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ARKANSAS TRAVELER'S



SONG BOOK

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

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TFE

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER'S SONG-BOOK.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

By MOSE CASR.

(Published, in sheet-music form, by BLODGETT & BRADFORD, Music Publishers, Buffalo.)

THIS piece is intended to represent an Eastern man's experience among the inhabitants of Arkansas, showing their hospitality and the mode of obtaining it.

Several years since, he was travelling the state to Little Rock, the capital. In those days, railroads had not been heard of, and the stage-lines were very limited; so, under the circumstances, he was obliged to travel the whole distance on foot. One evening, about dusk, he came across a small log house, standing fifteen or twenty yards from the road, and enclosed by a low rail fence of the most primitive description. In the doorway sat a man, playing a violin—the tune was the then most popular air in that region—namely, "The Arkansas Traveller." He kept repeating the first part of the tune over and over again, as he could not play the second part. At the time the traveller reached the house it was raining very hard, and he was anxious to obtain shelter from the storm. The house looked like anything but a shelter, as it was covered with clapboards, and the rain was leaking into every part of it. The old man's laughter Sarah appeared to be getting supper, while a

1*

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

small boy was setting the table, and the old lady sat in the doorway near her husband, admiring the music.

The stranger, on coming up, said, "How do you do?" The man merely glanced at him, and, continuing to play replied, "I do as I please."

Stranger. How long have you been living here?

Old Man. D'ye see that mountain thar? Well, that was thar when I come here.

S. Can I stay here to-night?

O. M. No! ye can't stay here.

S. How long will it take me to get to the next tavern?

O. M. Well, you'll not get thar at all, if you stand thar foolin' with me all night! (*Plays.*)



S. Well, how far do you call it to the next tavern?

O. M. I reckon it's upwards of some distance! (*Plays again, as above.*)

S. I am very dry—do you keep any spirits in your house?

O. M. Do you think my house is haunted? They say, thar's plenty down in the graveyard. (*Plays as before.*)

S. How do they cross this river ahead?

O. M. The ducks all swim across. (*Plays as before.*)

S. How far is it to the forks of the road?

O. M. I've been livin' here nigh on twenty years, and no road ain't forked yit. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Give me some satisfaction, if you please, sir. Where does this road go to?

O. M. Well, it hain't moved a step since I've been here. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Why don't you cover your house? It leaks.

O. M. 'Cause it's rainin'.

S. Then why don't you cover it when it's not raining?

O. M. 'Cause it don't leak. (*Plays as before.*)

S. Why don't you play the second part of that tune?

O. M. If you're a better player than I am, you can play it yourself. I'll bring the fiddle out to you—I don't want you in here! (*Stranger plays the second part of the tune.*)





O. M. Git over the fence, and come in and sit down—I didn't know you could play. You can board here, if you want to. Kick that dog off that stool, and set down and play it over—I want to hear it agin. (*Stranger plays the second part again.*)

O. M. Our supper is ready now: won't you have some with us?

S. If you please.

O. M. What will you take, tea or coffee?

S. A cup of tea, if you please.

O. M. Sall, git the grubbin'-hoe, and go dig some sassafras, quick! (*Old man plays the first part.*)





S. (to the little boy). Bub, give me a knife and fork, if you please.

Boy. We hain't got no knives and forks, sir,

S. Then give me a spoon.

B. We hain't got no spoons neither.

S. Well, then, how do you do?

B. Tolerable, thank you; how do you do, sir? (*Old man plays the first part again!*)

The stranger, finding such poor accommodations, and thinking his condition could be bettered by leaving, soon departed, and at last succeeded in finding a tavern, with better fare. He has never had the courage to visit Arkansas since!

THE DUTCH MUSICIAN.

A Favorite Serio-Comic German Buffo Song.

As sung by TONY PASTOR.

(NOTE.—For the benefit of the English reader, this song is given with the words spelled as pronounced in our language. As it is in the original, a duett, we give it here as such, although sung by Mr. PASTOR as a solo, and with immense success.)

HE.

SHANUS maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena trummel,
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena fifel,
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel!
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel;
My swil-li-willi-wil!
My rub-a-dub-a-dub!
Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans caust du mauken?
Canst du s'piela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena gyka,
Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka;
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel;
My falla-la-la!
My swil-li-willi-wil!
My rub-a-dub-a-dub!
Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena bassgyke—
Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke!
Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka;
Swil-li-wil-li-wil! dans iest mien fifel;
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel;
My zoom-zoom-zoom!
My falla-la-la!
My swil-li-willi-wil!
My rub-a-dub-a-dub!
Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena bombass—
Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;
Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;
Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka!
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel.
My tra-ra-ra!
My zoom-zoom-zoom!
My falla-la-la!
My swil-li-willi-wil!
My rub-a-dub-a-dub!
Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena triangle—
Hic-moc-moc! dans iest mien triangle;
Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;
Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;
Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka;
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel;
My hic-moc-moc!
My tra-ra-ra!
My zoom-zoom-zoom!
My falla-la-la!
My swil-li-willi-wil!
My rub-a-dub-a-dub!
Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

Shanus maidschen, wans canst du mauken?
Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena drudlesock—

Qua-qua-qua! dans iest mien drudlesock;

Hic-moc-moc! dans iest mien triangle;

Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;

Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;

Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka;

Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;

Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel.

My qua-qua-qua!

My hic-moc-moc!

My tra-ra-ra!

My zoom-zoom-zoom!

My falla-la-la!

My swil-li-willi-wil!

My rub-a-dub-a-dub!

Dans iest mien trummel!

THE NEUTRAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

AIR—"Fine Old English Gentleman."

ENCOURAGED in his island-home that lies beyond the sea,
Behold the great original and genuine "Tis He;"

A paunchy, fuming son of beef, with double weight of chin,
And eyes that were benevolent, but for their singular tendency
to turn green whenever it is remarked that his irrepressible
American cousins have made another treaty with China ahead of him, and taken Albion in—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

With William, Duke of Normandy, his ancestors, he boasts,
Jame over from the shores of France to whip the Saxon
hosts:

And this he makes a source of pride; but wherefore there
should be

Such credit to an Englishman, in the fact that he is descended
from a nation which England is forever pretending to regard as
slightly her inferior in every

thing, and particularly behind her in military and naval affairs, we cannot really see—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He deals in Christianity—Episcopalian brand—
And sends his missionaries forth to bully heathen-land;
Just mention "slavery" to him, and, with a joyous sigh,
He'll say it's 'orrid, scandalous, although he is ready to
fight for the cotton raised by slaves, and forgets how
he bothered the Chinese to make them take opium;
and blew the Sepoys from the guns because the poor
devils refused to be enslaved by the East India Com-
pany, or phi-lan-thro-py—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He yields to Brother Jonathan a love that passeth show:
"We're Hanglo-Saxons, both of us, and can't be foes, you
know"—

But, as a Christian gentleman, he cannot, cannot hide
His horror of the spectacle of four millions of black beings
being held in bondage by a nation professing the largest
liberty in the world; though, in case of an anti-slavery
crusade, the interest of his Manchester factors would
imperatively forbid him to take part on either side—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

Now seeing the said Jonathan by base rebellion stirred,
And battling with pro-slavery, it might be thence inferred
That British hearts would be with us in this most holy strife;
But instead of that, John Bull's sympathy is labelled "Neu-
trality," and consigned to any rebel port not too closely
blockaded to permit English vessels loaded with munitions
to slip in. And when you ask Mr. Bull what he
meant by his inconsistent conduct, he becomes notori-
ously indignant, rolls up his eyes, and says, "I can't
endure to see brothers murdering each other, and keep-
ing me out of my cotton—I can't, upon my life"—

This neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.

Supposing Mr. Bull should die, the question might arise,
"Will he be wanted down below, or wafted to the skies?"

Allowing that he had his choice, it really seems to me,
 The moral English gentleman would choose a front seat
 with his Infernal Majesty: since Milton, in his blank-
 verse correspondence with old Time, more than once
 hinted the possibility of Nick's rebellion against Heaven
 succeeding. And as the Lower Secessia has cottoned
 to England through numerous Hanoverian reigns, such
 a choice on the part of the philanthropical Britisher
 would be simply another specimen of his neutral-i-ty—
 The neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

AIR—"Louisiana Lowlands."

'WAY down in Old Virginia, not many months ago,
 McClellan made a movement—he made it very slow;
 The rebels they soon found it out, and pitched into our rear;
 They got the very d—l, for they found old Kearney there!

Chorus.

In the old Virginia Lowlands, Lowlands, Lowlands,
 In the old Virginia Lowlands, low!

Again at Savage' Station, we met the rebel foe—
 That General Sumner whipped them, their list of killed will
 show;
 Then "Fighting Josy Hooker" came up with his train—
 He met them on the third day, and whipped them over
 again.

In the old, etc.

The rebels they still followed us, their numbers two to one,
 But Little Mac he let them know that Yankees would not
 run
 Mac thought that he would stop the fun, and bring it to an
 end—
 The only way to do that was, for Couch's men to send.
 In the old, etc.

When we heard that Mac had sent for us, with joy our
 hearts did fill,
 And we were quickly ready on the top of Malvern hill;
 The rebels they commenced the fight, but we were not dis-
 mayed—
 They might as well have met the de'il, as Howe and his
 brigade!

In the old, etc.

The rebels they began the fight by throwing shot and
 shell:
 That was a game, they soon found out, that Couch's men
 could them excel.
 We fought them from the morning's dawn until the setting
 sun—
 Among the killed and wounded, why, they had three to
 one!

In the old, etc.

The Ninety-third—the Twenty-third—were early on the
 ground;
 The Sixty-first, New York Chasseurs, soon showed them-
 selves around;
 Then came the First Long Island—we all did our work
 quite well,
 As many a wounded rebel from experience can tell.

In the old, etc.

When we came to James River, the boys began to cheer,
 As they saw the little Monitor—up the river she did steer.
 The rebel General got scared, and unto his men did say—
 "Here comes a Yankee earthquake, we'd better get away."

In the old, etc.

Now, all ye politicians, a word I have for you:
 Let our Little Mac alone, for he is tried and true;
 And you have found out lately that he is our only hope—
 For twice he saved the capital—likewise McDowell and
 Pope.

In the old, etc.

Now I think I will finish, and bring it to an end,
With three cheers for Little Mac—he's every soldier's
friend:

I would like all agitators and politicians to understand,
If one can save the Union, why Little Mac's the man.
In the old, etc.

MONEY IS YOUR ONLY FRIEND.

A Matter-of-Fact Comic Song.

AIR—"Green grow the Rushes, O!"

OF friendship I have heard much talk;
But you will find it, in the end,
That if distressed at any time,
Then money is your only friend.

Chorus—Yes, money is your only friend.
Money is your only friend;
Where'er you go, you'll find it so—
You must have money for to spend.

If you are sick, and like to die,
And for the doctor then you send,
You must to him advance a fee—
Then money is your only friend.
Yes, money, etc.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you all your hopes depend,
The lawyers want to see your cash—
Then money is your only friend.
Yes, money, etc.

Then let me have a store of gold,
From every ill it will defend:
In every exigence of life,
Dear money is your only friend.
Yes, money, etc.

THE THEATRE ON A BENEFIT NIGHT;

Or, the Bowery Third Tier.

AIR—"Paddy's Curiosity-Shop."

MR. BLUBBS is my name, you must know,
 And I'm a genteel sort of man;
 A nice little wife I have got,
 Whom I always treat when I can.
 To the theatre we went 'tother night—
 'Twas a benefit night, d'ye see;
 A rich treat I thought we should have,
 And so thought my sweet Mrs. B.

Chorus.

There's a small chance of seeing the sights,
 It's a fact, as my song it will show,
 To those who on benefit nights
 To the Bowery Theatre will go.

'Twas six when our lodgings we left,
 And to the theatre we went;
 But the crowd there it soon got so great,
 All manner of shapes we were bent.
 At length up the stairs we were crammed—
 Some joked, and called it a spree,
 To see how my limbs they were jammed,
 In protecting my dear Mrs. B.
 There's a small chance, etc.

In the third tier we quickly were poked;
 Of our purses we both soon were eased;
 We were stuck 'mongst a lot of fast ladies,
 Who seemed to act just as they pleased.
 The place was so dreadfully hot,
 With myself, 'gad, it didn't agree;
 It soon made me awfully sick,
 And so it made poor Mrs. B.

There's a small chance, etc.

2*

We didn't know what for to do,
 For we couldn't make our way out;
 We were jammed up like plums in a pudding,
 And were shamefully knocked all about.
 "You fool, take your hat off!" says one;
 And another, alluding to me,
 Says, "I wonder where he picked *her* up?"
 What an insult to poor Mrs. B.
 There's a small chance, etc.

At last we got settled a bit,
 Not heeding at all what was said;
 But we hadn't been sitting down long,
 When I got such a thump on the head!
 My hat was knocked over my eyes,
 And I was quickly unable to see:
 "Lord! I want to skedaddle," says I;
 "So do I," says my dear Mrs. B.
 There's a small chance, etc.

We managed to squeeze our way out—
 My nose being nearly cut in two;
 My wife's clothes were all sadly torn,
 And my visage was quite black and blue.
 I went off to get my wounds dressed,
 But the doctor first asked for his fee:
 I hadn't a postage-stamp left,
 And neither had poor Mrs. B.
 There's a small chance, etc.

We made the best haste to our home,
 And a pretty nice state we were in—
 Broken nose, broken bonnet and hat,
 And our pockets both eased of their tin!
 And, although we went to the play,
 Not the first single scene did we see:
 I ne'er went to the theatre since,
 Nor I never brought sweet Mrs. B.
 There's a small chance, etc.

ALL MANKIND ARE WORMS.

10

ALL MANKIND ARE WORMS.

A highly Popular Comic Song.

Sung by all the Comic Vocalists.

AIR—"Bow, wow, wow!"

As all we mortals turn to clay,
When closed our mortal terms, sir,
I think we may with reason say
That all mankind are worms, sir.
But as there's some may doubt this truth,
And I like to be exact, sir,
Your patience kindly grant me, while
I'll try to prove the fact, sir.

Chorus—Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Dandy he's a tape-worm,
Made up of stays and lace, sir;
The Tailor he's a cabbage-worm,
That cuts your leaves with grace, sir.
The Lover he's a glow-worm,
That shines but to allure, sir;
The Husband he's a ring-worm,
That old wives best can cure, sir.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Glutton he's a meal-worm,
Still feeding night and day, sir;
The Drunkard he's a still-worm,
That drinks his all away, sir.
The Brewer he's a malt-worm,
A very jolly one, sir;
The Farmer he's a grub-worm,
That grubs on in the sun, sir.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Scholar he's a book-worm,
That best on learning feeds, sir;
The Miser he's a muck-worm,
That on a dunghill breeds, sir.

THE WEDDED BACHELOR.

The Rogue he's but a blind-worm,
That works on in the dark, sir;
The Coquette she's a bait-worm,
That angles for a spark, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Idler he's a slow-worm,
With laziness he's rife, sir;
The Soldier he's a blood-worm,
Still feeding upon life, sir!
A Maid she is a silk-worm,
That changes every way, sir;
And Love "a worm i' the bud" is,
That eats our peace away, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

And thus I think I've proved to you
That all mankind are worms, sir—
Of different kinds and natures, too,
And different shapes and forms, sir:
And since that all our bodies go
To the worms at our tail-end, sir,
Let's hope, like jolly butterflies,
That we may all ascend, sir!

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

 THE WEDDED BACHELOR.

A New Parody.

NOT a drum was heard, not a signal-note,
As the parties to the altar we hurried;
But each person took their farewell look
Of the bachelor about to be married.

We married him quickly, at dead of night,
The state of bachelorhood turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And our candles dimly burning.

satins enclosed his breast,
 costly attire surround him;
 to the bachelor's plain style of dress,
 the priest's cloak folded around him.

and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But, as we gazed in his face, we plainly read
 That he bitterly thought of the morrow!

We thought, as we stroked down his narrow bed,
 And smoothed his lonely pillow,
 How the mop and the broomstick would fly o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the one that's gone,
 And before his dear spouse upbraided him;
 But they'll little expect, if they let him pass on,
 He'll follow the samples they've made him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
 And we knew, by the jingling and rattling of tins,
 That a horning was about transpiring.

Sadly and dearly he did repent
 Of the step taken in matrimony;
 Almost broken-hearted he did lament—
 "Oh, leave me ALONE for my glory!"

PADDY O'FLANAGAN.

'Twas Paddy O'Flanagan set out one morning
 From Dublin, sweet city, to London on foot,
 in an old tattered jacket, all foppery scorning,
 With a shoe on his leg and his neck in a boot.
 A dash! whack! in no time he walked over the water,
 And soon set his head on England's famed shore;
 While for joy of his safety his stomach did totter—
 He sung Teddy O'Reilly and Molly Asthore,

With his phililu hubbuboo hugamaurainee,
Musha gra, botheration, and smalliloo huh!

A place he soon got when in London arrived, sir,
To brush up a gemman, and wait on his coat—
Where he soon learned to know that jist four beans make
five, sir,

And could tell you a tale with his tongue down his throat.
Now one day, while Pat was his master attending,
In his study, where letters around him did lay,
When he begged hard for one to his friends to be sending,
As 'twould save him from writing, and be the best way.
With his phililu, etc.

Soon after, being sent with a basket and letter,
Crammed full of live pigeons to give to a friend,
Enraged at their fluttering, he thought it was better
To set them at large, and their misery end:
Then on, jog he went, to the place where directed,
But the door had no knocker—so, what does he do?
Faith, he knocked at the next, where the servant attend-
ing—
Cried Pat, "It's your knocker I want, and not you!"
With your phililu, etc.

Being brought 'fore the gemman, he gave him the note,
Who said, "In the letter here's pigeons, I find."
"Be jabers," says Pat, "that's a very good joke,
For they fled from the basket, and left me behind!"
The gentleman swore for the loss he must pay,
Or on losing his place for certain depend;
Pat replied, "To your offer I'll not once say nay,
If you'll be so kind as the money to lend!"
With my phililu, etc.

Being pleased with the joke, poor Pat got forgiven,
For, though blunder on blunder, no harm there was
meant:
And if he's not dead, with his master he's living—
And when not out of humor, is always content.

Nay, more, Paddy Flanagan joins in the wish
That the cares of our friends may soon find a decrease;
That war may be drowned on dry land with the fish,
And the world forever taste blessings of peace.
 With my phililú, etc.

 KATTY O'RANN.

Was not Patrick O'Lilt, sure, a broth of a lad,
Who bartered what money and baubles he had,
For the love of his sweetheart, Miss Katty O'Rann?
Since ne fell deep in love, 'faith! no longer the spade
He handled, or followed the turf-cutting trade;
But sang day and night to make his heart light,
And swore for his Katty he'd die or he'd fight:
 Thus did Patrick O'Lilt for Miss Katty O'Rann.
Chorus—Ri tol de rol, etc.

He sang out his love in a sorrowful strain:
His warbling she heard, but she laughed at his pain—
Which he could not bear from Miss Katty O'Rann.
'Twas enough to have melted the heart of a stone
To have heard the poor lad sing, sigh, mutter, and moan,
While she turned up her nose, which stood always awry,
And plump on another she cast her sheep's eye,
Crying, "Pat, you won't do for Miss Katty O'Rann."
Ri tol de rol, etc.

As he found no impression he made on the maid,
'Faith, he shovelled himself out of life with his spade,
Determined to perish for Katty O'Rann:
For, with spade, axe, and mallet, about his neck tied,
He plunged in the Liffey, and there for her died!
As he sunk from the shore, he cried, "Katty, no more
Shall you trouble my spirit, or make my bones sore;
So bad luck to you, beautiful Katty O'Rann!"
Ri tol de rol, etc.

PHILIP THE FALCONER.

YOUNG Philip the falconer's up with the day,
 With his merlin on his arm,
 And down the mill meadows has taken his way
 To hawk—and pray where's the harm?
 Philip is stalwart, and Philip is young,
 And Philip, they say, has a musical tongue.
 The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
 And Philip he always is hawking there!
 For he vows and declares, believe it or not,
 There's not in the kingdom, for herons, such a spot :
 And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
 Should be trained in the morning early.

The miller's to market to buy him some corn,
 For work it should never stand still ;
 A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
 In the meadow below the mill ;
 And Philip's grown tired of a bachelor's life—
 Thinks the miller's young sister would make a good wife :
 And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
 And then a long leave-taking over the stile.
 Oh, when he returns from market, I guess,
 The miller will find he's a sister the less !
 For maidens, they say, do not always say "Nay,"
 When they're asked in the morning early.

The miller's returned to a comfortless home,
 No maiden's sweet voice is there ;
 He sought o'er the hills, through the valleys and fields,
 For comfort his spirits to cheer.
 But the birds sang less sweetly, the streams murmured low
 The winds were all cross, and the mill wouldn't go :
 But he met little Mary just down by the lea— [hearts free
 Now they both had long loved, when they thought thei
 "O Mary," he said, and her hand pressed the while,
 "Shall we talk of our wedding just down by the stile?"
 She blushed, turned away, but she didn't say "Nay,"
 So they married one morning early.

JAKE SCHNEIDER'S DAUGHTER.

SHE WAS SISTER TO THE ANGELS.

SHE was sister to the angels--
For we knew we could not trace,
In that form of radiant beauty,
Any stain of earthly race;
Like a sunbeam was her laughter,
And of heaven's own blue her eye;
And we wondered not they took her
To their home beyond the sky:
Like a shadow that comes fitting
Through some bright and sunny beam,
She has passed away before us,
And has left us but a dream.

There are flowers that fade in summer,
That the spring-time may restore;
But the heart grows sad and weary,
Ere the winter-time is o'er.
In a thousand sunny places
We their beauteous forms may view
But they seem not half so lovely
As the flowers our childhood knew.
So in all that's fair around us,
We in part recall that face,
That had less of earth than heaven,
Yet of each had left a trace.

JAKE SCHNEIDER'S DAUGHTER.

A Parody on "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

By JOHN F. POOLE.

Mit der Tune of "Whack row de dow."

A VELLER, in der Jersey clime,
Cries, "Poatman, do not darry!
Un I'll gif you a pretzel vine
To row us o'er der verry."

"Now who vould cross der Shersey creek,
Dis dark und muddy vater?"
"Oh, I'm Von Schunk," der veller shpeak,
"Un dis Jake Schneider's daughter."

Chorus.

Whack row de dow,
A hunkey boy vos Jacob Schneider;
Whack row de dow,
De gal vos shtole away!

"Ve've left her vader's house behind—
Across der shtream I'll dake her;
Un if der minishder ve vind,
Mrs. Von Schunk I'll make her.
Old Schneider's men behind us ride,
Dey shvear dey'll cut mine vizen!
Den who vill sheer mine ponny pride,
If I am daked to brison?"

Whack row de dow, etc.

Out shpoke der poatman, "You sha'nt vail;
To go, by tam, I'm ready!
It ish not vor your pretzel shtale,
But vor your bretty lady.
Shust help der poat vrom off dese logs—
Too heavy 'tis to carry;
Un, dough der mud ish vull of vrogs,
I'll row you o'er der verry."

Whack row de dow, etc.

Shust den der rain pegin'd to vall—
Der pullvrogs shtopped deir squeaking;
Der lady virst mit vright did bawl,
Der vet soon set her shrieking.
Un den, ash louder plowed der vind,
Un ash der night grow'd drearer,
Dey heard der Deutschenmen behind—
Deir drampling sounded nearer!

Whack row de dow, etc.

"Hurry up your gakes!" der lady said,
 "Dough dempests round us gader;
 I doesn't vant a proken head,
 Un so von't meet mine vader."
 Der poat vos launched ubon der creek,
 Der lovers vent on poard it;
 Der vaters rushed in trough each leak,
 Un loud der shtorm roared it.
 Whack row de dow, etc.

Un ven half vay across dey got,
 Trough mud un vater shteering,
 Olt Schneider reached der vatal shpot,
 His wrath vos changed to shvearing.
For in der poat, in her pest clothes,
 His shild he did dishgover;
 Von lovely hand shtretched vrom her nose,
 Un von vos rount her lover.
 Whack row de dow, etc.

"Gome pack, gome pack!" aloud he cried,
 "Vorgive your volly I vill."
 "Nien! nary pack!" Von Schunk replied,
 "You may go to der tuyfel!"
 Der lovers vent. He turned around,
 Mit curses loud un blenty,
 Vent to his home, and dere he vound
 His money-trawer vos empty.
 Whack row de dow, etc.

 MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I've roved over mountain, I've crossed over flood;
 I've traversed the wave-rolling sand:
 Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as
 bright,
 Yet it was not my own native land.
 No, no, no, no, no—no, no, no, no, no!

28 THE SHIELD, FISHBALL, AND SEWING-MACHINE.

Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as
bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft I have grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

THE SHIELD, THE FISHBALL, AND THE SEWING-
MACHINE;

Or, Love, Arsenic, and Percussion-Caps.

Written and sung, with unusual applause, by TONY PASTOR, the fa-
mous clown and comic vocalist.

AIR—"In the Merry Month of May."

My song is of a "Peeler" gay,
A fancy chap that once I knew,
His "beat" 'twas up and down Broadway,
And he looked so fine in his suit of blue!
The girls would smile as he'd pass by,
But one there was that met his eye—
He thought her the fairest that ever he'd seen—
She worked in a shop on a sewing-machine.
(Spoken.) Big thing on the sewing-machine.

Chorus—My song, etc.

Each even she'd come at six o'clock,
 The Peeler for her would wait the while;
 The wagons and stages at once he'd stop,
 And hand her across with a wink and a smile.
 But he had a rival, five feet in his boots,
 A sort of a cook down at Meschutt's;
 A nice young man of limited means—
 He was chief-engineer of the pork and beans!
 Big thing on the pork and beans
 My song, etc.

Says the Peeler, "I'll cut out this 'Fishball.'"
 To "Sewing-Machine" he showed the cash;
 Upon her each night he used to call,
 Which quickly settled poor Cooky's hash.
 One night he called, the maid to see,
 And found her squat on the Peeler's knee;
 And, what with affright there made him stand,
 She was playing away with his club in her hand.
 Big thing on the club.
 My song, etc.

Cried he, "For to live is now no use!"—
 He crept into the coffee-can through the spout;
 But, without ever cooking poor Cooky's goose,
 He was only half boiled when the fire went out.
 But, as he was resolved to die,
 He swallowed the shell of an oyster-pie,
 Then rammed it down with a loaf of bread—
 It stuck in his throat, and choked him dead!
 Big thing on the Cooky.
 My song, etc.

When "Sewing-Machine" the news did hear,
 For a pound of arsenic she went out;
 She drank it off in a quart of beer,
 And threw up till she turned right inside out!
 When the Peeler heard of these sad mishaps,
 He swallowed a pound of percussion-caps;

Then a gallon of brandy his heat increases,
 Till they bursted and blew him all to pieces!
 Big thing on the percussions,
 My song, etc.

LITTLE MORE CIDER.

I LOVE the white girl and the black,
 And I love all the rest;
 I love the girls for loving me,
 But I love myself the best.
 Oh, dear, I am so thirsty!
 I've just been down to supper—
 I drank three pails of apple-jack,
 And a tub of apple-butter!

Chorus—Oh, little more cider too,
 A little more cider too;
 A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
 A little more cider too!

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
 'Twas on Broadway I spied her;
 I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
 If I could been beside her.
 She looked at me, and I looked at her,
 And then I crossed the street;
 And then she smiling said to me,
 "A little more cider sweet."
 Oh, little more cider, etc.

Oh, I wish I was an apple,
 And Snowflake was another;
 Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make,
 Upon a tree together!
 How bad de darkeys all would feel,
 When on the tree they spied her,
 To think how happy we would be
 When we're made into cider!
 Oh, little more cider, etc.

But now old age comes creeping on—
 We grow down, and don't get bigger;
 And cider sweet am sour then,
 And I am just de nigger.
 But let de cause be what it will,
 Short, small, or wider,
 She am de apple of my soul,
 And I'm bound to be beside her.
 Oh, little more cider, etc.

KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

A BOY in my teens, just before I reached twenty,
 Among the young lasses would cast a hawk's eye:
 Fresh lilies and roses, and posies in plenty,
 Graced Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.
 She'd say, "Pat, be aisy! ah, why do you teaze me?
 I dread to come near you, and cannot tell why."
 "My sowl! neither Jenny nor Nell of Kilkenny
 Are dear as sweet Kathleen, the pride of Athy."

"Arrah, Pat, you know that my father and mother
 Both think me too young to be married—oh, fie!
 To stay awhile longer I know they would rather;
 Then can't you have patience?"—"Dear Kathleen, not I."
 She smiled like a Cupid, which made me look stupid—
 My eyes fixed with love, when I found she'd comply;
 So bloomed every feature, like soft tints of Nature,
 Of Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.

Then war drove me on to where battle was raging,
 She kissed me, I pressed her with tears in each eye:
 We sighed, groaned, and blubbered—she cried so engaging
 "Remember poor Kathleen, and once-loved Athy,
 Where oft, in its bowers, you've pulled me sweet flowers—
 If e'er you forget it, I'll certainly die!"
 "My Kathleen, to you, love, I'll ever be true, love,
 Sweet Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy."

A LITTLE SONG OF LITTLE THINGS.

A Little Comic Ditty,

Sung by the late JOHN WINANS, at the National and Bowery Theatres.

AIR—"Fine Old Irish Gentleman."

I'LL sing to you a little song, in little jingling rhymes,
 'Bout little folks and little things in these funny little times,
 Their little ways, their little deeds—though perhaps I've
 little cause,

And very little skill, indeed, to merit your applause—
 For this is a little history of little modern times.

The little joys of former times have nearly passed away;
 There's very little labor now, and very little pay:
 All things with being little here we honestly may charge,
 If we except the taxes, which you'll own are very large—
 For this is, etc.

We've very little orators, who take no little pains
 To show the world at large that they have very little brains.
 We've little men in Congress, who are no little bore,
 Besides a little bank-bill to oppress the little poor—
 For this is, etc.

We've little swells about the town, who've a very little
 purse;
 And pert and prudish little maids, with a little child at
 nurse;
 And little foppish dandy sparks, whose credit's very queer,
 Who strut their little forms about to quiz the little fair—
 For this is, etc.

And then we've pretty little girls, who pore o'er little
 sonnets,
 With little waists and little feet, and little fancy bonnets,
 Who paint their pretty little cheeks, and play their little
 parts,
 To win the little men's sweet smiles, and please their little
 hearts—
 For this is, etc.

We've little balls and little routs, where little people go,
 To sport their little figures and to sport their little toe;
 Little sparks and little clerks, just broke from their mamma;
 And little boys who think they're men, with a little sweet
 cigar—

For this is, etc.

A little smart apology, and then my song is done:
 I've spoke a little freely, just to cause a little fun;
 My object being, of little devils blue all to disarm,
 So if I've gained that little end, I've done but little harm
 In this my little history of little modern times

TIT FOR TAT.

A highly Popular Comic Song.

Sung by all the celebrated vocalists.

AIR—"The Tickling-Man."

MR. TIBBS, as they tell me, was not half so bold
 As his gay little wife, a most terrible scold,
 Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that:
 But in truth she'd some reason to scold, I'm afraid,
 For she lately detected him kissing the maid!
 So he very much stared when she told him one day—
 "My love, if you like, you may go to the play,
 Which is witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that."

Now Tibbs was a lover of plays that were witty,
 But much more in love with his wife's maid, sweet Kitty,
 Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.
 With lawless emotion his bosom now burned,
 And in secret, alone, by the garden returned;
 The moon, with her horns, was just rising to view—
 Fatal vision, which told him that he was horned too!
 Though so witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.

HIGHLAND MARY.

gods! at that moment his optics descried
His wife, with a tall, dashing youth at her side,
Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that
Mr. Tibbs, bolting out, cried, with dreadful grimace,
"Vile woman! now dare look your spouse in the fact!"
She screamed, and exclaimed, "You base wretch! in good
time
My maid has confessed all your wicked design—
For she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.

"I'm resolved on revenge—I your steps have waylaid,
And my cousin, the captain, I've brought to my aid—
He is witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that;
With him you may settle the case in dispute,
And I'll give you, gratis, this lesson to boot:
When next with my maid you would kiss, and all that,
Pray remember your wife may return 'tit for tat,'
If she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that!"

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer faust unfauld her robes
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel-wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN ?

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But oh, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN ?

THOU, thou, reign'st in this bosom—
There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee—
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me?
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee!
Say, say, hope shall be thine:
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee—
Say but thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be mine.

I'D BE A BLUE-BOTTLE.

A Popular Parody.

Sung by Mr. J. REEVE, in Buckstone's Burletta, "Billy Taylor."

AIR—"I'd be a Butterfly."

I'd be a blue-bottle, buzzing and blue,
 With a chimy proboscis, and nothing to do
 But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
 The choicest of meats when the summer days glow.
 Let the hater of sentiment, dewdrops, and flowers,
 Scorn the insect that flutters in sunbeams and bowers;
 There's a pleasure which none but the blue-bottle knows—
 'Tis to buzz in the ear of a man in a doze!

How charming to haunt a sick-chamber, and revel
 O'er the invalid's pillow, like any blue devil!
 When pursued, to bounce off to the window, and then
 From the pane to the counterpane bounce back again!
 I'd be a blue-bottle, buzzing and blue,
 With a chimy proboscis, and nothing to do
 But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
 The choicest of meats when the summer days glow!

COME, SIT THEE DOWN.

COME, sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
 Come, sit thee down, by me, love,
 And I will tell thee many a tale
 Of the dangers of the sea;
 Of the perils of the deep, love,
 Where angry tempests roar,
 And the raging billows wildly dash
 Upon the groaning shore!
 Come, sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
 Come, sit thee down by me, love,
 And I will tell thee many a tale
 Of the dangers of the sea.

A VERY GOOD HAND AT IT.

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The skies are flaming red, my love,
The skies are flaming red, love,
And darkly rolls the mountain-wave,
And rears its monstrous head;
While skies and ocean blending,
And bitter howls the blast—
And one daring tar, 'twixt life and death
Clings to the shattered mast!
Come, sit thee down, etc.

A VERY GOOD HAND AT IT.

A Favorite Comic Song.

Sung by WILLIAM REEVE, comedian and comic vocalist

AIR—"Jeremy Diddler."

To New York I just came 'tother day,
With my pockets all laden with cash, sirs;
I soon took a walk through Broadway,
For I thought I would cut such a dash, sirs.
There I met with Miss Emily Lee,
And an "open house" being quite handy,
I asked her to step in with me,
And there take a small drop of brandy.

Chorus—Tol lol de rol, etc.

She quickly then gave her consent—
We went in, and to drink did begin it:
She ordered a bottle of wine,
And guzzled it off in a minute!
At that I began to look blue—
Thinks I, "Now it's no use to stand at it."
Says she, "Sir, believe me—it's true—
I'm reckoned a very good hand at it!"

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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Then she said that her stomach felt queer—
 Some victuals would give it relief, sirs;
 Then she knocked in just five oyster-stews,
 Then a large plate or two of roast beef, sirs.
 She said that the lobsters looked nice—
 If I'd be so kind as to stand a bit;
 She botted off two in a trice,
 For she's reckoned a very good hand at it.
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

We wandered the streets all the day,
 And saw what sights there were to see;
 At length unto me she did say,
 "I should like a good strong cup of tea."
 We quick headed off for Meschutt's—
 To walk in we didn't long stand at it;
 There she took tea and cakes for an hour—
 Oh, she's reckoned a very good hand at it!
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

Then next pork and beans caught her eye,
 So she called up the waiter so swellish,
 And ordered a very large plate,
 With an oyster-pie just for a relish!
 She then took a fancy to hash,
 And asked me if I wouldn't stand a bit;
 She swallowed just six plates of that,
 For she's reckoned a very good hand at it.
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

I found I was wanting some rest,
 So I thought I'd look out for a bed, sirs;
 She said that she thought 'twould be best,
 If I'd occupy half hers instead, sirs.
 In a moment I gave my consent—
 Her dwelling it was rather grand a bit;
 'Twas tasty and nice, and all that,
 For she's reckoned a very good hand at it.
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

Next morning quite early I rose,
 But I found such a pain in my head, sirs!
 She had bolted away with my clothes,
 And left me alone in the bed, sirs.
 So, young men, I beg you take care,
 And love from your knobs pray abandon it;
 Or, like me, you'll be caught in a snare,
 By one that's a very good hand at it.
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

CHISELLING THE BURIAL-CLUB.

AIR—"Paddy's Curiosity-Shop."

MY old woman one day says to me,
 "A thought has popped into my head—
 How hard up our young ones would be,
 If supposing as how you was dead!"
 Says I, "Old gal, tip us your fin—
 You shall never be hard up for grub·
 For to-morrow I'll muster some tin,
 And belong to the Burial-Club."
 Chorus—Tol lol de rol, etc.

I arose up next morning at nine,
 Round my neck put my Sunday cravat;
 To my boots gave a jolly good shine,
 In the water-pail dipped my silk hat.
 Just a dollar I had to a cent;
 With brickdust I my cheeks gave a rub--
 Then to the committee I went,
 And entered the Burial-Club.
 Tol lol de rol, etc.

Then I sent my old woman one day
 (As a queer thought came into my head)
 To the committee, and told her to say
 As how her poor husband was dead!

She went, and she pitched them a tale—
 With onions her eyes gave a rub;
 So they gave her some cash on the nail,
 So we chiselled the Burial-Club.

Tol lol de rol, etc.

We next sent some notes to our friends,
 My wife and I shoved them about—
 With "Mister John Johnson intends
 On giving a jolly blow-out!"
 We'd a lot of pig's-feet and some bread,
 Six gallons of soup in a tub;
 In fact, they were very well fed,
 At the expense of the Burial-Club!

Tol lol de rol, etc

I served out the soup in good style,
 To show how genteel I had been;
 And the old woman showed 'em, the while,
 How fast she could put away gin!
 We ate one another, almost—
 And, after we'd finished the grub,
 The old woman gave us a toast:
 "Here's long life to the Burial-Club!"

Tol lol de rol, etc.

We had a bass-fiddle and fife,
 A banjo, and cracked tambourine;
 But, while dancing, I noticed my wife
 Steal off with a fellow called Green!
 She told me, right bang to my head,
 She wished I'd been choked by the grub,
 For she'd marry him when I was dead,
 With the blunt from the Burial-Club.

Tol lol de rol, etc.

We kept up the dancing all night,
 Till we couldn't dance any more;
 And at last we were put in a fright,
 By a thundering knock at the door—

When a man in black popped in his head,
 Like the devil in search of his grub,
 With "I've come for the man that's dead—
 I belong to the Burial-Club!"

Tol iol de rol, etc

Our party rushed out of the room,
 After breaking the tables and chairs;
 The old woman snatched up the broom,
 And knocked Mister Devil down-stairs!
 We were both taken by the police,
 And locked up all night without grub;
 And then got a twelvemonth apiece,
 For defrauding the Burial-Club!

Tol lol de rol, etc.

YACOB SCHNAPPS AND PEDER SCHPIKE.

A Parody on "Robin Ruff and Gaffer Green."

By JOHN F. POOLE.

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

If I had but a dousand a year, Peder Schpiké,
 If I had but a dousand a year,
 Vot a veller I'd pe, un I'd have sooch a shpree,
 If I had but a dousand a year, Peder Schpiké.
 If I had but *ein* dousand a year.

PEDER SCHPIKE.

Vot der tuyfel vas got in your head, Yacob Schnapps?
 You ish grayz as dunder, I fear!
 But I'll listen mit you: dell me, vot would you do,
 If you had but a dousand a year, Yacob Schnapps,
 If you had but *ein* dousand a year?

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

Vot I'd do? I'd puy lots of goot tings, Peder Schpiké,
 Zwetzer-kaese, buddings, pretzels, un bier;

4*

I would puild a pig house, have a couple of frows,
 If I had but a dousand a year, Peder Schpike,
 If I had but a dousand a year.

PEDER SCHPIKE.

But subbose you gets sick on yo ir ped, Yacob Schnapps,
 Mit trinking too much lager-bier?
 Un ven you grows old, if your frows 'gin to schöld,
 Den vot ish your dousand a year, Yacob Schnapps,
 Den vot ish your dousand a year?

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

Vot, a man sich as me to get sick, Peder Schpike?
 I dinks dat would pe butty queer:
 Mine life I'd insure, un from Death pe secure,
 If I had but a dousand a year, Peder Schpike,
 If I had but a dousand a year.

PEDER SCHPIKE.

Dere's a place vot ish petter as dis, Yacob Schnapps.

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

Yaw, der shtate von New Yarsey ish near!

POTH TOGEDER.

Let us poth emigrate to dat peautiful shtate,
 Un ve'll soon make a dousand a year—yaw, inteed,
 Ve vill soon make a dousand a year!

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

LET me go to my home in the far distant land,
 To the scenes of my childhood in innocence blest;
 Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters flow
 Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go—
 Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go!

Let me go to the spot where the'cataract plays,
 Where oft I have sported in boyhood's bright days,
 And greet my poor mother, whose heart will overflow
 At the sight of her child: let me go, let me go—
 At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go!

Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarred side
 I have sported so oft in the morn of my pride,
 And exulted to conquer the insolent foe:
 To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go—
 To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go!

And oh, let me go to my wild forest-home,
 No more from its life-cheering pleasures to roam:
 'Neath the groves of the glen let my ashes lie low;
 To my home in the woods let me go, let me go—
 To my home in the woods let me go, let me go!

OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should go mad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!
 But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-je; ;
 Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see—
 And come as ye were nae comin' to me—
 Oh, come as ye were nae comin' to me!

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should go mad,
 Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad.
 At kirk or at merket, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though ye cared nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me—
 Oh, look as ye were nae lookin' at me!

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should go mad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!
 Ay, vow and protest that ye care nae for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty awee;
 But court nae anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me—
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me!

THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND. (A Parody.)

As sung by the Hutchinson Family

Air—"Alice Grey."

SHE'S not what Fancy painted her—
 I'm sadly taken in;
 If some one else had won her, I
 Should not have cared a pin!
 I thought that she was mild and good
 As maiden e'er could be:
 I wonder how she ever could
 Have so much humbugged me!

They cluster round and shake my hand,
 They tell me I am blest;
 My case they do not understand—
 I think that I know best.
 They call her "fairest of the fair,"
 They drive me mad and madder:
 What do they mean by it?—I swear
 I only wish they had her!

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

THE SAILOR-BOY'S GOOD-BY.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that Tree."

MY mother dear, I go
 Far o'er the distant sea—
 But let me gladly know
 A blessing fond from thee.
 The fate that makes us poor,
 Calls forth the parting sigh,
 And drives me from thy door—
 My mother dear, good-by!

And when in distant lands
 I make my exiled prayer,
 And raise my folded hands
 To Him who'll guide me there—
 I'll crave for thee each joy,
 And He will hear my cry;
 Then, smiling, kiss thy boy—
 My mother dear, good-by!

This poor but pretty cot,
 On which the sunset gleams,
 Will ne'er be once forgot—
 'Twill mingle in my dreams.
 And when from distant climes
 Thy truant boy comes nigh,
 We'll share the happy times—
 My mother dear, good-by!

The thoughts of thy dear form,
 Thy cherished voice so kind,
 Will cheer me in the storm,
 Amid the howling wind.
 I dare not now remain;
 But quick the time will fly,
 When we shall meet again—
 My mother dear, good-by!

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

I'M right from ole Virginny, wid my pocke full ob news
 I'm worth twenty shillings, right square in my shoes;
 It doesn't make a dif of bitterness to neider you nor I
 Big pig or little pig—Root, hog, or die!

Chorus.

I'm chief cook and bottle-washer,
 Cap'n ob de waiters;
 I stand upon my head
 When I peel de apple- umplins!

I'se de happiest darkey on de top ob de earth;
 I get fat as a 'possum in de time ob de dearth;
 Like a pig in a 'tater-patch, dar let me lie,
 'Way down in ole Virginny, whar it's Root, hog, or die!
 I'm chief cook, etc.

De New York dandies dey look so very grand—
 Ole clothes hand me down, gloves upon de hand
 High-heel-boots, mustaches round de eye,
 A perfect sick family ob Root, hog, or die!
 I'm chief cook, etc.

De New York gals dey do beat dem all;
 Dey wear high-heel shoes for to make demselfs tall;
 If dey don't hab dem, de Lor' how dey'll cry!
 De boys hab got to get dem, or else Root, hog, or die!
 I'm chief cook, etc.

De Shanghie coats dey're gettin' all de go—
 Whar de boys get dem, I really don't know;
 But dey're bound to get dem, if dey don't hang too high,
 Or else dey make de tailors run, Root, hog, or die!
 I'm chief cook, etc.

“I STAND upon the soil of freedom,” cried a stump orator.
 “No,” exclaimed his shoemaker, “you stand in a pair of
 boots that have never been paid for!”

DON GIOVANNI.

A Mysterious Melodrama,

Done into rhyme by W. T. MONCRIEFF.

AIR—"A Frog he would a wooing go."

THERE lived in Spain, as stories tell, oh,
 One Don Giovanni—
 Among the girls a deuce of a fellow;
 And he had a servant they called Seporello,
 With his primo, buffo, canto, basso—
 "Heigho!" sighed Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,
 Did Don Giovanni;
 He swore she was more sweet than manna,
 Then into her window he stole to trepan her,
 With his wheedle, tweedle, lango dillo—
 O wicked Don Giovanni!

The commandant, her guardian true,
 Caught Don Giovanni:
 Says he, "You're a blackguard! run, sir, do"—
 "I will," says Giovy, and run him through,
 With his carte-o, tierce-o, thrust-o, pierce-o,
 And away ran Don Giovanni.

He jumped in a boat, and was cast away—
 Wrecked Don Giovanni;
 Says he, "I shall keep the police here at bay," [pay,
 Then some fishermen's ribs boned, and made their lives
 With his stop-'em, pop-'em, seize-'em, squeeze-'em—
 What a spark was Don Giovanni!

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo—
 Fie, Don Giovanni!
 "I am running away, will you run away too?"
 Says he.—"Yes," says she, "I don't care if I do"—
 With a helter-skelter, hesto, presto—
 What a devil was Don Giovanni!

To a churchyard he came—oh, what brought him there,
 Lost Don Giovanni?
 The commandant's stone statue it made him stare,
 Like Washington's statue at Union Square,
 With his saddle, bridle, falchion, truncheon—
 "Give me a call," said Don Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni the statue wasn't slow,
 Bold Don Giovanni.
 "Will you sup with me, Mr. Statue?" said he. It cried, "No,
 For you must sup with me in the regions below,
 Off my brimstone, sulphur, pitch-o, smoke-o!"—
 "I'll be d——d if I do!" cried Giovanni.

 ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELLTON braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gi'ed me her promise true—
 Gi'ed me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
 Her neck is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie, etc.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me:
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie, etc.

RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG RORY O'More courted Kathaleen Bawn—
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathaleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathaleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but the smile in her eye;
 "With your tricks, I don't know in truth what I'm about
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "O jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathaleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
 "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contrharies, my dear;
 O jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
 And Morning will give dirty Night the black lie;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathaleen, my darling, you've teased me enough,
 And I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste;
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck—
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck—
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips, don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sirl you'll hug me no more—
 That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE FINE OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine ould song, made by a find ould Paddy's
 pate,
 Of a fine ould Irish gintleman, who had the divil a taste of
 an estate,
 Except a fine ould patch of pitatys that he liked exceed-
 ingly to ate,
 For they were beef to him, and mutton too, and barring a
 red herring or a rusty rasher of bacon now and thin,
 almost every other sort of mate;
 Yet this fine ould Irish gintleman was one of the rale ould
 stock!

His cabin-walls were covered o'er with fine ould Irish mud
 Because he couldn't afford to have any paper hangings, and
 between you and me he wouldn't give a pin for them
 if he could;

And jist as proud as Julius Sayzer, or Alixander the Great,
 this independent ragamuffin stood,

With a glass of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist, which
 he's decidedly of opinion will do a mighty dale of
 good,

To this fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock!

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman wore mighty curious
 clothes—

Though, for comfort, I'll be bail that they'd bate any of
 your fashionable beaux;

For when the sun was very hot, the gintle wind right
 through his ventilation garments most beautifully
 blows;

And he's never troubled with any corns, and I'll tell you
 why—because he despises the wakeness of wearing
 any thing as hard as leather on his toes;

Yet this fine ould Irish gintleman was one of the rale ould
 stock!

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman has a mighty curious
 knack

Of flourishing a tremendous great shillaly in his hand, and letting it drop down with a most uncompromising whack;

So, of most superior shindies, you may take your oath, if you ever happen to be called upon, for it he very nearly never had a lack;

And it's very natural, and not at all surprising, to suppose that the fine ould Irish mud was well acquainted with the back

Of this fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock!

This fine ould Irish gintleman he was once out upon a spree,

And, as many a fine ould Irish gintleman has done, and more betoken will do to the end of time, he got about as dirunk as he could be;

His senses was completely mulvathered, and the consequence was that he could neither hear nor see;

So they thought he was stone dead and gone intirely—so the best thing they could do would be to have him waked and buried dacintly,

Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock!

So this fine ould Irish gintleman he was laid out upon a bed,

With half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen, more or less, about his head;

But when the whiskey-bottle was uncorked, he couldn't stand it any longer, so he riz right up in bed—

“And when sich mighty fine stuff as that is going about,” says he, “ye don't think I'd be sich a soft-headed fool as to be dead?”

Oh, this fine ould Irish gintleman it was mighty hard to kill!

“PAT, is it a son or a daughter that your sister has got?”

Faith, I don't yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt.”

PRAYER-BOOKS AND CORKSCREWS.

A Song with a Moral.

AIR—"Derry down."

TWELVE parsons once went to a 'Squire's to dine,
 Who was famous for giving good ven'son and wine;
 All great friends of the *cloth*, with good living in view,
 Quite *grace-full* they sat down, as parsons should do.

Chorus—Derry down, etc.

A wicked young whipster, our worthy 'Squire's cousin,
 Whispered, "Cousin, I boldly will lay you a dozen,
 Though here we've a dozen of parsons, God wot,
 Not one of the twelve has a prayer-book got!"

Derry down, etc.

"Agreed!" cried the 'Squire; "coz, we must not be loth
 Such a wager to lay, for the sake of the cloth;
 The parsons, no doubt, to confute you are able,
 So we'll bring, with the dinner, the bet on the table."

Derry down, etc.

Dinner came—cried the 'Squire, "A new grace I will say;
 Has any one here got a prayer-book, pray?"
 Quite glum looked the parsons, and with one accord
 Cried, "Mine's lost"—"Mine's at home"—"Mine's at church,
 by the Lord!"

Derry down, etc.

Quoth our cousin, "Dear 'Squire, I my wager have won,
 But another I purpose to win ere I've done:
 Though the parsons could not bring a prayer-book to view,
 I the same bet will lay they have each a corkscrew!"

Derry down, etc.

"Done—done!" roared the 'Squire.—"Hello, butler! bring
 nearer
 That excellent magnum of ancient Madeira."

'Twas brought.—“Let's decant it—a corkscrew, good
John.”
Here each of the parsons roared out, “I've got one!”
Derry down, etc.

MORAL.

But let us not censure our parsons for this—
When a thing's in its place, it can ne'er come amiss:
Pray or-books won't serve for corkscrews; and I'm such a
sinner,
Though a sermon I like, I don't want it at dinner.
Derry down, etc.

JANE O'MALLEY.

I'll tell thee a tale of a maiden's veil,
It was worn by Jane O'Malley;
On the Highland green her form was seen,
But she now sleeps in the valley!
Chorus—She now sleeps,
She now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago, when the sun was low,
Along with Elwyn Ally,
To chat and talk, she took a walk—
But she now sleeps in the valley!
She now sleeps, etc.

They talked of love—she stood above
A rocky cliff, with Ally:
Alas! she fell—he could not save—
And she now sleeps in the valley!
She now sleeps, etc.

They searched the ground till the spot was found,
Where struggled Jane O'Malley—
Where the rock was cleft, her veil was left,
And she now sleeps in the valley!
She now sleeps, etc.

LODGINGS IN PAT MCGARADIE'S.

A Rollicking Irish Song,

Sung by FRED MAY.

AIR—"Barney McFinnegan."

SOME folks know the way for to thrive,
 In spite of the world's adversity—
 And enjoy all the good things alive,
 When others are dying from scarcity.
 Two Paddies, I very well know,
 They made of misfortune a paradise;
 They came from sweet Donoghadoo,
 And took lodgings in Pat McGaradie's.
Chorus—Whack, fol de rol, etc.

Now they spoke to a grocer hard by,
 And prevailed on the man for to tick 'em;
 But the payment was "all in my eye,"
 For the rascals intended for to trick him.
 So they ate as they ne'er did before,
 And smacked their lips wid the rarities—
 Saying, "Mate and drink in the store,
 And lodgings in Pat McGaradie's!"
 Whack, fol de rol, etc.

They brought in every night, to their pad,
 The boys just come o'er to the shearing;
 Be the hokey! and that was the squad
 That could give the victuals a tearing!
 "Fire away, lads! there's plenty o' more—
 Taste your lips wid the rarities;
 There's mate and dhrink in the store,
 And lodgings in Pat McGaradie's!"
 Whack, fol de rol, etc.

Sure, they made knives of their fists
 (For there's many a rule in the navy),
 And Paddy was up to the wrists,
 Dealing them handfuls of gravy!

"Slash away, till your bellies are sore—
 Show them your ateing dexterities.
 There's mate and dhrink in the store,
 And lodgings in Pat McGaradie's!"
 Whack, fol de rol, etc

The porter and ale were marked "tay,"
 And the whiskey "spice" and "onions;"
 And they cried, "Lei us all tear away,
 And give our stomachs new linings!
 Such luck niver happened before—
 Fill up yer cups wid the rarities;
 There's mate and dhrink in the store,
 And lodgings in Pat McGaradie's!"
 Whack, fol de rol, etc.

The dogs, from all quarters around,
 Were never before so befriended;
 And while the good things did abound,
 The beggars were duly attended.
 "Now let us be kind to the poor,
 And we'll get a good name for our charities;
 There's mate and dhrink in the store,
 And lodgings in Pat McGaradie's!"
 Whack, fol de rol, etc.

But, the grocer's account being due,
 He asked for his money quite civil,
 And was tould by the beggarly crew
 To go and seek that from the devil!
 With rage how he cursed and he swore!
 They had ruined him ateing his rarities;
 He turned bankrupt, and shut up his store,
 Through those doings at Pat McGaradie's.
 Whack, fol de rol, etc.

**If a fellow has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she
 will be his other I.**

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

It was on a summer's morning, all in the month of May,
 Down by yon flowery garden, where Betsey did stray;
 I overheard a damsel in sorrow to complain,
 All for her absent lover, that ploughs the raging main.

I went up to this fair maid, and put her in surprise;
 I own she did not know me, I being in disguise.
 Said I, "My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,
 How far do you travel this dark and rainy night?"

"The way, kind sir, to Claudy, if you please to show—
 Pity a maid distracted, for there I have to go!
 I am in search of a faithless young man, Johnny is his name,
 All on the banks of Claudy I am told he does remain.

"If Johnny was here this night, he would keep me from all
 harm—

He is in the field of battle, all in his uniform:
 As he's in the field of battle, his foes he will destroy—
 Like a ruling king of honor, he fought in the wars of Troy."

"It's six weeks and better since your true-love left the
 shore;

He's cruising the wide ocean, where foaming billows roar;
 He's cruising the wild ocean, for honor and gain—
 I was told the ship was wrecked off the coast of Spain."

When she heard the dreadful news, she fell, in despair,
 To wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair.
 "Since he is gone and left me, no man will I take;
 In some lonesome valley I will wander for his sake!"

His heart was filled with joy—no longer could he stand;
 He flew into her arms, saying, "Betsey, I am the man—
 I am the faithless young man whom you thought was slain,
 And, since we're met on Claudy's banks, we'll never part
 again."

SALL BRILL AND SQUINTING WILL.

A Simple little Ditty.

AIR—"The Girl I left behind me."

I LOVED a girl called Pretty Sal,
 In courtship so particular—
 Just three feet high, she'd but one eye,
 Her breath was like the auricula.
 Her flaxen pate and waddling gait
 Did seem so like divinity—
 So sweet her leer, I cried, "Oh, dear,
 I'll love you for infinity!"

I sent her word, on a fine card,
 With figures emblematical,
 That I would come and take her home—
 In that I was dogmatical!
 But she said, "No! if I said so
 From now to all infinity,
 That I should find it was her mind
 With me to have no affinity!"

One day, oh dear! as you shall hear,
 By my own incongruity,
 I met Sal Brill with Squinting Will,
 In closest contiguity.
 Oh, then she said, "Sweet Will I'll wed,
 To end all ambiguity;
 Gibby, good-by! you're 'all my eye'—
 We'll live in continuity."

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently—I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou dove, whose soft echo resounds from the hill!
 Thou green-crested lapwing, with noise loud and shrill!
 Ye wild whistling warblers! your music forbear!
 I charge you disturb not the slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 Thy sweet-scented groves shade my Mary and me.
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE LANGLADY OF FRANCE.

A Rare Old Comic Song.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

A LANGLADY of France loved an officer, 'tis said,
 And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, oh.
 Sighed she, "I love this officer, although his nose is red,
 And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, oh."

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast,
 How she tore her lovely locks, that looked so sandy, oh!
 "Adieu, my soul!" said she; "if you write, pray pay the
 post—
 And, before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, oh."

She filled him out a bumper just before he left the town,
 And another for herself so neat and handy, oh;
 So they kept their spirits up by pouring spirits down,
 For love is like the colic, cured with brandy, oh.

"Take a bottle on't," says she, "for you're going into camp;
 In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, oh."
 "You're right, my love," says he, "for a tent is very damp,
 And 'tis better with my tent to take some brandy, oh."

THE HAZEL-DELL.

(By permission of the publishers, Messrs. W. HALL & SON.)

IN the Hazel-Dell my Nelly's sleeping—
 Nelly, loved so long !
 And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
 Nelly lost and gone.
 Here in moonlight often we have wandered
 Through the silent shade ;
 Now where leafy branches drooping downward,
 Little Nelly's laid.

Chorus.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,
 In the Hazel-Dell ;
 For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping—
 Nelly, dear, farewell !

In the Hazel-Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
 Where the flowers wave ;
 And the silent stars are nightly weeping
 O'er poor Nelly's grave.
 Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished,
 Smile no more on me ;
 Every dream of joy, alas ! has perished,
 Nelly, dear, with thee.

All alone my watch, etc.

Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsaken,
 Watching here alone ;
 Nelly, thou no more wilt fondly cheer me
 With thy loving tone.
 Yet forever shall thy gentle image
 In my memory dwell ;
 And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten—
 Nelly, dear, farewell !

All alone my watch, etc.

I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

I'LL be no submissive wife,
 No, not I—no, not I;
 I'll not be a slave for life,
 No, not I—no, not I:
 I'll be no submissive wife,
 No, not I—no, not I;
 I'll not be a slave for life,
 No, not I—no, not I!
 Think you, on a wedding-day,
 That I said, as others say,
 "Love, and honor, and obey—
 Love, and honor, and obey"?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I!

Chorus.

"Love, and honor, and obey—
 Love, and honor, and obey"?

**No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I;
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I;
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I**

I to dulness don't incline,
 No, not I—no, not I;
 Go to bed at half-past nine?
 No, not I—no, not I!
 I to dulness don't incline,
 No, not I—no, not I;
 Go to bed at half-past nine?
 No, not I—no, not I!

Should a humdrum husband say
 That at home I ought to stay,
 Do you think that I'll obey—
 Do you think that I'll obey?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I.

Do you think that I'll obey—
 Do you think that I'll obey?

**No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I
 No, no, no, etc.**

NO! NO!

The celebrated Duett in the Burletta of "No."

As sung by JAMES DUNN and Mrs. W. G. JONES, at the New Bowers Theatre.

AIR—"Isabel."

HE. Will you not bless, with one sentence, a lover
Whose bosom beats only for you?
The cause of your anger I pry'thee discover—
Pray tell me the reason for?

SHE. No!

HE. Say, dearest, you still love me?

SHE. No!

HE. Oh, how can you doom me to sorrow?
Yet once again bless me with—

SHE. No!

HE. And promise to meet me to-morrow:
Promise—

SHE. No!

HE. Pr'ythee—

SHE. No!

HE. Don't say no!

HE. Must we, then, dearest Maria, sever?
And can you, then, part with me?

SHE. No!

HE. Then swear by yon sun to be mine only ever;
You cannot refuse me, love!

SHE. No!

HE. You hate not your fond lover?

SHE. No!

HE. Your hand to my faithful heart pressing,
Say, does it offend you, love?

HE. Then to marry will not be distressing—
Answer!

SHE. No!

HE. Once more.

SHE. No! no! no! no!

BACHELOR BARNEY O'NEIL.

Sung by WILLIAM W. REEVE, comedian and comic vocalist, at the
Theatres and Music-Halls.

AIR—"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"

OCH, botheration! Miss Judy O'Flanagan,
Give me my heart back, and make me a man agin;
Such a conflict of passions I niver can stand agin—

Och, blur an' ouns! what can I ail?
My legs do so trimble, my teeth do so chatter;
My heart is as soft as a basin of batter;
Och, gramachree! what the devil's the matter
With poor Mither Barney O'Neil?

One evening alone in the fields I did meet her—
"Och, Judy," thinks I, "yer a swate, lovely craiture."
Her cheeks were as round as a maily potatur,
Her step airy, light, and ginteel.
Her glance was as keen as a dart or an arrow;
In one moment it shot me right plump to the marrow
And I felt like a rattlesnake in a wheelbarrow—
Faix, it bothered poor Barney O'Neil!

Now after a twelvemonth of coortship I'd tarried,
I bothered her so to consent to be married:
She gave it, and quickly was to the priest carried,
And I there made her Misthress O'Neil.
Our neighbors and frinds were all merry and frisky,
And, afther partaking of lashings of whiskey,
They bade us adieu, wishing joy to us briskly,
And a young Mither Barney O'Neil!

By night and by day did I swear I did love her,
While she swately promised she'd ne'er prove a rover;
But the honeymoon scarcely a week had passed over,
When a devil was Misthress O'Neil!

At clawing, och! faith, not a woman could bate her;
And thin, as to tongue, she'd the devil's own clatter;
Och, sure, but I soon wondered what was the matter
With poor Mither Barney O'Neil.

One evening, och! surely Ould Nick wouldn't match her,
 Returnin' home airly, I happened to catch her
 Wid her arms round the neck of a tall sarjint-major—

Och, blur an' ouns, how I did feel!
 Of Judy's foul parjury I did remind her,
 And bundled the major quick out of the winder;
 Manewhile, like a furnace, or blazing-hot cinder,
 Burnt poor Misther Barney O'Neil.

Next mornin' the major was kilt in a dhuel;
 Judy bewept him, and called the Fates cruel—
 Fell sick of a fever, and d.ied of hot gruel—

Death quieted Misthress O'Neil.
 I miss her, because she no longer can taize me;
 No longer I roam like a man that is crazy,
 So the rest of me life I'll spind perfectly aisy,
 Will Bachelor Barney O'Neil.

THE GAY LITTLE POSTMAN.

An Old-Style Comic Song.

As sung by all the comic vocalists.

AIR—"Mr. Walker."

BUT a short way up-town, though I mustn't tell where,
 A shoemaker married a maiden so fair,
 Who a month after wedlock, 'tis truth I declare,
 Fell in love with a gay little postman.

Her person was thin, genteel, and tall,
 Her carroty hair did in ringlets fall;
 And while the cobbler worked hard at his stall,
 She was watching this gay little postman.

He was just four feet six in height,
 But a well-made figure to the sight;
 He walked like a monument bolt upright—
 Mr. Walker, the gay little postman.

His toes he turned out; he had bright black eyes,
 His nose was more than the common size,
 And he really looked, without any lies,
 Too genteel and neat for a postman.

Resolved she was to get in his way:
 So, without any trouble, she met him one day,
 And says she, "Have you got e'er a letter, I say,
 For me, Mister gay little postman?"

Says he, "I don't know you " Says she, "Good la—
 I live the next door, the second floor back;
 My husband's a cobbler—'tis all in your track."
 "It's all right," says the gay little postman,

Next morning—I can't tell you what she was at—
 She felt her heart suddenly beat pit-a-pat,
 When she heard at the street-door a double "Rat-ta.!"
 And in came the gay little postman.

"Here's a letter," says he—the cunning elf!—
 "The postage is paid—so't needs no pelf."
 In fact, he had written the letter himself,
 And brought it, the gay little postman!

With love in his eyes he then at her did stare;
 Says he, "I ne'er saw a lady so fair;
 I always was partial to carrot hair—
 'Tis was," says the gay little postman.

"That your husband ill treats you I can't suppose"—
 "Yes, he gives me bad words, and sometimes blows;
 He's an ugly man, and has got no nose"—
 "I have!" says the gay little postman.

His kindness was such, that it knew no end;
 And to prove that he really was a true friend,
 He took her spouse three pair of shoes to mend—
 Did Walker, the gay little postman.

They were soled and heeled without delay;
 To the cobbler he had so much to say,
 He got the shoes, but as for the pay—
 “Chalk it down,” says the gay little postman.

Ever since then, they've led a cat-and-dog life;
 Their home, bed, and board have been nothing but strife;
 The cobbler was “done,” and so was his wife,
 By Walker, the gay little postman:

For, by way of a finish to this vile act,
 The lady (depend on't, 'tis a fact)
 Has brought him a boy, the image exact
 Of Walker, the gay little postman!

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE,

A Parody on “Meet Me by Moonlight alone.”

Sung by GEO. C. EDISON, comedian and vocalist.

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale;
 But be sure you don't come there alone—
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale,
 With a nice bit of beef and some bread;
 Some pickles, or cucumbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head—
 'Tis the loveliest tit-bit e'er seen.
 Then meet me, etc.

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.
 Remember my cupboard is bare—
 Then come, if my dear life you prize;
 I'd have lived the last fortnight ou air,
 But you sent me two nice mutton-pies!
 Then meet me, etc.

DOCTOR O'TOOLE,

And his Illigant School.

As sung by ED BERRY, comedian and vocalist.

AIR—"Derry down."

IN this wonderful age, when most men go to col-lege,
 And every man's head has a hatful of knowledg^{ee},
 'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,
 When such men are abroad as Professor O'Toole—
 Great Doctor O'Toole, and his illigant school.

There are very few men, like O'Toole, who can teach:
 If the head won't respond, he applies to the breech!
 And whacking them well, till with blows they are full,
 "Let's knock in the larnin'!" says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

One morning, the Doctor went out to his walk,
 And he saw on the door his own portrait in chalk:
 That morning he flogged every boy in the school!—
 "It's a part of my system," says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"Get on with your lessons as fast as you can,
 For knowledge is sweeter than eggs and fried ham,
 Don't try to deceive me, like ducks in a pool,
 Or I'll blow you to blazes!" says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"And now, my dear children, bear always in mind
 That words without meaning are nothing but wind;
 Accept of all favors, make that the first rule,
 Or you're a parcel of asses!" says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"If you go to a house, and they ask you to eat,
 Don't hold your head down, and refuse the good meat
 But say you will drink too, or, just like the mule,
 You're unworthy of lessons from Doctor O'Toole."
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"When your father and mother have turned their backs
 Don't kick up a row with the dogs and the cats;
 Nor tie the pig's tail to the table or stool,
 'For you're a parcel of divils!" says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"But give over fightin', and think of your sins,
 Or I'll break every bone in your impudent skins!
 Give over your ructions, don't think me a fool,
 Or I'll punish you blackguards!" says Doctor O'Toole.
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

"Now the lessons are over, so run away home;
 Don't turn up your nose at a crust or a bone:
 Come back in the morning, for that is the rule,
 And you'll get more instruction from Doctor O'Toole."
 Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

HIGGINS'S BALL.

An Irish Narrative in Rhyme.

As sung by FRED MAY.

AIR—"Paddy O'Carroll."

ARRAH, haven't you heard of Higgins's ball,
 Where Fashion's devotees so gay mustered all?
 If not, and you'll listen to what I describe,
 It's the joys of a trip to this musical tribe.
 There was wealthy ould citizens there, d'ye see—
 The boys and the girls dressed as fine as could be,
 And some out-and-out buffers, a dozen in all,
 We made up our minds for a trip to the ball.

Chorus.

There was Barney O'Fagan and Timothy Hagan,
 Miss Molly McGuffin and Judy McCall;
 Aunts, uncles, and cousins, and neighbors by dozens,
 All welting the flure at ould Higgins's ball.

Now, whin ready to start, how the people a.d. stare!
 We had aich of us got something patent and raro;
 We made up our minds we the nation would stun,
 And arrived just in time as the ball had begun.
 There ould Higgins we saw in his new patent boots—
(Spoken.) Bad luck to him! sure, his ould father, Barney
 Higgins, niver wore any thing but brogues—
 Quite busy a-tunin' the fiddles and flutes;
 And a group of musicians, all of the right sort,
 Whose noise and whose whims fill the room full of sport.
 There was, etc.

Now the time had arrived for the ball to begin,
 And the music struck up such a terrible din!
 Wid ould Misthress H. at the top o' the dance,
 Each merry young couple did quickly advance.
 Och! thin, what wid treadin' on aich other's toes,
 And knockin' our heads against many a nose,
 Kickin' aich other's ankles, we welted the flure,
 While Higgins kept time wid the bar of the dure.
(Spoken, by ould Higgins.) Hurroo! lively, b'yes! See
 here, Patsey Molloy, if I catch you steppin' on the
 girls' skirts; I declare to my conscience I'll give you a
 welt across the head wid the bar of the dure!
 There was, etc.

Now things went on well till McGinniss the snob
 From me my young woman was tryin' to rob;
 Arrah, thin such a terrible fight did ensue!
 And the rest joinin' in, at aich other they flew.
 Peggy Murphy called Higgins "an ould drunken sot"—
(Spoken.) Divil's cure to him, so he was! He'd dhrink
 the Atlanthic Say dhry, if it was built of whiskey—
 Whin away at her head flew the big pratee-pot!
 My valor, for Peggy, I very soon shows,
 Jist by breakin' the bridge of ould Higgins's nose.
(Spoken.) Sarves him right, the dirty biaggard!
 There was, etc.

Now they all left the place in such a terrible mess,
 All covered with portions of bonnets and dress,
 Until, quite exhausted, they all fell asleep,
 And there next mornin' they all lay in a heap!
 (*Spoken.*) The dhrunken bastes, to sleep in their clothes,
 like pigs!

Now if ever I venture to go there again,
 There's one thing I'll tell, and that's mighty plain—
 I'll not forget soon, faix! if ever at all,
 The illigant fight we'd at Higgins's ball.

There was, etc.

PARODY ON "MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE."

An Original Conglomeration of Titles.

By E. T. JOHNSTON.

DEAR mother, I remember well
 "That nice young gal from New Jersey;"
 She said, "Oh kiss, but never tell!"
 "How are you, black-horse cavalry?"
 "Then let me like a soldier fall,"
 "When the swallows homeward fly;"
 "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl!"—
 "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

Chorus.

"Call me pet names," "Annie Lisle,"
 "A bully boy with a glass eye;"
 "Oh, let her rip! she's all O. K."—
 "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"Oh, hark! I hear an angel sing"
 "I'll be free and easy still!"
 "My love he is a sailor-boy,"
 With "The sword of Bunker Hill."

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DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,
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