fondly and with affection true ;
 Pure as yon sky's celestial blue,
 My love shall be, my love shall be.

In sunshine, and though clouds shall lower
 In mirth and sorrow's saddening hour,
 While memory lives, and life has power,
 I'll speak of thee, I'll speak of thee.
 I'll speak, &c.

Through youth's gay scene, in riper age,
 In later life's concluding stage,
 Dying, shall thoughts of thee engage
 My memory, my memory.
 Remember, then, remember me,
 Remember all I've said to thee ;
 And my responsive pledge shall be—
 I'll speak of thee, I'll speak of thee.
 I'll speak, &c.

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by JOHN LODGE.]

NEAR thee, still near thee ! o'er thy path-way gliding,
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh ;
 Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
 Yet viewless love floats round thee silently.
 Not mid the festal throng,
 In halls of mirth and song ;
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,
 When holy tears thou weapest,
 Know then that love is nigh.

When the night's whisper o'er thy harpstrings creeping,
 Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
 Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore ;
 When every thought and prayer
 We loved to breathe and share,
 On thy full heart returning,
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning ;
 Then feel me near once more

Near thee, still near thee ! trust thy soul's deep dream-
ing !

Oh ! love is not an earthly thing to die !
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky.
The fields of air are free ;
Yet lonely, wanting thee ;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then thy guide is nigh !

OLD FAMILIAR FRIENDS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN BARNETT.]

OH ! for those old familiar friends !
Around my heart they cling—
In mem'ry still each loved voice blends
Like echoes of the spring !
Oh ! for those hours long past and gone,
Ere age bid joy depart,
Ere care had cast a gloom upon
The sunshine of the heart !

Oh ! for that old familiar band,
That bright-eyed, laughing throng,
With whom I sported, hand in hand,
Some village path along !
Where now are all those careless boys
Who met in days of yore ?
Gone—with those years that steal the joys
That time can ne'er restore !

Oh ! for those old familiar hearts !
Age has no friends like youth—
Each warm impassioned gush departs
With the dark shades of truth ;

But hearts that loved in earlier years,
 Before the cold world yet
 Had changed youth's sunshine into tears,
 May love, and ne'er forget.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. H. BAYLY.]

THY name, thy worth, my buried love,
 To others shall be told,
 Inscribed upon a marble tomb
 In characters of gold;
 But in thy chamber I will mourn,
 I've dear memorials there;—
 I'll look upon the silent lute,
 And yonder vacant chair.

How precious to the widow'd heart
 Such simple records prove!
 In fond perfection they restore
 Lost words and looks of love.
 They give us tears, and take from pain
 The anguish of despair—
 I'll look upon the silent lute,
 And yonder vacant chair.

REMEMBER, I HAVE ONLY THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

THE swallow has another home
 To fly to when the summer dies,
 The chamois have the hills to roam,
 The lark the bright and sunny skies;
 The morning mists, they kiss the flowers,
 The rivers flow to meet the sea,
 But, in this lonely world of ours,
 Remember, I have only thee.

The waves, they love the gentle breeze
 That murmurs o'er the ocean's breast,
 The song-bird seeks the forest trees
 Where sleeps his mate within her nest ;
 And I would all the world forego
 To share thy fate, whate'er it be ;
 Then, though it be for weal or woe,
 Remember, I have only thee.

HOW SAD IT IS TO SAY FAREWELL.

S. FEARON.]

[*Music* by BELLINI.]

FONDEST, dearest, fare thee well !
 The heart feels more than tongue may tell,
 The glist'ning tear-drop in the eye
 Must say what trembling lips deny.
 Affection fond and love most true
 Will hallow this our last adieu ;
 Oh, none but those who love can tell
 How sad it is to say farewell !

Fondest, dearest, fare thee well !
 Sweet vows of truth again we'll tell.
 This mournful parting can but prove
 How fondly two young hearts may love.
 On rapid wing the moments fly--
 One last embrace, and then good-by ;
 Oh, none but those who love can tell
 How sad it is to say farewell.

LIKE A MAN.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

IN the year—never mind—'tis a long time ago :
 Without friend, or protector, or pelf ;
 I was left by my dad, a mere slip of a lad,
 To shift as I could for myself :

A pleasant look-out for a youngster, no doubt ;
 But I made up my mind to this plan :
 To face as I may, just what fell in my way,
 And to do what I must—" Like a man."

Of the ups and the downs, and the smiles and the frowns,
 That one meets in the battle of life,
 Of sorrow and care, I at least had my share,
 And more than was pleasant of strife.
 What then ? I fought on, till the battle was won,
 By doing what anyone can,
 Namely—come as they might, thick and thin, left and
 right—
 " Looking facts in the face—' Like a man.' "

And now looking back, on the well-beaten track
 I have travell'd to reach where I am,
 I adhere to my creed—" Any man may succeed
 That is not a slave or a sham."
 And now at life's close, having earn'd my repose,
 I hope, and intend if I can,
 Men shall write on my grave—" He was honest and
 brave,
 And he went through the world—" Like a man.' "

MY PRETTY GAZELLE.

G. A. HODGSON.]

[*Music* by G. A. HODGSON.]

COME hither, my pretty gazelle,
 With thy footsteps light and free ;
 There's a dimness in thine eye
 Since last I gazed on thee :
 The airy bound of thy step is gone,
 And hush'd is thy silver bell ;
 There's a silent sorrow in thy look—
 Come hither, my pretty gazelle.
 Then, come hither, &c.

I love thee, my pretty gazelle,
 For the hand that loved to deck
 And weave the cinnamon wreath
 Around thy tender neck.
 She pass'd away like a summer cloud—
 And whither the grave can tell—
 And left the light of thine eye
 To glad sorrow, my pretty gazelle !
 Then, come hither, &c.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

C. MACKAY, LL.D.]

[*Music by J. L. HATTON.*

I'VE a letter from thy sire,
 Baby mine !

I can read and never tire,
 Baby mine !

He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming back to thee,
 He is coming home to me,
 Baby mine !

He's been parted from us long,
 Baby mine !

But if hearts be true and strong,
 Baby mine !

They shall brave misfortune's blast,
 And be over-paid at last,
 For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
 Baby mine !

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,
 Baby mine !

Thou wilt know him by his voice,
 Baby mine !

By his love-looks that endear,
 By his laughter ringing clear,
 By his eyes that know no fear,
 Baby mine !

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine !
 I'm so happy I could weep,
 Baby mine !
 He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming home to me,
 He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine !

WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW ?

S. GLOVER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

You have told me that you love me,
 And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,
 As you look on me so fondly,
 And the life-blood tints your cheek.
 May I trust that these warm feelings
 Never will grow cold and strange ;
 And that you'll remain unaltered,
 In this weary world of change ?
 When the shades of care or sorrow
 Dim mine eyes and cloud my brow,
 And my spirit sinks within me,¹
 Will you love me then as now ?

Though our youth may pass unclouded,
 In a peaceful happy home ;
 Yet as year on year advances,
 Changes must upon us come,
 For the step will lose its lightness,
 And the hair be changed to grey ;
 Eyes, once bright, give up their brightness,
 And the hopes of youth decay.
 When all these have passed upon me,
 And stern age has touch'd my brow ;
 Will the change find you unchanging ?
 Will you love me then as now ?

I REMEMBER IT.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

'T WAS a still soft eve in summer,
 And the west wind sigh'd o'er the lea,
 And the linnet shook the dew
 From the ivy as he flew
 To his nest in the old thorn tree ;
 The white rose clung to the lattice,
 So heavy at the heart with dew,
 The stars were alight
 In the heaven on that night,
 And they glitter'd in the far pale blue.
 I remember it, I remember it.

The old grey spire looked taller
 In the shadowy evening light,
 And I thought it seemed to be
 Pointing heavenward to me,
 As I watch'd all alone that night.
 The white rose wept to the west wind,
 So heavy at the heart with dew,
 And o'er the moonlit trees,
 Murmur'd low the lulling breeze,
 Wandering the woodland through.
 I remember it, I remember it.

POOR JACK BROWN.

F. ENOCH.]

[*Music* by HENRY SMART.]

OUT of the village they said they should miss him,
 When the lad tied up his bundle to go ;
 Then, when the grandfather stoop'd down to kiss him,
 Eyes that were manly were tender to flow ;
 Forth from the cottage and down to the vessel,
 They went, hand in hand, with the boy from the
 town,
 And said, as he went thro' the wide world to wrestle,
 " There goes a true heart with poor Jack Brown ! "

Out through the offing, the wind her sails bracing,
 Merrily floating, the man-o'-war hied ;
 There on the deck was he many years pacing,
 Free as the foam is, and true as the tide.
 Once more, however, 'mid fond tears and laughter,
 The sailor returned, met them all in the town,
 Said he, "One more cruise, then I'll drop anchor after,
 Here, like a true heart," said poor Jack Brown.

Out of the village for ever they miss'd him,
 The war-gun rang out the mariner's knell ;
 There, where he flutter'd down, victory kiss'd him,
 And in the village they told how he fell.
 Proud was the story, though often sad-hearted,
 They heard how his comrades, who spoke his renown,
 All said, when the sailor boy's spirit departed,
 "There goes a true heart with poor Jack Brown."

UP THE ALMA'S HEIGHT.

CAPTAIN COLUMB.]

[*Music* by CAPTAIN COLUMB.]

WITH willow wreath forlorn,
 Entwine the laurel gay,
 The true-love-knot is torn,
 The soldier must away ;
 To distant shores he's bound,
 Where swells the pride of war,
 With fleets and armies round
 The stronghold of the Czar ;
 The flaunting colours bright
 Against the foe he rears,
 All up the Alma's height
 To lead the Fusiliers.

The Russian gunners well
 A deadly task fulfil,
 Fast pouring shot and shell,
 As they approached the hill.

All next his heart he wore
 A tress of golden sheen,
 And proudly on he bore
 The standard of the Queen ;
 Down went the bay'nets bright !
 They gave three ringing cheers,
 And up the Alma's height
 He led the Fusiliers.

But ere the hill they crown,
 While swift the standard flew,
 A leaden storm came down
 And pierced his bosom through,
 And soon that tress so fine
 Was with his life-blood dyed :
 " Oh ! bear it wreathed with mine,
 To my true love," he cried,
 " And say her cheek so bright
 Must not be stained by tears,
 For up the Alma's height
 I've led the Fusiliers."

MAY-MORN SONG.

W. MOTHERWELL.]

[*Air*—Scotch.]

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree ;
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly :
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading-thorn,
 And cheerily the blithesome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime ;
 And hark, hark, hark,
 His merry chime
 Chirrup the lark.
 Chirrup, chirrup ! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love, and May-dews shake
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough,
 They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
 O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wo d,
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;
 With earth it seems brave holiday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee :
 And it is right, love ;
 For mark, love, mark,
 How, bathed in light,
 Chirrup the lark.
 Chirrup, chirrup ! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
 The voice of heaven within them thrill
 In summer morn, when mounting high,
 This merry minstrel sings his fill.
 Now let us seek yon bosky dell,
 Where brightest wild flowers choose to be,
 And where its clear stream murmurs on,
 Meet type of our love's purity.
 No witness there ;
 And o'er us, hark,
 High in the air
 Chirrup the lark.
 Chirrup, chirrup ! away soars he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee.

BROKEN SILENCE.

[J. WESTLAND MARSTON, LL.D.]

OH, break not her silence !—she listens to voices
 Whose tones are a feeling, whose echoes a thrill ;
 And more than in aught that is real, she rejoices
 In dreams which presage what they ne'er can
 fulfil,—
 The dreams, the first fond dreams of love !

Oh, break not her silence!—her heart is replying
 To chords that are swept by a breeze from the past ;
 No hymn in the present can match with that sighing
 O'er hopes which, though vanish'd, were dear to the
 last,—

The hopes, the first bright hopes of youth !

Thou canst not break her silence!—no word that is
 spoken

Can now wound her ear, no regret dim her eyes ;
 Thou canst not break her silence ; yet, hark ! it is
 broken,—

“Come hither, come hither,”—a voice from the
 skies !

“Come hither,”—a voice from the skies !

YE SPOTTED SNAKES.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by STEVENS.]

YE spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody, sing in our sweet lullaby !

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh, so good night with lullaby !

Weaving spiders come not here ;

Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence ;

Beetles black approach not near ;

Worm nor snail do no offence.

THE ROVER'S LOVE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

[*Air*—Scotch.]

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine !

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,

And press the rue for wine.

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew
 My love!
 No more of me you knew.

“The morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.”
 He turned his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said “Adieu for evermore
 My love!
 Adieu for evermore!”

NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER.

J. NEWCOMBE.]

[*Music* by J. YOUNG.]

NEAR the banks of that lone river,
 Where the waterlilies grow,
 Breath'd the fairest flow'r that ever
 Bloom'd and faded years ago.
 How we met and lov'd and parted,
 None on earth can ever know,
 Nor how pure and gentle hearted
 Beam'd the mourn'd one years ago.

Near the banks of that lone river,
 Where the waterlilies grow,
 Breath'd the fairest flow'r that ever
 Bloom'd and faded years ago.
 Like the stream with lilies laden,
 Will life's future current flow
 Till in heav'n I meet the maiden,
 Fondly cherish'd years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not,
 They're the same in weal or woe,
 And that star of mem'ry set not,
 In the grave of years ago.
 Near the banks of that lone river,
 Where the waterlilies grow,
 Breath'd the fairest flow'r that ever
 Bloom'd and faded years ago.

THE RUINED TOWER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

WRECK of the past, thou dost stand no more
 In the stately pride of the days of yore ;
 Type of a dim, forgotten day,
 What wert thou once, ere thou knew'st decay ?
 Whose was the banner once proudly seen,
 Where the ruin is crowned by the ivy green ?
 Whose were the footsteps that paced the hall,
 Where the leaves of the alder, scattered, fall ?
 Whose was the arm of might and power
 That ruled in the ruined moss-grown tower ?

Ages o'ercloud thee, home of the dead !
 And many a legend hangs o'er thy head ;
 And the oldest have heard their fathers say,
 They only knew thee a ruin grey.
 They speak of the times when ghosts were seen,
 And show the spot where a grave has been ;
 And at night-fall none of the village crew,
 Will venture the lonely ruin through ;
 But little they deemed that a lover's bower
 Was made of the lonely ruined tower.

Oh ! the ruined tower—it stands alone,
 With moss and ivy its walls o'ergrown ;
 And there the poet shall weave his spells,
 While the breath of the past around him dwells,

Conjuring beings of brightness past,
 In the dim, dull shadows around him cast ;
 Till the dreamy past in the gloom appears
 In the fairy guise of departed years.
 Oh ! a spot to love at the moonlit hour,
 A trysting-place is the ruined tower.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by H. PURCELL.]

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And there take hands ;
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And let the rest the burthen bear.
 Hark ! hark ! the watchdogs bark ;
 Hark ! I hear the strain of chanticleer.

IN THAT DEVOTION.

ALFRED BUNN.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

IN that devotion which we breathe,
 And struggle to disguise,
 Though bright the surface, underneath
 A deeper passion lies :
 The charm his words and acts reveal,
 Soars all belief above,
 And I for gratitude must feel
 What others feel for love !

The soul, with such devotion warm,
 May thus aspire unbid,
 To prove that in an angel's form
 A demon's heart is hid.
 But still the charm his words reveal,
 Soars all belief above,
 And I for gratitude must feel
 What others feel for love.

THE SNOW WHITE BLOSSOMS.

J. H. ECCLES.]

[*Music* by GEORGE BARKER.]

COME, let us wander forth, Annie,
 The sun is warm and bright ;
 Come, let us leave our homes awhile,
 With hearts and footsteps light.
 Down by the little woodland grove,
 Oh ! let us onward go,
 Where oft the cuckoo's voice is heard,
 And sweet May flowers grow ;—
 There we will tell our tales of love,
 And pass the hours away,
 Near the little snow white blossoms,
 So beautiful are they.

'Mid smiling nature's varied charms,
 We'll roam and chat awhile ;
 Our hearts unsway'd by anxious care,
 Our tongues untouch'd with guile ;
 Secluded from the world around,
 From busy lane and street,
 The bright blue sky above our heads,
 The daisies at our feet ;
 There we will linger side by side,
 Till ev'ning fades away,
 Near the little snow white blossoms,
 So beautiful are they.

COME ! LET US GO TO THE LAND.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by SIGNOR VERINI.]

COME ! let us go to the land
 Where the violets grow !
 Let's go thither, hand in hand,
 Over the waters, over the snow,
 To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow !

There, in the beautiful south,
 Where the sweet flowers lie,
 Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
 Under the light of the evening sky,
 That love never fades, though violets die !

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[Irish Air.

ONE bumper at parting ! Though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half it's worth.
 But, oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're borne on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.
 As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile.
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward !" and spurs the gay hours ;
 Ah ! never does Time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking !
 The waters beneath him how bright !
 Oh ! trust me, the farewell of drinking
 Should be like the farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory like him.

THE LEGACY.

T. MOORE.]

[Irish Melody.]

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp 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 hath seldom blest !
 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.

 HURRAH FOR THE LAND OF THE
 BRAVE !

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.]

THE glory of England shall rise,
 As riseth the sun o'er the wave,
 In the Temple of Fame they shall echo her name—
 Hurrah for the land of the brave !

Her freedom had gladden'd the soil
 That never was trod by a slave,
 And beauty's fair smile gives a charm to the isle—
 Hurrah for the land of the brave !

Tread light where our battle-fields lie,
 Each spot is a warrior's grave ;
 Their bold deeds we'll tell, while the chorus shall
 swell—
 Hurrah for the land of the brave !
 Old ocean encircles the free,
 And liberty's banner shall wave
 In pride o'er the main, while the harp sounds the
 strain—
 Hurrah for the land of the brave !

JOLLY NOSE.

W. H. AINSWORTH.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.]

JOLLY NOSE, the bright rubies that garnish thy tip,
 Are dug from the mines of Canary,
 And to keep up thy lustre, I moisten my lip,
 With hogsheads of claret and sherry.
 Jolly Nose, he who sees thee across a broad glass,
 Beholds thee in all thy perfection ;
 And to the pale snout of the temperate ass,
 Entertains the profoundest objection.
 Jolly Nose, &c.

For a big bellied glass is the palette I use,
 And the choicest of wine is my colour,
 And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
 The fuller I fill it—the fuller.
 Jolly Nose, they are fools who say, drink hurts the
 sight,
 Such dullards know nothing about it,
 Tis better with wine to distinguish the light,
 Than live always in darkness without it.
 Jolly Nose, &c.

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN.

S. MASSET.]

[*Music* by S. MASSET.]

I WOULD not have thee young again,
 Since I myself am old—
 Not that thy youth was ever vain,
 Or that my age is cold ;
 But when upon thy gentle face
 I see the shades of time,
 A thousand memories replace
 The beauties of thy prime.

Tho' from thine eyes of softest blue
 Some light hath pass'd away,
 Love looketh forth as warm and true
 As on our bridal day ;
 I hear thy song, and tho', in part,
 'Tis fainter in its tone,
 I heed it not, for still thy heart
 Is singing to my own.

'TIS BEAUTY HOLDS THE SCEPTRE.

[R. W. SPENCER.]

NATURE with swiftness arm'd the horse ;
 She gave the royal lion force
 His destined prey to seize on ;
 To guide the swiftness of the horse,
 To tame the royal lion's force,
 She gifted man with reason.
 Poor woman ! what
 Was then our lot ?
 Submission, truth, and duty.
 Our gifts were small ;
 To balance all,
 Some god invented beauty.

For empire, Reason made a stand,
 But long has Beauty's conquering hand
 In due subjection kept her ;
 To rule the world let Reason boast,
 She only fills a viceroy's post,
 'Tis Beauty holds the sceptre.
 Poor woman ! what, &c.

I WILL WREATHE A FAIRY BOWER.

[R. B. PEAKE.]

I WILL wreathe a bower, a fairy bower,
 Of greenest thoughts—I will wreathe it well,
 And deck it with feelings all in flower,
 And thither my love shall wend and dwell.
 Oh, she shall live in that hallowed spot,
 By the cold and common world forgot!

There, life shall be like one summer hour,
 Not a bud shall drop, nor a leaf depart ;
 No wandering airs can destroy the bower
 That glows with the roses of the heart.
 Oh, she shall live in that hallowed spot,
 By the cold and common world forgot !

I HAVE KNOWN THEE IN THE SUN- SHINE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. A. RAWLINGS.]

I HAVE known thee in the sunshine
 Of thy beauty and thy bloom,
 I have known thee in the shadow
 Of thy sickness and thy gloom ;
 I have loved thee for thy sweet smile,
 When thy heart was light and gay ;
 But, alas ! I loved thee better,
 When the smile had passed away.

When we first met, thou wert sporting
 With the proud ones of the earth,
 And I thought thee only made for
 Nights of music and of mirth :
 But thy virtue dwelt in secret,
 Like a blossom that has furl'd
 All its sweet leaves from the notice
 And the sunshine of the world.

THE ZEGRI MAID.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Spanish Melody.]

THE summer leaves were sighing
 Around the Zegri maid,
 To her low sad song replying
 As it filled the olive shade :
 " Alas ! for her that loveth
 Her land's, her kindred's foe !
 Where a christian Spaniard roveth,
 Should a Zegri's spirit go ?

" From thy glance, my gentle mother !
 I sink with shame oppressed,
 And the dark eye of my brother
 Is an arrow to my breast."
 Where the summer leaves were sighing
 Thus sung the Zegri maid
 While the crimson day was dying
 In the whispery olive shade.

" And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
 This woe in secret borne,
 This flower of young life blasted,
 Should I win back aught but scorn !
 By aught but daily dying
 Would my lone truth be repaid ?"
 Where the olive leaves were sighing,
 Thus sang the Zegri maid.

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[Music by MOORE.]

UP, sailor boy, 'tis day!
 The west wind blowing,
 The spring tide flowing,
 Summon thee hence away.
 Didst thou not hear yon daring swallow sing?
 Chirp, chirp—in every note he seemed to say,
 'Tis spring, 'tis spring.
 Up, boy, away,—
 Who'd stay on land to-day?
 The very flowers
 Would from their bowers
 Delight to wing away!

Leave languid youths to pine
 On silken pillows;
 But be the billows
 Of the great deep thine.
 Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly;"
 While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,
 Says with a yielding sigh,
 " Yes, where you please."
 Up, boy! the wind, the ray,
 The blue sky o'er thee,
 The deep before thee,
 All cry aloud " Away!"

FLOW, RIO VERDE!

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Spanish Melody.]

FLOW, Rio Verde!
 In melody flow;
 Win her that weepeth
 To slumber from woe;

Bid thy wave's music
 Roll through her dreams,
 Grief ever loveth
 The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
 Afar on the sound
 Back to her childhood,
 Her life's fairy ground ;
 Pass like the whisper
 Of love that is gone—
 Flow, Rio Verde,
 Softly flow on !

Dark glassy water
 So crimson'd of yore !
 Love, death, and sorrow
 Know thy green shore.
 Thou shouldst have echoes
 For grief's deepest tone—
 Flow, Rio Verde,
 Softly flow on !

I HAVE SENT BACK EVERY TOKEN.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Italian air arranged by BISHOP.]

I HAVE sent back every token
 Which you gave me long ago ;
 When those fond vows first were spoken
 Which are cancelled now I know ;
 I resign them, but to-morrow
 Oh ! how lonely I shall be !
 They have soothed me in my sorrow,
 They reminded me of thee.

Take thy dear harp, 'twill forsake me
 As all other joys depart ;
 But alas ! thou canst not make me
 Chase its music from my heart ;

Tho' I lose it, and these numbers
Which I waken, are the last,
Fancy oft will bless my slumbers
With the sweet notes of the past.

MY BOAT-CLOAK.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by RODWELL.

HE is ready to sail, and he gazes with pride
On the bright-buttoned jacket, the dirk by his side ;
But the trappings of gold do not waken his joy
Like the boat-cloak his mother flings over her boy.
With grateful affection 'tis hung on his arm,
While he marks its full drapery, ample and warm,
"Thou'rt my ship-mate," he cries, "'twill go hard if
we part,"
And the boat-cloak seemed linked to the sailor-boy's
heart.

Long years brown his cheek, and, far, far on the sea,
While the storm threatens, keeping the midwatch is he ;
The chill breeze is defied by his close-clinging vest,
For the weather-tann'd boat-cloak encircles his breast.
The rocks are before, and the sands are behind,
The wind mocks the thunder, the thunder the wind :
The noble ship founders — he leaps from the deck,
And his boat-cloak is all that he saves from the wreck.

Age comes, and he tells of the perils gone by,
Till the veteran lays him down calmly to die ;
And soft is the pillow that bears his grey head ;
And warm is the clothing that's heaped on his bed.
But "My boat-cloak !" he cries, "I am turning all
cold ;
Oh ! wrap me once more in its cherishing fold !"
'Tis around him, he clasps it, he smiles, and he sighs,
He murmurs, "My boat-cloak, thou'rt warmest !" and
dies.

BEAUTIFUL OCEAN.

HENRY BRANDRETH.]

[*Music* by BLEWITT.]

BEAUTIFUL ocean ! beautiful ocean !
 When will the pleasure thou givest me cease ?
 Not while I gaze on thy billows' wild motion,
 Not while those billows calm slumber in peace.

Beauty is on thee when dawneth the morning ;
 Beauty is on thee when gloweth the noon ;
 Sunset but cometh thy wild waves adorning,—
 Bright in thy beauty thou courtest the moon.

Hark to the forest ! how louder and louder
 Winter's stern tempests are howling away ;
 Yet they but make thy proud beauty the prouder,
 Vesting thy breakers in mantles of spray.

Ocean, I love thee, shall love thee for ever ;—
 Sweetest of music to me is thy roar ;
 And when at last we are fated to sever,
 Fain would I sleep on thy beautiful shore.

LOOSE EVERY SAIL TO THE BREEZE.

MICHAEL ARNE.]

[*Music* by ARNE.]

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve ;
 I've done with the toils of the seas,—
 Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I'll fling all to the wind ;
 'Tis a pleasing return to my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all filled to my dear ;
 What tropic-bird swifter can move ?
 Who cruel shall hold his career
 That returns to the nest of his love ?

Hoist every sail to the breeze ;
 Come, ship-mates, and join in the song ;
 Let's drink while the ship cuts the seas
 To the gale that may drive her along.

OH! WOULD I WERE UPON THE DECK.

F. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

OH! would I were upon the deck
 Of that frail barque which carries thee ;
 On shore I dream of storm and wreck,
 But at thy side how brave I'd be.
 Do not dread a woman's tears,
 Do not dread a woman's fears ;
 For thou shalt see how brave I'll be,
 Then, dearest, let me go with thee,
 For thou shalt see how brave I'll be.

I'd be the first should foes appear
 To bid thee chase, enslave, or kill ;
 For though his safety may be dear,
 My lover's fame is dearer still.
 Do not dread, &c.

WINGS.

Words from the German, }
 by PERCY BOYD, Esq. }

[*Music* by DOLORES.]

WINGS! to bear me over
 Mountain and vale away ;
 Wings! to bathe my spirit
 In morning sunny ray :
 Wings! that I may hover
 At morn above the sea ;
 Wings! thro' life to bear me,
 And death triumphantly.

Wings! like youth's fleet moments
 Which swiftly o'er me passed;
 Wings! like my early visions
 Too bright, too pure to last.
 Wings! that I might recall them,
 The lov'd, the lost, the dead;
 Wings! that I might fly after
 The past—long vanished.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

P. B. SHELLEY.]

[*Music* by several composers.]

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute—
 No song, but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed.
 Oh, love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 From your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storm rocks the ravens on high ;
 Bright reason will mock thee
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

THE TRUE HEART'S CONSTANCY.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

A ROVER I've been in realms afar,
 O'er many a rolling sea,
 Till the star that to you is evening star,
 Has been morning star to me.
 And sail you east, or sail you west,
 I trow where'er it be,
 You shall not light on a nobler sight
 Than the true heart's constancy.

I have stood by the pilot at dark midnight,
 When the storm came sweeping by,
 And I've mark'd by the pale dim compass light,
 How calm was that pilot's eye.
 And I've watched from far on the battle field,
 When the foe stood ten to one,
 And I've seen how the one has scorned to yield,
 Though the ten came rushing on.

And I've gazed on the lovely mourner's cheek,
 When all save heav'n was lost,
 And that sad one seemed like some frail wreck
 On the world's wild surges toss'd.
 And oh, when I've seen how these held on,
 The truth it has forced from me,
 That the noblest sight beneath the sun,
 Is the true heart's constancy.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. BISHOP.]

You think I have a merry heart
 Because my songs are gay,
 But oh! they all were taught to me
 By friends now far away;
 The bird retains his silver note
 Though bondage chains his wing,
 His song is not a happy one—
 I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
 I never more shall see,
 And now each song of joy has got
 A plaintive tune for me;
 Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
 To mock the songs of spring,
 Each note recalls some wither'd leaf;—
 I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love
 My harp remains alone,
 Its faithful voice still seems to be
 An echo of my own;
 My tears when I bend over it,
 Will fall upon its string,
 Yet those who hear me little think,
 I'm saddest when I sing.

I'D BE YOUR SHADOW.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. BISHOP.]

I'd be your shadow, my own dear love!
 Your steps I'd follow where'er you rove;
 Then I'd resemble the form you wear—
 How cold a copy of one so fair!
 But I'd not leave you when joy is gone,
 Thoug' there's no shadow when there's no sun.

I'd be your echo, my own dear love !
 Unseen I'd follow where'er you rove ;
 Each word you utter I would repeat,
 How vain to rival a voice so sweet !
 But I'd be with you when dark days come,
 Though faithless echo in storms is dumb.

'TIS LONE ON THE WATERS.

Mrs. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by Mrs. OWEN.]

'Tis lone on the waters,
 When eve's mournful bell
 Sends forth at the sunset
 A note of farewell ;
 When, borne with the shadows
 And wind as they sweep,
 There comes a fond memory
 Of home o'er the deep.

When the wing of the sea-bird
 Is turned to her nest,
 And the thought of the sailor
 To all he loves best ;
 'Tis lone on the waters,
 That hour hath a spell
 To bring back sweet voices
 With words of farewell.

I WOULD THERE WERE BUT ONE SWEET SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. LOVELL PHILLIPS.]

I WOULD there were but one sweet song,
 That all might sing thy praise,
 In crowds, amid the world's gay throng,
 By earth's most lonely ways ;

I would no other sound were heard
 By stream, or grove, or tree,
 No soul by song to rapture stirred,
 Unless it breathed of thee !

I would there were but one sweet song,
 That breathed in honied rhymes
 Thy graces, that repeated they
 Might be ten thousand times ;
 That every stream that flowed along,
 And ev'ry breeze, might be
 The echo of that one sweet song
 That only sung of thee !

I LEAVE YOU TO GUESS.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

THERE'S a lad that I know ; and I know that he
 Speaks softly to me
 The *cushla-ma-chree*.

He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
 But who the lad is,—I'm not going to tell.

He's as straight as a rush, and as bright as the stream
 That around it doth gleam,
 Oh ! of him how I dream ;

I'm as high as his shoulder—the way that I know
 Is, he caught me one day, just my measure to show.

He whisper'd a question one day in my ear ;
 When he breathed it,—oh dear !
 How I trembled with fear !

What the question he ask'd was, I need not confess,
 But the answer I gave to the question was—"Yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they looked so kind
 When I was inclined
 To speak my mind.

And his breath is so sweet—oh, the rose's is less,
 And how I found it out,—why, I leave you to guess.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

NEVER forget the dear ones
 Around the social hearth,
 The sunny smiles of gladness,
 The songs of artless mirth ;
 Though other scenes may woo thee,
 In other lands to roam,
 Never forget the dear ones
 That cluster round thy home.

Ever their hearts are turning
 To thee when far away,
 Their love, so pure and tender,
 Is with thee on thy way ;
 Wherever thou may'st wander,
 Wherever thou may'st roam,
 Never forget the dear ones
 That cluster round thy home.

Never forget thy father,
 Who, cheerful, toils for thee ;
 Within thy heart may ever
 Thy mother's image be ;
 Thy sister dear, and brother,
 They long for thee to come—
 Never forget the dear ones
 That cluster round thy home.

 WINE.

BARBY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by NEUKOMM.]

I LOVE wine ! Bold bright wine !
 That biddeth the manly spirit shine !
 Others may care
 For water fair ;
 But give me—wine !

Ancient wine ! Brave old wine !
 How it around the heart doth twine !
 Poets may love
 The stars above ;
 But I love—wine !

Nought but wine ! Noble wine,
 Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.
 What can scare
 The devil Despair,
 Like brave bright wine ?

Oh, brave wine ! Rare old wine !
 Once thou wast deemed a god divine !
 Bad are the rhymes,
 And bad the times,
 That scorn old wine !

So, brave wine ! Dear old wine !
 Morning, noon, and night I'm thine !
 Whatever may be,
 I'll stand by thee,
 Immortal wine !

WHEN WEARIED WRETCHES.

T. MOORE.]

[*Music* by SIR H. BISHOP.]

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep
 How heav'nly soft their slumbers lie ;
 How sweet is death to those who weep,
 To those who weep and long to die.
 Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
 Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast ?
 'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
 'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Lo ! now methinks, in tones sublime—
 As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
 They whisper, "Thus we steal your time
 Weak mortals, till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance and wake the song,
 Resound the festive mirth and glee ;
 Alas ! the days have pass'd along,
 The days we never more shall see.

IT CANNOT BE SO LONG AGO.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by HENRY FARMER.]

It cannot be so long ago,
 But yesterday it seems,
 When hand in hand and to and fro,
 Where on the banks sweet violets grow,
 We wander'd by the streams ;
 A girl and boy, and now I gaze
 Upon your locks as white as snow,
 Yet mem'ry brings back those sweet days,—
 It cannot be so long ago !

It cannot be so long ago !
 Or was it but a dream ?
 Methinks, e'en now, I long to go,
 Where on the banks the violets grow,
 Where flows the rippling stream ;
 Yet past and gone is many a year,
 For thus the stream of time must flow,
 We scarcely mark its swift career,—
 It cannot be so long ago !

FLY NOT YET.

T. MOORE.]

[Irish Melody.]

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids that love the moon !

'Twas but to bless those hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made ;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh, stay !—oh, stay !—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh ! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet,—the fount that strayed,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.

And thus should woman's heart and looks,
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh, stay !—oh, stay !

When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here ?

SING NO MORE.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by VERINI.]

SING no more ! Thy heart is crossed
By some dire thing :
Sing no more ! Thy lute has lost
Its one sweet string.
The music of the heart and lute
Are mute—are mute !

Laugh no more ! The earth hath taught
A false, fond strain :
Laugh no more ! Thy soul hath caught
The grave's first stain.
The pleasures of the world are known,
And flown—and flown !

Weep no more! The fiercest pains
 Were love, were pride :
 Weep no more! The world's strong chains
 Are cast aside.
 And all the war of life must cease,
 In peace,—in peace !

SO DEAR THOU ART TO ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

SWEET is the sound of rippling streams,
 And sweet is music o'er the sea ;
 Sweet were our childhood's happy dreams,
 As summer flowerets to the bee.
 'Tis sweet an absent friend to meet,
 Whose heart still fondly clings to thee ;
 But sweeter still thy form to greet,
 So dear, so dear thou art to me.
 So dear art thou to me, my love,
 So dear art thou to me !

Sweet is the balmy time of spring,
 And sweet the bloom of summer bow'rs ;
 Sweet are the autumn winds, that fling
 Abroad the perfumed breath of flow'rs.
 But sweeter far than autumn winds,
 Or all the summer flow'rs can be ;
 Thy smile so bright, thy voice so kind,
 So dear, so dear art thou to me.
 So dear art thou to me, my love,
 So dear art thou to me !

CLARINE.

L. WILLIAMS.]

{ *Music* by LANGTON
 WILLIAMS.

AMID the glad throng here to-night,
 There is one form reminding of thee,
 Sweet vision, how welcome and bright,
 Are the memories it brings back to me !

The glitt'ring scene fades away
 And a spell seems to be o'er me cast,
 In fancy I joyously stray
 To the dear hallow'd scenes of the past.

I see thy bright smile now once more,
 And I listen again to thy voice,
 Still cheerful and kind, as of yore,
 It yet bids me "Hope on and rejoice ;"
 It whispers of happier hours
 And of joys that the future may bring—
 E'en as the sweet birds and the flowers
 Will return with the first breath of spring.

MARGARETTA.

G. P. MORRIS.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

WHEN I was in my teens,
 I loved sweet Margarett ;
 I know not what it means,
 I cannot now forget her.
 The vision of the past,
 My head is ever crazing,
 Yet when I saw her last,
 I could not speak for gazing.
 Oh, queen of rural maids,
 My dark-eyed Margarett ;
 The heart the mind upbraids
 That struggles to forget her.

My love, I know, will seem
 A wayward, boyish folly ;
 But ah ! it was a dream
 Most sweet, most melancholy.
 Were mine the world's domain,
 To me 'twere fortune better,
 To be a boy again,
 And dream of Margarett.

Oh, memory of the past !
 Why linger to forget her ;
 My first love was my last,
 And that was Margareta.

I LOVED THE MAID FOR LOVING ME.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[*Music* by G. MADDISON.]

I DID not love her for her face,
 I did not love her for her grace ;
 Though all must own that she is fair,
 And wears a most bewitching air.
 I did not love her for her form,
 Though she a stoic's heart might warm.
 Ah, no, if told the truth must be—
 I loved the maid for loving me.
 'Twas not her wit inspired my love,
 Though all who hear her must approve ;
 'Twas not her virtues all so rare,
 For she is good as she is fair.
 'Twas neither beauty, wit, nor birth
 (Though charms, I own, of magic worth) ;
 Oh, no, if told the truth must be—
 I loved the maid for loving me !

JENNY OF THE MILL.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by A. LEDUC.]

THERE'S a breeze on the hill,
 As the maid of the mill,
 At the break of the day,
 Sings her wild joyous lay.
 Tra, la, la !

Come far and near,
 Runs the glad strain ;
 Come to my mill—
 Bring hither your grain.

Wise ones and wealthy,
 The active and healthy,
 Take care to come early,
 Nor loitering remain.
 Gaily the mill goes,
 Tic tac, tic tac!
 Gaily the mill goes,
 When the merry brisk wind blows.
 There's a breeze on the hill, &c.

Not for the rich
 Hurries my mill;
 He must be patient—
 Wait on its will.
 If one less greedy,
 More humble and needy,
 Requires my assistance,
 I coax the saucy mill,
 While its soft voice seems to say—
 Tic tac, tic tac!
 While its soft voice seems to say,
 To the poor attention pay.
 There's a breeze on the hill, &c.

ONLY FOR THEE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

ONLY for thee is my heart beating,
 True to its trust, each thought, love, is thine,
 Sad when apart, joyous when meeting,
 Earth's brightest hopes around thee twine.
 Angel of life, soothing its strife,
 'Neath thy dear sway, care fades away.
 Only for thee each moment sighing,
 Lonely the hours when thou art not near;
 Blest when thy voice, softly replying,
 Falls like music on mine ear.

Only for thee, 'mid scenes of gladness,
 Pines my fond heart if thou art not nigh ;
 Only for thee, when full of sadness,
 Balm to bestow, still I sigh.
 Fortune may frown, false ones disown,
 Nought shall I rue, so thou art true.
 Only for thee, in sleeping or waking,
 Throbs my glad heart with visions of love ;
 Sweet thoughts of thee oft on me breaking,
 Shine with lustre from above.

I'VE A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN

MRS. C. B. WILSON.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

I'VE a home on the mountain,
 A boat on the ferry,
 Though I drink from the fountain,
 My heart's light and merry.
 I've no gold in my coffers,
 Yet I seek home with glee,
 For the maid of the mountain
 Smiles sweetly on me.

When my labour is over,
 I leave the old ferry,
 And seek my fond lover,
 With heart light and merry ;
 At the porch of her cottage,
 'Neath the old oaken tree,
 The sweet maid of the mountain
 Smiles sweetly on me.

When the summer is gone,
 And no folks cross the ferry,
 I'll seek my wild home,
 With a heart light and merry ;
 With my dog and my gun,
 On the moors I'll make free,
 When the maid of the mountain
 Is wedded to me.

THE BOY'S GRAVE.

A. F. WESTMACOTT.]

[*Music* by P. JEWELL.]

I STOOD by a grave, near my childhood's dear home,
 Where in bright summer days I had gloried to roam;
 Now I saw ev'ry spot with a feeling of pain,
 For I knew I could ne'er be so happy again.

I cannot recal the light heart that I bore,
 And my innocent day dreams can charm me no more;
 There's a chill that will steal on the heart of the brave,
 As he stands, a lone man, on the brink of the grave.

I had stood in the battle, my heart ne'er was cold,
 And the thunders of war often made me more bold;
 But the grave of the young, who had died in his bed,
 Chill'd me more than the battle-stain'd shroud of the
 dead!

'Twas the grave of a friend who had shared ev'ry joy,
 When my soul was all freshness—the soul of a boy!
 Oh, would I might be in this cold bed at rest,
 And confide all my sorrows and joys to his breast.

OH! GUARD HER AS A TREASURE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. BARNETT.]

GUARD, oh! guard her as a treasure,
 She has given her heart to thee,
 And her love's unbounded measure
 Shall through life thy blessing be;
 It was no slight thing to sever
 From the home of earlier youth,
 And to leave her heart for ever
 To thy constancy and truth.

If the gift be worth thy keeping,
 She will never mourn the day,
 She will ne'er with woe or weeping
 Grieve she gave her heart away;

And 'tis thine the flow'r to cherish
 Whose germ of life's with thee,
 For with cold neglect 'twould perish,
 That would else a blessing be.

It is willed by Heaven, in season,
 The tempter may come near,
 But the test of truth and reason
 Is when dangers most appear ;
 In that hour, thy heart assailing,
 Should forbidden passions thrill,
 Be thy love for her prevailing,
 And thou shalt be happy still !

OVER THE STORMY OCEAN.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

OVER the dark and stormy ocean
 The wild winds roar and lash the waves to foam ;
 Yet 'mid the strife, with fond emotion,
 The sea-boy, sleeping, dreams of home.
 A louder blast breaks o'er the main,
 A lightning-flash bursts from the sky ;
 He starts ! yet sinks to sleep again,
 Nor dreams of danger nigh.

In calm, or in storm, and 'mid the battle's strife,
 His brave heart dotes on a sailor's roving life,
 And thus he sings right merrily :

“A gallant ship on the boundless sea,
 With a jovial crew, is a home for me !”

Whether it be 'mid icebergs hoary,
 Or where the rocks and reefs of coral grow,
 Constant of heart, the sailor's glory,
 At duty's call is still to go.

No danger can his soul appal,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die,
 E'en though it be his fate to fall,
 His country claims his last fond sigh.

In calm, or in storm, &c.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by E. J. LODER.]

OH, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
 When a child at the foot of my mother I knelt,
 Where she taught me the prayer, where she learned
 me the page,
 Which in infancy lisp'd is the solace of age ;
 My heart 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,
 Never loses its love for the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendour that old house was dear,
 'Twas not that the gay or the noble was there ;
 O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine en-
 twined,
 And the sweet scented jessamine waved in the wind ;
 Yet dearer to me than proud turret or dome
 Are the halls of my fathers, the old house at home.

But the old house no longer's a dwelling for me,
 For the home of the stranger henceforth it must be,
 No more shall I wander or roam as a guest,
 O'er the ever green fields which my fathers possess ;
 Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come
 Of the days that I spent in the old house at home.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. MOSCHELES.]

You do not now remember
 This ribbon, once so gay ;
 And yet it was your own gift
 Upon our wedding-day.
 You had no gems to offer,
 I never sighed for them ;
 I prized this little love-knot
 Beyond the brightest gem.

I thought you would not know it,
 Alas! 'tis faded now!
 No longer fit to flutter
 Upon a bridal brow;
 Yet once a year I'll wear it,
 If triflers scorn its hue;
 I'll tell them I'm as happy
 As when this knot was new.

FAR AWAY.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by HERMANN.]

FAR away!—my home is far away,
 Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
 In the woods I hear my brothers play,
 'Midst the flowers my sister sings once more.
 Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
 When at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
 "Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
 "Follow me where home shall smile again!"
 Far away!

Far away! my hope is far away,
 Where love's voice young gladness may restore!
 Oh! thou dove! now soaring through the day,
 Lend me wings to reach that better shore;
 Far away!

A DREAM OF DEATH AT SEA.

[EDWARD QUILLINAN.]

UNDER the gannet's pillow
 Twenty fathoms deep,
 Under the dull green billow
 Of Finisterre I sleep.

Be kind to my two young daughters
 For the sake of him who sends
 His voice from beneath the waters
 To all who were his friends.

By Grasmere's lake their mother
 Rests among the dead ;
 Their father has found another
 And a wilder bed.

Be the ban of a father's spirit
 On those who would do them wrong !
 And a blessing may they inherit
 Who are kind to his orphan young !

EARLY SCENES OF HOME.

COL. ADDISON.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

THE sky above is blue—serene,
 The breeze a perfume bears,
 While nature decks the lovely scene,
 Her sweetest smiles she wears ;
 Then why but ill-content am I,
 While o'er that scene I roam,
 I feel that valley wants the charm
 The magic name of home.

Then blow, ye breezes, waft me o'er
 The ever-moving sea,
 Tho' scenes like these I see no more,
 Tho' rude my homestead be ;
 Still waft me forward, quickly bear,
 Oh ! bear me o'er the foam,
 And let me once again enjoy,
 The sight of cherish'd home.

The wand'rer o'er the globe may find
 A pleasure thus to range,
 And half beguile the cares that wait
 On travel or on change ;

But still a pulse within his breast
 Will beat where'er he roam,
 Before his eyes dear scenes arise,
 The early scenes of home.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by H. SMART.]

OH! the old love—the true love—
 That years have tested well,
 Is stronger than the new love,
 More potent in its spell ;
 For the new love—trusting never,
 Has jealous eyes for all ;
 While the old love's firm as ever,
 Whatever may befall.

Oh! the old love—the kind love—
 Means more than it would say,
 It is not like the blind love
 That worships for a day ;
 The new love may be bold love,
 And passion's warmth impart,
 But a kind look from the old love
 Sinks deeper in the heart.

OH, LIVE, OR LET ME DIE!

From the German.]

[*Music* by MEYERBEER.]

AH! now I feel the burden
 She has borne all alone ;
 Mine angel wake to pardon,
 And let my griefs atone.
 A fatal spell enthrall'd me,
 Deluding heart and eye,
 Remorse hath now recall'd me,
 Oh, live, or let me die !

Away, accursed treasure,
 That did shine but to burn;
 Dear childhood with thy pleasure
 Of faith and hope return.
 Is all my grief in vain, love?
 And wilt not thou reply?
 Oh, look on me again, love,
 And live, or let me die!

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. L. PHILLIPS.]

THE cold north winds are blowing,
 The tall reeds moan and sigh,
 The torrents, madly flowing,
 Like frightened steeds rush by;
 But thy voice is kind and tender,
 And thy smiles a warmth impart,
 And thine eyes a sunlight render,
 So—'tis summer in the heart.

The snow around is falling
 Upon the silent ground,
 The herdsman leaves his calling,
 The flocks in fold are bound;
 The birds no longer fear me,
 Nor seek a home apart,
 And my sweet bird is near me,
 So—'tis summer in the heart.

The trees like cowards tremble
 Throughout the dreary night,
 As, snow-clad, they resemble
 The ghosts all clothed in white:
 To us this wintry weather
 No sorrow can impart;
 While thus we cling together,
 Still—'tis summer in the heart.

BY THE SILVERY HAWTHORN TREE.

D. H. DEVAL.]

[*Music* by D. H. DEVAL.]

By the silvery hawthorn tree,
 By the zephyr's gentle sighing,
 By its broken melody,
 For ever breathing, ever dying ;
 By the dew upon the flower,
 By the twilights falling o'er me,
 By the silence of the hour,
 I vow I live but to adore thee !

By the moonlight on the sea,
 Softly o'er the billows creeping,
 By the shining stars that vigils
 In the sky are keeping ;
 By the earth I tread below,
 By the heavens above me, Mary,
 By my whole of bliss and woe,
 I swear I dearly love thee, Mary.

 I'M LEAVING THEE, MY MOTHER
 DEAR.

J. H. ECCLES.]

[*Music* by G. BARKER.]

I'm leaving thee, my mother dear,
 Another claims me now ;
 Yet one sweet boon I fain would ask—
 Thy blessing ere I go.
 For many years, with joyous step,
 I've wandered by thy side ;
 And leave thee now for other scenes—
 To be a fair young bride.
 I'm leaving thee, my mother dear,
 Another claims me now ;
 Yet one sweet boon I fain would ask—
 Thy blessing ere I go.

I'm leaving thee, my mother dear,
 In other scenes to roam ;
 To youthful friends I bid adieu,
 My childhood's happy home.
 The marriage bells ring gaily forth,
 A fond heart waits for me ;
 Adieu, adieu, my mother dear,
 For now I'm leaving thee.
 The marriage bells ring gaily forth,
 A fond heart waits for me ;
 Adieu, adieu, my mother dear,
 For now I'm leaving thee.

THE UNION JACK.

HENRY BRANDRETH.]

[*Air*—"The flag that braved."]

THE Union-Jack of England—
 How gloriously it waves !
 But not where reigns a tyrant—
 For when were Britons slaves ?
 And whether on the ocean,
 Or the river it may be,
 It floats the flag of glory,—
 The banner of the free.

The Union-Jack of England !
 I love its stripe of blue ;
 And though I love its crimson,
 I love its white one, too.
 The blue of hope is telling—
 Hope ever fair and bright ;—
 The crimson emblem's valour ;
 Peace claims the spotless white.

The Union-Jack of England !
 Long may it rule the main !
 And should the voice of honour
 Its aid demand again,—

Still may it, proud as ever,
In conquest walk the sea ;
The envy of the nations—
The banner of the free !

HARK! FROM YONDER HOLY PILE.

NES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. BISHOP.]

HARK, from yonder holy pile
Wedding bells are ringing,
White robed forms who cross'd the aisle
Solemn chants are singing.
See the happy bride appear,
Yet her footsteps falter ;
Wherefore should she shed a tear
At the sacred altar ?
'Tis not that she wishes now
From her love to sever ;
'Tis—that should he break his vow,
She is lost for ever.

Causeless are thy fears, fair bride,
Vain the doubts that grieve thee ;
View him kneeling by thy side,
Think not he'll deceive thee ;
Binding be his bridal oath,
And his love increasing ;
And may heaven bestow on both
Pleasure never ceasing.
May that hand protect thee still,
Thine now fondly pressing ;
And in every earthly ill,
Be thy guard and blessing.

Youth ! the hope her bosom knows,
Dies if you forsake her ;
Never let her sigh for those
From whose arms you take her,

All her fondness ne'er forget,
 E'en when youth is over ;
 Never let the *wife* regret
 That she bless'd the lover.
 May thy cares to her alone
 Frankly be confided,
 May the ties that make you one
 Never be divided.

THE CHIMES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

THE chimes ! the chimes ! the joyous chimes !
 That had their birth in good old times,
 That, high in the steeple, to and fro,
 Have hung and swung, since—long ago !
 When mass was said, and prayers were read,
 With incense wafted high o'erhead, —
 Those by-past days when, history tells,
 The people loved their sweet church bells !
 Ring loud and long, ye joyous chimes,
 And tell me tales of the good old times !

The chimes ! the chimes ! the Christmas chimes !
 'They ring as erst in olden times !
 But, ah ! for follies that rule the day,
 A world of truth has passed away !
 An age of faith, when men were good,
 And simple honest dealing stood ;
 Those days live but in dreary rhymes,
 And in the sacred Christmas chimes !
 Ring loud and long, ye joyous chimes,
 And tell me of good old Christmas times !

The chimes ! the chimes ! the new year's chimes !
 That rung the old year out oft-times ;
 They joyously tell in tones of mirth,
 That Time has given a year to earth ;

So what if the past be grey and hoar?
 If sad, he can sorrow us then no more!
 For we hope and trust in better times,
 When we hear the joyous new year's chimes!
 Ring loud and long, ye glorious chimes,
 And bring back some of the good old times.

THE OCEAN IS CALM.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. MILLAR.]

THE ocean is calm and the winds are asleep,
 There is not a wave on the face of the deep.
 The water all gilded by sunbeams appears,
 Like dimples of infancy smiling through tears.
 Above as the snowy sails motionless lie,
 So faint is the summer breeze murmuring by,
 The waters disturbed by our boat gently move,
 Like the soft wearing down on the breast of a dove.

When we gaze on the water how little we know,
 Of floods that unfathomed are frowning below.
 Ah! who that now looks on this glittering form
 Would dream of its terrors in whirlwind and storm;
 How many, elated with visions of bliss,
 Have embarked when the day seemed as tranquil as
 this,
 And thought not of storms and of dangers to come,
 Though they lurked in the breeze that seemed wafting
 them home.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

T. MOORE.]

[Irish Melody.]

JOYS that pass away like this,
 Alas! are purchased dear,
 If ev'ry beam of bliss
 Is follow'd by a tear.

Fare thee well, oh fare thee well ;
 Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell ;
 Oh ! I ne'er can love again
 The girl, whose faithless art,
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone,
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth, alas ! is gone.
 Fare thee well, oh fare thee well ;
 How I've lov'd my hate shall tell.
 Oh how lorn, how lost would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceived in love,
 He could not fly to hate.

THE LAUNCH.

JOSHUA DONE.]

[*Music* by J. DONE.]

WITH ardent pride Britannia's sons attend
 The gallant ship on airy structure raised,
 Ere to the boundless deep she could descend,
 With awe and pleasure thousands stand amazed,
 Behold the grand triumphant skill of man
 Whose genius dared the mighty pile to form,
 That o'er the ocean vast shall lead the van
 And long defy the battle and the storm !

In all the gorgeous pomp of naval pride
 Aloft she stands in solemn stillness bound,
 And as she seems to watch the swelling tide,
 Her stately keel the waters deep surround.
 They gently woo her to their soft embrace,
 While breathless admiration fills the throng,
 Bliss in each heart, and joy in every face,
 The shouts foretell that hang on every tongue.

At length the well-known warning signals pass,
 The pond'rous hammer strike is heard around ;
 She moves ! she glides ! a pond'rous living mass
 Into the bosom of the wave profound.
 Huzza ! huzza ! the loud-toned cannons roar ;
 Huzza ! huzza ! resounds from shore to shore :
 On her broad decks a thousand seamen stand,
 The prop and glory of their native land !

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWER.

F. ENOCH.]

[*Music* by BEN-ALLIE.]

BENEATH thy window grew a gentle flow'r,
 Bright, and lovely as the day,
 'Twas there in spring, in summer's shining hour,
 With autumn had not pass'd away.
 Sunny blue as cloudless day,
 Fairy flow'r, it seem'd to say,
 Oh ! forget me not ! Oh ! forget me not !

One golden eve we linger'd fondly there,
 Loud the nightingale sang near ;
 The dew'd rose fill'd the dreamy twilight air ;
 The early moon shone soft and clear.
 Then thy hand the blossom brake,
 Then thy voice the sweet words spake,
 Oh ! forget me not ! Oh ! forget me not !

Poor flow'r ! its azure faded sadly now ;
 Gone, as flew the summer day ;
 Yet mem'ries all those wither'd leaves endow
 With beauty, now thou'rt gone away.
 Bright they shine, as by a spell,
 To my heart thy words they tell ;
 Oh ! forget me not ! Oh ! forget me not !

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. T. WRIGHION.]

'TIS years since last we met,
 And we may not meet again ;
 I have struggled to forget,
 But the struggle was in vain :
 For her voice lives on the breeze,
 And her spirit comes at will ;
 In the midnight, on the seas,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

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 when I from sleep arise
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
 I have trod the desert path,
 I have seen the storm arise
 Like a giant in his wrath :
 Every danger I have known
 That a reckless life can fill ;
 Yet her presence is not flown,—
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

O YE HOURS.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

O YE hours ! ye sunny hours !
 Floating lightly by,
 Are ye come with birds and flowers,
 Odours and blue sky ?

“ Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the woodpaths free ;
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee.”

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
Are ye wafting song ?
Doth wild music stream in showers,
All the groves among ?
“ Yes, the nightingale is there
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and each air
Tremble with her strains.”

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty, mighty powers !
Bring ye bliss or woe ?
“ Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers !
We are come with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours !”

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

THE old green lane—in childhood's hours
I loved to pluck its way-side flowers,
When harebells blue, and violets wild,
Made bright wreaths for the sportive child ;
I loved to rove like bird or bee
That fairy spot—nor I less free ;
But I may never see again
The days of youth—the old green lane !

The lighted hall—the gilded room,
But mock the violet's purple bloom
When in the gay and courtly band
Alone amid the crowd I stand ;

My heart is like that old home scene
 Where all my happiest hours have been,
 And I would yield my wealth to gain
 The quiet of that old green lane!

The old green lane—I see it still,
 The flow'r-clad hedge—the distant hill,
 The smoke-wreath curling in the breeze
 That marked my home amid the trees:
 The hum of birds—the murmuring brook,
 And all that I for power forsook;
 That splendid power that strives in vain
 To charm me like that old green lane.

THE BROKEN GOLD.

C. DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

Two real lovers, with one heart,
 One mind, one sentiment, one soul,
 In hapless hour were doomed to part
 At tyrant duty's harsh control.
 They broke in two a golden coin,
 In token that their love should hold,
 And swore when fate their hands should join,
 To join again the broken gold.

A treach'rous friend, who could not brook
 That joy which real love imparts,
 In evil hour advantage took
 To sow dissension in their hearts:
 Engines employed, kept spies in pay,
 Conjectures raised, and falsehoods told
 To prove that each had given away
 To rivals base the broken gold.

At last, when years elapsed, they met,
 Hushed ev'ry fear, dead all alarms,
 Banished each sorrow and regret,
 They rushed into each other's arms.

While to the fond embrace they flew,
 Which love sat smiling to behold,
 In token that their hearts were true,
 They fondly joined the broken gold.

MAD TOM.

W. BASSE.]

[*Music* attributed to H. PURCELL.]

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyss of hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul :
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl ;
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses ;
 In angry mood I meet old Time,
 With his pentateuch of tenses.

When me he spies, away he flies,
 For time will stay for no man :
 In vain with cries I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie :
 Help ! help ! or else I die.

Hark ! I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle ;
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
 And knock off my troublesome shackle ;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my senses again.

In my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
 I range around the world,
 'Tis I, mad Tom !

Drive all before me, while to my royal throne I come,
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me, your sovereign,
 Lord Mad Tom ;
 And though I give law from beds of straw, and dress'd
 in tatter'd robe,
 The madman can be more of a monarch than he that
 commands the vassal globe.

BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

J. B. WOODBURY.]

[*Music* by J. NISH.]

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And join'd in thy innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father, for now he is old ;
 His locks intermingled with grey ;
 His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold ;
 Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 Oh ! well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
 Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
 If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are :
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister : not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;—
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.
 Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold ;
 Be kind to thy mother so near ;
 Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold :
 Be kind to thy sister so dear.

OH! REMEMBER THE HOUR.

T. BLAKE.]

[*Music* by T. B. CLOUGH.

OH! remember the hour when our first vows we
 plighted,

Oh! think on the moments of youth's happy day ;
 Ere sorrow or sadness our gay prospects blighted,
 And we bask'd in the sunshine of love's genial ray.

Oh! remember the time when first, love, we wander'd
 Thro' yon shady grove by the moon's silv'ry light,
 When near to our path the calm river meander'd,
 And softly above sung the sweet bird of night.

Tho' moments of pleasure and love are fast fading,
 The bright dream of youth quickly passing away,
 They'll leave us, when age our dull pathway is shading,
 A friendship so firm as will know no decay.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.

EVER weeping at the casement,
 Ever looking, leaning out,
 While the village in amazement
 Wonder what this grief's about.
 With the moonlight grey and dreary,
 Long ere waketh bird or bee,
 Mary stands, with spirit weary,
 Gazing out upon the sea.

There, until the west sun gloweth,
 Lists she to each breeze that blows ;
 But the wind, tho' much it knoweth,
 Telleth no one what it knows.

On a coast forlorn, forsaken,
 Dug by hard and hasty hands,
 Near a low cross rudely shapen
 Rests a grave upon the sands ;
 Never wing of bird comes near it,
 Nothing but the billows roar,
 And a voice, the night stars hear it,
 Sighing " Mary " nevermore.
 Still until the west sun gloweth,
 Mary lists each breeze that blows ;
 But the wind, tho' much it knoweth,
 Telleth no one what it knows.

THE WIND ! HURRAH !

MARY J. SAWYER.]

[*Music* by C. BRAID.]

RECITATIVE.

KING of the storm, arise !
 Dost thou slumber on earth—
 Art thou hushed in the deeps ?
 Forth from thy lair arise !
 Dost thou sleep in the hollow tree ?
 Art thou hid in the heart of the shell ?
 With couching zephyrs at thy feet,
 Is thy home in the silent dell ?
 Come forth, and hear a mortal's praise,
 King of the tempest, come.

SONG.

I sing the praises of the wind,
 No theme is surely better.
 I sing of freedom—for no arm
 The daring wind can fether.

It raves and rages through the storm,
 It lulls the babe to rest,
 Trembles with love amid the trees
 Or seeks the eagle's nest.

The wind, hurrah!
 The wind is free as a man should be,
 For the wind, hurrah! hurrah!

I sing the praises of the wind
 No tyrant's hand oppresses.
 I am not jealous when it dares
 To lift my lady's tresses.
 It owns a language without words,
 A music of its own,
 Plays without fingers on the harp
 Which sighs in every tone.

The wind, hurrah!
 The wind is free, &c.

Blow high, and fright the coward heart
 Where dastard thoughts dishonour,
 But for my love, oh, giant wind,
 Blow low, blow softly on her.
 I hear thy answer from the shore,
 Thy echoes from the hill;
 Blow high, blow low, thy voice I know,
 And own thee master still.

The wind, hurrah!
 The wind is free, &c.

THE BIRD-ANGEL.

J. BRUTON.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.]

AH! toss'd upon life's billow,
 I'd been for many a day!—
 The anguish of my pillow,
 What human lips may say?

My soul sunk to despairing !
 All dark below—above !
 Till thou, the olive bearing,
 Came gleaming like the dove !
 The essence of all love,
 In thy dear self I mark :
 Bird-angel, then the dove—
 Bird-angel, now the lark !

A new earth seem'd before me—
 All sinless, bright and pure !
 Thou did'st to faith restore me,
 And teach me to endure !
 My soul by care if riven,
 Will to thy sweet voice hark !
 Which seems to bring from heaven
 Sweet music like the lark !
 The essence of all love, &c.

BY THE BLUE SEA.

F. ENOCH.]

[*Music* by H. SMART.]

I STOOD where the summer-tide, flowing,
 Homeward the bark gaily bore ;
 But I saw the same ocean was throwing
 Tokens of wreck on the shore :
 While a voice 'mid the tide's song of gladness,
 Sigh'd through its sweetness to me,
 And it filled all my heart with a sadness,
 By the blue sea.

I thought of brave sails homeward winging,
 Tide-waves of memory bore
 To the heart, while its waters were flinging
 Tokens of wreck to the shore.
 And I felt, as o'er memory nearer
 Hope's freight with joy came to me—
 Still the wreck'd and the broken were dearer,
 By the blue sea.

RUBY.

J. J. LONSDALE.]

[*Music* by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.]

I OPENED the leaves of a book last night,
 The dust on its cover lay dusk and brown,
 As I held it toward the waning light
 A withered flow'ret fell rustling down.
 'Twas only the wraith of a woodland weed,
 Which a dear dead hand in the days of old
 Had placed 'twixt the pages she loved to read,
 At the time when my vows of love were told ;
 And memories sweet but as sad as sweet,
 Swift flooded mine eyes with regretful tears,
 When the dry, dim harebell skimm'd past my feet
 Recalling an hour from the vanished years.

Once more I was watching her deep-fring'd eyes,
 Bent over the Tasso upon her knee,
 And the fair face blushing with sweet surprise
 At the passionate pleading that broke from me !
 Oh ! Ruby ! my darling, the small white hand
 Which gather'd the harebell was never my own,
 But faded and pass'd to the far-off land,
 And I dreamt by the flickering flame alone.
 I gather'd the flow'r and I closed the leaves,
 And folded my hands in silent prayer,
 That the reaper, Death, as he seeks his sheaves,
 Might hasten the hour of our meeting there.

I LOVE TO SAIL.

THOMAS BLAKE.]

[*Music* by G. J. SKELTON.]

I LOVE to sail on the briny deep
 When the moon is beaming bright,
 When the stars their silent vigils keep,
 Or beneath the sun's warm light.

My home is here ; still my heart beats high
 For the friends of youthful days,
 And oft, as from wave to wave we fly,
 I chant forth my early lays.

My home is here on the ocean's breast,
 And when life's dull voyage is o'er,
 I hope from storm and strife to rest,
 Till I wake on a heav'nly shore.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by S. GLOVER.

Duet—THE nightingale is singing now, sweet poet
 of the rose,
 And softly through the perfumed air the
 liquid music flows ;
 The sweet rose-music seems to steal like
 magic thro' the trees,
 As mingled with the breath of flowers, it
 floats upon the breeze.

1st voice—Oh ! I would be the nightingale to sing all
 through the night,
 To fill the silent woods with songs of rapture
 and delight.

2nd voice—And I would be the perfumed rose to hide
 you in my breast,
 And you should sing me songs of love to
 lull me into rest.

Both—Hark ! it is the nightingale, sweet poet, &c.

Both—The nightingale is singing, but when the
 roses fade,
 'Tis said no more his songs of love will fill
 with joy the glade ;

Then let us mingle song with flowers beneath
the summer sky,
And wreath the harp with garlands cull'd
before the roses die.

1st voice—Still, still I'd be the nightingale, for who
would wish to stay
To sing of love when all we prized from
earth have passed away ?

2nd voice—And like the rose I would not wish the
summer to prolong,
But calmly perish when I heard the last
faint breath of song.

Both—Hark ! hark ! it is the nightingale, &c.

MILLY'S FAITH.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music by* CLARIBEL.]

OUR village was sad when the soldiers came,
But we hadn't the heart our lads to blame ;
For, what with the drums and the ribbons gay,
The soldiers flattered their hearts away.
Although the neighbours bitterly cried,
And many a heart was sad beside,
But mine methought was the saddest of all,
As I watched them away at the even-fall ;
Tho' I laugh'd and I told them to let me be,
For I know that our Mark will be true to me.

To fight in the battles, it was too bad
They should come for a harmless village lad,
To take him away from his friends and home,
And carry him o'er the salt sea foam.
Oh ! would those drums had never come near !
For Mark was happy and peaceful here,
Content to follow his father's plough.
Oh ! I wish in my heart he was after it now.
Tho' I laugh'd, &c. For I know, &c.

But summer has gone ; a year has flown ;
 We followed their marching o'er the down !
 And wherever they went is a puzzle to me,
 But I know that its somewhere across the sea.
 And Mark went marching off with the rest,
 And drew up his head as well as the best.
 And if the battles be won, I know
 It is all through persuading our Mark to go.
 Tho' I laugh'd, &c. For I know, &c.

COME, TUNE THY LYRE.

THOMAS BLAKE.]

[*Music* by MRS. H. SHELTON.]

COME, tune thy lyre to notes of love,
 And sing the song to me ;
 And all that's bright below, above,
 Shall swell the harmony.

Now, Philomel's sweet voice is heard
 Upon the silent night ;
 Come, join thy voice with that sweet bird,
 And every sense delight.

For music's pow'r can chase away
 Life's ev'ry care and pain :
 Then, give me, love, your tenderest lay,
 Sing me your sweetest strain.

WHITE DAISY.

T. HOOD, the younger.]

[*Music* by J. L. MOLLOY.]

OH ! happy forest glades
 And murm'rous green arcades,
 Ye myriad songsters on the boughs above,
 When here White Daisy strays,
 Greet her with joyous lays,
 And in your madrigals reveal my love,
 Woo her, fond turtle dove :

Sweet nightingale, complain—
 Ask for my heart again.
 While all the warblers of the air
 Combine to sing the praises of my fair,
 With pipes, and trills, and wand'rings mazy,
 Singing—All nature loves thee, sweet White Daisy.

Where her small foot is set,
 Springs the sweet violet,
 And pink-lipped daisies kiss her dress's hem,
 Marking with tiny flowers
 Her footprints in the bowers,
 For joy that she should take her name from them.
 She needs no diadem,
 Because her golden hair
 Is so surpassing fair,
 No crown can match its lustre fine—
 She comes! Oh! birds, to hail your queen combine
 With pipes, and trills, and wand'rings mazy,
 Singing—All nature loves thee, Queen White
 Daisy.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THOMAS BLAKE.]

[*Music* by THOMAS MASIN.]

GAILY the lark awakes the day,
 Sweet is the linnet's tuneful lay;
 But sweeter far the plaintive tale
 Told by the love-lorn nightingale.

When o'er the dim and shadowy plains
 Chaste eve in sober stillness reigns,
 Long would I linger in the vale,
 Companion to the nightingale.

And while her ever-changing song
 Trembles the liquid air along,
 No more my little cares bewail,
 But soothe them with the nightingale.

I HAVE BEEN WITH THE ROSE.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

I HAVE been with the rose in the wealth of its bloom,
 I have ruffled its blossoms, and drank its perfume,
 I have woven its buds in the braids of my hair,
 And in sport I have scatter'd its spoils in the air.
 I have been, I have been with the rose.

I love the sweet breath of the clematis well,
 And to drink of the depths of the hyacinth's bell,
 To catch the first sigh that the violet breathes,
 And to hang o'er the scent of the jessamine's wreaths.
 But the rose, oh, the rose! queen of all, is the rose.
 I have been, I have been with the rose.

For oh! to the rose you must go if you seek
 To match the soft blush upon beauty's young cheek;
 And the dead! what can call up the memory of those
 Like the scent, which though withered still clings to
 the rose?

The rose, oh, the rose! there is no flower like the rose.
 Queen of all, queen of all, is the rose.

ROBIN'S RETURN.

J. J. LONSDALE.]

[*Music* by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.]

It was yule and the snow kept falling
 In silent shadowy flight,
 Through the dull haze of daylight
 Far into the starless night:
 And father sat close to the fire
 With the children round his knee,
 And every bonny brown face was there
 But the one that was at sea.
 Never a letter, and never a word,
 And my eyes with tears were dim,
 As I wreathed the holly upon the wall,
 And harked to the children's hymn;

And father said, as they carolled on,
With a smile nigh like a tear,
"Christmas will scarce be Christmas, wife,
If our boy should not be here."

The wheel in the nook stood all unturned,
And I saw not granny's face ;
But the tears dropped under the wrinkled hands
Held toward the yule-log blaze.
Poor Bessie she turned to the door away,
With face both pale and sad,
So I kissed her cheek ere we parted,
For love of my sailor lad.
As I looked down the drift-dimmed pathway
I said "There is one, we know,
Would have given a good deal, darling,
To have seen you through the snow."
Then we drew near the hearth together,
And listened side by side
To the first blithe peal of the merry bells
Which welcome Christmas-tide.

Never a sound but the crackling log,
And the wind amid the thatch ;
Till the clock was past the stroke of twelve,
When a finger raised the latch ;
A merry brown face stood at the door,
The face I loved the best,
And the snow in the curls of Robin
Lay melting on my breast !
Dear granny rose from her corner
And clapped her hands in glee,
And she said "Oh, roving Robin,
You must keep a kiss for me !
And there's some one else will want one too
Who left not long ago !"
"Ah ! she got it," quoth Robin, laughing,
"When I met her in the snow."

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

[SIR ROBERT AYTOUN. Born 1570, died 1638.]

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wert before,
 What reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love unloved again
 Hath better store of love than brain ;
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;
 Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine :
 But thou thy freedom did recal,
 That if thou might elsewhere enthral ;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so ;
 Since we are taught our prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
 To see him gain what I have lost.
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A-begging at a beggar's door.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR?

[T. MOORE.]

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try,
Alas! I know but one proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE?

W. COLLINS.]

[*Music by BOLTON.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

In my cottage near a wood
 Love and Rosa now are mine ;
 Rosa, ever fair and good,
 Charm me with those smiles of thine.

Rosa, partner of my life,
 Thee alone my heart shall prize ;
 Thou the tender friend and wife,
 Ah ! too swift life's current flies.

Linger yet, ye moments stay,
 Why so rapid is your wing ?
 Whither would ye haste away ?
 Stay and hear my Rosa sing.

Love and you still bless my cot,
 Fortune's frowns are for our good ;
 May we live by pride forgot,
 In our cottage near a wood.

 I'VE JOURNEYED OVER MANY
 LANDS.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. F. TAYLOR.]

I'VE journey'd over many lands,
 I've sailed on every sea—
 Vast Egypt's parch'd and burning sands,
 No strangers are to me:
 But 'neath the Indian cot,
 And the wide Atlantic sky,
 Dear maid, thou'lt never be forgot,
 Nor the fire of thy bright eye.

My home has been the mountain steep,
 The desert cave my bed.
 When the winds have wafted me to sleep,
 And cool'd my aching head :

But yet the iron grasp of care
 Hath never dared to press,
 The sunshine of thy smile was there,
 In memory to bless.

OLD FATHER NOAH.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by T. C. REYNOLDS.]

THOUGH poets and painters make Bacchus divine,
 And paint him surrounded by clusters of vine,
 He is but the priest who presides o'er the grape,
 That no thirsty soul may its benefit 'scape ;
 But honour to him whose invention supplied
 The method to come by the life-giving tide ;
 Spite of sanctified sinners, the duty be mine
 To sing of the mortal who planted the vine !
 Come drink, thirsty toppers, in bumpers of wine,
 The memory of him who first planted the vine.

When the waters subsided that cover'd the earth,
 And again on its bosom the flow'rets had birth,
 Said the patriarch Noah, in sorrowful mood,
 "From henceforth no water shall moisten my food ;
 For so many souls in the flood have been drown'd,
 That the water's unwholesome to drink, I'll be bound !"
 So he made him a nectar—though we call it wine,
 And for future occasions he planted the vine.
 Come drink, thirsty toppers, in bumpers of wine,
 To old father Noah, who planted the vine.

I MET HER IN THE PRIMROSE TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

I MET her in the primrose time,
 A light and joyous thing,
 When all seem'd bursting into life,
 Beneath the breath of spring !

The cowslip and the lily-bell
 Perfumed the morning air,
 But she, though all were beautiful,
 Seem'd far the brightest there !

I met her when the roses bloom'd ;
 The spring-flow'rs all had fled,
 And all that summer radiance gave
 Were blooming in their stead !
 But she, in pride of womanhood,
 In bright and glad array,
 Amid those summer flow'rets seem'd
 More lovely e'en than they !

When last we met, the holly spread
 His coral gems around,
 And in his green and hardy boughs
 Her emblem still I found ;
 For virtue, like that fadeless leaf,
 When summer flowers are o'er,
 Still blooms, though youth and spring be fled,
 More brightly than before.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light !

The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday—
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing ;
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm further off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THE CHARM.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[They say that a flower may be found in a valley opening to the west, which bestows on the finder the power of winning the affection of the person to whom it is presented. Hence, it is supposed, has originated the custom of presenting a bouquet.]

THEY say there's a secret charm which lies
 In some wild flow'ret's bell,
 That grows in a vale where the west wind sighs,
 And where secrets best might dwell ;
 And hey who can find the fairy flower,
 A treasure possess that might grace a throne,
 For oh ! they can rule, with the softest power,
 The heart they would make their own.

The Indian has toil'd in the dusky mine
 For the gold that has made him a slave ;
 Or, plucking the pearl from the sea-god's shrine,
 Has tempted the wrath of the wave ;
 But ne'er has he sought, with a love like mine,
 The flower that holds the heart in thrall ;
 Oh ! rather I'd win that charm divine,
 Than their gold and their pearl and all !

I've sought it by day, from morn till eve,
 I've won it—in dreams at night ;
 And then how I grieve, my couch to leave,
 And sigh at the morning's light.
 Yet sometimes I think, in a hopeful hour,
 The blissful moment I yet may see,
 To win the fair flower from the fairy's bower,
 And give it, love—to thee.

O, BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by DR. ARNE.]

O BID your faithful Ariel fly
 To the farthest Indian sky !
 And then at thy afresh command,
 I'll traverse o'er the silver sand.
 I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,
 I like mortals never sleep,
 I'll do your task, whate'er it be,
 Not with ill-will, but merrily.

SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by W. WALLACE]

OH ! thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet
 Turn'd in anguish or regret,
 The past forgive, the future spare,
 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer.

Oh ! leave me not alone in grief,
 Send this blighted heart relief,
 Make thou my life thy future care,
 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer !
 Ah ! make my life thy future care,
 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer !

Oh ! thou to whom my thoughts are known,
 Calm, oh, calm these trembling fears !
 Ah ! turn away the world's cold frown,
 And dry my falling tears.
 Oh ! leave me not alone in grief,
 Send this blighted heart relief !
 Make thou my life thy future care,
 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer !
 Ah ! make my life thy future care,
 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer !

THE NEW MOON.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

[When our attention is directed to the new moon by one of the opposite sex, it is considered lucky.]

OH, don't you remember the lucky new moon,
 Which I show'd you as soon as it peep'd forth at eve ?
 When I spoke of omens, and you spoke of love,
 And in both, the fond heart will for ever believe !
 And while you whisper'd soul-melting words in my ear,
 I trembled—for love is related to fear ;
 And before that same moon had declined in its wane,
 I held you my own, in a mystical chain ;
 Oh, bright was the omen, for love follow'd soon,
 And I bless'd as I gazed on the lovely new moon.

And don't you remember those two trembling stars ?
 That rose up, like gems, from the depths of the sea !
 Or like two young lovers, who stole forth at eve
 To meet one another, like you, love, and me.

And we thought them a type of our meeting on earth,
 Which show'd that our love had in heaven its birth.
 The moon's waning crescent soon faded away,
 But the love she gave birth to, will never decay !
 Oh, bright was the omen, for love follow'd soon,
 And I bless when I gaze on the lovely new moon.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

T. MOORE.] [Air—"The twisting of the rope."
 How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
 And as I watch the line of light that-plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

THE AUSTRALIAN CATTLE HUNTERS.

HENRY KENDALL.] [Air—"The smuggler king."
 WHILE the morning light beams on the fern-matted
 streams,
 And the waterpools flash in its glow,
 Down the ridges we fly, with a loud ringing cry—
 Down the ridges and gullies we go !
 And the cattle we hunt they are racing in front,
 With a roar like the thunder of waves ;
 As the beat and the beat of our swift horses' feet
 Start the echoes away from their caves—
 As the beat, &c.

Like a wintry shore that the waters rise o'er,
 All the lowlands are filling with sound,
 For swiftly we gain where the herds on the plain,
 Like a tempest are tearing the ground !

And we'll follow them hard to the rails of the yard,
 O'er gulches and mountain-top grey,
 Where the beat and the beat of our horses' swift feet
 Will die with the echoes away!
 Where the beat, &c.

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

MY harp lies neglected, its strings have no tone,
 My spirit is broken, my hopes are all gone,
 The bird that is captive but flutters and dies ;
 All vain are his longings, so fruitless my sighs.
 Oh ! fatherland, dearest, oh ! fatherland mine,
 I would my lorn bosom were resting on thine.

Oh ! where are the brave sons of fathers as brave ?
 They're fallen in battle, their home is the grave :
 Our city lies ruined,—the valley is drear,
 The bones of our children in myriads are there.
 Oh ! fatherland, dearest, oh ! fatherland mine,
 I would I could mingle my ashes with thine.

The day lingers sadly, the night is forlorn,
 Our foes are triumphant, they laugh us to scorn ;
 They gall us with fetters, they load us with chains,
 And shout forth the music that maddens our brains.
 Oh ! fatherland, dearest, oh ! fatherland mine,
 Receive my lorn bosom, and hide me in thine.

BONNY KATE AND HARRY.

HENRY LOVELL.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLER.]

THE moon is waning fast, my dear,
 To bonny Kate said Harry,
 And I'm afraid you'll miss the year
 Before we safely marry.

My mother says we shall repent,
 And waken her displeasure,
 But when 'tis done she will relent,
 And if, indeed, we must repent,
 Why—we'll repent at leisure.
 I should not like to miss the year,
 To blushing Katesaid Harry,
 For great good luck it brings, I hear,
 To those who wisely marry.

What mothers say may still be true,
 But there's a homely saying :
 That though the cup just touch the lip,
 We stumble—and one little slip,
 Sets all our hopes decaying.
 I would not marry you, my dear,
 Again to Kate said Harry ;
 But if we wish to pass the year
 Contentedly we'll marry.

MORAL.

Who would not do as Harry did ?
 Obedience is a pleasure :
 Do gentlemen what ladies bid,
 And ladies, quickly pray get rid
 Of all repentant leisure.

 THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

OH! a sacred thing is the wayside spring,
 That runneth so clear and bright,
 That floweth along, a gladsome thing,
 Nor stayeth by day or night ;
 Where the thirsty reaper laves his brow
 When the harvest time is nigh,
 And the herdsman leads his kine to bow
 Where its waters sparkling lie.

Wert thou a gem in the mystic clime
 Of some hidden cave of earth ?
 Was not the sun of the bright spring-time,
 Shining upon thy birth ?
 For in winter thou flowest as clear and free
 As beneath the summer sky—
 A thing, if one upon earth there be,
 Of immortality !

A blessing be on thee, wayside spring,
 That givest health to all,—
 To the flowers that spring—the leaves that cling
 Where thy crystal waters fall :
 Thy pebbly grot makes glad the spot
 When summer flowers are fled ;
 Fount of the greensward, that diest not,
 In thy clear and pearly bed.

THE NORTH-WESTER.

[JOHN MALCOLM.]

'MID shouts that hailed her from the shore
 And bade her speed, the bark is gone,
 The dreary ocean to explore
 Whose waters sweep the frigid zone ;—
 And bounding on before the gale,
 To bright eyes shining through their tears,
 'Twixt sea and sky, her snowy sail
 A lessening speck appears.

Behold her next 'mid icy isles,
 Lone wending on her cheerless way ;
 'Neath skies where summer scarcely smiles,
 Where light seems but the shade of day.
 But while the waves she wanders o'er,
 Around her form they sink to sleep ;
 The pulse of nature throbs no more—
 She's chained within the deep.

Then hope for ever took her flight ;
 Each face, a monumental stone,
 Grew ghastly in the fading light
 In which their latest sun went down.
 And ere its disc to darkness pass'd,
 And closed their unreturning day,
 The seamen sought the dizzy mast,
 To catch its latest ray.

All other secrets of their fate
 From darkness would the muse redeem ;
 Unheard-of horrors to relate
 Which fancy scarce may dare to dream.
 Thus much we only know—they died ;
 All else oblivion veils,
 And charnels of the waters wide
 That tell no babbling tales.

In them were wishes, longings, fears,
 The sleepless night and ceaseless prayer,
 Hope gleaming, rainbow-like, through tears,
 And doubt that darken'd to despair !
 Suns, seasons, as they roll away,
 No light upon the lost can shed,
 Their tale a secret till the day
 When seas give up their dead.

GO, MY OWN DARLING BOY !

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Irish air, arranged by BISHOP.]

Go, my own darling boy!
 Though to see thee depart
 Blights the last bud of joy
 In my desolate heart ;
 Thou art called to the field
 Where thy father was slain ;
 And thy mother must yield
 All she values again.

My child only thinks
 Of the conqueror's wreath ;
 My coward heart shrinks
 With forebodings of death ;
 Thy friend may be seen
 Giving laurels to thee ;
 But branches as green
 Will then wave over me.

The young may assuage
 Half their parting regrets ;
 But care clings to age
 Till it dotes and forgets ;
 The young who deplore
 May yet meet thee in joy ;
 But thy mother no more
 Shall behold thee, dear boy.

I WISH I COULD FORGET THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

I WISH I could forget thee,
 But that can never be ;
 All faithless as I've proved thee,
 To honour and to me ;
 Thou wert the first to love me,
 The first dear friend I met,
 Who whispered words of kindness,
 Then how can I forget ?

I did not sigh for pleasure,
 Nor seek each glittering throng,
 But loved in woodland rambles
 To listen to your song ;
 And now alone I wander
 Where oft at eve we met,
 But only to remember
 The vows that you forget.

Go, false one ! in the splendour
 Of the world I covet not,
 It may be for a season
 That I am still forgot ;
 But soon the dream will vanish,
 And, waking to regret,
 Like me perchance you'll murmur—
 I wish I could forget.

OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN !

MARK LEMON.]

[*Music* by F. ROMEE.]

OH, would I were a boy again !
 When life seem'd form'd of sunny hours,
 And all the heart then knew of pain
 Was wept away in transient showers !
 When every tale hope whisper'd then
 My fancy deem'd was only truth—
 Oh, would that I could know again
 The happy visions of my youth !
 Oh, would I were, &c.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown
 How false these fairy visions were,
 Or murmur that mine eyes have known
 The burthen of a fleeting tear.
 But still the heart will fondly cling
 To hopes no longer priz'd as truth,
 And memory still delights to bring
 The happy visions of my youth !
 Oh, would I were, &c.

TRIM THE LAMP.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by T. WILLIAMS.]

TRIM the lamp, and fill the bowl,
 Should we from this place depart,
 Here's the spring that cheers the soul,
 And gives rapture to the heart.

Spirit of ethereal birth,
 By the gods to man sent down
 To wean the soul from dregs of death,
 And in its tide our sorrows drown.
 Trim the lamp, &c.

Vain are the cares the hand of folly
 Pours into the cup of life,
 Wine cheers the heart of melancholy,
 Heals the rankling wound of strife :
 So the cheek of sorrow bright'ning,
 As the goblet passes round,
 And beauty's eye with magic light'ning,
 Melts to heal the lover's wound.
 Trim the lamp, &c.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

MRS. V. BARTHOLOMEW.] [Music by J. BLOCKLEY.]

How shall I woo thee, beautiful spring?
 What shall my offering be?
 Shall I search the abode of the ocean king,
 And a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?
 Oh! no, for there shines in thy clustering curls
 The dewdrops of morning, far brighter than pearls.
 How shall I woo thee, beautiful spring?
 Shall I search the abode of the ocean king,
 And a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?

How shall I woo thee, beautiful spring?
 From whence shall my offering come?
 Shall I echo the birds as they joyously sing
 In the groves of thy flowering home?
 "Oh, yes! for sweet music alone has the spell
 To fathom the depths of thy leafy dell."
 How shall I woo thee, beautiful spring?
 What shall my offering be?
 Shall I search the abode of the ocean king,
 And a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?

THE OWL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by T. C. REYNOLDS.]

THE jolly old owl, like a monk in his cowl,
 He roves in the midnight free ;
 When the birds are at rest he comes from his nest,
 For a watcher o'er all is he ;
 He takes a delight, like a ghost of the night,
 To sit in the old church tower ;
 And the learned and wise the bonny owl prize,
 For they love the midnight hour !
 Then shout for the owl in a lengthen'd halloo,
 Ye lovers of night—join his merry tuwhoo,
 Tuwhit ! tuwhoo !!

What things should we know if we only could go,
 'Twixt eve and the gloaming grey,
 And sit with the owl, like a monk in his cowl,
 In the haunts where he loves to stray ;
 What ghosts of the past riding on in the blast,
 What dreams of the olden prime !
 For they say he has power to call at that hour
 Each form of the bygone time !
 Then sing for the owl in a lengthen'd halloo,
 Ye lovers of night—join his mystic tuwhoo,
 Tuwhit ! tuwhoo !!

THE FISHERMAN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. DUGGAN.]

IN early manhood, fair and brave,
 A youthful fisher, he
 His light bark launched upon the wave,
 And forth he went to sea ;
 Far o'er the moonlit deep he flew,
 By evening zephyrs fann'd,
 And lovely forms came up to view
 The voyager from the land !

And he with equal rapture gazed
 Upon the sparkling tide,
 While wond'ring sea-nymphs, all amaz'd,
 In beauty round him glide.

Then sweetly spake their queen—"If mine,
 Young fisher, thou wilt be,
 I'll take thee to the halls that shine
 Beneath the moonlit sea,
 Where brighter gems than mortals prize
 In countless numbers lie,
 On golden shores whose waters rise
 Far hid from mortal eye ;
 But, if thou long'st for earth again
 Beware—the fairy spell :"
 Then down they sank—that beauteous twain,
 Beneath the waves to dwell !

And now an old and care-worn man
 His net spreads by the shore,
 From whence—ere manhood scarce began
 That youth sailed forth of yore ;
 His eyes are dim—his limbs are weak,
 And furrows mark his brow ;
 His lips, that once of love might speak,
 But breathe of sorrow now ;
 They say 'tis he, returned again,
 Heart-broken and unknown—
 No kindred live—no friends remain—
 Deserted and alone !

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PRO- FANED.

P. B. SHELLEY.]

[Several composers.]

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not ;
 The desire of the north for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

WONT YOU TELL ME WHY, ROBIN ?

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

You are not what you were, Robin,
 Why so sad and strange ?
 You once were blithe and gay, Robin,
 What has made you change ?
 You never come to see me now,
 As once you used to do ;
 I miss you at the wicket-gate,
 You always let me through.
 It's very hard to open,
 But you never come and try ;
 Wont you tell me why, Robin ?
 Wont you tell me why ?

On Sunday, after church, Robin,
 I look'd about for you ;
 I thought you'd see me home, Robin,
 As once you used to do ;
 But now you seem afraid to come,
 And almost every day
 I meet you in the meadows,
 And you look the other way.

You never bring me posies now,
 (The last is dead and dry) ;
 Wont you tell me why, Robin ?
 Wont you tell me why ?

The other night we danc'd, Robin,
 Beneath the hawthorn tree,
 I thought you'd surely come, Robin,
 If but to dance with me ;
 But Allan asked me first, and so
 I joined the reel with him,
 But I was heavy-hearted,
 And my eyes with tears were dim.
 And oh ! how very grave you look'd,
 When once we pass'd you by,
 Wont you tell me why, Robin ?
 Wont you tell me why ?

THE ROSE-BUSH.

Words from the German }
 by W. CALDWELL. }

{ Music by FAUSTINA
 H. HODGES. }

A CHILD sleeps under a rose-bush fair,
 The buds swell out in the soft May air ;
 Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies,
 To play with the angels in Paradise ;
 And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
 The dewy blossoms perfume the air,
 She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
 With love's first wonderful rapture blest ;
 And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,
 Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air,
 Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
 And tears of anguish bedim her eyes ;
 And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,
 Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,
 Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
 And silently cover a new-made mound ;
 And the years glide by.

AWAKE!—THE STARRY MIDNIGHT HOUR.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by NEUKOMM.]

AWAKE!—the starry midnight hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower ;
 And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !
 Awake ! awake !
 Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake!—soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
 Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break !
 Awake ! awake !
 Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake!—within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee ;
 Ah, come, and show the starry hour
 What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !
 Awake ! awake !
 Show all thy love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake!—ne'er heed, though listening night
 Steal music from thy silver voice :
 Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice !
 Awake ! awake !
 She comes,—at last, for love's sweet sake !

TAKE THEE A LESSON, LADY FAIR.

[*Music* by E. F. RIMBAULT.]

TAKE thee a lesson, lady fair,
 Take it from things that are sweet and rare ;
 I would not open a formal book
 Of rev'rend saws, but would bid thee look
 On all that is bright and fair to see,
 Only such lessons were fit for thee.

Take thee a lesson, lady fair !

Look at the sun that laughs on high
 On clouds that float in the crystal sky ;
 Look at the grass in its simple dress,
 Look at the rose in her loveliness ;
 The sun will sink, the clouds will fly,
 The grass must wither, the rose must die.

Take thee a lesson, lady fair !

Take thee a lesson, lady fair,
 When thy fortunes the brightness of summer wear ;
 Think of the sun, and the clouds, and the grass,
 And the rose, how quickly all fair things pass :
 Trust not so fondly, woe may befall,
 For chance and change is the lot of all.

Take thee a lesson, lady fair.

THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

[ELIZA COOK.]

THE world below hath not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight,
 As an English ship on a rippling sea,
 In the full moon's placid light.

My heart leaps up as I fix my eye
 On her dark and sweeping hull,
 Laying its breast on the billowy nest,
 Like the tired, sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,
 With their head among the stars ;
 The white sails gleam in the silvery beam
 Brail'd up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
 A flag that bears no stain.
 Proud ship ! that needs no other scroll,
 To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds
 Chants out his fitful song,
 And watches the scud of fleecy clouds,
 That melts as it floats along.

Oh ! what is there on the sluggard land
 That I love so well to mark,
 In the hallow'd light of the still midnight,
 As I do a dancing bark !

The ivied tower looks well in that hour,
 And so does an old church spire ;
 When the gilded vane, and Gothic pane
 Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,
 The love-bower gathers a charm ;
 And beautiful is the chequering play
 On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight,
 As a brave ship floating on the sea
 In the full moon's placid light.

ANNETTE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by C. M. SOLA.]

You praise each youthful form you see
 And love is still your theme ;
 And when you win no praise from me
 You say how cold I seem.

You know not what it is to pine
 With ceaseless vain regret ;
 You never felt a love like mine—
 You never knew Annette.

For everchanging, still you rove
 As I in boyhood roved ;
 But when you tell me this is love,
 It proves you never loved ;
 To many idols you have knelt,
 And therefore soon forget ;
 But what I feel, you never felt—
 You never knew Annette.

YOU AND I.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music by CLARIBEL.*

WE sat by the river, you and I,
 In the sweet summer-time long ago,
 So smoothly the water glided by,
 Making music in its tranquil flow.
 We threw two leaflets, you and I,
 To the river as it glided on ;
 And one was rent and left to die,
 And the other floated forward all alone.
 And oh, we were saddened, you and I,
 For we felt that our youth's golden prime
 Might fade, and our lives be severed soon,
 As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

'Tis years since we parted, you and I,
 In that sweet summer-time long ago,
 And I smile as I pass the river by,
 And I gaze into the shadow depths below.
 I look on the grass and bending reeds,
 And I listen to the soothing song,
 And I envy the calm and happy life
 Of the river, as it sings and flows along.

For oh! how its song brings back to me
 The shade of our youth's golden dream,
 In the days ere we parted, you and I,
 As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

OH, TAKE ME BACK TO SWITZER-
 LAND!

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

{ *Music* by the HON.
 MRS. NORTON

By the dark waves of the rolling sea,
 Where the white sailed ships are tossing free,
 Came a youthful maiden,
 Pale and sorrow laden,
 With a mournful voice sang she.
 Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
 My own, my dear, my native land!
 I'll brave all dangers of the main
 To see my own dear land again.

I see its hills, I see its streams,
 Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams;
 When the day declineth,
 Or the bright sun shineth,
 Present still its beauty seems.
 Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
 Upon the mountains let me stand,
 Where flowers are bright, where skies are clear,
 For oh! I pine, I perish here!

For months along that gloomy shore,
 'Mid sea-birds' cry and ocean roar,
 Sang that mournful maiden,
 Pale and sorrow laden;
 Then her voice was heard no more,
 For far away from Switzerland,
 From home, from friends, from native land,
 Where foreign wild-flowers coldly wave,
 The broken-hearted found a grave.

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY?

[SHAKSPEARE.]

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd :
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOY.

H. AIDE.]

[*Music* by V. GABRIEL.]

THE sea ran high, and the wind was wild,
When the skipper call'd to his only child,
"My boy, if fears assail thee now,
Go, pray, in silence down below!"

"Fear!" cried the boy, "I know not fear,
Father, when thy right hand is near ;
But merry it is o'er the waves so high,
To ride together, my father and I.

"Mother will watch from the door and pray
For us both, dear father, till break of day,
And she'll be the first, when the pray'r is done,
To catch sight of our sail, 'neath the morning sun."

“Yes, yes!”-quoth the skipper, brief and stern,
 “To-morrow shall see our bark return
 O'er the green waves, 'neath the morning sky,
 We'll ride together, my boy and I.”

She is watching, watching, but never more
 Will that gallant skipper return to shore,
 The boy's black handkerchief lies on the sand—
 It was tied round his neck with her parting hand.

And all that doth of the skipper remain,
 Is the compass he never shall use again,
 But she knows that now, on the jasper sea,
 They ride together, his father and he.

THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

MRS. HERMANS.]

[*Music* by MRS. OWEN.]

IN the proud old fanes of England
 My warrior fathers lie,
 Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
 With gorgeous blazonry.
 But thou, but thou, my brother!
 O'er the dark billows sweep,
 The best and bravest heart of all
 Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
 My noble fathers bled;
 For her lion-kings of lance and spear,
 They went down to the dead.
 But thou, but thou, my brother!
 Thy life-drops flowed for me—
 Would I were with thee in thy rest,
 Young sleeper of the sea.

In a shelter'd home of England
 Our sister dwells alone,
 With quick heart listening for the sound
 Of footsteps that are gone.

She little dreams, my brother !
 Of the wild fate we have found ;
 I, 'midst the Afric sands, a slave,
 Thou, by the dark sea's bound.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

HEAVENLY Father ! King of might !
 Place thy guardian angels o'er me ;
 Once again from sleep restore me ;
 Guard me through the coming night !
 None but thee, O Lord ! can guide me ;
 Earthly father is denied me ;
 Hear, oh hear, the orphan's prayer,
 Heavenly Father !

Heavenly Father ! King of kings !
 Take my spirit to thy keeping !
 O'er my couch while I am sleeping,
 Let thine angels spread their wings ;
 In the world a pilgrim lonely,
 Trusting to Thy goodness only ;
 Thou wilt hear the orphan's prayer,
 Heavenly Father !

ONE MORN I LEFT MY BOAT.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

ONE morn I left my boat, to stray
 In yon island's dewy bowers ;
 I culled its sweets, and sailed away
 With my stolen store of flowers ;
 The west wind bore me o'er the flood,
 My prize from the sun I shaded ;
 But, ere evening came, the fairest bud
 In my lonely wreath was faded.

That eve, when nought but sea and sky
 In the dreary prospect blended,
 A little blue-winged butterfly
 Upon the deck descended.
 It nestled near the rose, its wing
 Then lost its buoyant power ;
 And I saw the insect withering
 Beside its own poor flower.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

HENRY BRANDRETH.]

[Air—"Gramachree."]

I SAW her in her noon of pride,
 With flag and sail unfurled ;
 How gloriously she stemmed the tide—
 The seaman's wingèd world.
 For, once upon the ocean wave,
 In all her gallant trim,
 Though cannons roar and tempest rave,
 She is the world to him.

I saw her when she faced her foes,
 I heard the mighty strife,
 As England's victor shout arose,
 And woke her into life.
 And who that once has seen can e'er
 Forget that glorious day,
 When all was dared that man may dare
 For Britain's ocean sway ?

And now I see her once again,
 A thing of life and hope ;
 For, though no more she walks the main,
 With England's foes to cope—
 Still floats she, with her flag of power,
 'Neath heav'n's ethereal dome,
 In sickness, as in glory's hour,
 The seaman's guardian home.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by MRS. OWEN.]

DROOP not, my brothers! I hear a glad strain;
 We shall burst forth like streams from the winter
 night's chain;
 A flag is unfurled, a bright star on the sea,
 A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free!
 Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,
 Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps;
 Where the snows glisten, the mountain-rills foam,
 Free as the falcon's wing we yet shall roam.
 Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are met,
 Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet!
 Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea—
 Droop not, my brothers, we yet shall be free!

GIVE MY LOVE TO ENGLAND.

FREDERICK ENOCH.]

[*Music* by G. A. MACFARREN.]

WILL you let me tell you of a boy that went to sea?
 An open-hearted, smiling-faced, and manly boy was
 he,
 A very child he was in age, yet knew no childish fears,
 He only "looked the other way" before his mother's
 tears!
 Then laughing leapt upon the deck, and up the rigging
 flew,
 To see the last of native land, and wave the last adieu;
 While to each landward bird and sail so cheerily cried
 he,
 "Go, give my love to England!" said the boy that
 went to sea.
 Over all the world the lad went, floating here and there,
 If courage found a deed to do, he found a heart to dare;
 In other climes they never said, "What countryman is
 here?"
 The truth that shone upon his face in all he did was clear.

“ Oh ! sailor-boy ! ” the homeward bound across the
 gunwale cry,
 “ What hail, for native land ? ” — be sure they had but
 one reply ;
 One thought of mother, home, and perhaps of some one
 else might be,
 For “ give my love to England ! ” from the boy that
 went to sea.

Noble heart ! upon the deep, no matter storm or fair,
 My sailor-boy, all taut and trim, you'll find at duty
 there ;
 If but to show that English hearts, no matter where
 they roam,
 Can't part with duty, though sometimes they let love
 wander home.
 When comes the day, his latest word, I know will be
 but one,
 If he tumbles in the shotted-shroud, or falls before the
 gun !
 An all-enfolding, prayerful word, I know what it will
 be—
 “ Oh ! give my love to England ! ” from the boy that
 went to sea.

SINCE, JACK, THOU ART A SEAMAN'S SON.

C. DIBDIN.]

[*Music by C. DIBDIN.*

SINCE, Jack, thou art a seaman's son,
 And born for the good of the nation,
 'Tis pretty near time I begun
 To larn thee a tar's edication :
 For when out of port
 Thou'lt be fortune's sport,
 And taste of sorrow's cup ;
 Yet in thy pow'r
 Is hope's best bow'r,
 When death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life :
 Ne'er do a paltry thing ;
 Protect thy friend and wife ;
 Spare foes, and serve thy king !
 This lesson larn,
 Without consarn
 Thou'lt taste of pleasure's cup,
 E'en to the dregs,
 On thy last legs,
 When death shall bring thee up.

And when thou'st left the sea,
 And time has long broke bulk,
 Grown old and crank like me,
 And laid up, a sheer hulk,
 To teach thy young son
 This course to run,
 To drink of comfort's cup ;
 Thy eyes thou'lt close
 In sweet repose,
 When death shall bring thee up.

IN DREAMS THOU ART WITH ME STILL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

THOU art not with me when I tread
 The forest path at eve,
 Where the full branches overhead,
 Their fragrant garlands weave ;
 Yet all things in my lonely walk,
 The streams, the flowers, the tree,
 The very birds but seem to talk
 In gentle strains of thee !
 And when in midnight's deepest gloom
 Sweet sleep mine eyelids fill,
 I see thee in my curtain'd room,
 In dreams thou'rt with me still !

Thou art not with me, yet I feel
 Thy presence when I go
 Where the pale moonbeams all reveal
 Our wanderings long ago ;
 And when the song bird fills the air,
 Thy voice seems sweet and clear,
 For memory has such power that there
 I fancy thou art near ;
 Until the midnight's darker gloom
 My wearied eyelids fill,
 And then within my curtain'd room
 In dreams thou'rt with me still !

AS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.]

AS down in the meadows I chanc'd for to pass,
 Oh, there I beheld a young beautiful lass !
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green ;
 Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies ;
 And then, Oh, her voice, it was charming and clear,
 As sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love, Willie, prove false and unkind,
 Oh, why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in every degree,
 Oh, why does he change to another from me ?
 In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 Oh, there did we pass the soft minutes away,
 And there was I kissed and set down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
 Employs all his wishes, his hopes, and his care ;
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me.

But, if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain,
 For nought is more certain, believe, silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finished her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadows came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he would make her his wife.
 She could not refuse him, to church so they went,
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content,
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue,
 If men will be false, why should women be true ?

DAFFODILS.

R. HERRICK.]

[*Music* by ALFRED A. POLLOCK.]

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon :
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.
 Two Paradises are in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.
 We have short time to stay as you ;
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again !

I LOVE TO SEE OLD FACES.

J. WILCE.]

[*Music* by T. DISTIN.]

I LOVE to see old faces,
 That, beaming with a smile,
 Rob time of half his sadness,
 And care's dull thoughts beguile ;
 I love them in the moments
 When hope-buds sweetly bloom,
 And, oh ! how welcome are they
 When troubles darkly loom ;
 I love to see old faces,
 That, beaming with a smile,
 Rob time of half his sadness,
 And care's dull thoughts beguile.

I love to see old faces,
 That shed their kindly light,
 Like crimson-tinted sun-rays
 On winter's robe of white ;
 They oft recall sweet mem'ries,
 The passing hour they cheer ;
 I love to see old faces,
 To me they're ever dear.
 Yes ! welcome are old faces,
 I love the genial smile
 That fills the heart with gladness,
 And care doth still beguile.

AN HONEST HEART TO GUIDE US.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

As day by day
 We hold our way
 Through this wide world below, boys,
 With roads to cross
 We're at a loss
 To know which way to go, boys ;

And choice so vex'd,
 When man's perplex'd,
 And many a doubt has tried him,
 It is not long
 He'll wander wrong
 With an honest heart to guide him.

When rough the way,
 And dark the day,
 More steadfastly we tread, boys,
 Than when by flowers
 In wayside bowers
 We from the path are led, boys.
 Oh ! then, beware !
 The serpent there
 Is gliding close beside us !
 'Twere death to stay ;
 So speed the way,
 With an honest heart to guide us.

If fortune's gale
 Should fill our sail,
 While others lose the wind, boys,
 Look kindly back
 Upon the track
 Of luckless mates behind, boys.
 If we wont heed
 A friend in need,
 May rocks ahead abide us !
 Let's rather brave
 Both wind and wave,
 With an honest heart to guide us !

THE LAST GREEN LEAF.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Air*—Irish, "The jug of punch."]

THE last green leaf hangs lonely now,
 Its summer friends have left the bough ;
 Yet, though they wither'd one by one,
 The last still flutters in the sun !

And so it is with us to-day,
 The bowl is filled, we must be gay ;
 We sing old songs again, and yet
 We've lost old friends since last we met !

But could some lost one now return,
 And view us here, he would discern
 Some lips that press the goblet's brim,
 To hide the sigh that's breathed for him.
 We do not meet to banish thought ;
 Yet, though regrets will come unsought,
 We will not waste in sighs of grief
 Life's lingering joy—the last green leaf.

DOWN TO THE BUTTON.

J. WILCE.]

[*Music* by T. DISTIN.]

[Among the Scandinavians their drinking cup was formed from the bull's horn ; on the side were placed studs or buttons, down to which each warrior was in his turn expected to drink.]

IN the days when this old earth was young,
 And Thor swung his hammer of might,
 They feasted right well, and they merrily sung,
 And they drank through the live-long night.
 At the tales of fierce strife still they laugh'd,
 And sat till the blushing of morn,
 And down to the button each warrior quaff'd
 The ale from the bull's curved horn.

And they sung of the lands o'er the sea
 They reap'd with their conquering sword,
 When they drank the rich wine of fair Gasconie,
 And robb'd the fat monks of their hoard.
 And still louder and louder they laugh'd—
 They spoke of their foemen with scorn ;
 And down to the button each warrior quaff'd
 The ale from the bull's curved horn.

And the roof rang with shouts as they told
 Of glances from dark eyes so bright ;
 And they sung of the rich yellow gold
 They won from the foe in the fight.
 When their bards spoke of love, still they laugh'd—
 Their hearts ne'er with love were forlorn ;
 For down to the bottom each warrior quaff'd
 The ale from the bull's curved horn.

OH! HOW DELIGHTFUL!

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.]

[*Music* by J. L. MOLLOY.]

OH! how delightful! oh! how entrancing!
 From this drear thraldom soon to be free;
 With wildest joy, then, my heart is dancing,
 Dancing so gaily now with glee.
 From morn till night imprisoned here,
 Passed we our days in gloom and fear;
 No joys to cheer us, no delight,
 All was dreary—nothing bright.
 Oh! how delightful, &c.

Oft when dark shadows are o'er us creeping,
 And check the throbbing of youthful hearts,
 Hope, like a sunbeam, watch near us keeping,
 Breaks through the gloom and joy imparts.
 No longer shall we droop and pine
 In dreary hours our lives away;
 When clouds are darkest oft doth shine
 Softly and brightly hope's cheering ray.
 Yes, how delightful, &c.

THE FLOWER SHE LOVES.

H. GLOVER.]

[*Music* by H. GLOVER.]

BESIDE her lattice ev'ry night
 Some gentle flow'rets sweetly bloom,
 Oh! who would scale that giddy height
 In darkness' thickest gloom?

Who brings these flow'rs with toil and pain,
 Departs, and leaves no trace?
 Who could those lofty turrets gain,
 And why such dangers face?
 Nor armed guard nor lofty wall,
 With fear his bosom moves;
 Heedless he climbs, with joy risks all,
 To bring the flow'r she loves.

She nothing knows, but still will take
 The tender tribute to her breast,
 And all the joy these flowers make
 To no one is confess'd;
 A letter, too, lay once conceal'd
 'Mid leaves of the bouquet,
 Yet its contents were ne'er reveal'd,
 Nor was it cast away.

OH, WHO WOULD BE A LANDSMAN?

WILLIAM SAWYER.]

[*Music* by CHARLES BRAID.]

OH, who would be a landsman in the spring-time of
 the year?

When hearts are light as birds of flight that know not
 care or fear;

When the breeze is salt upon the lips and cool upon
 the brow,

And the ship goes driving, driving on, as she is driv-
 ing now.

A landsman! a landsman!

That I will never be,

While there's a home in the swirl and foam
 Of the salt, salt sea.

Oh, who would be a landsman in the summer-time of
 year?

When under skies like woman's eyes the trusty ship
 we steer;

And leaping, cresting, never still, the waves about us
play,

And with creak and strain, through spraying rain, we
cut our onward way.

A landsman ! a landsman !

That I will never be,

While there's a home in the swell and foam
Of the wide, wide sea.

Oh, who would be a landsman in the winter-time of
year ?

When the northern breeze o'er fresh'ning seas comes
whistling past the ear,

And to meet the gale we do not quail, but dare it as
we go,

And only ask for sea-room, lads, our seamanship to
show.

A sailor ! a sailor !

That I will ever be,

While there's a home 'mid the rage and foam
Of the storm-toss'd sea.

SWEETHEART.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

THERE is a little bird that sings,

“Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !”

I know not what his name may be,

I only know he pleases me,

As loud he sings and thus sings he,

“Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !”

I've heard him sing on soft spring days,

“Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !”

And when the sky was dark above,

And wintry winds had stripp'd the grove,

He still pour'd forth those words of love,

“Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !”

And like that bird my heart, too, sings,
 "Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !"
 When heav'n is dark, or bright and blue,
 When trees are bare or leaves are new,
 It thus sings on, and sings of you,
 "Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !"

What need of other words than these,
 "Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !"
 If I should sing a whole year long,
 My love would not be shown more strong
 Than by this short and simple song,
 "Sweetheart ! sweetheart ! sweetheart !"

BLIND ALICE.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

THEY tell me that the skies are blue,
 And flowers are in bloom ;
 Fresh cowslips they have brought to-day
 To deck my little room ;
 I cannot see them as they grow
 Amid the meadow grass,
 But I can feel them at my feet,
 And pluck them as I pass.

The winter days were long and drear,
 And very sad to me,
 No blackbirds warbled in the thorn,
 No thrush from out the tree ;
 I thought how once my heart rejoiced
 To hear their cheering strain,
 I long'd for summer-time to bring
 Those cheerful birds again.

But yet I had my pleasant hours,
 For Ellie was so kind,
 She read to me until I half
 Forgot that I was blind ;

To dry my tears she bade me think
 That I should one day see,
 Where, in eternal summer-time,
 The angels wait for me.

THE ROSE'S ERRAND.

C. MACKAY, LL.D.]

[*Music* by MACKAY.]

I SENT a message by the rose
 That words could not convey ;
 Sweet vows I never dar'd to breathe,
 And wishes pure as they ;
 A mute but tell-tale messenger,
 It could not do me wrong ;
 It told the passion I conceal'd,
 And hopes I cherish'd long.
 My love receiv'd it with a smile,
 She read its thought and sign'd,
 Then plac'd it on her happy breast,
 And wore it till it died.
 Immortal rose ! it could not die,
 The spirit which it bore
 Lives in her heart as first in mine,
 A joy for evermore.

MAY I LOVE THEE, HEBREW MAIDEN ?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JAMES FERRING.]

MAY I love thee, Hebrew maiden,
 With thy glossy raven hair,
 And thy cheek with bloom o'erladen,
 And thy brow so matchless fair ?
 Will thy dark eye proudly glisten
 While my passion's warmth I trace—
 Wilt thou kindly, calm'y listen,
 Maiden of the ancient race ?

No ; that proud lip tells how vainly
 I may hope with thee to wed ;
 That dark brow, it speaks too plainly
 All I feared and all I dread.
 What a line of golden glory
 Mantling in thy veins I trace ;
 Pure as were thy grandsires hoary,
 Maiden of the ancient race.

Fare thee well, proud Hebrew maiden,
 Offspring of that hoary band,
 Who went forth with sorrow laden
 From Judea's stricken land :
 Those high thoughts and olden feelings
 Never from thy soul efface ;
 They, like stars, have high revealings,
 Maiden of the ancient race.

THE TWO NESTS.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

A NEST there was in a bonnie May-tree,
 In the fairest of fairy bowers,
 And methought how happy the bird must be
 On her nest amid the flowers ;
 But the children came, and together they vied
 Who should pluck the best branches of May,
 And the bird's little nest very quickly they spied,
 And they ruthlessly bore it away.

A nest there was in a dreary tree,
 In a dark and dismal holly,
 And methought how weary the bird must be
 Of her nest so melancholy ;
 But the children came, and they passed it by
 To rifle a fairer tree,
 And the bird in the holly I then confess'd
 The wiser bird to be.

In the forest of life two different glades
 Are lying before me to tread ;
 Shall I push my way thro' the darkest shades,
 Or follow the flowers instead ?
 I will think of the bird and her nestlings' doom,
 And keep to the lonelier way,
 Lest enemies come where the fair flowers bloom,
 And carry my treasures away.

MOTHER, OH ! SING ME TO REST.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Spanish melody.]

MOTHER ! oh, sing me to rest,
 As in my bright days departed :
 Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
 Songs for a spirit oppressed.

Lay this tired head on thy breast !
 Flowers from the night-dew are closing,
 Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
 Mother, oh, sing me to rest !

Take back thy bird to its nest !
 Weary is young life when blighted,
 Heavy this love unrequited ;—
 Mother, oh, sing me to rest !

MY NORMANDY.

[French air.]

HOPE whispers me when summer comes,
 And genial verdure crowns the plain,
 That I shall see my native land,
 And greet my birth-place once again ;
 Where first in infancy I drew
 The breath of life so pure and free ;
 In dreams 'tis present to my view—
 My Normandy ! my Normandy !

I've seen the shores of Italy,
 And Venice with its gondoliers,
 And Switzerland, the brave and free,
 Which boasts such hardy mountaineers ;
 I've seen all these, yet wander on,
 In hope my long-loved home to see,
 For I would ever gaze upon
 My Normandy ! my Normandy !

It seems to me a dream of life
 Since youth's bright smiles have pass'd away,
 And ev'ry form I loved on earth
 By time's rude hand hath met decay.
 Still let me live to dream of all
 The sunny smiles I loved to see,
 As when in youth I gazed upon
 My Normandy ! my Normandy !

ON THE BANKS OF A BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.]

ON the banks of a beautiful river
 How sweet 'tis in summer to stray,
 Where the tall reeds in melody quiver,
 And in gladness the stream glides away ;
 Where the breeze sings a song in the rushes
 'That the waves echo still as they flow,
 And the tide rocks the stem, as it gushes,
 Of the lily that's sleeping below.

ON the banks of a beautiful river
 How sweet 'tis to gaze on the tide,
 Like life flowing onward for ever,
 Or man in the noon of his pride ;
 To feel as the sunbeam lights o'er us
 The waves that are wandering free,
 That we have a haven before us
 Beyond dark futurity's sea.

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THE
D R O L L D I T T Y
SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.



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THE
DROLL DITTY SONG BOOK.

A NORRIBLE TALE.

E. L. BLANCHARD.]

[As sung by Mr. J. L. TOOLE.]

OH, a norrible tale I have to tell
Of sad misfortunes which befel
A family that once resided
Just in the very same thoroughfare as I did.
The pa-ri-ent was so grim a guffin,
He never liked no fun nor nuffin ;
In fact, he never made the least endeavour
To be facetious notsumnever.

For oh, it is such a norrible tale !
'Twill make your faces all turn pale ! !
Your eyes with grief quite overcome ! ! !
Twiddle, twaddle, twydle, twaddle, twum ! ! !

Of
8
76
78
67
8
Though a very respectable family
They never saw no company ;
And every boy and every gal
Grew hy-po-chon-der-i-a-cal.
They fancied they had all sorts of *sorrors*
And conjured up all kinds of horrors
Till each, with a face as long as a ladder,
Turned pale as a sheet if they saw their own
shadder.

They sat with the curtains drawn down tight,
On purpose to keep out the light ;
And the father, the mother, the sister, nor the
brother,
Never spoke a word to one another.
At last this doleful, dismal lot,
All so melancholy got,
That an end to themselves they did agree
To put when they'd settled which end it was to be.

First, the father into the garden did walk,
And beheaded himself with a toasting-fork ;
And the mother an end to herself did put
By strangling herself with the water-butt ;
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And drowned herself in toasted cheese ;
Whilst the brother, a most determined young feller,
Went and poisoned himself with his gingham um-
berella.

Then the baby in the little cradle
Shot itself dead with its silver ladle ;
And the servant-girl, seeing what it went and did,
Smothered herself with the saucepan lid ;
The miserable cat by the kitchen fire
Swallowed the poker, and did expire ;
And a fly on the ceiling—this case was the wust 'un—
Went and blew itself up with spontaneous combus-
tion.

Then in there walked the auctioneer,
Who did with the furniture disappear ;
And the broker's man—mind, this arn't no fable—
He made hisself away with the three-legged table.
When the house saw this its sides it splits,
The windows went cracked, and broke themselves
to bits ;
And the roof got a tile off, and so dreadful was this
slaughter rate,
That nuffin was left at last but an unpaid water-rate.

Now, here's a moral, if you choose :
 Don't go and give way to the blues,
 Or you might come to those dreadful ends
 Of these my melancholy friends.
 You'll find to laugh whene'er you can
 Is a very sensible sort of plan ;
 And if from my song a laugh you caught of it,
 That is about the long and the short of it.

THE WILLA OUT OF TOWN.

JAMES BRUTON.] [Air—"Wait for the Waggon."

A CLERK I was, and paid my way—no false score had
 to run it,
 A credit I unto the firm of Took and Gorn and
 Dunnet ;
 Three hundred pounds a year had I, and I was free
 from strife,
 And might have been so until now, but I must take a
 wife.

For she made me take a willa, a pretty little
 willa ;

It only made me iller, this willa out of town.

"Yes, take a house ; 'tis nice and cheap," said she,
 "at Notting-hill ;

"In London 'tis so noisy, but there it is so still."

We went, but now I marvel how such place could
 notice win it

It was that sort of *hamlet* that has got no *spirit* in it.

She made me take a willa, &c.

I kept a lot of bull-dogs that howled in our front yard ;
 A splendid show I had, but then it made my dog-tax
 hard ;

It would have done a pie-man good, that lot if he'd
 been marking,

In short, you might have aptly called the place we
 lived in *Barking*.

Our street-door had a patent lock, which none but self
 could use,
 One winter's night I locked the door, went out, the
 key did lose ;
 When I came home, until 'twas morn, I shivering
 crawled about,
 For deuce a bit could I get in or the family get out.

Our shutters, windows, gates, and doors, I barricaded
 all,
 Ours was a sort of cutler's shop, or Woolwich arsenal ;
 A chamber each of horrors ours, prepared for all attacks,
 We really meant to wonders show that we could do
 in—whacks.

One night we fired a cannon off—we maim'd our
 neighbour Rook,
 Though he was turn'd of eighty, one ear from him we
 took.
 Besides, we took off half his nose—a "roman"—round
 —sublime !
 He knew the shot wasn't meant for him, but he felt
 wild at the time !

One night as I went out to roam, two ruffians me per-
 plect :
 The first he was a *seizer*, a *gripper* was the next ;
 They held me in a fond embrace, I thought I should
 expire,
 They nearly brought me to my "bier," which was
 "Huggins's Entire."

To make a "Self-protecting Corps," the neighbours
 made a lot,
 To guard our wives and families with pistols, guns,
 and shot ;
 We got sworn in as officers, to easy make our slumbers :
 A "Constable's Miscellany," and coming out in
 numbers.

One night to see us came a friend ; he made it rather late,
 The family had gone to bed—he got o'er at the gate ;
 In groping up the garden a man-trap he got drawn in.
 Poor devil ! he was fixed all night—we found him in
 the morning.

At length, I left that “ nice cheap place,” of every stiver eas'd,
 What goods wer'n't stole, for rent were seized, and I at flight was pleased.
 These footpads, oh, if I'd my will—ah, I'd just pay them their score—
 What's transportation ? but for life ! Rot me, I'd give them *more*.

BARLOW IN THE RIFLES.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[Tune—“ Billy Barlow.”

YOU may see by my dress, if you know what it means,

As I've been and enlisted myself in the “ Queen's.”
 When we march through the streets the boys sing out “ Hullo !

Here's the riflers a-coming ! Look out for Barlow !”

Heigho ! they all of 'em know

How the uniform brings out the charms of Barlow !

There was woting for gaiters a little while back ;
 Some woted for yellow, some woted for black ;
 But to bring out your pins, if you've got 'em to show,
 A hayband's the gaiter for Billy Barlow.

Heigho ! they'd soon be the go,

If brought into fashion by Dandy Barlow.

That day in the Park ('twas the grandest I've seen),
 When the rifle battalions was viewed by the Queen ;
 Says she to the Duke, who stood at her elbow,

“ Most soldier-like person, that Mister Barlow.”

“ Heigho ! decidedly so !”

Said the Duke, as he slyly took sight at Barlow.

I hear there's a talk of allowing a pound
 To every rifleman, all the year round ;
 A pound ! Why the coin in their faces I'd throw !
 Thruppence-ha'penny supplies every want of Barlow.
 Heigho ! my own mug, you know,
 A pot of mild porter for Mister Barlow !

In front of the foe, when the firing is hot,
 You may stand a very fair chance to be shot ;
 But take my advice, of deep study the fruit,
 Don't stand in his front ; get behind him and shoot !
 Just out—duo-de-ci-mo :
 The Whole Art of Warfare, by William Barlow !

I shot in the match, and I should ha' won too,
 But somehow the bullets they all went askew ;
 Some were right, some were left, some were high,
 some were low,
 When I cried, "There's a bull's-eye !" the marker
 said, "No !"
 Heigho ! I thought it was slow,
 And didn't I catch it from Mrs. Barlow !

Should the French come across, they'll behold with
 surprise
 My warlike appearance and terrible size ;
 They'll cry, "*Mais, messieurs, qu'il est grand !—qu'il
 est beau !*"
 But "Mosshoos ! heel fo hook it !" cries sternly
 Barlow.
 Heigho ! that'll stagger 'em so,
 They'll go head over heels, right in front of Barlow.

Should I fall in the field (not a probable case)
 My body, of course, in the Abbey they'd place,
 With a sculpture in marble of me—standing so,
 And Glory a-crowning the brows of Barlow !
 Heigho ! there'd be a show !
 Why, thousands 'ud flock to the tomb of Barlow !

Now, by way of a hepitaph, simple and strong,
 I'd just recommend them to stick up my song,
 With—" *Hanc cantilenam, sapore magno,
 Victoria regnante, cantavit Barlo!*"

Heigho ! tip it 'em so :
 A touch of that clarsical horthier, Barlow !

TOM GARDENER.

JACOB BEULER.]

[*Tune*—"The College Hornpipe."]

IN a seaport town, that's very well known,
 Where, during the war, the people had shown
 The best of dispositions in service of the Crown,
 There lived a jolly fellow named Gardener.
 He was very well known to each servant maid,
 For he was a baker—the best in the trade
 For making buns and muffins, and everybody said
 They could always tell the rolls of Tom Gardener.

Now, every evening he drank his wine
 At a public-house, I forget the sign ;
 But 'twas kept by a widow of about thirty-nine,
 Who was very much admired by Tom Gardener.
 And ev'ry night since she had lost her spouse,
 The good-natured doughy patronized her house,
 And enticed all the bakers in the town to carouse
 At the merry widow's crib, did Tom Gardener.

She was very fat, and had a laughing eye,
 And very good natur'd, and not at all shy ;
 The people all admired her without knowing why,
 And which was just the case with Tom Gardener.
 To please the jolly landlady was all Tom's aim,
 He marked all his loaves with th' initials of her name ;
 Cross buns on Good Friday were presented to the
 dame,
 And rolls ev'ry morning by Tom Gardener.

There was among the customers that fill'd her forms,
 A pilot, Bill Yarn, who had weather'd many storms,
 And tho' he never seem'd to be smitten with her
 charms,

He always stopped as late as Tom Gardener.
 He was one of the see-all-and-say-nothing kind,
 But he knew very well whereabouts blew the wind,
 And steer'd in such a way as veer'd the widow's mind,
 And bore her full sail from *cove* Gardener.

Tom Gardener the widow intended to wed—
 It was a settled thing, all the customers said ;
 But somehow or other it had ne'er come in his head
 To ask her if she'd be Mrs. Gardener.
 And one morning, as usual, some rolls he sent,
 But when, after that, to the widow's he went,
 To ask her how she did, what was his astonishment,
 When the widow spoke as follows to Tom Gar-
 dener.

"They were very nice rolls you sent me this morn,
 We had 'em for breakfast on our return
 From church, where, you know, I've been made Mrs.
 Yarn."

"Indeed! I didn't know it," said Tom Gar-
 dener.

"And I tell you what, widow, now may I be curst!
 But I think of us two you have chosen the worst ;
 What could be your reason?"—Said she, "He asked
 me first,"

And I wouldn't lose a chance, Mr. Gardener."

"If that's the case, the fault was mine,
 And all I can say is, I should have been thine."
 At which Mrs. Yarn, giving Tom a look divine,
 Said, "You shall be my next, Mr. Gardener."
 What Mrs. Yarn said, Tom took in good part,
 And still from her house was the last man to start ;
 But though she ever kept a hold on his heart
 She got no more rolls from Tom Gardener.

BOW BELLS.

HENRY S. LEIGH.]

[Tune—"Gipsy King."]

BY the brink of a murmuring brook
 A contemplative Cockney reclined ;
 Dejected and worn was his look,
 As if care were at work on his mind.
 For he sighed now and then, as one sighs
 When the heart with sad sentiment swells,
 And the tears came and stood in his eyes
 As he mournfully thought of Bow Bells.
 Oh ! 'tis I am a Cockney born, &c.

I am monarch of all I survey —
 (Thus he vented his feelings in words),
 But my kingdom, it grieves me to say,
 Is inhabited chiefly by birds.
 In the brook that runs leisurely by,
 I imagine one tittlebat dwells ;
 For I saw something jump for a fly
 As I lay here and long'd for Bow Bells.

Yorder cattle are feeding, 'tis clear,
 From their bobbing their heads up and down ;
 But I cannot love cattle down here
 As I should if I met them in town.
 Poets say that each whispering breeze
 Bears a melody laden with spells ;
 But I can't find the music in these
 That I find in the tone of Bow Bells.

I am partial to trees, as a rule,
 And the rose is an exquisite flower ;
 For I once read a ballad at school
 Of a rose that was washed in a shower.
 But although I may doat on the rose,
 I can hardly believe that it smells
 Quite so sweet in the country as those
 Which I buy within sound of Bow Bells.

No ; I've been out of town once or twice,
 And at last I have made up my mind
 That the country is all very nice,
 But I'd much rather mix with my kind.
 So to-day, should I meet with a train,
 I will flee from these hills and these dells ;
 And to-night I will sleep once again,
 Happy thought ! within sound of Bow Bells !

YE BLIGHTED BARBER.

FRANK W. GREEN.]

[*Music* by R. COOTE.]

THERE lived once not long ago,
 In that suburb called Pim-er-li-co,
 A servant girl whose name I've heard
 Was Hannah Maria Susannah Bird ;
 She fell in love, as females will,
 With a hairdresser whose name was Bill ;
 A likely young man to fascinate the girls,
 And his hair hung down his back in large black curls.
 This is not a comedy, but a dreadful tragedy.
 Fe, fi, fo, fum, fol de riddle day.

Now William he was the nicest of fellahs,
 But Mary Ann was most awfully jealous ;
 She made him promise that he never would
 Cut a lady's hair or she'd cut him for good.
 Now William, tho' he'd an eye to saving,
 He cut hair-dressing and took to shaving ;
 While Mary Ann her wages sank
 In the Moorfields branch of the savings Bank. [*Chorus.*]

Now things went on for a year and a day,
 And they used to walk out reg-u-lar-lay ;
 And if all went as they both thought right,
 They agreed to be married on the Sunday fortnight.
 One night Mary Ann, going out to tea,
 Passing by William's shop she see
 Such a sight as nearly lost her her senses,
 And this is where the horrible part commences :

[*Chorus.*]

Behind the counter was William there,
 Cutting and curling of a lady's hair;
 Which had such an effect on her feelings, they say,
 She turn'd pale blue, and fainted away.
 They carried her home when she re-kivered,
 Tho' all the way there she shook and shivered;
 Then worse than any heroine of Douglas Jerrold,
 She poison'd herself with a Family Herald. [*Chorus.*
 When he heard the news he exclaim'd; "O Lor!"
 And his hair out by pailsful he tore;
 He saw it all as clear as air,
 She'd seen him a combing of a dummy's hair!
 He grew pale and thin, and neglected his supper,
 Went under Banting, and read Martin Tupper;
 Till at last, to give his feelings relief,
 He choked himself with a bit of jerked beef. [*Chorus.*
 Mary Ann was laid in a grave hard by,
 At the corner of Be-romp-ton Ce-me-tr-y.
 While William's remains, if you'd like to see 'em,
 Are always to be found in the British Museum.
 The barber's shop fell to de-cay:
 'Twas haunted by their ghosts, they say,
 Till Dircks and Pepper becoming aware of 'em,
 Took out their patent and exhibited the pair of 'em.
[*Chorus.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[*Air*—"Bob and Joan."]

LOVE's a killing thing,—many people know it,
 What I'm going to sing will very plainly show it.
 Mister Ro-me-o in love fell with Miss Juliet,
 His heart did burn him so, he staid out all night to
 cool it.

Miss Ju-li-et's Papa and Ma took all occasions
 To be at open war with Ro-me-o's relations;
 The cause nobody knows, nor does it now much
 matter,
 But as the story goes, Romeo swore he would get at her.

At masquerade so grand, paid by her Papa's rhino,
 Romeo join'd the band, drest in a silk do-mi-no.
 To her he did advance, while his heart his ribs did
 bump on,
 She said she couldn't dance, 'cause she had got no
 pumps on.

With love their eyes did feast, he said, "My dearest,
 do let
 Me go fetch the priest, who'll make us one, my
 Juliet;"
 Says she, "If you loves me true, I years enough
 have tarried,
 For I don't mind telling you I've long long'd to be
 married."

Then to the priest they sped, and Romeo there did
 buss her,
 Which he observing said, "Better marry than do
 worser."

Next morning, ere 'twas light, he left her—could he
 do so?

Kill'd Tybalt in a fight, 'cause Tybalt kill'd Mercutio.

And now to save his life, poor Romeo he mizzled,
 Leaving darling wife, who moan'd and groan'd and
 grizzled.

Her Pa and Ma and nurse insist on't that she **mar-**
 ries,

Without a bit of fuss, her cousin, Mr. Paris.

To her room she did retire, her grief it *warn't* a small
 sum,

She had balsam from the Friar, (it wasn't Friar's
 balsam).

On Romeo she did doat, so thinking of his graces,
 She pour'd it down her throat, but made some ugly
 faces.

This threw her in a swoon, a death-like look it put on,
 Her Pa & Ma came soon, and thought her dead as
 mutton.

Nurse with shrieks and *shrikes*, endeavour'd for to
wake her,

Ma went in high *strikes*—Pa sent for the under-
taker.

A dirge was sung, mass said, and numbers saw sweet
Juliet's

Form, so blooming, laid in the tomb of the Cap-u-
lets ;

Bad news ne'er does stop, Romeo heard on't next
morning,

He went to a tailor's shop and put himself in mourn-
ing.

He's worse now than before, for life he scarce can bear
his,

To buy some hel-e-bore, he goes to a potti-carys ;

He sold him some, you're sure, for doctors on all oc-
casions,

Whether rich or poor, think nothing of killing patients.

He then sought Juliet's tomb, tho' drunk with grief,
yet sober,

And carried in the gloom a lanthorn dark and crow-
bar,

He soon broke ope the door, and saw his Juliet sleep-
ing,

He couldn't see no more nor blow his nose for weep-
ing.

Now while thus fill'd with grief that his warmth can't
rehatch her,

He took Paris for a thief, or else some bodysnatcher ;

Without any to do, with sword he Paris flies on,

Runs him thro' and thro', and then he takes his poison.

With speed the poison flies—he felt queer—cold and
hot too,

He saw his Juliet rise, who wonder'd where she'd got
to ;

He clasp'd her in his arms—'twas no time for recitals,
Says he, " I leave your charms, for the poison's in my
vitals."

He then laid down his head, her arms were twist'ed
 round him,
 Next minute he was—dead!—so she lost as soon as
 found him;
 The poison by his side she drank, without a wince,
 sirs,
 She gave one kick and died, and has been dead ever
 since, sirs.
 The folks in flocks soon met and buried both next day,
 sirs,
 And now they're becn and gone and put them in a
 play, sirs;
 But, whether right or wrong, time is no unfold'er,
 But hadn't they died so young—they'd liv'd till they
 were older.

SONG OF THE DINNERLESS.

O. W. HOLMES.] [Tune—"Oh no, we never mention it."

I DO not dare to mention it,
 Although I plainly hear
 The dinner bell, the dinner bell,
 That's ringing loud and clear;
 From curtained hall, and whitewashed stall,
 Wherever men can dine,
 That soothing tone sounds in each ear,
 But falls a knell in mine.
 I smell the smell of roasted meat!
 I hear the hissing fry!
 The beggars know where they can go,
 But where, oh where shall I?
 The twelve o'clock men took my hand,
 At two they only stare,
 And eye me with a fearful look,
 As if I were a bear!
 The poet lays his laurels down
 And hastens to his greens;
 The happy tailor quits his goose,
 To riot on his beans;

The weary cobbler snaps his thread,
 The printer leaves his "pi;"
 His very devil hath a home,
 But what—oh, what have I?

Methinks I hear an angel voice
 That softly seems to say,
 "Pale stranger, all may yet be well,
 Then wipe thy tears away;
 Erect thy head, and cock thy hat,
 And follow me afar,
 And thou shalt have a jolly meal,
 And charge it at the bar!"

I hear the voice! I go! I go!
 Prepare your meat and wine!
 They little heed their future need,
 Who pay not when they dine.
 Give me to-day the rosy bowl—
 Give me one golden dream!
 To-morrow kick away the stool,
 And dangle from the beam!

OLD PORT WINE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Vandyke Brown."]

If you want to make a fortin', as I am making mine,
 The best thing you can do is, deal in Old Port Wine.
 It doesn't need much capital, but just enough to pay
 For bills and for advertisements, and then you "cut
 away;"
 Of cyder buy a cask or two, you needn't buy the best:
 I'll tell you of a little dodge that soon will do the rest.
 You must call yourself a "grower," and a big 'un in
 the line,
 And now I'll tell you how to grow—your Old Port
 Wine.

Knock the bung out of your cyder cask, and logwood
 take enough,
 And shake it up until you get a colour to the stuff ;
 You may add a little sugar to give body to the same,
 Then fortify with brandy—or what passes by the
 name ;
 Let nothing foreign interfere to spoil what you're
 about ;
 You can add the usual finings—'twill be thick at
 first, no doubt,
 Then a certain little chemical—I keep this secret
 mine—
 Determined none shall imitate my Old Port Wine.

 When it's fine then put in bottles, and tartaric acid
 must,
 If applied to it judiciously, obtain the usual crust.
 It's a good thing to announce that "the yellow seal's
 the best ;"
 And, for fear of *imposition*, on the cork you brand
 your crest ;
 Let Gilbey, Donald, Foster, Hart, or any other man,
 Talk of stock in bonded warehouses—defy them all
 you can.
 Do the public care about them if you sell for one and
 nine
 Per bottle, and include it with your Old Port Wine ?
 You can vary the commodity, and make it full or dry,
 According to the vintages the people come to buy.
 For a good old '34 port, that's the real *bouquet* got,
 Add, but don't you overdo it, just a drop of berga-
 motte ;
 Some makers use *vin ordinaire*, that's only wasting
 cash,
 And some use simple water, but their wine is only
 trash ;
 Your cider, sugar, chemicals, if nicely you combine,
 You can do the public justice with your Old Port
 Wine.

Sirs, the trade it is a good 'un—I have done it now
 for years—
 The income-tax collector, he could tell you what I clears ;
 I've a lot of sample bottles (from the chemist's, by
 the bye),
 And I put them in my counting-house—I needn't tell
 you why ;
 Last week I asked to dinner some brothers in the trade—
 A man he should be liberal when he has a fortune made—
 I had often tasted theirs, so I treated them to mine,
 And the deuce a one could tell it from his own Port
 Wine.

IT'S ALL ONE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"One bottle more."]

ASSIST me, ye lads, who full purses have got,
 To sing in the praises of those who have not ;
 Since if we have riches, or if we are poor,
 Good fellowship 'tis that will friendship secure ;
 Oh, if I have money, or if I have none,
 What matters to me, don't you see it's all one ?

'Tis he who has money can marry a wife,
 While he who has none, none's the plague of his
 life ;

He has nothing to pay for her dresses so fine,
 And can go by himself when he's asked out to dine.

Then if I have, &c.

Oh, he who has money can go upon 'Change,
 And dabble in stocks, and time-bargains arrange ;
 But he who has none must the City forsake,
 And his loss can't be much if the Bank it should
 break.

Then if I have, &c.

A man who has money may still be a clown,
 But he who has none never can be "done brown ;"
 And he who has money a cab he can get,
 But he who has none need not walk in the wet.

Then if I have, &c.

But Cupid, who's the divil's own,
 Sent a lad who soon altered her tone,
 'Twas brave Sergeant MacWhack,
 With long sword and broad back,
 And his roguish black eyes at her thrown, och hone !
 O they bother'd the Widow Malone.

The love-sick sweet Mistress Malone
 So fond of the soldier was grown,
 That in secret she'd sigh,
 " For the Sergeant I die !

Oh, would I were bone of his bone, och hone !"
 More of that to you, Mistress Malone.

Still the lawyer and doctor will groan,
 And tease the poor widow, och hone !
 Till one day Pat MacWhack
 Kick'd them out in a crack,

And a smack gave sweet Katty Malone, och hone !
 " O you've won me !" cried Widow Malone.

So they wedded one morning, och hone !
 And with fun sure the stocking was thrown ;
 And he's man of the house,
 And his beautiful spouse

Is sweet Mistress MacWhack, late Malone, Malone ;
 So more luck to MacWhack and Malone.

CAPTAIN GRAY.

A PARODY.

J. BEULER.]

[Tune—" Alice Gray."]

HE's all his agent painted him,
 A captain in the line ;
 But his pay he spends on others,
 And none has e'er been mine.
 I worked as ne'er a tailor worked
 For him without delay ;
 And I became a bankrupt
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

In dark blue coat all braided o'er,
 In ducks of spotless white,
 In bright black velvet waistcoat,
 He flashes out at night.
 That coat was braided all by me,
 Those ducks and waistcoat gay
 I made, and am a bankrupt,
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

I've sunk beneath the bailiff's touch,
 I've into gaol been cast ;
 But my imprisonment is done,
 And I'm white-washed at last.
 Oh, when the Court my schedule had,
 My lawyer there did say—
 Th' insolvent was a bankrupt
 Through trusting Captain Gray.
 The tailor was, &c.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

ALBERT SMITH.]

[Tune—"The Charming Woman,"

THE very last guests have departed ;
 The candles burnt into thin air ;
 The ball-room is dark and deserted,
 And silent again is the square.
 The band, tired of playing and blowing,
 Are wishing Herr Kœnig good night,
 And Gunter's assistants are going,
 Assured that their plate is all right :
 And somebody says it is snowing,
 And there's not one hack cab left in sight !

The page in the study is lying
 Asleep on the dining-room chairs,
 And the housemaids to slumber are trying,
 And the butler is tipsy downstairs.

And the love-birds, who long have been blinking,
Quite scared by the music and light,
And e'en the canaries are thinking
At last, that it must be the night,
And tired of chuffing and winking,
Are tucking their heads out of sight.

And she, the fair queen of the numbers
Who came to that beautiful ball,
Perhaps thinks now of me in her slumbers,
And perhaps—horrid thought!—not at all.
In nights of such unalloyed pleasure
Why cannot existence be passed?
To laugh at all power and treasure,
If life could be always so fast;
To spend years in a polka's gay measure,
And die of a Sturm-march at last!

I think that I made an impression,
Because in the course of the night,
Whilst polking she made a confession,
That she liked to be held rather tight.
Then what her mamma had just told her
Not minding, but taking some ice;
Just putting a scarf on her shoulder,
Because the cold stairs were "so nice!"
And afterwards grown somewhat bolder,
We waltzed down some wallflowers twice.

When Vane coarsely said she was "stunning"—
He wanted to stand in my shoes;
She gave me a *deux temps* twice running,
And threw over one of the Blues.
And then she got rid of her brother
So well, when the supper time came;
And then we kept by one another:
And one time our plate was the same,
A very long way from her mother,
Concealed by a *panier du crème*.

She told me she loved lobster salad,
 And rode in the park every day,
 And doted on Dolby's last ballad,
 And Tennyson's "Queen of the May ;"
 And she pulled cracker bonbons and flirted,
 And laughed when I made some vile pun.
 And when all my wit I exerted,
 She said I was "capital fun ;"
 Till the ladies the table deserted,
 And she was, I think, the last one !

How dreadfully hot ! I am tumbling
 And tossing, and can't get to sleep ;
 And over the streets the dull rumbling
 Of wheels is beginning to creep ;
 And all round the room I see whirling
 The women and lights, and I'm dinned
 By Kœnig, who plays to their twirling
 The Olga, and Bridal, and Lind,
 And long tresses, no longer curling,
 Are floating about in the wind.

I wish I could marry—it's shocking
 That my income will not carry two ;
 Oh dear ! at my door there's a knocking,
 And I have not slept the night through !
 I must dress, then, as well as I can,
 And trudge to that horrid Whitehall,
 The Treasury work is so heavy,
 'The salary, too, is so small.
 And so there's an end to romancing—
 Adieu to the Belle of the Ball !

DR. KILCOOBURY'S MOUSER.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Twopenny Postman."]

ONE Doctor Kilcoobury tried ev'ry device,
 To rid his old house of the rats and the mice,
 Which eat up his victuals and all that was nice,
 As if they were in their own house, sir.

They gamboll'd about, and they had their own wills,
 Of syrups and lozenges all had their fills,
 They e'en were beginning to gobble his pills,
 When the doctor procur'd a good mouser.
 Tol de dol de de diddle de doodle de dum,
 Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

Master Tommy was one of the finest of cats,
 An only survivor of five tabby brats,
 And properly brought up to killing of rats,
 And continue the race of moll-rows, sir.
 The doctor admired him beyond all expression,
 He thought, for I've oft heard him make the confession,
 There wan't such another cat in the profession
 As Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

He was prized by the doctor beyond every price,
 For what he could not do the cat did in a trice,
 This is, cure the house of the rats and the mice,
 And that without physic, I vow, sir.
 But sorry I am, for modesty's sake,
 To say that he turn'd out a very great rake,
 And with sprees on the tiles keep his master awake,
 Did Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

Tom had plenty of victuals and nice bed of lint,
 In the doctor's large mortar, but seldom slept in't,
 For as soon as he settled the mice, out he went
 With the neighbouring cats to carouse, sir.
 To induce him to stop in the mansion at nights,
 His bed ev'ry evening was well put to rights,
 And because it was dark they did leave out some *lights*
 For Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser,

A party each night had the doctor's Tom cat,
 And the fair pussies came *tête-à-tête* to chit-chat,
 For he talk'd of the fashions, the nerves, and all that,
 And prescribed for the delicate mousers.
 He seem'd such a wise philosophical cove,
 And all he advanced he was able to prove,
 That really the cat-patients all were in love
 With Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

The doctor was always an animal's friend,
 And did anti-cruelty societies attend,
 And to try his experiments ne'er put an end
 To monkey, to puss, nor bow-wow, sir.
 So, of course, the cats wer'n't afraid to parade
 On his tiles, and to give him a prime serenade,
 In which, ev'ry night, the first fiddle was play'd
 By Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

They depriv'd him of rest, for they met in such lots,
 And they wer'n't to be scared, though he threw galli-
 pots,
 So the doctor one night a gun loaded with shots,
 Determin'd to spoil their moll-rows, sir ;
 The cats were aware he was creeping behind,
 But they wouldn't be off, for they knew he was kind,
 " Oh, he will not shoot us, so never you mind !"
 Cried Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

When all on a sudden, the gun went off, pop !
 Which occasion'd a general squall and a hop.
 Then the doctor, revenged, to his chamber went up,
 With the hope he had kill'd ev'ry mouser.
 Next morning, as soon as he woke, up he got,
 And to look at his victims he went to the spot,
 When he found that the only moll-row he had shot
 Was Tommy—his favourite mouser.

The wound in his throat was a very wide chasm,
 And while he lay kicking with many a spasm,
 The doctor ran off for a cat cataplasm,
 And did not hear Tommy's last mew, sir.
 He cried, " Oh, your physic, dear doctor, all's *stuff*,
 And in course of my practice I've had quite enough,
 You know it's all *quackery*"—here a last *puff*
 Gave Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

The inference drawn from my story is this :—
 That it's better, when neighbouring cats break the peace,
 To give them in charge of the district police,
 And not take your own law in the row, sir.

And that young apprentices, who only wait
Till a-bed are their masters, and then sit up late
To romp with the maids, should be warn'd by the fate
Of Doctor Kilcoobury's mouser.

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."

NEW VERSION.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—"Ally Croaker."]

I OWN it sets me all on fiore when thinking of thim
Saxons,

Who shake hands with thimselves and say, "Of
merit we're the crack sons!"

"Resolved, there's one foine counthry for everything
that's fit now."

That's rule their first. Their second is, "Resolved,
that this is it now."

And then, "No Irish, no Irish," they write
up, "need apply now."

Raal modesty I loike to see. "No Irish need
apply now!"

But Erin to bate England to smithereens don't need
throubling :

For sure 'twould take two Londons to constitute one
Dublin.

And then, for poethry, bedad! we bate you on that
score now :

Two poets you must have the less ere you will get one
Moore now.

"No Irish need apply," bedad! but that's a purty go
now.

The safety of your counthry to Ireland do you owe now;
Your trade and commerce but for us you could not
carry else on.

Who won that fight at Waterloo but our bould Paddy
Nelson?

“No Irish need apply!” bedad! I feel mad, riled,
and bitther at your
Presumption; for we bate you both at larning and at
literature;

The world’s great mighty dramatist, though now long
dead and gone is he,
You stole his name and alter’d it—Will Shakspeare
was Phil Shaughnessey!

“No Irish need apply!” bedad! Isn’t that a nate
and purty
Insinuation, false and mean, and paltry, base, and
dirty—

All hollow, soft, and rotten, as the ground your bounce
is built on?

Your larning would be small without our Voltaire,
Burns, and Milton.

“No Irish need apply!” bedad! the thing you’re
mighty grand on.

Give honour where is honour due—you’ve not a leg to
stand on;

Pat makes your railroads, workhouses, and the credit
ought to win it;

And show me where a prison is that Paddy isn’t *in it*.

“No Irish need apply!” bedad! but Pat has been a
wonder.

What deeds he’s done upon the sea, above the land,
and under!

Bould Captain Paddy Cook the world went round
sure with his compass.

Then wasn’t Amerikay found out by an Irishman—
Columbus?

“No Irish need apply!” bedad! you think yourselves
seraphic,

But mark! the Irish *must* apply in all that’s great and
graphic.

The truth is disagreeable, and that’s just why I spoke it.
So put that in your pipes, my lads, and take long
whiffs and smoke it.

REFORM IN THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

JACOB BEULER.] [Tune—"The New-Rigged Ship."

SIR JOHN had been leading a life of high feeding,
And by his excesses had brought on distresses ;
And so much involved that he therefore resolv'd
On reform in the home department.

His mind made up and to it he goes,
But till he tries there's no man knows
What int'rests there are to oppose
Reform in the home department.

A lower establishment—thorough retrenchment,
Dismission—economy—dock every salary ;
Make little do for us—nothing superfluous,
All in the home department.

Sir John's resolution put all in confusion.
His lady respected was speaker elected,
And said, "You, my lord, are now quite out of order,
Reforming the home department.

Your proposition I applaud,
But it must not be done by fraud—
You ought, sir, first begin abroad,
And not in the home department."
A lower establishment, &c.

Sir John then explain'd, and permission he gain'd
To continue his motion and argue each notion ;
So told them his will and each clause of a bill
For reforming the home department.

They were to have less dresses to wear,
And house expenditure every year
To be reduced—"Oh, hear, hear, hear !"
Resounded the home department.
A lower establishment, &c.

When the noble reformer, midst plaudit and murmur,
Had ended his motion, oh, then came an ocean
Of words full of war, some against and some for
A reform in the home department,

Some said, "The question's out of season,"
 And some, "'Twas perfectly in reason."
 While others thought it worse than treason,
 Reforming the home department.
 A lower establishment, &c.

With a shrug and grimace, and alarm'd for his place,
 Black Johnny, the footman, below, smoking hot, ran,
 Where massa's endeavour put all in a fever,
 Who were in the kitchen department.
 "Oh, cookey, cookey! what d'ye tink?
 To night I shall not sleep a wink,
 For massa now is on the brink
 Of reforming the home apartment."
 A lower establishment, &c.

"What will," said the cook, after giving a look
 As awful as thunder, "he do next, I wonder?
 He ought to be basted—there is nothing wasted,
 I'm sure, in the home department."
 "I tell oo, cookey, what he say—
 We must all live upon half-pay."
 "Why then his dinner he'll have each day
 Half-cook'd in the home department."
 A lower establishment, &c.

Then Thomas, the coachman, with look of reproach on
 His three-corner'd castor, said, "I think that master
 Shows bad horsemanship, and he should have the whip
 From the whole of the home department.
 Why, what the deuce is he driving at?
 I will not ride with him, that's flat,
 For I think it is a 'shocking bad hat,'
 Reforming the home department."
 A lower establishment, &c.

My lady, the speaker, the question the quicker
 To bring to decision, now pressed a division;
 But found in the sequel the votes were all equal
 Both sides of the home department.

The speaker's casting vote must go
 To the opposition side, and so
 My lady said, "There shall be no
 Reform in the home department.
 No lower establishment, neither retrenchment,
 Dismission—economy—docking of salary ;
 Make little do for us—it was quite superfluous
 Reforming the home department."

THE CABINET-MAKER.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Betsey Baker."]

I SING of a maid, who was, 'tis said,
 As charming as charms could make her ;
 Much did she shine in the upholstery line,
 And her name was Margery Baker.
 She had always the art of dressing so smart,
 For a duchess at least you'd take her ;
 And somehow or other she stole the heart
 Of a gay young cabinet-maker.

Her auburn hair, when it flowed unfixed,
 Like rich festoons each curl was ;
 Her cheeks were rosewood and ivory mixed,
 Each tooth like mother-o'-pearl was ;
 Her polished arms and her well-turned neck
 Might have moved the heart of a Quaker ;
 "What a piece of bed-furniture she would make !"
 Says the gay young cabinet-maker.

The cabinet-maker she found was a beau
 Who in wedlock soon would prove a joiner,
 But she'd got an old sweetheart called "Dismal Joe,"
 Who vowed he'd never resign her ;
 Now, you should know, this Dismal Joe
 Was a grave-looking undertaker ;
 It was quite in his line to part lovers—and so
 He tried hard with the cabinet-maker.

Tho' this undertaker oft-times was *mute*,
 Not mute was he to Miss Baker ;
 " Why," says he, " I've more love, and more money
 to boot,
 Than your favourite cabinet-maker.
 When folks go to pot I'm called in with the bier,
 And you know that an undertaker
 Has got most to do in the *dead time of year*,
 When you'd starve with your cabinet-maker."

Thus Joe went on with his tempting tales :

" Why," says he, " if my business increases,
 The hatbands and gloves what I gets as vails
 Would supply you with gowns and pelisses."
 But all his vails availed him not,
 To love he couldn't make her ;
 'Cause why ? she'd a much greater fancy got
 For the gay young cabinet-maker.

Now, the cabinet-maker oft called on the maid
 Where she lodged, at the house of a baker,
 And where, one night, he was watch'd and waylaid
 By his rival—the poor undertaker.
 Poor Joe, like a mute, kept the door with a frown,
 When it chanced that a journeyman baker
 Came out in the dark, and Joe knocked him down,
 For he thought 'twas the cabinet-maker.

'Twas vain that poor Joe now acknowledged his
 fault,

For a " Peeler" was called by a neighbour,
 He was had up next day at Bow-street for assault
 And sent up for a month, with hard labour.
 " Ah ! now," says Joe, " I'm certain to lose
 My beautiful Margery Baker :
 She's got me in 'quod,' and now in a noose
 She'll be getting the cabinet-maker."

Poor Joe was right—for they soon did meet
 To get wed—there was nothing to stay 'em,
 For they both were employed in Oxford-street,
 At the famed house of Jackson and Graham ;

She proves most kind, and he loves most true,
 And swears he will never forsake her ;
 And a neat piece of furniture's Margery too,
 With her gay young cabinet-maker.

MRS. RUNNINGTON'S WIG.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*

MRS. RUNNINGTON wore a wig
 Contriv'd to peep at a man,
 And every feature to twig,
 As commode as the sticks of a fan ;
 For the book of her labour and cares
 Now drew pretty near the last page ;
 And this twig had a few grizzly hairs
 That escap'd from the ravage of age.
 Mr. Doddington—ah ! a nice man !
 Rather old, and a little a prig,
 Fell in ecstasy, stark staring mad,
 With sweet Mistress Runnington's wig !

Mr. Doddington wore a wig,
 To hide his poor head so crazy—
 'Twas neither too little nor big,
 Nor so much a wig as a jasey :
 But he wheez'd pretty much with a cough,
 And, being long since past his prime,
 He look'd, when the jasey was off,
 Exactly the figure of Time.

Mrs. Runnington fell in the snare,
 Thus laid by this amorous sprig,
 Believing 'twas natural hair,
 As did he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

He kiss'd her, the bargain to strike—
 For they both had agreed on the match,
 When the wirework of her vandyke
 Caught the buckle that fastened his scratch.

In vain they both struggled and grinn'd—
 'Twas useless to labour and pull ;
 Their nappers as tightly were pinn'd
 As the dog at the nose of a bull.
 At length both the fabrics so crazy
 By a resolute effort and big,
 Down fell Mr. Doddington's jasey,
 And poor Mrs. Runnington's wig.
 Now, as bald as my hand, or two coots,
 They stood petrified at the disaster,
 But it soon finish'd all their disputes,
 And tied their affection the faster.
 Each admiring the other's good sense,
 Made the best of their dismal miscarriage,
 And alleg'd, in their mutual defence,
 Secrets e'er should be kept before marriage.
 Though they look'd like two monkeys run crazy,
 While they laugh'd at the frolicsome rig,
 She restor'd Mr. Doddington's jasey,
 And he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Jingling Johnny."]

I SING, I sing, in jingling rhymes, sirs,
 In praise of long-past good old times, sirs ;
 When female servants house-work would do,
 And dress'd themselves as servants should do ;
 But now the servants, people tell us,
 Think of nought but running after the fellows :
 And all the wages that they gathers
 Goes for finery, hats, and feathers.

Sing hey, sing ho, people grieve,
 For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

When near our houses might be seen fields,
 And a short walk took you to the green fields,
 Where you might sing Nature's praises,
 Or pick a bowpot of blooming daisies.

But now if a man cannot endure all
 The noise of town, and wants to be rural,
 He'll find the charms of Nature undone,
 And a good day's journey to get out of London.
 Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

When every man, whether wise or ninny,
 Was pleased at the sight of a good old guinea ;
 The front of it had the old king's face on—
 The back, the royal arms and old spade ace on :
 But now there's a sovereign, and people tell you
 It is not worth so much in value ;
 For there's King George, without a rag on,
 Galloping over an ugly dragon.
 Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

When roast beef was eaten off platters wooden,
 And nobody never dined without puddin' ;
 When songs were longer, and sung much louder,
 And beaux wore pig-tails, pomatum, and powder ;
 But now our beaux of pride are slighsters,
 Keep company with gamblers and fancy fighters ;
 And instead of hair-powder, great and small, now,
 Never comb their heads at all now.
 Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

When rogues had a bold as well as a sly way,
 And went with pistols on the highway,
 Stopp'd the travellers, and without detail,
 Robb'd him of his cash by retail ;
 But now despising petty stealers,
 Some are in robbery wholesale dealers,
 Get into credit—live quite dashing,
 And pay their debts with a clean whitewashing.
 Sing hey, sing ho, &c.

When drinking ale made strong men stronger,
 And doctors made folk live the longer ;
 Our grandfathers brew'd stout October,
 And thought it sinful to go to bed sober ;

So thin I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
 Until I reached the course, where everything was gay,
 sirs ;

It's thin I spied a wooden house, and in the upper
 story

The band struck up a tune, called "Garry Owen and
 Glory."

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and
 lasses dancing,

And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they
 were prancing,

Some was drinking whisky-punch, while others bawled
 out gaily,

"Hurrah, then, for the shamrock green, and the
 splinter of shillelagh!"

There was betters to and fro, to see who would win
 the race, sirs,

And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to
 me face, sirs ;

Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it
 down this minute."

"Ah, thin ten to one," says I, "the foremost horse
 will win it."

When the players came to town, and a funny set was
 they,

I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play ;

They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything
 so gaily,

But I found myself at home when they struck up
 "Paddy Cary."

I'M VERY FOND OF WATER.

From "Blackwood's Magazine."] [Music by J. L. HATTON.

I'm very fond of water,

I drink it noon and night,

Not Rechab's son or daughter

Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily,
 And nectar it doth seem,
 When once I've mixed it gaily
 With sugar and with cream ;
 But I forgot to mention
 That in it first I see
 Infused with some attention
 Good Mocha or Bohea.
 I'm very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night,
 No mother's son or daughter
 Hath therein more delight.

At luncheon, too, I drink it,
 And strength it seems to bring ;
 When really good, I think it
 A liquor for a king—
 But I forgot to mention,
 ('Tis best to be sincere)
 I use an old invention
 That makes it into beer.

I'm very fond of water, &c.
 I drink it, too, at dinner,
 I quaff it full and free,
 And find, as I'm a sinner,
 It does not disagree—
 But I forgot to mention,
 As thus I drink and dine,
 To save all apprehension,
 I join some sherry wine.

I'm very fond of water, &c.
 And then, when dinner's over,
 And business far away,
 I feel myself in clover,
 And sip my *eau sucré*—
 But I forgot to mention
 I love to add a smack
 (To obviate distension)
 Of whisky or cognac.

I'm very fond of water, &c.

At last, when evening closes,
 With something nice to eat,
 The best of sleeping doses
 In water still I meet—
 But I forgot to mention
 I think it not a sin
 To cheer the day's declension
 By pouring in some gin.
 I'm very fond of water,
 It ever must delight
 Each mother's son or daughter,
 When qualified aright.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

YOUNG ladies all, as true as fate,
 Ere wed, your heart will break,
 If from the bread-and-butter plate
 The last bit you should take.
 And pray don't throw a chance away,
 Nor, like Miss Tomkins halt ;
 She's single to this very day,
 Because—she spilt the salt !

CHORUS.

Young ladies all, heed what I say,
 These things I'll prove, you'll see ;
 Tho' laugh you may, you'll find, some day,
 They're true as truth can be !

Twelve months, at least, I'm sure 'twill be
 Before you change your name,
 If, when you wish to snuff the light,
 By chance put out the flame.
 No doubt it makes you quite perplex'd
 Encountering such woes,
 Just now—I knew you would be vex'd—
 I saw you scratch your nose !

Pray, do you ever fall upstairs ?
 If so, 'twill joy betide ;
 My goodness me ! you soon will be,
 Aye, very soon, a bride !
 But mind, I say, you'll wish in vain
 For husbands, rings, or wives ;
 They'll all be driven from your brain
 If you should cross two knives !

With dreadful signs last night was fraught
 (It frighten'd my poor sire) :
 A winding-sheet—oh, horrid thought !
 And a coffin—from the fire !
 A letter in the candle shone,
 I started, and bless'd my stars ;
 And now I recollect there was
 A stranger on the bars !

To turn your money, always seek
 The new moon ; but, alas !
 If you'd unlucky fate escape,
 Don't look at it through glass !
 Good news you'll get, if you should put
 One stocking wrong side on ;
 You may depend this is a fact—
 So says my cousin John.

Ross lost his ships, and all because,
 Consulting wind and tide, he
 (Oh, short of sight !) thought all was right,
 And started—on a Friday !
 The sad disasters of his crew
 Might all have been averted,
 If on their track some friend, a!ack,
 An old shoe had but flirted !

Don't laugh, I pray—Miss Dobbs, one day,
 Turn'd up her nose—(I had her !)
 She, clever lass, thought fit to pass
 Beneath a bricklayer's ladder !

I told her how unlucky 'twas,
 In a minute's time, or shorter,
 Convinced was she—good gracious me!
 By a precious lump of mortar!
 Young ladies all, I wish you well,
 In country and in town,
 Though I these little follies show,
 You mustn't on me frown:
 With novels never fill your heads,
 Or any false traditions,
 And if you lead a happy life,
 Then laugh at superstitions.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

A PARODY.

J. E. CARPENTER.] [Air—"When you and I were boys."

'Tis fifty years, my old friend Jack,
 Since you and I were boys;
 You recollect it, you wore frills
 And I wore—corderoys;
 'Twas very lucky those same things
 Were made as tough as leather,
 For *cane* not *cram* was then the word,
 When we were boys together.
 Still those young days, my old friend Jack,
 Nor you nor I forget,
 We fancied, then, we were in love
 With every girl we met;
 We sheep's-eyes cast, and bull's-eyes sucked,
 And still I ask you whether
 Our loves' have been more true than when
 We both were boys together.
 Oh! then how gay our play-time was,
 With hoop, or top, or buttons,
 And, Jack, you know *that* pastrycook's—
 Where we were two young gluttons.

Since then we've been to whitebait feeds—

Where aldermen do gather,
But where is now the appetite
We had, when boys together?

You well remember, Jack, the time
When holidays came round,
How rich we thought ourselves when in
Our pockets we'd a pound;
In those old days we'd *fly our kite*
In spite of wind or weather;
But can we fly them as we did
When we were boys together?

You recollect, my old friend Jack,
We thought our elders fools,
To toil and moil from morn to night,
To work with pens or tools.
We've had to buckle to since then
To strive our nests to feather,
And find it harder than we thought
When we were boys together.

Yet, after all, my old friend Jack,
Things come right in the end,
We've learnt, what then we scarcely knew,
The value of a friend—
That hearts, when warm, may keep their youth,
That age finds sunny weather,
And that we can, in scenes like this,
Again be boys together.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

I'M named for a song, and I cannot refuse,
So to make it amusing, I call for my muse;
And if she prove kind, I'll endeavour to raise,
Not some *plays* upon *words*, but some *words* upon
plays.

One "*John King*," a tailor, a bit of a Don,
 (For he said his name, "*John King*," came down from
 "*King John*"),

He read *Shakespeare's* works, as he work'd cloth or
 camlet,

Was cock of the village and king of the "*Hamlet*."

Madam Venus and Cupid, of all hearts assailers,
 They rule all rich kings, as well as poor tailors ;
 They both did combine poor John King's heart to
 wheedle,

Until he did not care a pin for his needle.

Like "*Romeo and Juliet*," their love was not free,
 And two of a trade, you know, seldom agree ;
 His heart, hot as Romeo's, was in the fire souse,
 For his Julie's papa kept an *opposite house*.

One Mr. Lock, merchant, went to her to woo,
 Not "*The Merchant of Venice*," though rich as a Jew ;
 His person was *low*, though he sign'd himself I. Lock,
 He gave her a "*Lear*," and he was not a "*Shy Lock*."

This rival, the poor tailor thought he could suit :
 He'd the ambition of "*Macbeth*" and "*Richard*" to
 boot ;

So he said, Mr. Lock, you're a cowardly fellow,
 My heart's fill'd with jealousy strong as "*Othello*."

The tailor fought just like a man for his treasure,
 But Mr. Lock soon gave him "*Measure for Measure* ;"

So after the "*Tempest*," he found to his cost,
 In regard to his fighting, 'twas "*Love's Labour Lost*."

"*Two Gentlemen*" stopp'd "*Much Ado About
 Nothing*,"

So the tailor went home to repair his torn clothing ;
 He could not believe it—to him it did seem,
 Tho' done in the day—" *A Midsummer Night's
 Dream*."

So the tailor by Julie got left in the lurch,
 For I. Lock, in wedlock, lock'd her fast at church ;
 But ere the "*Twelfth Night*," he the wedding did rue :
 He could not accomplish "*The Taming of the Shrew*."

In vain now John King to forget his love strives,
 'Tis a good "*Winter's Tale*" among all "*Merry Wives*."
 My song's at an end, and here I shall strike it,
 If "*All's Well that Ends Well*," and 'tis "*As You
 Like It*."

WERY PEKOOLiar; OR, THE LISPING LOVER.

[JACOB BEULER.]

HAVE you e'er been in love? If you haven't I have.
 To the mighty god *Koopid* I've been a great thlave !
 He thot in my buthom a quiver of harrows,
 Like naughty boys thoot at cock robins and thpar-
 rows.

My heart was as pure as the white alabathter
 Till *Koopid* my buthom weak did overmathter.
 Then ye Gods only know how I lov'd one Mith *Julia*,
 There was something about her tho very pekooliar.

(*Spoken*) Wery, wery pekooliar—wery pekooliar in-
 deed !

There was something about her tho very pekooliar !

We met first at a Ball where our hands did entwine,
 And I did thqueedge her finger and she did thqueedge
 mine :

To be my next partner I ventured to preth her,
 And I found that she lithp'd when she anther'd me
 "Yeth, thir."

Now in lithping, I think, there is something uncom-
 mon.

I love, in pertiklar, a lithp in a woman ;
 I'm thure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith *Julia*,
 There was something about it tho wery pekooliar !

(Spoken) Wery pekooliar ! wery pekooliar indeed !
There was something about it tho wery pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,
And then in her eye there was thomething pekooliar ;
Speaking wolumes, it darted each glance to one's mar-
row,

As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow,
A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added wigor,—
A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure.

But not tho the catht in the eye of Miss Julia,
There was something about it tho wery pekooliar.

(Spoken) Wery pekooliar ! wery pekooliar indeed !
There was something about it tho wery pekooliar !

Good friends were we thoon, and midst thmiles and
midst tears,

I courted her nearly for three or four years ;
I took her to plays and to balls—oh, ye powers !
How thweetly and thwiftly did then pass my hours !
But once, oh, e'en now, I my feelings can't thmother,
She danced all the evening along with another ;
I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
But I couldn't help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar !

(Spoken.) Wery pekooliar ! wery pekooliar indeed,
thir.

Yeth, I couldn't help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar.

I went next day to thcold ; when she to my heart's core
Cut me up by requething I'd come there no more ;
And I thould be affronted if longer I tarried,
For next week to another she was to be married.

"Gods ! Julia," thaid I, " why you do not thay tho ?"

" Yeth, but I do, thir, tho you'd better go."

" Well, I thall go—but thurely you'llown it, Mith Julia,
Your behaviour to me hath been wery pekooliar ?"

(Spoken.) Wery pekooliar ! wery pekooliar indeed,
Mith ! wery pekooliar !

Tho from that day to this, I have never theen Julia,
Her behaviour to me tho' was very pekooliar.

WERY RIDICULOUS!

OR, MISS JULIA AND MISTER NICHOLAS.

[JACOB BEULER.]

You've heard Mister Nicholas say of his Julia
 There was summut about her so wery pekooliar ;
 But I wish, being now in the answering way,
 To his features I might a like compliment pay.
 He was short, and snub-nosed, and a himperant
 fellow,
 And his teeth as the glove on his hand was as yellow.
 When he grinn'd, what a bull-and-mouth jaw had
 young Nicholas !
 Not only disgusting, but wery ridiculous !
 (*Spoken.*) Wery ridiculous !

He tells you the fact, how we met at a ball,
 And he was my partner, or have none at all !
 But, lauks ! I was hurt at his being polite.
 He thought me an angel, I thought him a fright !
 If I lisp'd him a question—now wasn't it shocking ?
 He lisp'd me an answer, as if he were mocking ;
 Blushed—and he thought it was love, did young
 Nicholas—
 'Twas but at his dancing so wery ridiculous !
 (*Spoken.*) Wery ridiculous !

Ye gods ! only judge of my woe, when to dance
 He, bowing and scraping, one night did advance,
 With “Woulez wous danser ?”—by which he did
 mean
 “Will you be my partner ?” Oh, judge of the scene !
 The wretch had approached me—it really was shocking !
 In black tights, that ended in white cotton stocking.
 My heart was too hurt to reprove Mr. Nicholas,
 Though his conduct, you'll own, was most monstrous
 ridiculous.
 (*Spoken.*) Monstrous ridiculous !

I rose from my seat, and bade him depart,
 With a look that ought to have broken his heart ;
 But still he persisted, and said, " Ah, provoker !
 You don't mean to dance with young Balls the pawn-
 broker ?"

" I've pledged myself to him," said I, " for the night.
 He capers in nankeens, and stockings of white ;
 While you—oh, disgusting !—away, Mr. Nicholas,
 Your magpie-like legs are so wery ridiculous !"

(*Spoken.*) Wery ridiculous !

I danced all the night, and I flirted my fan,
 With young Mr. Balls, the dear, delicate man.
 As dancing I'm fond of, I think you'll agree,
 A pawnbroker was the best partner for me ;
 So I've married to make the wretch happy, I'm sure,
 And we've plenty of balls, with three over the door ;
 While pining and lispings, I've left Mr. Nicholas,
 His horrid black breeches were far too ridiculous.

(*Spoken.*) Wery ridiculous !

THE RED TAPE-WORM.

A PARODY.

[*Air*—"The Ivy Green."]

OH, a comical thing is the red tape-worm,
 If to Somerset House you go,
 'Twixt ten and four, and the place explore,
 You will see the way they grow ;
 They're very shortsighted, have very weak eyes,
 Their drink it is Allsop's pale,
 And the very bestist of anatomists
 Can't make of them head or tail.

Creeping while you wait your turn,
 You daily may see the red tape-worm.

The red tape-worm's all alive at night,
 In the daytime he's dead, almost ;
 If you talk of ink, he to sleep will sink
 In his cell, 'neath a Government post.

You may see them crawl along Whitehall,
 And they'd Newton or Shakespeare fry
 In Downing-street, where their slime you meet,
 Ere they'd let one tape-worm die.

Creeping, yet the more they earn
 The less they do, the red tape-worm.

The red tape-worm is tricky, if slow,
 He envies no one his fate ;
 He'll fatten and feed, like the rest of his breed,
 On the body corporate.
 If you get in his claw it's worse than law,
 In spite of the law's delay ;
 For he loves to shirk the slightest work,
 And his single word is " pay."
 The spirit and body, substance and form,
 Are all chawed up by the red tape-worm.

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

A PARODY.

[*Air*—" Meet me by Moonlight alone."]

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,
 At the grove at the end of the vale,
 But be sure that you don't come alone,
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale ;
 A nice bit of beef, and some bread,
 Some pickles, and cowcubbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head—
 'Tis the loveliest tit-bit e'er was seen.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone, &c.

Pastry may do for the gay,
 Old maids may find comfort in tea,
 But there's something about ham and beef
 That agrees a deal better with me.
 Then mind you be sure to be there—
 O come, if my dear life you prize ;
 I'd have lived the last fortnight on air,
 But you sent me two nice mutton pies.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone, &c.

THE JOLLY DOG.

Parodied from the German.]

[Air—"Oh, Cruel."]

I'M what you call "a jolly dog,"
 I once had lots of tin,
 My pennies went for 'bacca
 And my shillings went for gin ;
 The landlords and the wenches
 That once I used to know,
 Now cut me at my coming,
 Or else chaff me when I go.
 My waistcoat and my trousers
 Most ruefully are rent.
 Now, when I can, I borrow,
 Not of those I've often lent ;
 And if there were no highways
 I'd stay at home and think ;
 And if there were no gin-shops—
 Why then I couldn't drink.

DER LUSTIGE BRUDER.

German Volkslieder.]

[Air—"Oh, Cruel."]

Ein Heller und ein Batzen,
 War'n allzwei Beide mein,
 Der Heller ward du Wasser,
 Der Batzen ward zu Wein.
 Die Wirthsleut' und die Mäd'el,
 Die rufen beid, "O weh !"
 Die Wirthsleut' wenn ich komme.
 Die Mäd'el wenn ich geh.
 Mein' Stiefel sind zerrissen
 Mein' Schuh, die sind entzwei,
 Und draussen auf der Haide
 Da singt der Vogel frei.
 Und gäb's kein Landstrass, nirgend,
 Da säss' ich still zu Haus ;
 Und gäb's kein Loch im Fasse,
 Da tränk' ich gar nicht drauss.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Nice Young Girl,"

I SING of Golden good Queen Bess,"

The child of Bluff King Hal!

Whom some scribes paint without a fault,

And such "a nice young gal!"

The acts she did unfeminine

I think were—not all pretty!

'Twas a man's part rendered graphic'ly

By a sort of Master Betty!

Her reign had Bacon—Shakespeare, who

With her name will go down!

A human Lion—Unicorn

Supporting her bright crown!

Lawyer—poet! each with such

A talent that we feel

One was his country's Bacon, as

The other was its *weal*!

The learned lawyer took great pains

That none should wisdom lack;

For Bacon then was always found

To be upon the *rack*,

Till law itself this learned pig

Did by the tail secure.

Alas! alas! what *suffrances*Did *Sir Francis* endure!

Then she had Raleigh, whose red cloak

Made him long live in clover!

To use it fate did him *be-hove*,Lest his mistress might *be over*!

A courtier!—soldier—statesman—

Beheaded for no crimes!

A man who did the leadership—

The Walter of the *Times*!

Queen Bess said she'd ne'er marry, though

She chances had, no doubt;

Refusals she gave flatly three

And offers three are *out*!

Earl Essex was near wedding, but
 O ! luckiest of chaps !
 Off at the end the match was broke,
 And he 'scaped the brimstone, p'rhaps !

Once riding with her, Essex said,
 "Your shunning me's a bad loss !
 If I had you I should not take
A gal up on a sad loss !"
 A loud horse-laugh she gave, then said,
 "Your wish if you could get,
 You might lose *by a head*, did you
 E'er chance a Sovereign Bet !"

Embracing her, said Phil of Spain,
 "Oh, Bessy, let me woo !—
 I'd *span a shape*."—"No, no," cried she,
 "No Spanish ape like you !"
 She said she would be "England's bride,"
 Nor love for man evince ;
 Thus *Celibacy* is a word
 From Silly Bessy ever since !

Eliza fond was of bull baits,
 And oft at Bankside found ;
 'Twas there she'd take her pleasure *whole*
 As 'twas her *Pleasure Ground* !
 Indeed, to face an ox herself,
 'Tis said the deed she'd do :
 That is to say, she'd *probe a bull* :
 Which is *probe a bull-y* true.

To Purfleet the Armada came,
 A sight to Drake as nought.
 "At Tilbury Fort, is it ?" said he ;
 "I'd not give a '*tilbury*' for't !"
 And soon its hash he settled, and
 So made bold Philip run it ;
 Cried Drake, "Ah, Spain ! *here lies her wrecks* !
 And *Eliza Rex* has done it !"

So Bessy ruled Old England well,
 And seldom foe subdued her ;
 Her life seem'd here *beatitude* ;
 Then hail to Betty Tudor !
 We've sovereigns had, some good, some bad,
 Some stupid, others stupider ;
 But none demurs in calling hers—
 “ *A golden reign, by Jupiter !*”

[The above is from the forthcoming publication by Mr. James Bruton, entitled the “Comic Idylls of the Kings,” of which “Sharpe’s Magazine,” for May, 1866, says :—“We have since been favoured with a glimpse at the proof sheets, and from what we have seen we can assure the lovers of comic literature that there is a rich treat in store for them. The whole of the ballads, of which there are five-and-twenty, glitter with *bon mots* and puns, which are lavishly introduced with that ingenuity and peculiar vein of humour of which the author is so great a master.”]

NOW CAN'T YOU BE AISY ?

CHARLES LEVER.]

{ *Tune*—“Arrah, Katty, now
 can't you be aisy ?”

OH ! what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
 And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded ;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive all the girls half crazy ;
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 “Mr. Free, now—why can't you be aisy ?”

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at Talavera,
 And then I'll just add how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the Bolera ;
 How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy ;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 “Arrah, Mickey—now can't you be aisy ?”

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air, too,
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair, too ;
 How he'd call out to me—" Pass the wine, Mr. Free,
 For you're a man never is lazy !"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 " Arrah, Mickey dear—can't you be aisy !"
 I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him ;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 But, " Acushla," says I, " the truth is, I'm shy !
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy !
 And I swore on the book—" she gave me a look,
 And cried, " Mickey—now can't you be aisy ?"

AN ORDER OF REMOVAL.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"Cork Leg."]

TIMOTHY MONK was a friend of mine,
 He carried on trade in the general line ;
 He served his customers far and near,
 And he likewise served as an overseer.

The paupers plagued him out of his rest,
 But Bet Fogo was his greatest pest ;
 She'd a wooden leg, which proved a peg
 On which to hang an excuse to beg.

He had her examined, in order to show
 What right she had to bother him so ;
 Her claim on the parish he found was wrong,
 For—to be short—she didn't belong.

Her settlement proved to be Liverpool town,
 An order was signed to be sending her down ;
 And as to visit poor Monk she'd often come,
 They gave him the pleasure of seeing her home.

Monk left his wife in great dejection,
With Bet Fogo under his protection ;
On the rail she'd a seat in front assigned,
Although she wished to be left behind.

Bet tried all means to trouble poor Monk,
And put him at last in a terrible funk ;
She moaned and groaned, and seemed to say,
She was going to travail a different way.

Her pains went off as the train went on,
'Twas late at night when the journey was done ;
Monk sent her to bed, and for fear she should stray,
He screwed off her leg and took it away.

Next morn Bet Fogo began to relate
To the people around her terrible state ;
How the overseer had stolen her limb,
And taken it off to bed with him.

The people when they heard of the fact,
Said, "'Twas all along of the Poor-law Act ;
They takes poor people's legs o' nights,
Because they shan't stand up for their rights."

"The Poor-law Act," said Bet Fogo,
"Can part a man from his wife, we know ;
But they stretch their power beyond what's right
To part poor people's legs all night."

Monk soon to the proper authorities hied,
And gave up her leg, and her body beside ;
And if her in keeping they should fail,
He showed them how they might take leg bail.

Monk thought he was now of care relieved,
But when he got home he was undeceived ;
For his wife grew jealous, and broke his head,
For taking Bet Fogo's leg to bed.

MRS. JOHN SINGLETON'S BALL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"The Charming Woman."]

DEAR FANNY, I'll tell you about it,
 It was such a "stuck-up" affair ;
 I mean Mrs. Singleton's rout : it
 Was at their new house in the square.
 My wonder is, not they should give it,
 But that they got through it at all ;
 And, more, that they all should outlive it,
 It was such a wonderful ball.
 It's wonderful how some folks do it,
 But they do—when they get up a ball.
 They'd been for a fortnight preparing
 The suite of apartments, I know ;
 I thought the effect rather glaring—
 It look'd all the world like a show.
 The flowers were so badly selected,
 "A failure" was whisper'd by all ;
 Though, really, no more I expected
 At Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 When I heard the greengrocer 'd contracted
 For the greens and the waiting and all.
 I must not forget, "fancy dresses"
 Were strictly expressed on the card ;
 I turn'd up my long raven tresses,
 And went as a Grenadier Guard.
 I flatter myself that Duvernay
 Had not more astonish'd them all
 Than I did, with Broom, the attorney,
 At Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 But my shako too large was by inches,
 And my what-do-you-call-'ems too small.
 There were wand'ring minstrels by dozens,
 Who play'd out of time and of tune ;
 The Singletons, brothers and cousins,
 Each play'd, to the life, the buffoon !

But, better than all, Mr. Brady,
 A young Irish gent, rather tall,
 As Cupid, inveigled each lady
 At Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 And they say the champagne made him tipsy—
 But was it champagne after all ?

The reason, in private, I mention,
 (Though certain I am 'tis correct)
 The ball was got up with intention
 To show off their girls to effect—
 Grey eyes, with red hair, and small faces,
 (But short all descriptions must fall)
 Were principal lures of those graces
 At Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 And only their brothers and cousins
 They could get to dance with them at all !

That giddy young doctor, Fitzgerald,
 ('Twas really as good as a play
 To read the account in the *Herald*)
 As Mercury figured away.
 The Singletons, sadly offended,
 Began to look blue at us all ;
 A masquerade was not intended
 By Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 And long ere the supper was ended
 The guests made a rush to the hall.

Tom Jennings—'twas very perplexing,
 Enough to make any one weep—
 Only came for the purpose of vexing,
 So brought in a friend as a sweep !
 Some pilfering scamps came through this in,
 And planted themselves in the hall ;
 The plate they had *borrow'd* was missing
 From Mrs. John Singleton's ball ;
 While their own was left safe on the table,
 For that wasn't silver at all.

At last, such a regular hustle
 I thought it imprudent to stay ;
 The glasses were smash'd in the bustle—
 'Twas time to be " up and away."
 The greengrocer's men who'd been waiting
 Had stol'n half the hats from the hall ;
 And the cabs, while we stood there debating,
 Drove off as the rain 'gan to fall—
Il n'est si grand jour qui ne vienne à vespre,
 And so had the Singleton's ball.

MY OLD WIFE.

EDWARD FARMER.]

[*Music* by G. SIMPSON, Senr.]

MY old wife is a good old cratur,
 Never was a kinder born ;
 Never did nothing to make me hate her
 Since the wedding ring she's worn.

CHORUS.

And every morning for my breakfast
 She gives me good toast and roll ;
 My old wife's a good old cratur,
 My old wife's a good old soul.

Then at night, when work is over,
 She brings my 'bacca and my beer ;
 So, you see, I lives in clover,
 Ain't my wife a good old dear ?

And when matters run three-corner'd
 She sidles up so droll and kind ;
 Gives me a buss, and gently whispers,
 " Did 'um vex it ? Never mind."

If, as now and then it happens,
 I get beery—even then
 She never says a cross word to me,
 But welcomes me with, " Well done, Ben !"

Some folks live in better houses,
 Some folks live on daintier cheer ;
 But none of them have got such spouses,
 Nor such 'bacca, nor such leer.

Blest with health and my old cratur,
 From all feuds and discord free,
 I'm quite convinced, throughout all nature,
 There ain't a happier chap than me.

THE HERO OF BALLINACRAZY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Irish Air.

WHEN I lived in sweet Ballinacrazy, dear,
 The girls were all bright as a daisy, dear ;
 When I gave them a smack, they whispered, good
 lack !
 And cried, Paddy, now can't you be aisy, dear ?

First I married Miss Dolly O'Daisy, dear,
 She had two swivel eyes, wore a jazey, dear ;
 Then to fat Miss Malone, weighing seventeen stone ;
 Then to lanthorn-jaw'd skinny O'Crazy, dear.

Then I married Miss Dorothy Taisy, dear,
 A toast once in Ballinacrazy dear ;
 Her left leg was good, but its fellow was wood,
 And she hopped like a duck round a daisy, dear.

Then I married her sister, Miss Taisy, dear,
 But she turned out so idle and lazy, dear,
 That I took from the peg my deceased lady's leg,
 For to leather the live one when lazy, dear.

Then I picked up rich old Mother Hazy, dear,
 She'd a cough, and employ'd Dr. Blazy, dear ;
 But some drops that he gave, dropt her into her
 grave,
 And her cash very soon made me aisy, dear.

Then says I to old Father O'Mazy, dear,
 "Don't my weddings and funerals plase ye, dear?"
 "Oh!" says he, "you blackguard, betwixt church
 and churchyard,
 Sure, you never will let me be aisy, dear."

Oh, ladies, I live but to plase ye, dear,
 I'm the hero of Ballinacrazy, dear;
 I'll marry you all, lean, fat, short, and tall,
 One after the other to plase ye, dear.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Drops of Brandy."]

As I sat at my desk, t'other night,
 Having nothing to do in a hurry—
 I snuff'd my old rush of a light,
 And improved upon Lindley Murray.
 Grammar a fine science is,
 It beats all your Cock Robin narratives—
 Here's my own idea—(will it friz?)
 Of Positives and Comparatives.
 Fol de rol, &c.

Having taken a searching review
 Into all things—the first I reveal y'r
 Is—a good tater's mealy, 'tis true,
 But I know a girl that's A-me-lia.
 Very poor folks' milk is skim,
 But a very fast vessel's a skimmer—
 Old maids are uncommonly prim,
 But a child's spelling book is a Primer.
 Fol de rol, &c.

Seven whole days make a week,
 But a man on a sick bed is weaker—
 A little bay, too, is a creek—
 But a new leather shoe is a creaker.

Lightning we know comes it flash,
 But a driver of donkeys is flasher—
 A man that would hang himself's rash—
 But a slice off the gammon's a rasher.
 Fol de rol, &c.

A person that's active is smart,
 But a cane or a birch rod's a smarter—
 A little fruit pie is a tart,
 But a termagant wife is a Tartar.
 At forty in years a man's ripe,
 But an apple that's rotten is riper—
 A bandanna is but a wipe,
 But a serpent, in course, is a wiper.
 Fol de rol, &c.

At sea we oft hear of a storm,
 But a scolding old woman's a stormer—
 At one hundred degrees, mind, it's warm,
 But a saucepan's considered a warmer.
 A bunion or corn makes one halt,
 But bad news you'll own makes one alter—
 A bloater is oftentimes salt,
 But is not a psalm book a psalter?
 Fol de rol, &c.

A featherbed is very down,
 But a drunkard is often a downer—
 A chestnut horse must be a brown,
 But a baker's oven's a browner.
 A sailor's drink mostly is rum,
 But a large glass is reckoned a rummer—
 Fourteen pounds weight is a stun (stone),
 But Joe Banks is reckoned a stunner.
 Fol de rol, &c.

A modest girl is very shy,
 But a county, you know, is a shire—
 A person that's thirsty is dry,
 But a jack towel's surely a dryer.

A knock at the door is a rap,
 But a Chesterfield coat is a wrapper—
 A thin piece of leather's a strap,
 But Madame P * * * * *'s a strapper.
 Fol de rol, &c.

A coquette is inconstant and flighty,
 But aeronauts must be flightier—
 St. Paul's is a structure most mighty,
 But an old rotten Stilton is miteyer.
 For a wind up, I beg to acquaint,
 I'll give you one more—it's a quainter—
 An object scarce visible's faint,
 But a girl in a fit is a fainter.
 Fol de rol, &c.

THE YORKSHIRE HORSE-DEALERS.

From "Yorkshire Ballads."] [Tune—"Derry Down."

BANE ta Claapam town-end lived an oud Yorkshire
 tike,

Who i' dealing i' horseflesh had ne'er met his like ;
 'Twor his pride that i' aw the hard bargains he'd hit,
 He'd bit a girt monny, but nivver been bit.

This oud Tommy Towers (bi that naam he wor
 knaan)

Hed an oud carrion tit that wor sheer skin an' baan ;
 Ta hev killed him for t' curs wad hev bin quite as well,
 But 'twor Tommy's opinion he'd dee on himsel !

Well ! yan Abey Muggins, a neighborin cheat,
 Thowt ta diddle oud Tommy wad be a girt treat ;
 Hee'd a horse, too, 'twor war than oud Tommy's, ye
 see,

For t'neet afore that hee'd thowt proper to dee !

Thinks Abey, t'oud codger 'll nivver smoak t' trick,
 I'll swop wi' him my poor deead horse for his wick,
 An' if Tommy I nobbut can happen ta trap,
 'Twill be a fine feather i' Aberram cap !

Soa to Toomy he goas, an' the question he pops :
 "Betwin thy horse and mine, prithee, Tommy, what
 swops?
 What wilt gi' me ta boot, for mine's t' better horse
 still?"
 "Nout," says Tommy; "I'll swop ivven hands, an'
 ye will!"

Abey preached a lang time about summat ta boot,
 Insistin' that his war the liveliest brute;
 But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
 Till Abey shook hands, and sed, "Well, Tommy,
 done!"

"O! Tommy," sed Abey, "I'ze sorry for thee,
 I thowt thou'd a hadden mair white i' thy ee;
 Good luck's wi' thy bargin, for my horse is deead."
 "Hey!" says Tommy, "my lad, soa is min, an' it's
 fleead!"

So Tommy got t' better of t' bargin, a vast,
 An' cam' off wi' a Yorkshireman's triumph at last;
 For thof 'twixt deead horses there's not mitch ta
 choose,
 Yet Tommy war richer by t' hide an' fower shoes.

THE KING OF ARRAGON.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.]

[Tune—"Alley Croaker."]

A SPANISH monarch once there was, of potentates the
 paragon,
 His court was famed for *etiquette*, and he was king of
 Arragon;
 He dearly loved each Spanish rule that ceremony
 boasted,
 And what he doted most on next, was Spanish chest-
 nuts roasted.
 Oh, the king of Arragon much ceremony boasted!
 Oh, the king of Arragon loved Spanish chestnuts
 roasted!

As round his chair his courtiers stood, all scented,
 sweet, and musky,
 Said he, "Put chestnuts in my fire, although they
 make me husky."

Which being done—on politics while he was ruminating,
 Out stole white-wand, gold-stick, black-rod, and all
 the lords-in-waiting.

In this the court of Arragon small ceremony boasted,
 But, oh! the king of Arragon, how he loved chest-
 nuts roasted.

When left alone, then thought the King, "Too near
 the fire they've set me,
 I must not rise to ring the bell, for *etiquette* won't let me :
 Lord Chamberlain will soon return, or else the fire
 will melt me,
 And if the chestnuts chance to bounce, oh, d—it! how
 they'll pelt me!"

Oh! the king of Arragon much ceremony boasted ;
 Oh! the king of Arragon, how he loved chestnuts
 roasted!

He pondered much, and then a nap his humour vastly
 suited,

When "pop" a chestnut from the fire his majesty sa-
 luted.

"Good manners in these chestnuts here," quoth he,
 "I cannot cry up ;
 It don't look much like *etiquette*, to bung their mo-
 narch's eye up."

Oh! the king of Arragon, &c.

The fire grew like a furnace hot, when back the lords
 paraded ;

The king sat sweltering in a swoon, by chestnuts can-
 nonaded ;

"Lord Chamberlain," then quoth the king of Arragon,
 recovering,

"When chestnuts next are roasted here, mind not to
 roast your sovereign."

Oh! the king of Arragon, &c.

THE DIGGINGS.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"John White."]

ALL you who have an itching palm,
 To grasp the land of gold,
 Pray pause a little while, whilst I
 A truth or two unfold.
 You're not so big but what there's room
 At home for you, as me ;
 You must be very blind, indeed,
 To go so far to sea.

Society ain't worth a song,
 It's "pickles mix'd complete,"
 The Sandwichers have mustered strong,
 And pepper all they meet ;
 The Indians quite pollute the soil,
 And smell most awful musty ;
 'Coz there they smear themselves with oil,
 Afraid of growing rusty.

The water here, from purity
 Is far enough, odds life !
 But over at the "River Fork,"
 You can cut it with a knife.
 I know there grows a mine of wealth,
 And mine I wish it were ;
 But if you to the "ovens" rush,
 You'll burn your fingers there.

Look after number one, if you
 Will to the diggings bolt,
 And though you cannot take a horse,
 Don't go without a "colt."
 To be forewarned, remember, is
 To be forearm'd, 'tis said ;
 They're best revolving in one's mind,
 Than running through one's head.

'Tis said, among the miners bold,
A deal of blood is spilt ;
I'm glad there's such a glut of gold,
But I fear it leads to g(u)ilt.
The major part of miners there
Cut very awful figures,
And really, if the gold is pure,
That's more than are the diggers.

For gold some to the current flock,
And a plum, perhaps, obtain ;
It's found in sand, but in the rock
You look for it in *vein*.
For days, and weeks, and months, perhaps,
You dig for life and soul,
And in the end you find yourself
Completely in the hole.

A lodging don't expect to find,
There's nothing of the sort ;
It's no use whining, take your tent
Before you leave the port.
Of course you'll take a cradle, too,
If you expect a bite,
To rock the golden babby, which
May never come to light.

Admitting that you light on gold,
And loaded back you stray,
The shine is taken out of you
By darkies on the way ;
They ease you of your precious load,
And, if a tree be nigh,
They very coolly cut your throat
And hang you up to dry.

As Shakespeare says, "'Twere best to bear
(And really *I* think so)
The ills we have, than fly to those
Of which we nothing know."

Go, Goldenphobist, go ! whilst I
 Enjoy, with one accord,
 My "*otium cum dig.*" at home,
 While you dig—all abroad.

HODGE AND THE VICAR.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

A POOR and honest country lout,
 Not overstocked with learning,
 Chanced on a summer's eve to meet
 The vicar home returning.
 "Ah ! Master Hodge," the vicar cried,
 "What, still as wise as ever ?
 The people in the village say
 That you are wondrous clever."

"Why, Master Parson, as to that,
 I beg you'll right conceive me,
 I do na' brag, but yet I know
 A thing or two, believe me."
 "We'll try your skill," the parson cried,
 "For learning what digestion ;
 And this you'll prove or right or wrong,
 By solving me a question.

"Noah of old three babies had,
 Or grown-up children rather ;
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called,
 Now, who was Japhet's father ?"
 "Rat it !" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,
 "That does my wits belabour ;
 But howsumever I'll homeward run,
 And ax old Giles my neighbour."

To Giles he went, and put the case
 With circumspect intention ;
 "Thou fool," cried Giles, "I'll make it clear
 To thy dull comprehension.

“Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle-doctor rather ;
Tom, Dick, and Harry they are called,
Now, who is Harry’s father ?”

“Adzooks ! I have it,” Hodge replied,
“Right well I know your lingo ;
Who’s Harry’s father ? stop—here goes—
Why, Tom Long Smith, by jingo !”
Away he ran to find the priest,
With all his might and main, sir,
Who with good humour instant put
The question once again, sir.

“Noah of old three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather ;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called,
Now, who was Japhet’s father ?”

“I have it now,” Hodge grinning cried,
“I’ll answer like a proctor.

“Who’s Japhet’s father ?—now I know—
Why, Tom Long Smith, the doctor !”

THE GILT OFF THE GINGERBREAD.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—“Granny Snow.”]

MY dear old home far in the dell,
O’erhung with eglantine !
In life’s young day, I loved it well—
In manhood and decline !
O, better far than gilded dome
In city haunts to view—
Was that dear roof of my old home—
Save when *the rain came through !*

CHORUS.

Ah ! care and woe on all below
Will baleful influence shed,
And take away the gilt, we know,
From off the gingerbread !

Dear primitive romantic spot
 Of innocence and ease :
 By fairy sought—by man forgot,
 Embosom'd in the trees !
 A little Eden was that glen—
 The hills a diorama !—
 Most musical its maids and men—
 Save for *their shocking grammar !*
 Ah ! care, &c.

The pretty church upon the hill,
 The pleasant fields beyond,
 The rustic bridge, the moss-clad mill,
 Both threadled by a pond !
 Undying summer there had crown'd
 The valleys, hills, and dells,
 And everything was sweet around,
 Save for those bad drainage *smells !*
 Ah ! care, &c.

Ah ! in that Eden spot it seem'd
 That earth's first joy remain'd,
 For there perpetual sunshine gleam'd,
 And quiet nature reign'd !
 Oh ! in that solitude there stirr'd
 No sound the ear to shock :
 Save when amidst our calm was heard
The loud tax-gath'rer's knock.
 Ah ! care, &c.

'Twas sweet at early hour to stray
 And see, with wond'ring eyes,
 The gorgeous East bepaint the day
 With many colour'd dyes !
 The coursers of the Sun to mark—
 The Moon as in a prism,
 To catch the first note of the lark,
 And then—*the rheumatism !*
 Ah ! care, &c.

Dear scene of many happy years !
 And hast thou passed away ?
 And yet I see thee, through my tears,
 As 'twere but yesterday !
 Ah ! ruthless time, why didst thou frown,
 And mark me in thy track ?
 Why cause the house to tumble down,
And pitch me on my back ?
 Ah ! care, &c.

THE WONDERFUL SKITTLE-PLAYER!

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[*Air*—"Derry Down."]

BARON BOWLEMDOWNDINGSBORFF, as old legends say,
 In Amsterdam lived, and played skittles all day,
 With Mynheer Rollempolem, the idlest of lubbers,
 But those who at *bowls* play, will sometimes get *rub-*
bers. Derry down, &c.

And the Baron once catching Mynheer playing foul,
 Knocked him straight on the head, in a rage, with a
 bowl,
 For which, as none could again set up the sinner,
 The Baron was ordered a *chop* for his dinner.
 Derry down, &c.

"I'm content," he exclaimed, "but one boon grant
 me, pray,
 Ere my head on the block, like a blockhead, I lay ;
 On the scaffold, at skittles a game let me win,
 I shall die quite content—I shall not care a pin."
 Derry down, &c.

"Agreed !" cried the judge. Well, the fatal day came,
 When the Baron was brought out to play his last game.
 On the scaffold the skittles and axe were both ready,
 With a gallon of Hollands, just to keep his hand
 steady. Derry down, &c.

Jack Ketch set the pins up, the sheriff kept count,
 'Twas settled a score was to be the amount :
 Said the Baron, said he—"Till 'tis one by the clock,
 I shall play for my life, stake my head 'gainst the
 block." Derry down, &c.

Well, he played with great glee, forgetting, poor elf !
 That the next dead man down might, alas ! be himself—
 When the holy friar, who was quite tired of staying,
 Said, "'Tis clear to be seen for his life he is playing."
 Derry down, &c.

The sheriff, too, thinking he would never give o'er—
 For he still kept exclaiming, "Another bowl more!"
 Here whispered Jack Ketch, who stood close at their
 backs,
 "When next he stoops down, make sharp work with
 your axe." Derry down, &c.

To cut short my tale, Jack obeyed the command,
 And the poor Baron soon had his head in his hand—
 For rising up quick to see what had occurred,
 He took his own head for the bowl, 'pon my word.
 Derry down, &c.

Though somewhat confused, as you'll guess, by his loss,
 At the skittles he threw it with wonderful force ;
 When all nine falling down, so correct was the aim,
 The head holloa'd out, "Damme, I've won the game !"
 Derry down, &c.

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR.

[CHARLES LEVER.]

AV I was a monarch in state,
 Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
 With the best of fine victuals to eat,
 And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
 A rasher of bacon I'd have,
 And potatoes the finest was seen, sir ;
 And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
 But a keg of old Mullen's potteen, sir,
 With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
 Whom they say in their own times was frisky,
 But trust me to keep out the cowld,
 The Romans at home here like whisky.
 Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
 It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
 It teaches both science and art,
 And disposes for love or for fightin'.
 Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*

To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chase that makes up our delight:
 We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.
 Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a
 grace,
 That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase.
 Hark away! hark away! all nature looks gay,
 And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black—
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
 Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone;
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode on a proud roan:
 But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
 Was the Squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a
 gray. Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that climbs
 rocks,
 And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox,
 Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and search,
 And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch;
 Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze from
 the south,
 And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
 Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
 And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'd back,
 That all England throughout can't produce such a pack.
 Thus, having described you, dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns sound a
 call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall;
 The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard:
 Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chase.
 Hark away! hark away! while our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

A TRULY RURAL PARTY OF PLEASURE.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.]

{ *Tune*—"The King and
 { the Countryman."

A PARTY of pleasure! a party of four,
 Too few if one less, too many if more;
 A man and his wife, a beau and a belle,
 Set out on a journey from—whence I wont tell.
 On a truly-rural, ri-to-lural,
 Party of pleasure bent!

One sketched upon paper a plan of the tour,
 A peep at all places of note to ensure;
 Oh! think how divine, when the weather is fine,
 To go *via* Brussels as far as the Rhine.

On a truly, &c.

The Rhine is a river all tourists should see;
 That any can miss it astonishes me!
 No place of repute on the road we'll let slip,
 But we look to the Rhine as the pride of our trip.
 On our truly, &c.

The bachelor beau when we landed in France,
 Was judiciously placed at the head of finance ;
 And ere we set out, as a matter of course,
 He put in his pocket a very big purse.

On our truly, &c.

I hate English money ; I own that I dote
 On the high-sounding name of a hundred-franc note ;
 Four *pounds* may sound paltry, but tell it in francs,
 And we fear not a check to our travelling pranks.

On a truly, &c.

But when four times four English pounds we can
 count

(Which changed into francs to four hundred amount),
 To Constantinople away we may dash,
 Without the least fear of exhausting our cash.

On a truly, &c.

We changed it to dollars before we set out ;
 We like solid coin, and a purse that is stout ;
 So the bachelor beau bought a sort of a sack,
 And he tottered away with the load on his back.

On his truly, &c.

We travelled by day, and we rested by night ;
 Our purse it was heavy, our hearts they were light ;
 We feasted like princes, but sipping our wine,
 Said we, " We'll drink Hock when we get to the
 Rhine."

On our truly, &c.

At Brussels, delighted we rose with the lark,
 The playbill we read ere we walked in the park ;
 "'Tis *Robert le Diable* ! how very divine !"
 And to-morrow, of course, we set out for the Rhine.

On our truly, &c.

Gods ! what has befallen the man of finance !
 How pallid his cheek ! how distracted his glance !
 Can the bachelor beau wear that visage of gloom ?
 Sure 'tis *Robert le Diable* just fresh from the tomb.

On his truly, &c.

“We’re lost! we’re undone!” cried the man of
finance,
“Sure never had mortal so sad a mischance!
What demon possessed us! Ah! why did we
come?
We haven’t got money to carry us home!”
From our truly, &c.

“No money!” exclaimed Mr. Dee, in despair;
“No money!” cried Mrs. D., tearing her hair;
“No money!” said frantic Elizabeth Roe;
“No money!” responded the bachelor-beau.
For our truly, &c.

“I’ve only got money to take us half-way.”
“What! none for a dinner? what! none for the
play?”
“What! none?” said Elizabeth Roe, turning pale,
“I wanted to purchase the sweetest lace veil!”
On our truly, &c.

No dinner! no coffee! no supper! no lace!
And though we were each of us booked for a *place*,
’Twas no chance at the play;—so, we started at
nine
By a coach that did *not* go the road to the Rhine.
On our truly, &c.

Oh! had you but seen us at Lisle the next day!
How could we have breakfast with nothing to pay?
And the man of finance just awoke from a nap,
With the purse on his head for a travelling cap!
On our truly, &c.

Cried poor Mr. Dee, “Let our watches be sold;”
“And here,” said his wife, “is my chain of pure
gold;”
“And here are my earrings,” Elizabeth muttered,
“Oh! get me some coffee and toast that is but-
tered.”
On our truly, &c.

But oh ! in that moment of panic and grief,
 An elderly gentleman gave us relief ;
 When he heard of our wants, he unbuttoned his coat,
 And obligingly lent us a hundred-franc note.
 On our truly, &c.

MORAL.

Ye tourists attend, and my moral discern ;
 Whenever you *go*, bear in mind your *return* ;
 And, in some little pocket, be sure that you pack
 Just money sufficient to carry you back !
 From your truly, &c.

I MUST COME OUT NEXT SPRING,
 MAMMA.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

I MUST come out next spring, mamma,
 I must come out next spring ;
 To keep me with my governess
 Would be a cruel thing.
 Whene'er I view my sisters dress'd,
 In leno and in lace,
 Miss Twig's apartment seems to be
 A miserable place.
 I must come out next spring, mamma, &c.
 I'm very sick of Grosvenor-square,
 The path within the rails ;
 I'm weary of Telemachus,
 And such outlandish tales :
 I hate my French—my vile Chambaud,
 In tears I've turn'd his leaves ;
 Oh ! let me Frenchify my hair,
 And take to *gigot* sleeves.
 I must come out next spring, mamma, &c.
 I know quite well what I would say
 To partners at a ball ;
 I've got a pretty speech or two,
 And they would serve for all.

If a hussar,—I'd praise his horse,
 And win a smile from him ;
 And if a naval man, I'd lisp,
 " Pray, captain, do you swim ?"
 I must come out next spring, mamma, &c.

THE MODERN TIME.

W. L. EDMONDS.] [Tune—"Old English Gentleman."

OH ! how the world has altered, since some fifty years
 ago,

When boots and shoes would really serve to keep out
 frost and snow ;

But double soles, and broad cloth—oh, dear me ! how
 very low,

To talk of such old-fashioned things, when every one
 must know

That we are well-bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

We all meet now, at midnight hour, and form a
 "glittering throng,"

Where lovely angels walk quadrilles, and ne'er do
 l'Eté wrong ;

Where eastern scents, all fresh and sweet, from Row-
 land's, float along,

And the name of a good old country dance would
 sound like a Chinese gong,

In the ears of well-bred gentlefolks, all of the mo-
 dern time.

Young ladies now, of sage sixteen, must give their
 friends a *rout*,

And teach the cook and housemaid how to "hand the
 things about :"

And they must pull ma's bedstead down, and hurry,
 scout, and flout,

To have a fine refreshment room, "and lay a supper
 out"—

Take well-bred, dashing gentlefolks, all of the mo-
 dern time.

Your beardless boys, all brag and noise, must "do
the thing that's right,"

That is, they'll drink champagne and punch, and
"keep it up all night ;"

They'll smoke and swear, till sallying forth, at peep of
morning's light,

They knock down some old woman, just to show how
well they fight—

Like brave young English gentlemen, all of the
modern time.

At the good old hours of twelve and one, our grand-
sires used to dine,

And quaff their horns of nut-brown ale, and eat roast
beef and chine ;

But we must have our silver forks, ragouts and foreign
wine,

And not sit down till five or six, if we mean to "cut a
shine"—

Like dashing, well-bred gentlefolks, all of the mo-
dern time.

Our daughters now, at ten years old, must learn to
squall and strum,

And study shakes and quavers, under Signor Fee-fo-fum ;
They'll play concertos, sing bravuras, rattle, scream,
and thrum,

Till you almost wish that you were deaf, or they, poor
things ! were dumb ;—

But they must be like young gentlefolks, all of the
modern time.

Our sons must jabber Latin verbs, and talk of a Greek root,
Before they've left off pinafores, cakes, lollipops, and
fruit ;

They all have "splendid talents," that the desk or bar
would suit—

Each darling boy would scorn to be, "a low mechanic
brute"—

They must be well-bred college youths, all of the
modern time.

But bills will come at Christmas-tide—alas! alack-a-day!
 The creditors may call again—“Papa’s not in the way;
 He’s out of town, but, certainly, next week he’ll call and pay.”
 And then his name’s in the *Gazette*; and this, I mean to say,
 Oft winds up many gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

W. L. EDMONDS.]

[*Air*—“Dicky Birds.”

WHILE rambling round the town about,
 Strange folks I often meet,
 Who always with some question
 My unhappy ears will greet;
 When stupid curiosity
 To satisfy they sought,
 I’ll tell you how I always
 Very plainly cut them short. Tol lol, &c.

A lady’s album looking o’er,
 “D’ye *draw*, sir?” is the buzz;
 “Why, no, ma’am, not exactly,
 I’ve a *blister*, though, that does.”
 Or if I’m sure that the remark
 Wont make the lady faint,
 I say, “I draw conclusions,
 And one is, that *you paint*.” Tol lol, &c.

“Where’s the *dog*, Dan,” cries a sporting friend,
 “You lately lost at *Epping*?”
 “It’s rather strange,” says I,
 “To the *sausage* shop I’m stepping.”
 When to borrow *lucifers*
 A lodger e’er will bore yer,
 Just send him to the nearest place
 Where he can find a lawyer. Tol lol, &c.

“Do you *mix* much in society?”
 Asked a lady (what a treat!)
 “Why, no,” says I, “the little that
 I drinks, I takes it *neat*.”
 “Do you like *bacon*?” asked a friend,
 Whose table had a ham on;
 “Why, not exactly, p’raps,” says I,
 “Though you are fond of *gammon*.”
 Tol lol, &c

“Are you subject to *low spirits*?”
 Asked dismal Mr. Rouse;
 “Yes, *blue devils* seized me once, and
 Bore me to the station-house.”
 “Do you know how to *force* French *pease*?”
 Still I not brought to check am,
 For I very blandly answer “No,
 I know the way to *Peck-ham*.” Tol lol, &c.

“When you travelled over France,
 Did you ever have a *tumble*?”
 “No; I’ve often had a *French roll*
 For my breakfast, though ’tis humble.”
 “Are you a *Harrow* boy, or
 From Eton, tell me now, man?”
 “Not exactly, but I’ve often been
 Mistaken for a *plough-man*!” Tol lol, &c.

My landlady once, trembling, asked me—
 “Tell me, sir, I pray,
 Do you believe that *spirits* e’er
Appear by night or day?”
 “Why, no, ma’am; but I’m sure
 That they *dis-appear*,” said I;
 “For the *gin* will leave my cupboard,
 Tho’ to lock it safe I try.” Tol lol, &c.

“*Stingy* Brown’s a *distant* relative
 Of yours, so I’ve heard?”
 Asked a friend—“Why,” I replied,
 “The idea is most absurd;

For he almost starves himself,
 Tho' of money he's a lot;
 So I think he's just the *nearest*
 Relation I have got." Tol lol, &c.

"On the subject of the *corn* laws,
 Can you anything me tell?"
 "I've read *Bunyan's* 'Pilgrim's Progress,'
 If that will do as well."
 "Did you ever take a *fly* in Green's
 Balloon, sir?" "Not a jot,
 Tho' in 'Cheapandnasty's' eating-house
 I've had a dreadful lot." Tol lol, &c.

"Have you ever been *presented*
 At St. James's to the Queen?"
 "Why, no, sir, *thro' the court*, tho',
 I many times have been."
 "Were you ever in the *rope* trade?"
 "With that I've no consarn,
 But when I find it useful,
 I can *spin a toughish yarn*." Tol lol, &c.

To stop these *questions* for a while,
 Will be the better plan, sir,
 Or else, perhaps, my song
 Will be too *long to answer*.
 The only *question* which remains
 Is, If you're all amused?
 Which I leave you to *answer*,
 For my stock I've nearly used. Tol lol, &c.

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—"Poor Mary Ann."]

Now,
 Strange things meet my observation!
 Can't make it out!
 This is the worst world in creation!
 Can't make it out!

AND,

Where'er I looks l've cause for sorrer !
 What's one man's pleasure's t'other's horrer !
 What's joy to-day is pain to-morrer !
 Can't make it out !

Now,

At the "Wic," in them dramas killin'—
 Can't make it out.
 Why the gun's cock-sure to hit the willain !
 Can't make it out.

AND,

How in them combats, when Lord de Clifford
 Happens to get his broadsword shiver'd,
 That a fresh one there and then's dis-kiver'd !
 Can't make it out.

Now

The hairy'rn goes all smiles and grinning—
 Can't make it out.
 In plays for years with unstain'd linen !
 Can't make it out.

AND,

Why, when drawing-room scenes is run on,
 Them gents in hats walk about like fun on !
 Yet walk through rain in woods with none on !
 Can't make it out.

Now,

Why, folks suffer them street organs—
 Can't make it out.
 With apes as ugly quite as gorgons !
 Can't make it out.

AND

How a Scotchman, cause a blower, he
 Them bagpipes plays, and think it glory !
 Why they sends me up to pur-ga-tory !
 Can't make it out.

Now,

Why them as dramas criticises !
Can't make it out.

Pint blank condemns wot t'others prizes !
Can't make it out.

AND,

How one journal, quick in mappings
And drawings, gives us all the trappings
Of a house on fire *before it happens!*
Can't make it out.

Now,

When I passes penny pie-shops—
Can't make it out.

I wittles sees good enough for bi-shops !
Can't make it out.

AND

Why in the windows they shows beholders
Real first-rate mutton—legs and shoulders,
When that *in* the pies is tough as boulders !
Can't make it out.

Now,

Why so many fires come off in London !
Can't make it out.

And at Quarter-day there's many a one done !
Can't make it out.

AND

How some people have the assurance
As to call it chance is past endurance ;
And why rich folks has more fires than poor 'uns !
Can't make it out.

Now,

Why, when women is killed and put to tortor—
Can't make it out.

That justice the deed does call manslaughter !
Can't make it out.

AND

This to me quite without rhyme is,
 Though nonsense mixed up oft with crime is ;
 Why murder called a capital crime is !
 Can't make it out.

Now,

Why tradesmen commit adulteration—
 Can't make it out.
 And yet Dr. Letheby holds his station !
 Can't make it out.

AND

Why we're pison'd in our wittles,
 Not all at once, but little by littles !
 Till we all at length drop down like skittles !
 Can't make it out.

Now,

How income-tax has reach'd completeness—
 Can't make it out.
 So "long drawn out like link'd sweetness !"
 Can't make it out.

AND

Why it lived, as people wonder'd—
 Yet went on, although they thunder'd,
 And 'stead of three years it'll live three hundred !
 Can't make it out.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

THIS life is but a game of cards, which mortals have
 to learn,
 Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack, and each a
 trump doth turn ;
 Some bring a high card to the top, and others bring a low,
 Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others
 none can show.

Cut, cut, cut !

Through life, as in a game of cards, we
 cut, cut, cut !

Some shuffle with a practised hand, and pack their
cards with care,
So they may know when they are dealt where all the
leaders are ;
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, while rogues
each other cheat,
And he is very wise indeed who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace, the counting
cards to save,
Some play the deuce, and some the ten, but many play
the knave ;
Some play for money, some for fun, and some for
worldly fame,
But not until the game's play'd out can they count up
their game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love, and pleasure
rules the hour,
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy in beauty's rosy
bower ;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at
random play,
And while our trump remains on top our game's a
holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack, the players
stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won by gamblers
young and old ;
Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with
eager eye ;
How he may see his neighbour's cards, and beat him
on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war, on ocean
and on land ;
For bloody horrors always come when clubs are held
in hand.
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war
are freed—
In our dear country now I'm glad clubs have not got
the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand
of Time ;
He always deals the closing game in every age and
clime ;
No matter how much each man wins, or how much
each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game and dig the players'
graves.

B E E R.

From "Diogenes."] [Tune—"I likes a drop of good beer."

THE minister's tax
On the housekeepers' backs
Was a sell, and a shame severe ;
And his tea be blowed,
But he certainly showed
Some werry good notions on beer ;
For we likes a drop o' good beer,
But how to get at it's not clear ;
So many combines in their wariuous lines
To rob a poor man of his beer (*repeat*).
Says Jerry to me,
T'other day, says he,
" There's a werry good shop round here."
" Jerry," says I,
" My whistle is dry,
I wotes as we has some beer."
So says we, " A pot o' good beer—"
But they drawed us summut so queer,
That a cove no more could ha' bolted a door,
Than have swallowed such stuff for beer! (*repeat*).
" Landlord !" says I,
With a face all awry,
" What d'ye call this here ?"
" Gents," says he,
" It's a pot of what we
Serves out as the werry best beer ;

But it's hard to get at good beer,
 For the brewer sells it so dear,
 And the rents is so high"—"That, in fact," says I,
 "You rob a poor man of his beer!" (*repeat.*)

Says Jerry to me,
 "We must live," says he,
 "And to make the expenses clear,
 They doctors it up,
 So I wotes we've a cup
 O' summat instead of the beer—
 For anything's better than beer."
 "Jerry," said I, "hear, hear!"
 So a quartern we had, and it wasn't so bad,
 'Cos it took off the taste of the beer. (*repeat.*)

Jerry and me
 Got making free ;
 Both on us got werry queer,
 Which neither a one
 Would ever ha' done,
 If they'd given us wholesome beer :
 For the want of a drop o' good beer
 Drives lots to tipples more queer,
 And they licks their wives, and destroys their lives,
 Which they'd never ha' done upon beer ! (*repeat.*)

THE CHURCH IN THE SQUARE.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[*Air*—"Hunting the Hare."]

THERE'S a lady well known for great wealth of her own,
 And what she does with it no mortal need care,
 But sad tricks they play'd her, who first did persuade her
 To build and endow them a Church in the Square.
 With Gothical crosses and comical bosses,
 And all sorts of nonsense which shouldn't be there,
 The work went on gaily, until at length daily
 It came to completion, our Church in the Square.

Then came consecration, and next a collation
 Served out in a tent to the gentry and fair ;
 From the windows waved flags, and the urchins in
 rags
 Shouted lusty hurrahs for the Church in the Square !
 Now we all may be sure that the Bishop's not poor,
 Yet 'tis said for the duties which fell to his share
 That a thousand was paid, so I don't think he made
 Such a bad morning's work at the Church in the
 Square.

That the Church should be free from all pew rent or
 fee
 Was ('tis said) the benevolent founder's first care ;
 But the priest, at a glance, saw 'twere missing a chance
 Should he not charge for seats at the Church in the
 Square.

As his annual payment for food and for raiment
 Is only a paltry three hundred a year ;
 Says he, "I can't choose but take rent for the
 pews,
 Just to pay for the cleansing the Church in the
 Square."

Now ladies so beautiful, pious, and dutiful,
 Morning and evening, are seen to repair
 In silks and in satins, to vespers and matins,
 For a Puseyite Church is the Church in the Square.
 And all the day long, bells are tolling ding-dong,
 For death, or rejoicing, for sermon or pray'r,
 Till it's said by the neighbours, the bellringer's labours
 The parson's exceed at the Church in the Square.

When the Church was erected and fittings perfected
 'Twas found they'd some hundreds of pounds yet to
 spare,
 So they hunted about, but within or without
 There was nothing required for the Church in the
 Square.

But they couldn't hand back what they'd managed to
sack,
For that style of dealing with such folks is rare ;
So they laid out the pelf on the parson himself,
And built him a house next the Church in the
Square.

Now I fancy the question for ev'ry good Christian
Is not "Was this clever?" but just "Was it fair?"
It isn't religion one's neighbour to pigeon,
I wish they'd erected their Church on the square.
As it's not what folks preach, but their actions that
teach,
For "Practice beats precept" the sages declare ;
When I wish to be taught to do just as I ought,
I shall not go to learn at the Church in the Square.

THE SONG OF THE GLASS.

JOHN F. WALLER, LL.D.]

{ *Air*—"One Bumper
at Parting."

COME, push round the flagon, each brother,
But fill bumper-high ere it pass ;
And while you hob-nob one another,
I'll sing you "The Song of the Glass."

Once Genius, and Beauty, and Pleasure
Sought the goddess of Art in her shrine,
And prayed her to fashion a treasure,
The brightest her skill could combine.
Said the goddess, well pleased at the notion,
"Most gladly I'll work your behest ;
From the margin of yonder blue ocean,
Let each bring the gift that seems best.
Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty fetched from her own ocean-water
The sea-wraik that lay on the strand,
And Pleasure the golden sands brought her
That he stole from Time's tremulous hand.

But Genius went pondering and choosing
Where gay shells and sea-flowers shine,
Grasped a sun-lighted wave in his musing,
And found his hand sparkling with brine.
Then push round the flagon, &c.

“ ’Tis well,” said the goddess, as, smiling,
Each offering she curiously scanned,
On her altar mysteriously piling
The brine, and the wraik, and the sand ;
Mixing up, with strange spells as she used them,
Salt, soda, and flint in a mass ;
With the flame of the lightning she fused them,
And the marvellous compound was—GLASS !
Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty glanced at the crystal, half-frighted,
For stirring with life it was seen,
Till, gazing, she blushed all delighted,
As she saw her own visage within.
“ Henceforth,” she exclaimed, “ be thou ever
The mirror to Beauty most dear ;
Not from steel, or from silver, or river,
Is the reflex so lastrous or clear.”
Then push round the flagon, &c.

But Genius the while rent asunder
A fragment, and raising it high,
Looked through it, beholding with wonder
New stars over-clustering the sky.
With rapture he cried, “ Now is given
To Genius the power divine
To draw down the planets from heaven
Or roam through the stars where they shine.”
Then push round the flagon, &c.

The rest fell to earth—Pleasure caught it—
Plunged his bowl, ere it cooled, in the mass ;
To the form of the wine-cup he wrought it,
And cried, “ *Here’s the true use of Glass !*”

Then leave, boys, the mirror to woman—
 Through the lens let astronomers blink—
 There's no glass half so dear to a true man
 As the wine-glass when filled to the brink.
 Then push round the flask, each good fellow,
 Let's capture old Time ere he pass ;
 We'll steal all his sands while he's mellow,
 And fill with the grape-juice his glass.

BILLY DIP, THE DYER.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"John White."]

CHLOE, a maid at fifty-five,
 Was at her toilet dressing ;
 Her waiting-maid, with iron hot,
 Each paper'd curl was pressing.
 The looking-glass her eyes engross,
 While Betty humm'd a ditty ;
 She gaz'd so much upon her face,
 She really thought it pretty.

Her painted cheeks and pencil brows
 She could not but approve ;
 Her thoughts on various subjects turn'd,
 At length they fixed on love.
 "And shall," said she, "a virgin life
 Await these pleasing charms ?
 And will no sighing blooming youth
 Receive me to his arms ?

"Forbid it, love !" She scarce had spoke,
 When Cupid laid a trap,
 For at the chamber door was heard
 A soft and gentle rap.
 Cried Betty, "Who is at the door ?"
 "Ay, tell," quoth Chloe, "true :"
 When straight a tender voice replied,
 "Dear ma'am, I die for you."

“What’s that?” she said; “O, Betty, say!
 A man! and die for me!
 And can I see the youth expire?
 O, no!—it must not be!
 Haste, Betty—open quick the door!”
 ’Tis done; and, lo! to view,
 A little man with bundle stood,
 In sleeves and apron blue.

“Ye powers!” cried Chloe, “what is this?
 What vision do I see?
 Is this the man, O mighty Love—
 The man that dies for me?”
 “Yes, ma’am; your ladyship is right,”
 The figure straight replied;
 “And hard for me it would have been
 If I had never dyed.

“La! ma’am, you must have heard of me,
 Although I’m no highflyer;
 I live just by, at No. 1,
 I’m Billy Dip, the dyer.
 ’Twas I, ma’am, Betty there employed
 To dye your lustring gown;
 And I not only die for you,
 But dye for all the town.”

THE FIVE-ACT DRAMA.

ALBERT G. HERBERT.]

{ *Tune*—“Jeannette
 and Jeannot.”

WHO is he, with coat so seedy,
 Standing at the O. P. side?
 In his hand he holds some papers,
 Which he views with anxious pride.
 On his brow a mournful smile is,
 On his cheek a pallid hue,
 On his legs a pair of trousers,
 Which his feet are too far through.

And his hat, which once was glossy,
 Quite its ancient lustre lost ;
 'Twas but four-and-twenty months since
 Four-and-ninepence it had cost !
 Forth he draws a worn bandana,
 Brought from India's torrid clime,
 (So at least the shopman told him
 Where he bought it, at the time).

O'er that faded nap he draws it,
 Heedless of the vulgar gaze,
 But he fails to shed around it
 The silken gloss of other days.
 Then his boots—alas ! that genius
 Minus of a paltry sum,
 That a *soul* and *understanding*
 To such *extremities* should come !
 Charles Shaksperius Mangel-worzel
 Is that mournful-looking gent ;
 The papers are a five-act play,
 Which to sell is his intent.
 Visions bright of constant dinners—
 Bread-and-cheese and half-and-half—
 Make that hungry-looking poet
 Venture on a dismal laugh.

Then arrears of rent he thinks of—
 How his landlady will stare
 When his "little bill" he settles,
 Due so long for that "two-pair!"
 Suits of clothes, and Sunday journeys
 Of his thoughts composed a part—
 Greenwich Park was in perspective,
 So was Moses' "Monster Mart."
 All upon that five-act drama,
 Did his happiness depend :
 Straight a call-boy, Mangel-worzel
 To the manager did send.

“Tell him,” quoth he, “that an author
Is on business waiting here,
And that ‘something touching greatly
His advantage’ he may hear.”

Vastly was the boy astonished
At his patronizing air ;
And at Mangel-worzel’s trousers
Gave a most irreverent stare.
Forth he went, the poet’s message
To deliver ;—as he goes,
With a wink, he lays a finger
Wickedly upon his nose.
But the poet’s eye is wandering
With a proud unconscious gaze,
Till the manager it rests on,
As he comes—and thus he says—
“Pray, sir, do I guess aright, are
You the author who dispatched——”
Mangel-worzel interrupting,
From his brow the hat detached ;

“’Tis me, sir,” and he brought the drama
Forth,—the title he read out ;
When the manager inquired if
He knew what he was about !
Charles Shaksperius muttered something
Intimating his belief,
That his senses were in order,
When again resumed the chief :—
“I understand.—Want me to play it ;
Leave it, and enclose your card.”
Mangel-worzel at the speaker
Looked astonishingly hard.
“When I’ve leisure, some few weeks hence,
Through its pages will I glance ;
Call again—say this day three mouths ;
Further now, I can’t advance !”

To see the poet's look of horror,
 His very hair began to twine,
 Like the celebrated "Quills
 Upon the fretful porcupine."
 All the bright perspective visions,
 Were but *myths*—unreal, untruc—
 Dinners, journeys, clothes and lodging,
 Form'd one grand dissolving view!
 With a desperate resolve, he
 Clapp'd the chapeau on his head,
 Muttering something sounding greatly
 Like—"I'll see you hanged instead!"
 Up he snatched his five-act drama,
 Out he walked, with rueful face,
 Slamm'd, with violence, the stage-door,
 And left his *blessing* on the place.

THE IRISH SMUGGLERS ;

OR, THE COMICAL KEG.

FROM Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,
 For pebbles and shells to explore ;
 When, lo ! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff,
 Which floated at length to the shore.

Says Dermot to Pat, we the owner will bilk,
 To-night we'll be merry and frisky,
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
 Dear joy ! 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot !
 (Now Pat you must know, was a joker)
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.

'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bor'd,
 (No Bacchanals ever felt prouder),
 When Paddy found out a small error on board—
 The whisky, alas ! was gunpowder !

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,
 And high in air sported a leg ;
 Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails,
 So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,
 I'm not to be chous'd, Master Wiseman ;
 If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
 And by St. Patrick, I'll tell the exciseman.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

REV. R. H. BARHAM.]

{ *Tune*—"I remember how my
 Childhood Fleeted by."

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 When I was a little boy
 One fine morning in December
 Uncle brought me home a toy ;
 I remember how he patted
 Both my cheeks in kindest mood ;
 "Then," said he, "you little fat-head,
 There's a top because you're good."

Grandmanma, a shrewd observer,
 I remember gazed upon
 My new top, and said with fervour,
 "Oh ! how kind of Uncle John !"
 While mamma, my form caressing,
 In her eye the tear-drop stood,
 Read me this fine moral lesson,
 "See what comes of being good."

I remember, I remember,
 On a wet and windy day,
 One cold morning in December,
 I stole out and went to play ;
 I remember Billy Dawkins
 Came, and with his pewter squirt
 Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings
 Till they were all over dirt.

To my mother for protection
 I ran, quaking every limb ;
 She exclaimed with fond affection,
 " Gracious goodness ! look at him !"
 Pa cried, when he saw my garment,—
 'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
 " Oh ! you nasty little warment,
 How came you in such a mess ?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
 Cruel only to be kind—
 And to my exceeding dolour,
 Gave me several slaps behind.
 Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
 As she saw my evil plight,
 Said,—'twas rather stony-hearted—
 " Little rascal ! sarve him right !"

I remember, I remember,
 From that sad and solemn day,
 Never more in dark December
 Did I venture out to play.
 And the moral which they taught, I
 Well remember ; thus they said,
 " Little boys, when they are naughty,
 Must be whipped and sent to bed."

A MAIDEN THERE LIVED IN A LARGE MARKET TOWN.

[CROSS.]

A MAIDEN there lived in a large market town,
 Whose skin was much fairer—than any that's brown—
 Her eyes were as dark as the coals in the mine,
 And when they weren't shut, why they always would
 shine.

With a black eye, blue eye, blear eye, pig's eye,
 Swivel eye, and squinting.

Between her two eyes an excrescence arose,
Which the vulgar call *snout*, but which I call a nose ;
An emblem of sense, it should seem to appear,
For without one we'd look very foolish and queer.

With your Roman, Grecian, snub-nose, pug-nose,
Snuffing, snout, and sneezing.

Good-natured she looked—that's when out of a frown
And blushed like a rose—when the paint was put on ;
At church ev'ry morning, her prayers she would scan,
And each night sigh and think of—the duty of man !

With her groaning, moaning, sighing, dying,
Tabernacle—Love-feasts.

The follies of youth she had long given o'er,
For the virgin I sing of was turned fifty-four ;
Yet suitors she had, who, with words sweet as honey,
Strove hard to possess the bright charms of her money.

With her household, leasehold, freehold, and her—
Copyhold and tenement.

The first who appeared on this amorous list
Was a tailor, who swore by his thimble and twist,
That if his strong passion she e'er should refuse,
He'd depart from the world, shop, cabbage, and goose,
With his waistcoat, breeches, measures, scissors,
Button-holes, and buckram.

The next was a butcher, of slaughter-ox fame,
A very great *boor*—and Dick Hogg was his name ;
He swore she was *lamb*—but she laughed at his pains,
For she hated calf's head—unless served-up with *brains*.

With his sheep's head, lamb's fry, chitterlings—
His marrow-bones and cleavers.

After many debates, which occasioned much strife
'Mongst love-sick admirers to make her their wife ;
To end each dispute came a man out of breath,
Who *eloped with the maid*—and his name was grim
Death.

With a pick-axe, sexton, coffin, funeral,
Skeleton, and bone-house.

MOUNSEER NONTONGPAW.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[Music by C. DIBDIN.]

JOHN BULL, for past-time, took a prance
 Some time ago to peep at France,
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts ;
 Monsieur obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answer'd John in heathen Greek ;
 To all he said, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas "*Monsieur ! Je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais Royal came, —
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb,
 "I say, whose house is that there here ?"
 "*Hosse ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur ;*"
 "What Nontongpaw again !" cries John,
 "This fellow is some mighty Don ;
 No doubt has plenty for the maw ;
 I'll breakfast with this Nontongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 "Whose fine estate is that there here ?"
 "*Stat ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
 "His ? What ! the land and houses, too ?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew ;
 On ev'ry thing he lays his claw :
 I should like to dine with Nontongpaw."

Nèxt, tripping came a courtly fair ;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 "What lovely wench is that there here ?"
 "*Ventch ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
 "What ! he again ? Upon my life !
 A palace, lands, and then a wife
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw :
 I should like to sup with Nontongpaw."

“But hold,—whose funeral’s that?” cries John:
 “*Je vous n’entends pas* :” “What! is he gone?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nontongpaw, then, from the grave:
 His race is run, his game is up;
 I’d with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
 But since he chooses to withdraw,
 Good night t’ye, Mounseer Nontongpaw.”

THE WOMAN OF MIND.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—“Drops of Brandy.”]

MY wife is a woman of mind,
 And Deville, who examined her bumps,
 Vow’d that never were found in a woman
 Such large intellectual lumps.
 “Ideality” big as an egg,
 With “Causality”—great—was combined;
 He charged me ten shillings, and said,
 “Sir, your wife is a woman of mind.”

She’s too clever to care how she looks,
 And will horrid blue spectacles wear,
 Not because she supposes they give her
 A fine intellectual air;
 No! she pays no regard to appearance,
 And combs all her front hair behind,
 Not because she is proud of her forehead,
 But because she’s a woman of mind.

She makes me a bushel of verses,
 But never a pudding or tart,
 If I hint I should like one, she vows
 I’m an animal merely at heart;
 Though I’ve notic’d she spurns not the pastry,
 Whene’er at a friend’s we have din’d,
 And has always had two plates of pudding—
 Such plates! for a woman of mind.

Not a stitch does she do but a distich,
 Mends her pen, too, instead of my clothes ;
 I haven't a shirt with a button,
 Nor a stocking that's sound at the toes ;
 If I ask her to darn me a pair,
 She replies she has work more refined ;
 Besides to be seen darning stockings !
Is it fit for a woman of mind ?

The children are squalling all day,
 For they're left to the care of a maid ;
 My wife can't attend to "the units,"
 "The millions" are wanting her aid.
 And it's vulgar to care for one's offspring—
 The mere brute has a love of its kind—
 But *she* loves the whole human fam'ly,
 For *she* is a woman of mind.

Everything is an inch thick in dust,
 And the servants do just as they please ;
 The ceilings are covered with cobwebs,
 The beds are all swarming with fleas ;
 The windows have never been clean'd,
 And as black as your hat is each blind ;
 But my wife's nobler things to attend to,
 For she is a woman of mind.

The nurse steals the tea and the sugar,
 The cook sells the candles as grease,
 And gives all the cold meat away
 To her lover who's in the police ;
 When I hint that the housekeeping's heavy,
 And hard is the money to find,
 "Money's vile filthy dross !" she declares,
 And unworthy a woman of mind.

Whene'er she goes out to a dance,
 She refuses to join in the measure,
 For dancing she can't but regard
 As an unintellectual pleasure ;

So she gives herself up to enjoyments
Of a more philosophical kind,
And picks all the people to pieces,
Like a regular woman of mind.

She speaks of her favourite authors
In terms far from pleasant to hear ;
"Charles Dickens," she vows, "is a darling,"
"And Bulwer," she says, "is a dear ;"
"Wilkie Collins," with her "is an angel,"
And I'm an "illiterate hind"
Upon whom her fine intellect's wasted,
I'm not fit for a woman of mind.

She goes not to church on a Sunday,
Church is all very well in its way,
But she is too highly inform'd
Not to know all the parson can say ;
It does well enough for the servants,
And was for poor people design'd,
But bless you ! it's no good to her,
For she is a woman of mind.

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

JOHN F. WALLER, LL.D.]

{ *Tune*—"Huish the cat from
under the table."

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley."

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.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets 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 around, from the sky to the
 ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!
 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 it lies under your feet,
 love!"

DON'T CEÄRE.

BARNS'S "Dorsetshire }
 Poems." }

[Tune—"Lovesick Luby."

At the feäst, I do mind very well, all the vo'ks
 Were a-took in a happerèn show'r,
 But we chaps took the maïdens, an' kept em wi'
 clokes
 An' umbrellors as dry as mill flour.
 An' to my lot vell Jeäne, that's my bride,
 That did titter, a-hung at my zide
 Zaid her aunt, "Why, the vo'k 'ill talk nnely o' you,
 An', cried she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

When the time o' the feäst wer ageän a-come round,
 An' the vo'k wer a-gather'd woonce inwore,
 Why she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon be
 a-vound

An' a-took seäfely hwome to her door.
 Zaid her mother, "'Tis sure to be wet."
 Zaid her cousin, "'Till rain by zunzet."
 Zaid her aunt, "Why, the clouds there do look black
 an' blue ;"
 An', zaid she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

An' at last, when she own'd I mid meäke her my
 bride,

Vor to help me an' sheäre all my lot,
 An' wi' faïthvulness keep her all life at my zide,
 Though my way mid be happy or not.
 Zaid her neïghbours, "Why, wedlock's a clog,
 An' a wife's a-tied up lik' a dog."
 Zaid her aunt, "You'll vind trials enough vor to rue ;"
 An', zaid she, "I don't ceäre if I do."

Now she's married, an' still in the midst ov her twoils

She's as happy's the daylight is long ;
 She doo go out abroad wi' her feäce vull o' smiles,
 An' do work in the house wi' a zong.
 An', zays woone, "She don't grieve, you can tell."
 Zays another, "Why, don't she look well !"
 Zays her aunt, "Why, the young vo'k do envy you
 two."
 An', zays she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

Now, vor me, I can zing in my business abrode,
 Though the storm do beät down on my poll,
 There's a wife-brighten'd vire at the end o' my road,
 An' her love vor the jay o' my soul.
 Out o' door I wi' rogues mid be tried ;
 Out o' door be brow-beäten wi' pride ;
 Men mid scowl out o' door, if my wife is but true—
 Let 'em scowl, "I don't ceäre if they do."

THE PIC-NIC ON BROWN'S WEDDING-DAY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Gooseberry Wine.

IT was, I declare, quite a beautiful morning !

All Nature seemed robed in her brightest array,
All sunshine and flowers, no storm-clouds or showers
To lessen our hopes when we started away.

I wore my new cloak, 'twas the last Paris fashion,
With that slip of a bonnet I bought at the west,
The first time I wore it—how Charles *did* adore it—
He liked me before—but 'twas *that* did the rest.

'Twas on Brown's invitation, we went to the station
To go by the railway a part of the way,
Our only employment the thorough enjoyment
Of the Pic-nic got up upon Brown's Wedding-day.

A party of pleasure I always delight in,

Where rural felicity's sure to be found ;

Such fun beyond measure—I do love the pleasure
Of eating a dinner that's spread on the ground.

We were ready to start—but delayed by Brown's
party—

At last they came—Brown employed dragging a
chay ;

Such, insists the Browns' pater, is their perambulator ;
They might make the children walk once in a way.

But on Brown's invitation, &c.

Five boys and three girls, Mrs. B., and the servant,
And only pay half the expenses indeed !

They've got such a many, though I haven't any—
But since it is settled 'tis folly to plead.

As to Charles and myself, we'd have gone out to-
gether,

And not have incurred such a useless expense ;

Mrs. Brown with her coaxing, was certainly *hoaxing* ;
We'll not go with *her* more, on any pretence !

But on Brown's invitation, &c.

I was vexed, but they certainly could not discover
 That aught had occurred to occasion me pain ;
 There was Charles looking black—not a bit like a lover,
 It thundered ! oh dear ! it seemed going to rain.
 My bonnet—my dress ! but the sun then returning,
 To gladden our hearts and enliven the scene ;
 Away with repining, this place we can dine in,
 So spread the provisions and cloth on the green.
 Since on Brown's invitation, &c.

Ham and chickens—the latter of Mrs. Brown's breed-
 ing

(Like her be it known they were very ill-bred),
 Some tongue and cold pheasant, and all that is pleasant
 Are presently over the table (cloths) spread.
 Good gracious ! look there now ! help ! murder ! con-
 fusion !

That horrible bull—see he's coming this way,
 All over the dinner—oh ! here's a beginner,
 While Charles coolly says, "It's as good as a play !"
 On Brown's invitation, no more to the station,
 A pic-nicking I'll be persuaded to stray ;
 It may be employment—but only annoyance
 Did I find the pic-nic on Brown's Wedding-day.

We all left the fields, for our pleasure was over,
 The dinner was spoiled, so 'twas useless to stay ;
 I wished I had never come out, but if ever
 I do so again—may it rain all the day.
 All the dishes were broken, if some one had spoken,
 The brute would have taken a different course ;
 And Charles, 'stead of running—he should have been
 stunning
 Or driving the brute from our party by force.
 On Brown's invitation no more, &c.

Charles talks about being a gallant defender,
 'Tis all very well out of danger to boast,
 But put to the shift he's a sorry pretender—
 I really believe he was frightened the most !

In spite of his laughing and untimely joking,
 He own'd it himself, "He was all up a tree;"
 While Mrs. Brown said, and her way's so provoking,
 "Ah! that's just the way that Brown looks after
 me."

On Brown's invitation no more, &c.

A FAT MAN IN LOVE.

J. BRUTON.]

[Air—"Granny Snow."

THIS life it seems, is all extremes,
 Uncertain, vain, and brittle:
 Though a great man I was meant to be
 From the time that I was little.
 'Twixt then and now, 'twas odd, I vow,
 For fortune seem'd to frown:
 In youth 'twas how to bring me up,
 In age to bring me down!

CHORUS.

Through life there's lots of woeful things,
 But all far, far above—
 Like fat Jack Falstaff in the play
 Is a great fat man in love!

When but a brat I was all fat,
 And I wish I may die, sir,
 If I wasn't what the urchins call
 Who marbles play a "twicer!"
 Obese I was and that is poz!
 And though not used to cram,
 At length I rose by *low degrees*,
 To the *load o' grease* I am!
 Through life, &c.

I grinned and grumbled day by day,
 Till my weight was tremendous!
 A walking fat-pan on two legs—
 In short I looked stew-pan-dious.

I like a snow-ball gathering went
 In muscle, flesh, and bone :
 Fate seem'd to mean me for a house
 By heaping stone on stone !

On Sunday, if in church time I
 But ask for drink, they quiz—
 Say, " he's no traveller *boney-fied*
 Though meaty-fied he is !"
 And then when I walk up a hill
 I'm like a tradesman duffing :
 For that I cannot hope to rise
 Unless it is by "*puffing!*"

Once Cupid's dart attack'd my heart,
 And then all joy did cease;
 By him I was a little *bit*,
 But got no little peace!
 " Love grew by what it fed on," for
 The truth was quickly shown,
 That all who did perceive my *sighs*
 Also perceived me *groan!*

I loved a girl who Rose was called,
 But ah ! her faith was brittle,
 Instead of making much of me
 She soon made me look little !
 " *Fair Rose, lean kind* unto my suit,"
 Said I, when I did woo !
 Said she, in fun, " I don't find one
 Of *Pharaoh's lean kine* in you !"

Said I, " I mean to change my lot ;"
 Said she, " You ought, I guess :"
 So Oliver, I unlike—for ' more '
 Still asking kept for *less!*
 In fat I waited till she said,
 " *Infati-wated bore!*"
 And then she saw me less and less
 As she saw me more and more !

My person, like a target round,
 Got all shafts wit might throw :
 Like some huge giant in a booth,
 I'm a substance and—a show !
 And mark ! I think if any man
 Just for a lark would whip
 A cotton in me, and set light—
 I should burn out like a dip !

GRUMPY JACK BROWN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Gee ho ! Dobbin."]

HAVE you heard the story of grumpy Jack Brown,
 The crossest old bachelor known in our town ?
 He was rich as a Jew, but as rude as a bear,
 He kept what he got and let none have a share.

Grumpy Jack Brown,
 Of stingy renown,

The crossest old bachelor known in our town !

Jack fond was of horses—the reason is plain,
 Dear woman's affections he never could gain ;
 At last he succeeded Miss Moses to catch,
 And the people all said he'd in her *find his match*.

Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

Jack being too stingy a feast to supply,
 Persuaded Miss Moses at night time to fly ;
 He brought his own horses to save a post-chay,
 And one morn ere 'twas daylight the pair rode away.

Grumpy Jack Brown,
 Of stingy renown,

With the wealthy Miss Moses rode out of the town.

As they rode side by side, said Miss Moses, "Now,
 mind,
 Will you make a good husband, and always be kind?"
 Now Jack, who, as usual, his temper had got,
 Said, "Well, perhaps I shall, Miss—perhaps I shall
 not."

Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

Said cunning Miss Moses to Jack then, "Oh, lors !
 My money and jewels I've left on the drawers !"
 Now Jack, who'd no notion without them to pack,
 Turned the heads of the horses and made her ride back.
 Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

Miss Moses ascended the ladder of ropes,
 Jack waited below, of her riches in hopes ;
 Her horse by the bridle impatient he led,
 For the bridal-day dawned bright and clear overhead.
 Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

Jack called to Miss Moses, "Are you coming down ?"
 She looked out o' window and laughed at poor Brown :
 "As you told me just now, ere a mile we had got,
 Perhaps, sir, I shall—and perhaps I shall not."
 Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

Jack grumbled—she pulled up the ladder of ropes,
 And thus all at once put an end to his hopes ;
 She cried, as alone he now home took his course,
 "You've not put the saddle, Jack, on the right horse."
 Grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

A warning to lovers Jack's fate may be said :
 Don't give way to your temper before you are wed ;
 Don't elope upon horseback—but hire a post-*chay* ;
 And the business transact in the regular way.
 Not like grumpy Jack Brown, &c.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

H. G. BELL.]

[Tune—"Mary's Ghost."]

THEY'RE stepping off, the friends I knew,
 They're going one by one :
 They're taking wives to tame their lives—
 Their jovial days are done ;
 I can't get one old crony now
 To join me in a spree ;
 They've all grown grave domestic men ;
 They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sobered down—
The merry boys and true ;
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew ;
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-age relations round
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace—
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state ;
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

How strange ! they go to bed at ten,
And rise at half-past nine ;
And seldom do they now exceed
A pint or so of wine :
They play at whist for sixpences,
They very rarely dance,
They never read a word of rhyme,
Nor open a romance.

They talk, indeed, of politics,
Of taxes, and of crops,
And very quietly, with their wives,
They go about to shops ;
They get quite skilled in groceries,
And learned in butcher-meat,
And know exactly what they pay
For everything they eat.

And then they all have children, too,
To squall through thick and thin,
And seem quite proud to multiply
Small images of sin ;

And yet you may depend upon't,
 Ere half their days are told,
 Their sons are taller than themselves,
 And they are counted old.

Alas ! alas ! for years gone by,
 And for the friends I've lost,
 When no warm feeling of the heart
 Was chilled by early frost.
 If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
 I'd have him shun my door,
 Unless he'll quench his torch, and live
 Henceforth a bachelor.

MY WIFE IS VERY MUSICAL.

F. H. BAYLY.]

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.

MY wife is very musical,
 She tunes it overmuch ;
 And teases me with what they call
 Her fingering and touch.
 She's *instrumental* to my pain :
 Her very Broadwood quakes !
 Her vocal efforts split my brain,
 I shiver when she shakes !

She tells me with the greatest ease,
 Her voice goes up to *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 ! no we never mention her ;"
 I wish she never did.

Her newest *turns* turn out to be
 The same we 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 change her notes, they want
 Some *silver* and some *change*.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the Horse,
 Old Spintext, of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot :
 O'er a jorum of nappy,
 Quite pleasant and happy,
 Was placed this canonical sot.
 Fol de rol, de rol lol, &c.

The evening was dark,
 When in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission,
 First stroked his cravat,
 Then twirled round his hat,
 And, bowing, preferred his petition.
 Fol de rol, &c.

"I'm come, sir," says he,
 "To beg, look, d'ye see,
 Of your reverence's worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby
 With as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with the lantern before ye."
 Fol de rol, &c.

"The baby we'll bury,
 But, pray, where's the hurry?"
 "Why, lord, sir, the corpse it doth stay."
 "You fool, hold your peace!
 Since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away."
 Fol de rol, &c.

Then Moses he smiled,
 Saying, "Sir, a small child
 Cannot long, sure, delay your intentions."
 "Why, that's true, by St. Paul,
 A child that is small
 Can never enlarge its dimensions."

Fol de rol, &c.

"Bring Moses some beer,
 And me some,—d'ye hear?
 I hate to be called from my liquor;
 Come Moses, 'the King!'
 What a scandalous thing
 Such a subject should be but a vicar!"

Fol de rol, &c.

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'm sure it can never strike more.

Fol de rol, &c.

"Besides, my dear friend,
 To 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."

Fol de rol, &c.

Then Moses went on—
 "Sir, the clock has struck one;
 Pray, master, look up at the hand."
 "Why, it ne'er can strike less;
 'Tis a folly to press
 A man for to go that can't stand."

Fol de rol, &c.

At length hat and cloak
 Old Orthodox took,
 But first crammed his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tipt off a gill,
 For fear they should chill,
 And then staggered away side by side.
 Fol de rol, &c.

When come to the grave,
 The clerk hummed a stave,
 While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
 So droll was the figure
 Of Moses and vicar
 That the parish still laugh at the jest.
 Fol de rol, &c.

“ Good people, let’s pray—
 Put the corpse t’other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 ’Tis best to take care,
 Though the sages declare
 A *mortuum caput* can’t tumble.
 Fol de rol, &c.

“ Woman that’s born of man—
 That’s wrong, the leaf’s torn—
 A man that is born of a woman
 Can’t continue an hour,
 Is cut down like a flower ;
 You see, Moses, Death spareth no man !
 Fol de rol, &c.

“ Here, Moses, do look,
 What a confounded book !
 Sure the letters are turned upside down ;
 Such a scandalous print !
 Why, the devil is in’t,
 That a blockhead should print for the Crown !
 Fol de rol, &c.

“ Prithee, Moses, you read,
For I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.”

(*Amen, amen.*)

“ Why, Moses, you’re wrong,
You fool, hold your tongue,
You’ve taken the tail for the head.”

Fol de rol, &c.

“ Oh, where’s thy sting, Death?—
Put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, ’tis terrible weather.”
So the corpse was interred
Without praying a word,
And away they both staggered together,
Singing—Fol de rol, de rol lol, &c.

THE DOUBLE-X POLICEMAN.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Air*—“The Literary Dustman.”

HALLO! hallo! now—what’s your game?

My dooty now I *am* on!

I’ll let you know, child, dad, or dame,

I never stands no gammon!

As great a man I’m in my way

As Cromwell or as Wolsey!

So, who’s got anything to say

To Cæsar Brutus Bullseye?

CHORUS.

Come, come, I say, you must move on,—

I’m here to keep the peace, man;

I’d have you know I am A 1,

And Double-X Policeman!

To men I’m stern, precise, discreet—

But vulnerable to beauty;

My heart is ever on the beat,

To each my soul’s on dooty!

A cold meat-pie is dainty fare—
 Them cook-maids knows my habits :
 But not a word about that *air*—
 Nor not about them *rabbits* !

My look's sewere—puts down all jokes
 At any place I come at ;
 I takes the starch out of all blokes
 As thinks as they are summat !
 For me each kid his play must stop,
 In winter or in autumn ;
 I'm sure to be about his top,
 And to the station trot him.

Last night I called on Mary Anne,
 Just for to make inspection ;
 I got a hatful of cold scran—
 A liberal cold collection !—
 Cold pie, cold greens, raw steak—a glut !
 (I don't do things by littles !)
 A *live* fowl, and a loaf *not cut*,
 And other *broken wittles* !

Last night there I'd just supper done,
 A voice came—Anne she swounded !
 'Twere master : in his hand a gun—
 Beneath a bed I bounded.
 Says he, beginning me to seize,
 “ Why do you thus appear, sir ? ”
 “ Says I, “ Why, sir—now—if—you please,
 Does Mr. Smith lodge here, sir ? ”

The maid will smile—the master scold—
 (A perfect spot there's not one !)
 From him I gets the shoulder cold ;
 From Mary Anne the hot one !
 To sniff out wittles I've the snout !
 A better joint ne'er follow'd ;
 And as to beef there's little doubt,
 If that I grab—it's *collar'd* !

My handsome form attracts each miss—
 Girls swarm like bees round honey !
 A face and figger such as this
 Is really worth its money !
 A thousand damsels for me grieve,
 Who get no peace or slumber ;
 And as they say in law, " With leave
 To add unto the number !" .

THE POOR LOVER.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—" Lovesick Luby."]

I CAME in the world with no shirt to my back,
 'Tis useless the matter to mince ;
 And through all my youth and my manhood, good
 lack,
 Ive been put to my shifts ever since ;
 I wish'd for a partner to lighten my woe,
 Resolv'd in sweet wedlock to dash ;
 But ev'ry young maid I accosted said " No,"
 And only because I'd no cash.
 Oh dear ! oh dear !
 A poor man in love—when he feels Cupid's wound,
 Is like a stray donkey locked up in a pound.

The young maids all laugh'd loud at me and my
 prate,
 So necessity made me more bold,
 I made up my mind I would e'en try my fate,
 With maidens who'd got rather old.
 But old maids I found a more difficult case,
 Though I tried all I could, I am sure ;
 Each—one and all, shut their doors in my face,
 As soon as they found I was poor.
 Oh dear ! oh dear !
 A poor man in love may bemoan his sad fate,
 He's like a fat pig sticking fast in a gate.

As old maids or young ones I could not implore,
 The widows I thought of, so I
 E'en brush'd my old coat, which I'd oft brush'd
 before,
 And brush'd off my fortune to try.
 But when they saw how my coat, so threadbare,
 Was from all its former nap free ;
 They said, though quite ticklish, they never could
 care
 About being tickled by me.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

A poor man in love he may moan his mishap,
 He's like a poor poacher caught in a man-trap.

Thus maids, young and old too, and widows I've
 tried,

And woo'd them in love's language plain ;
 But 'cause I am poor, I am always denied,
 And find all my wooing in vain.

If any young lady true pity has got
 For such an unfortunate elf,
 I'd wed her to-morrow, and join with her lot,
 Though she be as poor as myself.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

A poor man in love may be moan and bewail,
 He's like a cock-boat out at sea without sail.

“ SOSSIGES ! ”

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Air—“ Beer.”

OF all the *food*, roast, biled, or *stew'd*,
 The gods have given to *man*,
 There nothing *is* like *soSS-i-gis*,
 Nor was since the world began !
 They tightens our *energis* !
 Them lovely *soSS-i-gis* !
 They're “ linked sweetness *out* long drawn,” no
 doubt,
 Are they—them *soSS-i-gis* !

I've sometimes *gone* to the *Clarendon*,
 Paid 1 lb. for a *meal*,
 But never *et* not nothink *yet*,
 As made me satisfied *feel* !
 But I goes into extacis
 When eating them *sooss-i-gis* ;
 A *patty fois gras*, right good it are,
 But nothink like *sooss-i-gis* !

I've tripe devoured till quite o'erpower'd
 With what I did consume !
 As much, or *more*, as'd carpet a *floor*,
 Or paper a justice-room !
 But still my appetite *riz*,
 And rose upon *sooss-i-gis* !
 Unlike *Macduff*, who cried, " Hold, enough,"
 I wanted more *sooss-i-gis* !

This dainty *prog* all meat can *flog* !
 Fairy-like, crisp, and *curl'd* !
 I'd have it *bound* in festoons *round*
 The universal *world* !
 Excuse my *rhapsodis*,
 In favour of *sooss-i-gis*,
 The whole year *round* they're in season *found* ;
 Then *Vive ! les sooss-i-gis* !

Now spouse and *I* one day did *try*
 Some *sooss-i-gis* she'd *fried* !
 When at the *meal* we both did *feel*
 A growl in each *inside* !
 A " bark " quite plain *ariz*
 From them same *sooss-i-gis*,
 For when *Towzer's* name I chanc'd to *exclaim*,
 He spoke from the *sooss-i-gis* !

At old fair time, in *Bartlemy's* prime,
 I've seen, in *sarse-pan lids*
 The heavenly *food*, in plenty *strew'd*,
 For ladies, gents, and *kids* !

Ah ! how they'd crackle and *friz*,
 Them lovely *sooss-i-gis* ;
 "Down the middle" they'd *spin*, and "up agin *!*"
 Them fairy-like *sooss-i-gis* !
 The "rinderpest" its worst and best
 May do to keep meat *riz* ;
 Rump-steak a *crown* may fetch a *poun'*,
 But *sooss-i-gis* fi'pence *is* !
 They'll bear *analysis*
 With any wittles wot *is* !
 No bones like *sprats* ! no meat like *cats* ;
 They're *sui generis*, *sooss-i-gis* !

A GENT IN DIFFS.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

A GENTLEMAN in difficulties, what is he to do ?
 His wife has sought the English shore, he fain would
 seek it too.
 But there, alas ! he's liable to writ, arrest, and dun,
 So he assumes a servant's suit, all other suits to shun.
 A gentleman in difficulties, what is he to do ?
 A gent in diffs, a gent in diffs ! what, what's he
 to do ?

And is it not a difficulty, when he fain would eat,
 To stand behind a chair, and take the covers off the
 meat !
 To hand the soup, to hand the wine, to long in vain
 for both,
 And find, tho' poor, his way of life is not from hand
 to mouth.

A gentleman in difficulties, &c.

And can there be a difficulty, as you walk along,
 To know the man who dreads to meet his tailor in the
 throng ?
 In cloak so closely muffled up, his flitting form you view ;
 These wraps betray his malady is *tic. tic-douloureux* !
 A gentleman in difficulties, &c.

And would you sooth his difficulties, sing in accents
sweet,
"The sea, the sea, the open sea," but never name the
Fleet.

A rest in vain you offer him on this side Dover Cliffs ;
Arrest (especially the Bench) dismays the gent in
diffs.

A gentleman in difficulties, &c.

MARY DRAPER.

CHARLES LEVER.]

[Tune—"Dicky Johnson."]

DON'T talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived,—except in drames,
Nor shone, except on paper ;
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhackmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small, and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper ;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"
For nothing could escape her ;
I've seen her, too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down her bird—
Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third !
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And, at the spring assizes ball,
 The junior bar would, one and all,
 For all her fav'rite dances call,
 And oh ! how she would caper ;
 The judge would then forget his lore ;
 King's counsel voting law a bore,
 Were proud to figure on the floor,
 For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff, too,
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,
 If you had only but one view
 Of such a face or shape, or feature.
 Her pretty ancles—but. alone,
 It's only west of old Athlone
 Such girls were found—and now they're gone—
 So, here's to Mary Draper !

THE CRAFTY PLOUGH BOY.

From "Yorkshire Ballads."]

{ *Tune*—"The King and
 the Countryman."

PLEASE draw near and the truth you'll hear,
 Of a farmer who lived in Hertfordshire,
 A fine Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
 For to do his work—his name it was Dan.
Fal de ral.

One morning right early he called for his man,
 And when he came to him he thus began :
 Says he, "Take this cow this day to the fair,
 She is in good order and I can her well spare."

Away went the boy with the cow in a band,
 And he came to the fair as you shall understand,
 And in a short time he met with three men,
 And there sold his cow for six pounds ten.

He went to the ale-house in order to drink,
Where the farmer he paid down the boy all his
chink.

The boy to the mistress this he did say,
“Now what shall I do with my money, I pray?”

“I’ll sew it up in thy coat lining,” said she,
“For fear on the road thou robbed should be.”
And there sat a highwayman drinking of wine,
Thought he to himself this money is mine.

The boy took his leave and homeward did go,
The highwayman soon followed after also ;
He soon overtook him upon the highway,
“You’re well overtaken, young man,” he did say.

“Will you get up behind me?” the highwayman
said,

“How far are you going?” replied the lad,
“Three or four miles, for what I know ;”
So he got up behind and away they did go.

They rode till they came to a very dark lane ;
“Now,” says the highwayman, “I will tell you
plain,

Deliver your money without fear or strife,
Or else I will certainly take your sweet life.”

The boy found that there was no time for dispute,
And so he alighted without fear or doubt ;
He tore his coat lining, the money pulled out,
And amongst the long grass he strewed it about.

The highwayman also jumped down from his horse,
But little did he dream that it was for his loss ;
But before he could find all the money they say
The boy jumped on horseback and so rode away.

The highwayman shouted and begged him to stay,
But the boy would not hear him so kept on his way,
And to his old master the whole he did bring,
Horse, saddle, and bridle, a very fine thing.

The master he came to the door and said thus :
 "What the deuce ! has my cow turned into a
 horse ?"

"Oh no, canny master, your cow I have sold,
 But was robbed on the road by a highwayman bold.

"My money I strewed about on the ground,
 For to take it up the rogue lighted down,
 And while he was popping it into his purse,
 To make him amends I came off with his horse."

The master he laughed till his sides he had to hold.
 He says, "For a boy thou hast been very bold ;
 And as for the villain thou hast served him right,
 Thou hast put upon him a clean Yorkshire bite."

He searched his bags, and quickly he told
 Two hundred pounds in silver and gold,
 And two brace of pistols ; the lad said "I vow
 I think, canny master, I've sold well your cow."

Then the boy, for his courage and valour so rare,
 Three parts of the money he got for his share.
 Now since the highwayman has lost all his store,
 He may go a robbing until he gets more.

OLD ENGLISH ALE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"Cheer up, Sam."]

WHO finds good cheer in "Bitter Beer,"
 Knows naught of British ale ;
 The mother-drink is that, I think,
 Which is not thin and stale ;
 But "stingo" in October brewed
 And kept the whole year round,
 It is the tap to warm a chap
 When the snow is on the ground.

Chorus : Beer, strong beer !

May malt and hops ne'er fail !
 The only tap to warm a chap
 Is strong old English ale !

I love it not, as some do, hot,
 Nor with a toast done brown,
 For if it's old, though e'er so cold,
 It warms me when it's down :
 A half-pint cup I first toss up
 Then wet the other eye,
 There is no drink like that, I think,
 When Englishmen are dry.

Chorus.

Your bottled beer makes me feel queer,
 So when for ale I ask,
 I like to have it clear and bright
 And fresh-drawn from the cask ;
 I like it with the cream atop,
 And amber-bright, not flat ;
 Not engine-pulled to make it froth :
 There is " no pull " in that.

Chorus.

Some " dog's-nose " love, but I do not,
 I think it is a fault
 With gin and spice to spoil what's nice ;
 I like to taste the malt. .
 Hot " early-purl " may suit each churl
 Whose liver's gone to pot,
 But ale that's good my friend has stood,
 Nor made me yet a sot. *Chorus.*

I don't like " cooper "—" half-and-half "
 Smells always sour and thin,
 And as to " stout " I always doubt
 The stuff that they put in.
 A *body* in the vat, they say,
 Was found once, one fine morn.
 Give me the tap in which they clap .
 The stout John Barleycorn !
 Beer, strong beer !
 May malt and hops ne'er fail !
 The only tap to warm a chap
 Is strong old English ale !

THE MAN THAT HAS BEEN YOUNGER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

'Tis he! 'tis he! how well he wears,
 No change since last we met him,
 I think Old Time, with all his cares,
 Has managed to forget him;
 His age, but no! he that forgot,
 For dates we do not hunger,
 He merely is (and who is not?)
 The man that has been younger.

His hair has ne'er betrayed a fall,
 It still is dark and curly;
 Be wise, if you wear wigs at all,
 Like him adopt one early.
 He still retains the jaunty air,
 His limbs look even stronger,
 And yet he is, we're all aware,
 The man that has been younger.

When first I met him in the park,
 With joy unfeigned and real,
 I paused five minutes to remark
 The toilet's *beau ideal*.
 That's five and thirty years ago,
 Indeed it may be longer!
 And he's unchanged, though well we know
 A man that has been younger.

And still the glass is raised to scan
 The fairest nymph that passes,
 And still the figure of the man
 Attracts all other glasses.
 For female admiration, still,
 His spirit seems to hunger,
 And yet he is, do what he will,
 The man that has been younger.

CLUBS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

IF any man loves comfort, and has little cash to buy
 it, he
 Should get into a *crowded* club—a most *select* society ;
 While solitude and mutton cutlets serve *infelix uxor*,
 he
 May have his club (like Hercules) and revel there in
 luxury.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There's, first, the Athenæum club so wise, there's not
 a man of it
 That has not sense enough for six (in fact, that is the
 plan of it) ;
 The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socra-
 tical,
 And always place the knives and forks in order mathe-
 matical.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then opposite the *mental* club you'll find the *regi-*
mental one,
 A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle
 one ;
 If *uniform* good living please your palate, here's ex-
 cess of it,
 Especially at private dinners, when they *make a mess*
of it !

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

E'en Isis has a house in town ! and Cam abandons *her*
city !
 The *Master* now hangs out at the United University ;
 In Common Room she gave a rout (a novel freak to
 hit upon)
 Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs
 to sit upon.

Bow, wow, wow

The Union club is quite superb—it's best apartment daily is

The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux, *cu. multis aliis* :

At half-past six, the *joint concern*, for eighteenpence is given you—

Half pints of port are sent in *ketchup bottles* to enliven you.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cozily—

And dream they climb the highest Alps, or rove the plains of Moselai ;

The world for them has nothing new, they have explored all parts of it,

And now they are club-footed ! and they sit and look at charts of it.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Orientals homeward bound, now seek their clubs much sallow,

And while they eat green fat they find their own fat growing yellower ;

Their soup is made more savoury, till bile to shadows dwindles 'em,

And Messrs. Savoury and Moore with seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then there are clubs where persons parliamentary preponderate,

And clubs for men *upon the turf*—I wonder they ar'n't *under it*.

Clubs where the *winning* ways of *sharper* folks pervert the *use* of clubs,

Where *knaves* will make subscribers cry, "Egad, this is the *deuce* of clubs !"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

For country 'squires the only club in London now is
 Boodle's, sir ;
 The Westminster's for playful men, the Garrick for
 the noodles, sir ;
 These are the stages which all men propose to play
 their parts upon,
 For *clubs* are what the Londoners have clearly set their
 hearts upon.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.] [Tune—"Derry Down."

OF all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,
 You'll find none like the present one, time out of
 mind,
 When we've patents for all things, both little and big,
 From a beer-barrel cock to a barrister's wig.

Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the deuce why pre-
 pare 'em,

Unless they're contrived so that ladies can't wear 'em ?
 Patent combs for your good men who lead single lives,
 For married men get their heads combed by their *wives*.

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw ;
 A fine recipe for the conscience of law !

But if conscience and beards were all equally small,
 A lawyer would never want shaving at all !

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,
 And swear that the world can't their secret find out ;
 But I fancy that *curing's* the secret at stake,
 Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Patent coffins, they shut down so firm and so stout
 When you're in, that Old Nick himself can't get you
 out ;

Says the miser, "A better thing never was plann'd,
 And I vow when I die I'll buy one second-hand."

The patent for *washing's* at least the clean thing ;
 But shows to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring ;
 Each dog has its day, and that day is soon past,
 So our patents are all in the suds, sirs, at last.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,
 We have ironclads now where we'd once wooden walls ;
 And whoever upon our old privilege treads,
 Will find we've a patent for breaking their heads.

THE THREE THIRSTY TAILORS.

From the German of C. HERRLOSSEN.] [Tune—"Cork Leg."

THERE were three thirsty tailors once on a time,
 Who put up at an inn at Ingelheim ;
 They had not in their pockets a penny to pay,
 And yet most tremendously thirsty were they.

"We've come o'er the Rhine, to taste your wine,"
 To the landlord these tailors did say.

"We have not a penny among all the three,"
 To the landlord the first of the tailors said he ;
 "But every one of us knows what, I think,
 Would to you be a wrinkle, exchanged for a drink
 Of your wine by the Rhine, which we're told is so fine,
 And we are nearly ready to sink."

"My lads, in this line I am not to be caught,
 For I am the host here, and wine must be bought,
 And so you may carry your 'wrinkles' elsewhere,
 And thirst and be hanged to you, all that I care !
 But no wine by the Rhine, shall you have of mine
 That to pay for you cannot prepare."

The first tailor caught up a ray of sunlight,
 And threaded it through his needle so bright ;
 Then he mended a glass that was broken so well
 That the crack he had stitched they could none of
 them tell.

Oh the wine by the Rhine, it shall sparkle and shine
 In the glass that he mended so well !

The second a gnat on the window pane spied,
 And to catch it this tailor he warily tried.
 This gnat, it a hole in its stocking had got,
 And the tailor he darned it up, there on the spot,
 For the wine by the Rhine, for which he did pine.
 Still the landlord rewarded him not.

The third had a needle that large you might call,
 He took it and hammered it fast in the wall.
 Through the eye of this needle that tailor did spring,
 And, excepting that time, none e'er saw such a thing.
 All for wine of the Rhine, for which he did pine.
 Quoth the innkeeper—"That's sur-pris-ing !

"Such wonderful feats before never were played,"
 Said the innkeeper. "For them you ought to be
 paid ;"
 Then he took up a thimble and filled to the brim ;
 "And the very best thing you can do is to swim
 In the wine of the Rhine, so rosy and fine !"
 This was all that they got out of him !

THE TRAVELLING PHOTOGRAPHER.

GEORGE BENNETT.]

[Tune—"Drops of Brandy."]

I HAVE brought you my *carte*, Mrs. Gee ;
 I've just had my photograph taken,
 To present to the few I esteem,
 Sweet mem'ries of friendship to waken.
 It was merely a travelling affair,
 Though the artist was somewhat aspiring,
 And his "traps to catch sunbeams" would lure
 The most cynical, shy, and retiring.

I dare not have ventured within
 That little peep-show of a carriage,
 But it seemed such a perfect *bijou*,
 That no one would wish to disparage.

Then the portraits profusely displayed
 Were to me quite a newly-found treasure,
 And though "negatives" somewhat miscalled,
 They proved a *most positive* pleasure.

Oh the glimpses of character there !
 The lowly, the proud, the satanic ;
 There the beauteous and fair were enshrined
Vis-à-vis with* the hind and mechanic.
 There were lovers that, Siamese-like,
 Were joined from the head to the shoulders ;
 Aged couples, benignant and bland,
 That smiled on and blessed the beholders.

There were scores of young ladies and "gents,"
 That to me were the strangest of strangers ;
 There were volunteers, bravely bedight,
 Foot, yeomanry, cavalry, rangers ;
 All stood out defiant and bold,
 As though *l'amour pour patrie* inspired them
 With a twinkle of pride in their "een,"
 As if the great world had admired them.

There's a likeness of Sleek, the young clerk
 (He's as foggy and dull as November),
 On a Doric-like column he leans,
 With the smirk of a town-council member.
 All he's worth is outside his white vest—
 Gilded chain, with the thin *empty* locket ;
 Nothing sterling in heart or in mind,
 Any more than in purse or in pocket.

There was Borler, the *soi-disant* "rev."—
 Pry says he is sure there's a "tile off ;"
 Who would think that a "vessel" so weak
 Has a voice that is heard quite a mile off ?
 If Auld Cloutie be nervous at all,
 That gentleman must be a teaser ;
 Though I doubt if he'd venture a hoof
 On the steps of the "New Ebenezer."

There was Sharpe, the solicitor, there,
 With his wife, the pale suffering martyr.
 He *solicit*, indeed ! why he'd threaten and ban,
 And for eighty-pence conscience would barter.
 But there, hand in hand, you may see,
 The good and the evil depicted ;
 The exponents of falsehood and truth—
 The tyrant, the meek, and afflicted.

The Miss Strutts too had sat 'mong the rest,
 Old maids, without beauty or gumption ;
 You've *charity*, dearest, like me,
 To pity their pride and assumption ;
 But to think of such awful conceit,
 With their Esquimaux figures and faces !
 They might sit for the "Terrible Fates,"
 Though they're grouped as the three sister Graces.

But I trust now you'll cherish my *carte*,
 Though plain, and but meagrely finished ;
 We've been intimate thirty-two years,
 And affection has never diminished.
 Grey hairs, and a furrowing brow,
 Tell of age, ah ! who can disguise it ?
 Never mind, I've your friendship, dear Gee,
 And I hope that till death I shall prize it.

A TALE OF A TUB.

J. BRUTON.] [Air—"Oh dear, what can the matter be."
 YOU'VE heard of a ditty, called "Joe in the Copper,"
 Whose treatment by some means was very improper !
 I'll tell of another case, if I've an oppor-
 Tunity now to proceed.

A respectable family, needy, but *nuffin* low,
 To grief came at length, and all by a ruffian blow,
 Dealt by a German, which his name it was Puffen-
 blow—

A lodger of ours you must heed.

Oh dear, &c.

A house down at Knightsbridge I took like a silly
ass!

During the World's Fair (the thought makes me
bilious!)

Daughters, wife, servants, and I "Pater Familias,"

Ne'er thinking that aught could go wrong!

For four single lodgers in our window up goes a
bill!

(She would have them single—our girls were dis-
posable!)

Matilda, Rebecca, Jemima, and Rosabel—

But this is apart from my song!

Oh dear, &c.

We all met at breakfast; one lodger all skinny,
lean,

Awkward, and spooney! (all girls to a ninny lean!)

Wife all smiles and muslin—girls, crimson and crino-
line,

Each looking as prim as a saint!

While sipping our congou, I, wife, lodgers, and
daughter,

Found something wrong! In the servant I brought
her.

Said I, "Jane, there's something amiss with the
water!"

She answered, "I'm sure that there *aint*!"

Oh dear, &c.

"Now, Jane, isn't this one of *your* dark atrocities?"
My wife eyed her cup and said, "Look! like a froth
it is."

A lodger chimed in, and said, "Very like broth it is;
And calling it congou is bosh!

Of such a queer flavour I never did sip any.

Talk of them oil springs! Now I'll bet a fi'penny

That this is one on 'em!—don't it taste dripping?

It's either pea-soup or hog-wash!"

Oh dear, &c.

Days passed—the mystery ne'er cleared a bit away.

Morn after morn, every breakfast was ditto-y—

Tea thick and greasy, and sent for its grit away ;

Yes, all off, untasted, was packed.

But one day in rushed Jane, with news by a shorter
cut,

Thumbs pointing backward, eyes, too, in that quarter
put :

“ Here's a German a taking a bath in our water-
butt ! ” —

Yes, we all caught him there in the fact !

Oh dear, &c.

Yes, laving his limbs there, the butt nice and supple
in,

A spring from the top, just the same as a pup 'll in—

Taking a “ header ” just like Myles-na-Coppaleen !

And matching a whale in its freaks.

When questioned, we this fact from him did elimi-
nate—

Yes, the lodger, he told them, myself and the women it—

He thought the butt stood there to bathe or to swim
in it,

And this he'd been doing for weeks !

Oh dear, &c.

We might have been poison'd—had work for the
coroner.

He said, “ I'm a German ! I am but a foreigner.”

And I credited this as a fair reason, or in a

Fine rage I surely had got !

He soon went abroad—but such acts will spoil a
man,

I can't tell his *locale*, but to judge by the style o'
man,

And the tea thick and greasy, it may be the *Ile o'*
Man !

These foreigners—rot the whole lot !

Oh dear, &c.

THE COCKNEY AFLOAT.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Oh Cruel,"

IF I were only on dry land,
 And safely off the sea—
 Let it be low, or eke, high land,
 If but true land it be ;
 The sea might be a washing-tub
 For Neptune and his wife ;
 The breeze that blows might dry their clothes :
 I'd lead an earthly life.

The captain shows his studding-sail
 With pride, when fair the breeze ;
 His pride with me will not prevail—
 I'd rather see some trees !
 I only like the breeze that blows
 From flowers, the morning dew,
 And not a ranting gale, that throws
 Myself and chair askew.

I wish I were at home, I know,
 Among the stocks and stones ;
 This tossing makes my spirits low,
 And very sore my bones !
 But I've a friend who will not fear ;
He calls the sea sublime ;
 It may be so—but I am clear,
 I like it best in rhyme !

'Tis very easy getting *in*
 These waves—but *out* is hard.
 I'm not a fish—I've not a fin—
 I cannot swim a yard !
 And I would rather find a shark
 In *me* (when nicely fried),
 Than myself find, all dead and stark,
 Some day in *his* inside !

I wish I were in town, I know !
 I would not much mind where ;
 Only, by choice, I'd rather go
 Where I could take a fare—
 A coach or cab—I'd not be nice
 (When *will* this breeze give o'er ?)
 Nor would I grumble at the price,
 Though half-a-crown or more.

ROBSON'S OLD DOG TRAY.

R. B. BROUGH.]

[*Air*—"Poor Dog Tray."]

BUT unless my watch is fast,
 The morning time is past,
 To sing of the dawn it's too late in the day,
 Yet I've tried a change of air,
 Almost more than I can bear,
 It reminds me of my Old Dog Tray.
 Old Dog Tray is ever faithful,
 Grief came upon him one day,
 For the Governmental hacks,
 Would insist upon the tax,
 Which was fatal to my Old Dog Tray.
 Old Dog Tray, &c.

He was very good at rats,
 And a mortal foe to cats,
 We were more like brothers than I care to say,
 But eight shillings every year,
 For his company was dear,
 And there's nothing left of Old Dog Tray.
 Old Dog Tray had a plateful
 Of bones and potatoes one fine day,
 And inside the sav'ry mass hid
 Was a dose of prussic acid,
 Which made an end of Old Dog Tray.
 Old Dog Tray, &c.

THE FIDDLES.

CRIED a Scotchman once, hearing old Solomon play,
 "Your fiddle so charms me, downa weel say,
 'Tis divine, by St. Andrew! Shake hands wi' me, pray;
 This grip, chiel, my friendship insures."
 Quoth Solomon, quickly withdrawing his hand—
 "Tho' *my fiddle* you like, my good friend, understand,
 That I'm not over-partial to yours."

SARY SYKE.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Moll in the Wad."]

To me said mother, t'other day,
 "Why, Giles, you seem to pine away!"
 "Why, mother, as I grow old, I grant
 I feel as how there's some'at I want.
 There's Sarah Syke, the girl I like,
 Of her I'm thinking all my life;
 Her rosy cheek do look so meek!
 How fat I'd get were she my wife!"
 Tooral, looral, &c.

"Lard love the boy!" my mother said,
 "Why don't you go and court the maid?
 For every Jack there is a Jill."
 "Is there?" said I. "Then, mother, I will."
 Myself I drest all in my best,
 A nosegay sweet in buttonhole hung;
 I saddled my horse and jump'd across,
 And off I trotted, singing along.
 Tooral, looral, &c.

I soon got up to Farmer Syke's,
 I tie my horse and in I hikes;
 All were abroad; so, quite at ease,
 I help'd myself to bread and cheese.
 I drank some beer, and then did steer
 To look for Sary—my heart in a flutter—
 When in the dairy, like a fairy,
 I found my Sary a-making of butter.

(*Spoken.*) Yes, there she was, churning away,
and singing— Tooral, looral, &c.

“Lard! Giles,” said she, “why, who’d ha’
thought

To see ye here? Why, what has brought
You here to-day?” Said I, “Of course
I was brought hither by my horse.

Oh, Sarah Syke, ’tis you I like!

Yes, Sary, you’re my only joy;”

She look’d so coy, and cried, “Oh, foy!

What is it you want, you foolish boy?”

(*Spoken.*) O Sary, I don’t know——

Tooral, looral, &c.

“Why, Sary, I want to fix in life,
And you I wish to be my wife.”

Said she, “You don’t mean that, I know?”

“Yes, Sary, ’pon my soul! I do.

Oh, Sary Syke, ’tis you I like.

Then kiss consent, without any fuss.”

Gosh! without any fuss, with apron thus,

She wiped her mouth, and gave me a buss.

(*Spoken.*)—Oh, dear! it set me singing—

Tooral, looral, &c.

Then off we set, a squeedging hans,

To tell the parson about the bans;

And when come back, we did find means

To make a dinner of bacon and greens.

We’re married now, and I, somehow,

Am only happy with my wife;

I hug and press her, and cry, God bless her—

I was never so happy in all my life.

(*Spoken.*)—There she sits on one side the fire, and I
on the other;—then I look at her—then she looks at
me;—then I begin to sing—

Tooral, looral, &c.

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I sing, I sing in jingling rhymes, sirs
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Love's a killing thing, many pceople know it
Meet me, Miss Molly Malone
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My wife is a woman of mind
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