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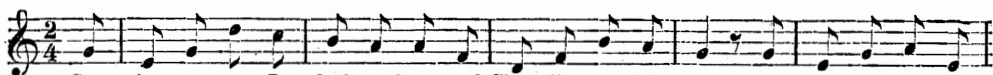
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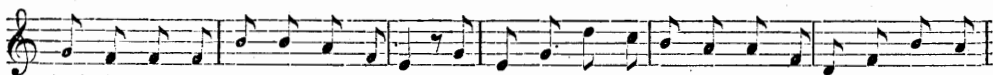
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# COMIC SONGS.

## CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE WAS HIS NAME.



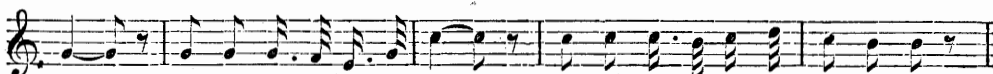
1. Some-time a-go I had a beau, and Char-lie was his name, A smart young fel-low  
2. One moment still, he could not rest; He'd pass whole nights and days In drinking Mad-am  
3. He prom-ised me of times a score, That he the pledge would take, But act-ed just like



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



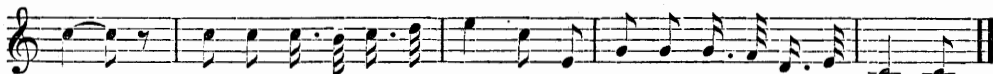
plain; Although he liked me very well, He bet-ter lov'd Champagne! For Champagne Charlie was his  
brain, He'd lay it to his stud-ies, Though I knew it was to Champagne!  
stain, He'd go and "res-o-lu-tion" treat to the rev-er'd Champagne!



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



Always kick-ing up a frightful noise, Champagne Charlie was his name, Champagne Charlie was his



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

## MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.



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



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



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

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

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

# "THOSE TASSELS ON THE BOOTS."

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

FRANK COOPER.

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

Those tas - sels on the boots, A style I'm sure that suits... Our Yan - kee girls with  
 'Twas at a fan - cy ball I met my char - mer fair.... 'Midst waltz - ing swells and  
 hair in curls, Those tas - sels on the boots.  
 dash - ing belles, The pret - ti - est dan - cer there, I watched her while the mu - sic played the  
 lat - est waltz of Coots', And fell in love, no, not with her, With the tas - sels on her boots, Oh ! yes.

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

*SPOKEN.*—(I meant to drink the ladies' healths, but I could think of nothing, but—)

Those tassels on the boots, &c.

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

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

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

Those tassels on the boots, &c.

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

*SPOKEN.*—(If I were to have fifty children, they should every single one wear those pretty, pretty,)

Those tassels on the boots, &c.

## CAPTAIN JINKS.

CHORUS.

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

1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines ; I oft - en live beyond my means ; I  
 2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one ; Of course, I thought it cap - i - tal fun ; When the  
 course, 'tis quite be - yond my means, Tho' a Cap - tain in the ar - my.  
 sport young la - dies in their teens, To cut a swell in the ar - my. I  
 en - e - my came, then off I ran ; I was'n't cut out for the ar - my. When  
 teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance, how to dance, I  
 I left home Ma - ma she cried, Ma ma she cried, Ma - ma she cried, When

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

*SPOKEN.* "Ha ! ha ! ha !"

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

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

*SPOKEN.*—Of course, my hat did fall off ; but ah ! nevertheless.

CHORUS.

My tailor's bills came in so fast,  
 For'd me one day to leave at last ;  
 And ladies too no more did cast

Sheep's-eyes at me in the army.

My creditors at me did shout,  
 At me did shout, at me did shout ;  
 My creditors at me did shout,

"Why, kick him out of the army."

*SPOKEN.*—I said, "Ah ! gentleman ; ah ! kick me out of the army ! Perhaps you are not aware that—"

CHORUS.

## CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.

5

*Allegretto.*

As they march'd thro' the town, with their ban - ners so gay, I ran to the win - dow to hear the band play; I peep'd thro' the blinds ve - ry cau - tious - ly then, Lest the neighbors should say I was look - ing at the men. Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the mu - sic so sweet, But my eyes, at the time caught a much great - er treat; The troops were the fin - est I ev - er did see, And the Cap - tain with his whis - kers took a sly glance at me.

*Lento.*

*Tempo.*

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

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

## GAFFER GRAY.

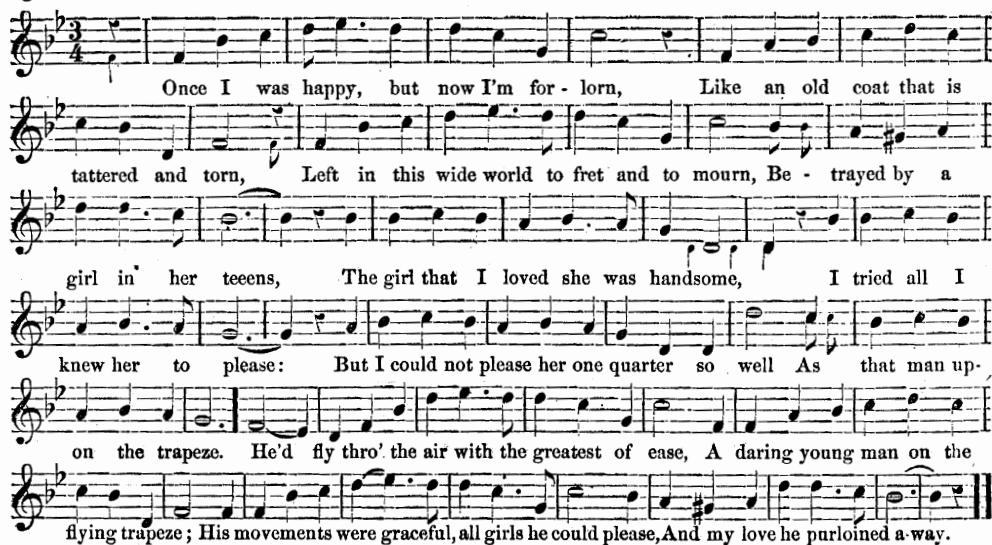
*Moderate.*

1. Ho! why dost thou shiv - er and shake, Gaf - fer Gray? And why doth thy  
2. Then, line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaf - fer Gray: And warm thy old  
nose look so blue?..... "Tis the weather that's cold, "Tis I'm grown very  
heart with a glass..... "Nay, but credit I've none, And my mon - ey's all  
old, And my doublet is not very new; Well - a - day! Well - a -  
gone, Then say how may that come to pass— Well - a - day! Well - a -  
day! And my doub - let is not ver - y new.....  
day! Then say how may that come to pass.....

Hie away to the house on the brow,  
Gaffer Gray;  
And knock at the jolly priest's door,  
"The priest often preaches  
Against worldly riches;  
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,  
Well-a-day!" &c.  
The lawyer lives under the hill,  
Gaffer Gray;  
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.  
"He will fasten his locks,  
And threaten the stocks,  
Should he evermore find me in want,  
Well-a-day!" &c.

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,  
Gaffer Gray;  
And the season will welcome you there.  
"The fat beeves and his beer,  
And his merry new year,  
Are all for the flush and the fair,  
Well-a-day!" &c.  
My keg is but low, I confess,  
Gaffer Gray;  
What then, while it lasts, man, we'll live;  
The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel, a morsel will give,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day!  
Of his morsel, a morsel will give.

## FLYING TRAPEZE.



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

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang,  
Tall, big, and handsome, as well made as Chang;  
Where'er he appeared, the hall loudly rang,  
With ovation from all people there.  
He'd smile from the bar on the people below;  
And one night he smiled on my love,  
She winked back at him, and she shouted "Bravo!"  
As he hung by his nose up above. CHORUS.

Her father and mother were both on my side,  
And very hard tried to make her my own bride;  
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,  
To see her throw herself away.  
'Twas all no avail: she went there every night,  
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,  
Which caused him to meet her: how he ran me down,  
To tell you would take a whole page. CHORUS.

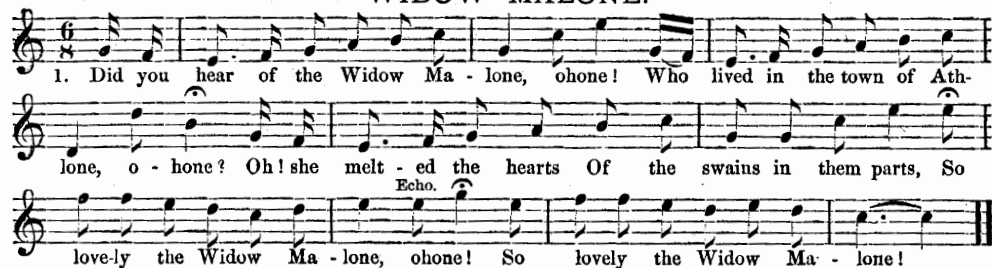
One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home,  
I found there her father and mother alone.  
I asked for my love, and soon they made known,  
To my horror, that she'd ran away!  
Sh'd pack'd up her box, and eloped in the night  
With him with the greatest of ease;  
From two stories high, he had lowered her down  
To the ground, on his flying trapeze! CHORUS.

Some months after this, I went to a hall,  
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall  
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,  
That she was appearing with him!  
He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,  
To help him to live at his ease,  
And made her assume a masculine name!  
And now she goes on the trapeze!

## CHORUS.

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

## WIDOW MALONE.



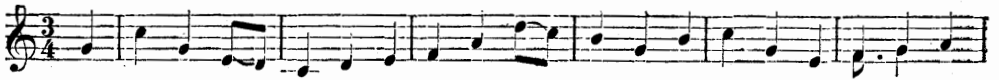
1. Did you hear of the Widow Ma - lone, ohone! Who lived in the town of Ath-  
lone, o - hone? Oh! she melt - ed the hearts Of the swains in them parts, So  
love-ly the Widow Ma - lone, ohone! So lovely the Widow Ma - lone!

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

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

Till one Mr. O'Brien, from Clare-how-quare!  
It's little for blushing they care down there,  
Put his arm around her waist—  
Gave ten kisses at last—  
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!"  
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."  
And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper, for why?  
But, "Lucius," says she,  
"Since you've now made so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!  
You may marry your Mary Malone."

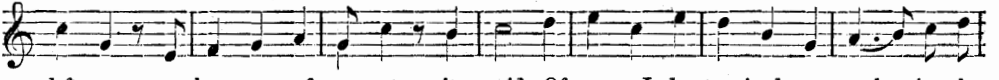




1. I live in Ver - mont, and one evening last summer, A let - ter informed me my  
2. Yet scarce was I seated within the com - partment, Be - fore a fresh pas - sen - ger



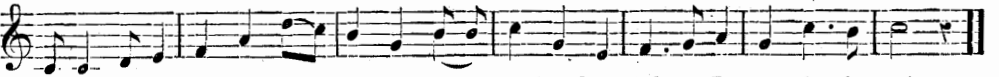
un - cle was dead; And al - so re - quest - ed I'd come down to Boston, As he'd  
entered the door; 'Twas a fe - male, a young one, and dress'd in deep mourning: An



left me a large sum of money, it said. Of course, I de - termined on mak - ing the  
in - fant, in long clothes she graceful - ly bore; A white cap sur - rounded a face oh, so



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



"second," I had nev - er en - countered The Charming Young Widow I met in the train.  
lovè o - ver head in a moment, With the Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

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

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

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

Three minutes elapsed, when the whistle it sounded:  
The train began moving—no widow appeared;  
I bawled out, "Stop! stop!"—but they paid no atten-  
tion;  
With a snort, and a jerk, starting off as I feared;  
In this horrid dilemma, I sought for the hour—  
But my watch, ha! where was it? where was my  
chain?  
My purse, too; my ticket, my gold pencil-case—all  
gone!  
Oh, that Artful Young Widow I met in the Train.

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing,  
The train again stopped, and I "Tickets, please,"  
heard;  
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,  
The loss I'd sustained—but he doubted my word;  
He called more officials—a lot gathered round me—  
Uncovered the child—oh, how shall I explain?  
For behold, 'twas no baby—'twas only a dummy!  
Oh, that Crafty Young Widow I met in the Train.

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,  
Though, of course, I'd to settle my fare the next  
day;  
And I now wish to counsel young men from the  
country,  
Lest they should get served in a similar way,  
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,  
Who lean on your shoulder—whose tears fall like  
rain;  
Look out for your pockets—in case they resemble  
The Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

## LANIGAN'S BALL.

## CHORUS

Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad-ed-dy; Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal,

1. In the town of Ath-ol, Lived one Jim-my Lan-i-gan, He bather'd away 'till he  
lal, tal-lad-dy, Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad-ed-do;

hadn't a pound; His fa-ther he died, and made him a man a-gain,  
Whack! hur-roo! for Lan-i-gan's ball.

Left him a farm of ten a-cres of ground. He gave a large part-y to  
all his re-lations That stood beside him when he went to the wall; So if you but list-en, I'll  
make your eyes glis-ten With the rows and the ruptions at Lan-i-gan's ball!

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

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

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

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

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

## CHORUS.

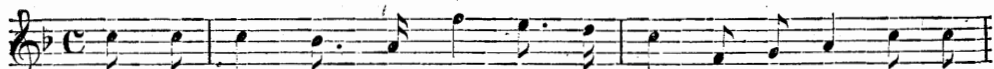
Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;  
Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;  
Whack, fal lal, fal lal, tal ladedy;  
Whack, hurroo, for Lanigan's ball.

## MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.

1. My Johnny was a shoe-maker, And dearly he loved me; My Johnny was a  
2. His jacket was a deep sky blue, And curly was his hair; His jacket was a  
shoe-ma-ker, But now he's gone to sea, With nas-ty tar to soil his hands, And  
deep sky blue, It was I do de-clare, To reef the top-satis he has gone, To  
sail } a-cross the bri-ny sea..... My Johnny was a shoema-ker!  
sail }

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

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



*Robin Ruff.*  
1. If I had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green! If I  
*Gaffer Green.*  
The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob-in Ruff, Would scarce  
had but a thousand a year, What a man would I be, And what sights would I see, If I  
find you in bread or in beer; But be honest and true, And say what would you do, If you  
had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green! If I had but a thousand a year.  
had but a thousand a year, Rob-in Ruff! If you had but a thousand a year.

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

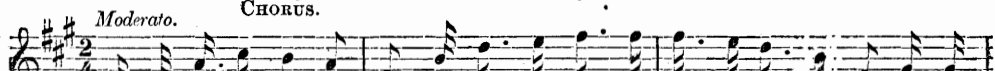
*Gaffer Green.*  
But when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,  
And the day of your death, it draws near,  
Say what, with your pains, would you do with gains;  
If you then had a thousand a year?

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

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

## ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT (LONG BRANCH.)

'Twas on the beach at Newport, One fine summer's day, I met this handsome man who  
CHORUS.



*Moderato.*  
On the beach at Newport, One fine summer's day, I had a novel reading To  
stole my heart a-way; Now I feel so hap-py as blissful moments glide, The  
pass the time a-way; And so in-ter-est-ed was I in the plot. A  
day is quickly com-ing when I shall be his bride.  
gent stood there be-side me, still I saw him not, 'Till at last, by chance, my  
eye-lids I did raise, I found him look-ing on me with en-raptured gaze;  
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, handsome Grecian nose, Teeth of pearly whiteness, quite the pink of beaux.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

On the Beach, &c.

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

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

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

## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

*Moderato.*

1. When I was a - lad, I had cause to be sad, My grandfa - ther I did  
2. But he sav'd from a - board, an old gun and a sword, And another odd matter or  
3. He used to wear an old cap, And a coat with long flap, With a beard as long as a  
lose, O! I'll bet you a can You have heard of this man, — His  
two, so, That, by dint of his thrift He managed to shift;  
Jew, so, That, by all that is civ - il, He looked like the dev - il,  
name it was Rob - in - son Crusoe. O! Rob - in - son Crusoe, O! poor Rob - in - son  
Well done Rob - in - son Crusoe. O! Rob - in - son Crusoe, O! poor Rob - in - son  
More than like Rob - in - son Crusoe. O! Rob - in - son Crusoe, O! poor Rob - in - son  
Cru - soe! Tink a tink tang, Tink a tink tang:—O! poor Rob - in - son Crusoe!  
Cru - soe! Tink, &c.  
Cru - soe! Tink, &c.

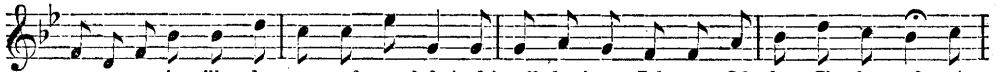


*Ladies' version.*

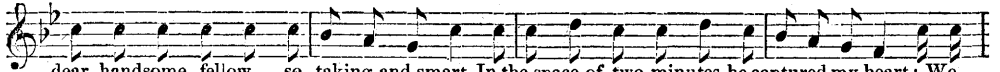
1. I feel so sad by night and by day, You can see how fast I am wasting away; I'm sure

*Gents' version.*

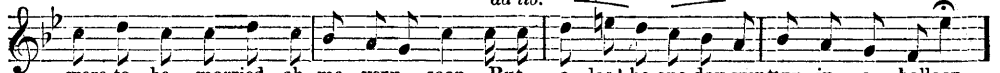
1. One night I went up in a balloon; On a voyage of discovery, to visit the moon, Where an



very soon there'll be none of me left, And its all thro' my Johnny, Of whom I'm be- reft.—A  
old man dwell'd, so some peo- ple say—Thro' cutting of stick of a Sun - - day! Up

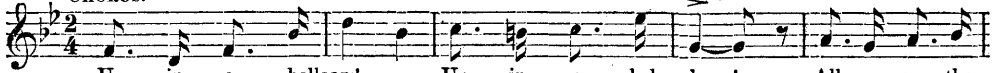


dear, handsome fellow, so taking and smart, In the space of two minutes he captured my heart; We  
went the balloon quickly higher and higher, Over house-top and chimney-pot, tower and spire; I



were to be married, ah me, very soon, But a-las! he one day went up in a balloon.  
knock'd off the Ci-ty Hall's top, very nigh, And caught hold of the vane of Old South going by.

CHORUS.



Up in a balloon! Up in a bal-loon! All among the  
Whilst up, &c.



lit-tle stars, sail-ing round the moon. Up in a bal-loon! Up in a bal-



loon! It's something aw-ful jol-ly, To be up in a bal-loon.  
I've lost my darling Johnny, He's gone up in a bal-loon.

2.

Up, up, I was borne with terrible pow'r,  
At the rate of ten thousand five hundred an hour;  
The air was cold, the wind blew loud,  
I narrowly escaped being choked by a cloud;  
Still up I went 'till surrounded by stars,  
And such planets as Jupiter, Venus and Mars;  
The big and the little Bear loudly did growl,  
And the Dog-star, on seeing me, set up a howl.

3.

I met shooting stars, who were bent upon sport,  
But who "shot" in a very strange manner, I thought,  
And one thing beat all by chalks, I must say,  
That was when I got into the "Milky way;"  
I counted the stars, 'till at last I thought  
I'd found out how much they were worth by the quart.  
An unpolite "Aerolite," who ran against my car,  
Wouldn't give me "e'er a light" to light my cigar.

Whilst up in a balloon, &c.

4.

Next a comet went by, 'midst fire, like hail;  
To give me a lift, I seized hold of his tail;  
To where he was going, I didn't enquire;  
We'd gone past the moon, 'till we couldn't get higher;  
Yes, we'd got to the furthestmost!—don't think I joke,  
When somehow I felt a great shock! I awoke!  
When, instead of balloon, moon and planets, I saw,  
I'd tumbled from off my bed to the floor.

And there was no balloon,—there was no balloon;  
There were not any planets, there wasn't any moon;  
So never sup too heavy, or by jingo very soon  
You're like to fancy you are going up in a balloon.

## LADIES' VERSION.

2.

His master gave him a holiday,  
So he put himself into his best array,  
And gaily off to some Fete he went  
To see—what the bills call'd—"a grand ascent."  
There was room for one in the car, you must know,  
So Johnny of course thought he'd like to go;  
So he did; and up went the balloon o'er the town;  
Yes, the balloon went up, but it never came down.  
So he's up in a balloon, &c.

3.

He waved his hat, and kissed his hand;  
As the man threw over a bagful of sand,  
The balloon flew up to a terrible height;  
The last time I saw it, 'twas just out of sight.  
Of course I imagined next day he'd return;  
But I've ne'er seen him since—no news can I learn,  
For hours I sit at my window above,  
Through a telescope looking to find out my love,—  
Who's up in a balloon, &c.

4.

I've a great mind to write to the "man in the moon,"  
And ask the old gent if he's seen the balloon?  
I wish it would knock against something and "bust;"  
I suppose if it did, then come down it must!  
If he's lost, to the world then I'll say adieu!  
For I'll buy a balloon, and I'll go up too;  
I'll sail through the clouds, the rain, and the wind,  
And never come down till my Johnny I find.  
Who's gone up in a balloon; up in a balloon!  
Lost amongst the little stars, gone beyond the moon,  
Up in a balloon, &c.

Joseph Baxter is my name, My friends all call me Joe, I'm up, you know to  
once was green as green could be, I suffered for it though, Now if they try it

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

CHORUS.

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

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

*Spoken.*—"Will ye," said I; "oh, no—"  
Not for Joe, &c.

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

*Spoken.*—"Well," said I, "if I thought I should get it  
back again, I would, with pleasure; but excuse me,  
If I say—"

Not for Joe, &c.

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

*Spoken.*—Fancy forty-two, old enough to be my grand-  
mother—and you know a fella can't marry his grand-  
mother,—lots of tin, though, and pretty—forty-two!  
No.—

Not for Joe, &c.

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

*Spoken.*—But—

Not for Joe, &c.

### SALLY COME UP.

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

look to all de niggers here, While I make love to Sally, She's such a belle, A

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

Sal - ly come up! oh, Sal - ly go down, Oh, Sal - ly come twist your heel around; De

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### THE REGULAR CURE.

Oh, dear! oh, my! how queer I feel! I don't know what to do; For I'm in love with  
Polly Peel, wot lives at Number two, My heart goes bump, my legs go jump; I'm lost I know for  
cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure, 'Twill be indeed a  
sure; I shall dance till worn down to a stump, Oh, wont that be a cure? A  
cure. With my hop-pi-ty, kickity, high and low, I am a reg'lar cure.

I dance around her day and night,  
And find I cannot cease;  
But she's got another chap all right,  
And he's in the police;  
His dress is blue, his letter's Q,  
He treats me like a boor;  
His number it is Onety-one,  
And he says that I'm a cure!  
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;  
He says that I'm a cure.  
With my hoppity, &c.  
I went Miss Polly Peel to meet,  
But the man who'd brought the coal,  
Left wide the op'ning in the street,  
So I tumbled down the hole;  
As black as soot, poor me they put  
In water most impure,  
By way of giving me a wash,  
Now, wasn't that a cure?  
A cure, a cure, oh, yes, a cure;  
Oh, wasn't that a cure?  
With my hoppity, &c.  
One day, she gave me such a smile,  
Oh, how my heart did beat,  
When, after walking near a mile,  
She asked me to stand treat;  
She broke a glass, and then did say,  
"This young man so demure;

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

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

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

## AT THE GAY MABILLE.

HOWARD PAUL.

1. If you should visit la belle France, With its bright blue skies and flashing eyes, You should see the Ma - bille where they dance, And where plea - sure nev - er dies !

CHORUS,  
At the gay Ma - bille, At the gay Ma - bille, For the Cancan is more jol - ly than a pol - ka or a reel ! At the gay Ma - bille, At the gay Ma - bille, I am "Bully," I can tell you, at the gay Ma - bille.

If you feel dull and out of sorts,  
And would wish to climb to heights sublime,  
You should pay a visit to Mabilille,  
And you'll have "a high old time."  
At the gay Mabilille, &c.

Sweet Mimi, I'm sure, will dance with me,  
For with you, machere, none can compare ;

And with Chicard as our vis-a-vis,  
We'll dance away dull care !  
At the gay Mabilille, &c.

Some like deux temps at a hop or ball,  
Or quadrille genteel, through which to steal ;  
But the dance, I'm sure, that beats them all,  
Is the Cancan at Mabilille !  
At the gay Mabilille, &c.

## JIM THE CARTER LAD.

1. My name is Jim, the Car - ter Lad, a jol - ly chap am I, I al - ways am, con - tent - ed, be the wea - ther wet or dry. I snap my fin - ger at the snow, and whis - tle at the rain, I've brave'd the storm for many a year, and can do so a - gain.

CHORUS.  
Crack, crack goes my whip, I whis - tle and I sing, I sit up - on my wag - on, I'm as hap - py as a king, My hors - es al - ways will - ing, as for me, I'm nev - er sad, For none can lead a jol - lier life, than Jim, the Car - ter lad.

My father was a carrier, many years e'er I was born,  
He used to rise at daybreak, and go his rounds each morn.

He used to take me with him, especially in the spring,  
I'd love to sit upon the cart, and hear my father sing.  
Crack, crack, &c.

I never think of politics, or anything so great,  
I care not for their high-bred talk, about the church or state.

I act upright to man and man, and that's what makes me glad,

You'll find there beats an honest heart, in Jim the Carter Lad.

Crack, crack, &c.

I think I will conclude my song, 'tis time I was away,  
My horses will get weary, if I much longer stay ;  
We've travelled many weary miles, and happy days we've had,

For none can treat a horse more kind, than Jim the Carter Lad.

Crack, crack, &c.



# JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER.

13

W. H. BROCKWAY.

1. As I was walking out one day, Thinking of the weather, I saw a pair of  
 ro - guish eyes, 'Neath a hat and feather; She look'd at me, I look'd at her, It  
 made my heart pit pat: Then turn-ing round she said to me— "How do you like my hat?"

CHORUS.

Oh! I said, it's gay, and pret - ty too, They look well to - geth - er; Those  
 glos - sy curls and jock - ey, hat, With a roost - er's feath - er.

She wore a handsome broadcloth basque,  
 Cut the latest fashion,  
 And flounces all around her dress  
 Made her look quite dashing;  
 Her high-heel'd boots, as she walk'd on  
 The pavement, went pit pat:  
 I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw,  
 Beneath that Jockey hat.  
 Oh! I said, &c.

She kissed her hand, said "Au revoir,"  
 Then I was a goner;  
 Before I'd time to say "good-bye,"  
 She was round the corner;  
 I tried that night, but could not sleep,  
 So up in bed I sat,  
 Then right before my face, I thought  
 I saw that jockey hat.  
 Oh! I said, &c.

# I'VE LOST MY BOW-WOW.

1. In me see a mai - den of sweet twen - ty - two, As young as a chick - en, and ten - der - er  
 too, But now I am sad, and my heart's full of pain, For I've lost a Bow-wow I shan't see again.

CHORUS.

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

When I left my home he was fast to a string,  
 He never would follow without it, poor thing:  
 He'd pull at the string 'till quite black in the face,  
 But see what some rude boy has tied on in his place.  
 For I've lost, &c.

My poor little fellow, so faithful and kind,  
 I see him, methinks! as his tail wagged behind!  
 Without me, I'm certain, he'll pine and will die,  
 Or, p'rhaps be mistaken for meat in a pie.  
 For I've lost, &c.

I fear that it's true every dog has it's day,  
 Oh, please have you seen him, will anyone say?  
 I'd give him my blessing who'd bring me safe back,  
 My pretty white poodle, all spotted with black.  
 For I've lost, &c.

My puppy is gone — is there any one here  
 Would love me as he did, and hold me as dear?  
 If so, drop a line, saying where, when, and how;  
 And I'd be as happy without my Bow-wow.  
 For I've lost, &c.

## BACON AND GREENS.

*Moderato ma con spirito.*

I have liv'd long enough to be rare-ly mis-ta-ken, And had my full share of life's  
changea-ble scenes; But my woes have been so-laced by good greens and ba-con, And my  
joys have been doubled by ba-con and greens. What a thrill of re-mem-brance e'en  
now they a-wak-en, Of childhood's gay morn-ing, And youth's sun-ny scenes; When, one  
day we had greens and a plate-ful of bacon, And the next we had ba-con and a plateful of greens.

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

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

## I'LL SURELY CALL DADA.

I'm going to tell of a charming gal, A nice young belle, as sweet as Mus-catelle; She'd a  
fair, fair skin, and her Fa-ther was in the ci-ti mi-li-tia. I called on her pa-  
-pa one day, some-thing im-por-tant I'd to say, His daugh-ter said he  
was a-way, so I couldn't see her Da-da, Da-da, Da-da, da-  
da-da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da  
da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da da-da.

Now I blushed to my nose, when I saw sweet Rose,  
How often I lacked the courage to propose;  
Not knowing what to say, I invited her to play  
A toon from some Opera.  
Then I placed my arm round her waist,  
Her lovely lips I longed to taste;  
Said she you'd better retire in haste.  
Or I shall call Dada, dada, &c.

Said I, "My dear, your Dada's not here,  
But believe what I say, my darling is sincere;  
I consider you divine, say will you be mine,  
Or I'll jump in the aqua."

She answered with a voice so bland,  
"Your haste sir I must reprimand,  
You've got my heart, but for my hand  
You must ask my Dada, dada, &c.

Next morning I went for her Pa's consent,  
He gave me a look of great astonishment;  
Said he "I never knew, that the girl loved you,  
You may have her," Said I, "Huzza."  
We're married now, and oh what joy,  
Nothing can our wedded life annoy,  
For we've lately got a little boy,  
I'm teaching to call Dada, dada, &c.

# THE BEAUTIFUL BALLET GIRL.

17

*Moderato.*

G. W. HUNT.

1. I sing of a beau-ti-ful bal-let girl, So sylph like, so young and so fair ; Her  
lips were like co-ral, her teeth were like pearls, And she'd beau-ti-ful gold-en hair. I  
ventured to go to the play one night, And got a front seat in the pit ; But the  
while this fair one was do-ing her pas, By Jove I scarce knew how to sit ;  
CHORUS.  
While she danced on the light fan-tas-tic toe, Round on the stage she used to  
go ; Had it not been for a man named Joe, She might have be-long'd to me.

- 2 She always wore a most beautiful smile,  
When she near to the footlights came ;  
When she danced on one toe it affected me so,  
That my 'buzzum' felt all in a flame.  
There was scarcely a day but I bought a bouquet,  
To send her, which oft cost a crown.  
She was styled in the bills 'Mademoiselle Blupils,'  
Which in English meant Mary Ann Brown.  
While she danced, &c.
- 3 To see my delight, I went there ev'ry night,  
For nothing could keep me a way ;  
When she'd bound on the stage, her eye to engage,  
I'd cry out Brayvo ! and Hooray !  
When a swell got a using his opera glass,  
And a quizzing her elegant form ;  
I felt that I must either punch him or bust,  
For I felt so exceedingly warm.  
While she danced, &c.
- 4 I wrote and I told her I loved her sincere,  
And begged that she'd answer my note ;  
To say that she'd meet me, if only for once,  
But no, not a word she e'er wrote ;  
To the stage door I went, my love to give vent,

And sent word that I wanted Miss Brown ;  
When 'Macbeth' in a rage, rushed clean off the stage,  
Pulled my nose first, and then knocked me down.  
While she danced, &c.

5 That's the first time that I and Macbeth had e'er met,  
And that once, sure I thought quite enough ;  
His right name was Joe, my ballet girl's beau,  
Oh, that news made me feel like 'Macduff' ;  
I challenged him flat, to mortal combat,  
But got only laughed at for my pains ;  
Then I rushed from their sight, and vowed that,  
that night,  
The river should hold my remains.  
While she danced, &c.

6 I went t'wards the river, and then I turned back,  
For I couldn't quite make up my mind ;  
To lay down and die, without one more try,  
Some true little darling to find ;  
I at times in the bills, see the name of Blu-Pils,  
For she dances the while she has breath ;  
And some time ago, she married her Joe,  
Who murders 'Shakspeare' and 'Macbeth.'  
But she danced. &c.

## ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON.

LON MORRIS.

*Lively.*

1. My-self and friend went out to ride with a gallus horse and waggon, We stopped out at the  
Nor-folk House, and then we went to Brighton ; We passed everything on the road, you  
ought to seen us kiting, We were a couple of fast boys on the road to Brighton.

## CHORUS.



2 When we got out there we were met by the waiter,  
We went into the house and got some brandy and water;  
We got two cigars, and then commenced to light'em,  
We were a couple of fast boys on the road to Brighton.  
Oh my! you ought to seen, &c.

3 Then we thought we'd have some flip, which made us feel so funny,  
But when we come to pay for it we found we had no money;  
The landlord commenced to talk, the conversation was exciting,  
I tell you what it is, we had a gay row at Brighton.  
O my! you ought to seen, &c.

4 They took us from the house and put us in the Station,  
They fined us five dollars apiece, without cause or provocation;  
The landlord commenced the muss, and we commenced the fighting,  
I tell you what it is, we had a gay time at Brighton.  
O my! you ought to seen, &c.

5 A friend paid our fine, then we started for the tavern,  
We called for our horse, and before him they hitched the waggon;  
The landlord come in, my friend he got frightened,  
And I come home with a black eye that I got out to Brighton.

CHORUS. Then O my! you ought to seen us coming;  
Two forty in the sand, you ought to seen us humming;  
Then O my! you ought to seen us kiting,  
We were a couple of fast boys coming home from Brighton.

## OLD HATS.



2 I used to call on her most every day;  
Down on my knees, I implored her to say  
She'd be my dear wife, and not to say nay,  
And then she agreed to be mine;

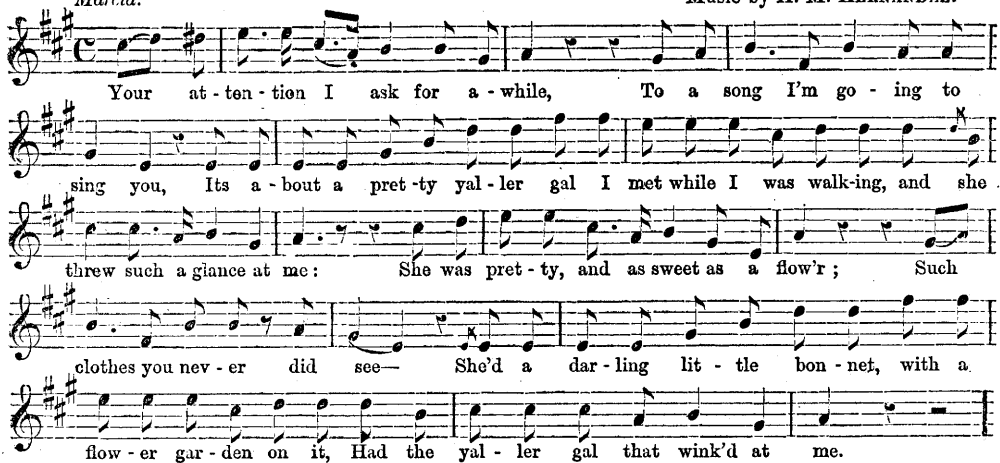
Old hats! old rags! Old hats! old rags!  
3 But oh my heart, I must have been green,  
For in my old coat I opened a seam,  
And gave ten dollars to my heart's queen,  
To buy her some things for the times.  
Old hats! old rags! &c.

# THE YALLER GAL THAT WINKED AT ME.

19

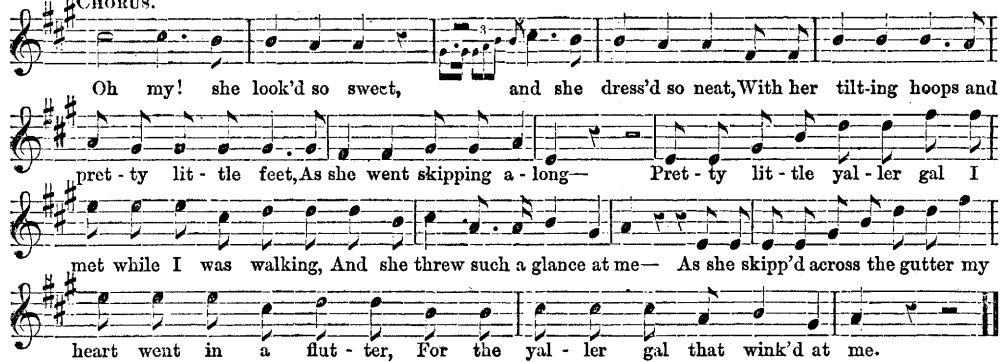
*Marcia.*

Music by A. M. HERNANDEZ.



Your at-ten-tion I ask for a-while, To a song I'm go-ing to  
sing you, Its a-bout a pret-ty yal-ler gal I met while I was walk-ing, and she  
threw such a glance at me: She was pret-ty, and as sweet as a flow'r; Such  
clothes you nev-er did see— She'd a dar-ling lit-tle bon-net, with a  
flow-er gar-den on it, Had the yal-ler gal that wink'd at me.

**CHORUS.**



Oh my! she look'd so sweet, and she dress'd so neat, With her tilt-ing hoops and  
pret-ty lit-tle feet, As she went skipping a-long— Pret-ty lit-tle yal-ler gal I  
met while I was walking, And she threw such a glance at me— As she skipp'd across the gutter my  
heart went in a flut-ter, For the yal-ler gal that wink'd at me.

2 I immediately asked her name,  
And she said it was Lucinda:  
She said I was a stunner, and for life that I had  
won her,  
And married we should be—  
So I'd dress up and I'd walk by her house,  
Every afternoon about three—  
And I'd glance up at the window for to see my  
dear Lucinda,  
She's the yaller gal that wink'd at me.

3 Oh you should have seen her on her wedding day,  
She was handsome as a venus;  
When the parson made us one, ah then the thing  
was done,  
And I never felt so happy in my life;  
So I've bought a little place out of town.  
If you go by step in and see—  
You'll be welcom'd by a wife that's as dear to me  
as life,  
She's the yaller gal that wink'd at me.

## ITALIAN GUINEA PIG BOY.



1. I'm a poor I-ta-lian Gui-nea Pig Boy, Straight from I-ta-ly I  
come with my stock, My par-ents say Jo-seph, What for you roam? And my lit-tle sis-ter  
**CHORUS.**  
cried when I leave my home. Please sir take pi-ty on ze poor I-  
ta-li-an Gui-nea Pig Boy, From I-ta-ly I come.

When I leave my Italy, my friends say "good bye,"  
We no see you more, but my Guinea say "si,"  
I fall in ze water, and ze people all stare,  
But mine Guinea jump in and pull me out by ze hair!  
Please sir, &c.

When I recover I come to America,  
Oh! its so good I no go back again,  
So for my troubles I care not one fig,  
So long as I'm pleased with my little Guinea Pig.  
Please sir, &c.



1. I am the gen - tle - man whose name is known throughout the land. The grandest la - dies  
down to cooks, Make of - fers for my hand, One dear old dame has giv - en me Ten  
thousand in advance, To pass her window twice a day In style, "par ex - cel - lence!"

CHORUS.

I'm par ex - cellence the creature of the day, Bos - ton or a - broad my  
time I pass a - way; I'm par ex - cel - lence, In prom - en - ade and  
dance, In fact in all the ways of life, I am par ex - cel - lence.

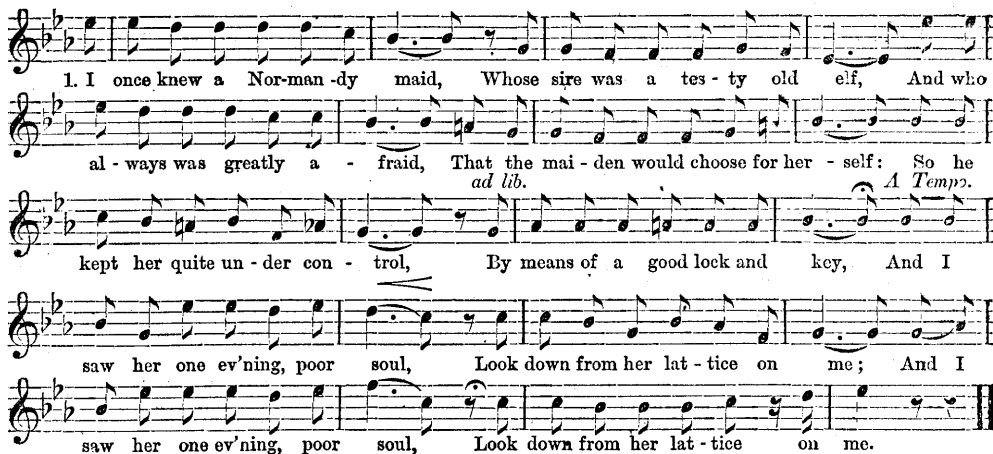
2 At balls the ladies bid for me,  
As at a public sale,  
The waltz and lancers bring me in,  
A fortune without fail;  
I am not egotistical,  
But you should see me dance,  
You'd say, "No wonder all admire  
His style, par excellence!"  
I'm par excellence, &c.

3 My conquests are so numerous,  
I have to keep a book,  
Containing all the names of those  
Whose hearts I win, please look, —  
Producing a little volume.

The brunettes occupy one side,  
The blondes the other, thus:  
And in a second volume soon  
I'll add the overplus.  
I'm par excellence, &c.

4 I never earned a penny yet,  
At work of any kind,  
By voluntary contributions,  
I exist you'll find.  
The ladies certainly have owned,  
'They're glad to get the chance  
Of boasting Boston has at least  
One swell "par excellence."  
SPOKEN.—And that's your humble servant.  
I'm par excellence, &c.

## I ONCE KNEW A NORMANDY MAID.



1. I once knew a Nor-man-dy maid, Whose sire was a tes - ty old elf, And who  
al - ways was greatly a - fraid, That the mai - den would choose for her - self: So he  
*ad lib.* *A Temp.*  
kept her quite un - der con - trol, By means of a good lock and key, And I  
saw her one ev'ning, poor soul, Look down from her lat - tice on me; And I  
saw her one ev'ning, poor soul, Look down from her lat - tice on me.

2 With iron her lattice was barr'd,  
And to none could she utter a word,  
And I thought it was wond'rously hard,  
That a maid should be cag'd like a bird:  
So at night, when sleep conquer'd her sire,  
I flew with a step light and free,  
And I said, should the house be on fire,  
Sweet maiden come downward to me;  
And I said, &c.

3 And the branches I burnt, and the smoke,  
By the wind to the house was convey'd,  
Then cried fire till the father awoke,  
And let out the poor trembling maid:  
He was very near dead with affright,  
Tho' nor flame nor spark could he see,  
And the maiden ran down with delight,  
To the spark that had just set her free.  
And the maiden ran, &c.

You see be-fore you a young man, Who mourns both night and day, For the  
loss of a pretty little girl nam'd Fan, Who has stol'n his heart a - way. She  
said she lov'd me faith - ful - ly, And vow'd we ne'er should part, But she's  
gone a - way with an Or - gan man, And brok-en this poor heart, heart, heart, So I  
mourns for the loss of the girl I love, And I don't know where to find her, She's  
gone a - way from her tur - tle dove, With a nas - ty or - gan - grind - er.

2 At a twelve room'd house, in Canonbury Square,  
She liv'd as kitchen maid,  
Six pounds a year, and all she could find,  
Was the salary she got paid.  
Oh! how often down those area steps  
I've crept like an old Tom Cat,  
And, after having a good blow out,  
I've fill'd my poor old hat, hat, hat.  
But I mourns, &c.

3 Out of all the servants in the Square,  
She used to take the shine;  
She'd a delicate turn in her ancle,  
And a great big crinoline.  
When she used to clean the front door steps,  
How the chaps they used to stare,  
And throw sheep's eyes, and heave big sighs,  
Which made me tear my hair — hair — hair.  
But I mourns, &c.

SPOKEN. — Oh, what depravity!

4 Now, I soon began to notice — that  
Whenever I pass'd that way,  
There was always an organ grinder there,  
A grinding "Old Dog Tray."  
He'd grind and ground, until he found  
He couldn't grind any more;  
And when they told him to move on,  
He'd go and grind next door — to be sure.  
But I mourns, &c.

SPOKEN. — And, oh! so young!

5 Now, one day "Fan" asked this organ man  
To play her "Uncle Sam;"  
She gave him coppers in return,  
And a plate of "cold roast lamb."

Then he told her he was of noble blood,  
And he would be a marquis one fine day;  
In fact, he told such thund'ring lies,  
That with him she eloped away — that day.  
So I mourns, &c.

SPOKEN. — She ought to have known better.

6 Well, the last I heard of the happy pair,  
'Twas down in Pimlico;  
The fellow was a grinding on his instrument of  
torture,  
And Fan play'd the "Old Banjo."  
But to mourn any more for a girl like that,  
I should only be a dunce;  
So I'll think no more of Fan and her organ man,  
But hope they'll get six months, (Spoken) with  
hard labor, for disturbing Mr. Babbage in his  
skientific pursuits and mental miscalculations.  
So no more I'll mourn for the girl I lov'd,  
And no more I'll try to find her;  
She may go and be blown for what I care,  
Yes, and so may her organ grinder.

ENCORE VERSE.

I see a Bill's been introduced  
By an M.P., Mr. Bass,  
To do away with organ men,  
And all of that 'ere class.  
But your applause is the music I like,  
And such friends — who could resist 'em;  
But though I long to sing another song,  
It won't suit my organ-ic system.  
"The spirit's willing, but the flesh is weak —"  
You'll please to excuse the remainder;  
But if you'll come another night,  
I'll sing the organ-grinder.

**1.** If you please, you see I'm a do-mes-tic, Or what some would call "servant gal;" My mis-sis she calls me Sai-rah, But fa-ther, for short, calls me "Sall;" I'm ge-ne-ral slave round the cor-ner, My wa-ges is small, you'll a-gree: I'm slav-ing from morning till midnight, And I finds my own su-gar and tea, only sits down a minute to take breath-

## CHORUS.

The bell goes a-ring-ing for Sai-rah, Sai-rah, Sai-rah, The bell goes a-ring-ing for Sai-rah, From morn-ing un-til night.

**2** My master's a clerk in the city,

At six hundred fifty a year;  
They comes out like a Dook and a Duchess,  
How they does it to some's not quite clear:  
They give parties, and hold up their heads  
As though they was the first of the land.  
Sometimes I've to wait for my wages,  
Whilst they get a doing the Grand.

**SPOKEN.**—But people as do the Grand very often,  
"Do" somebody else at the same time; the  
butcher's asked for his bill for the last six months,  
and if *she* hears me a talking to him, Oh! you  
should hear—

The bell goes a ringing, &c.

**3** My Missis talks of her connections,

Says her Grandfather's Pa was a Judge;  
Lady Muff and Lord Puff are her cousins,  
But 'tween us and the bed-post its "fudge."  
She says her blood's "Haristocratic,"  
(About that I can't speak to be sure;)  
But folks for their money come knocking,  
And vow they won't come any more.

**SPOKEN.**—Yes, first I've to go to the door, then I've  
to go up four pairs to make the beds, and, of  
course, just as I'm in the middle of 'em,—

The bell goes a ringing, &c.

**4** There's but one day I've five minutes quiet,  
That's Sundays; for then, when I can,  
I goes out after tea for an hour,  
And 'scorted by my young man.  
You must know, if you please, he's a sojer,  
And he vows he's entirely mine:  
I often wish there *was* four Sundays a week,  
For I *has* to be in by nine.

**SPOKEN.**—Yes, and if I don't shew myself as the clock  
strikes, O!—

The bell goes a ringing, &c.

**5** I'm lady's-maid, house-maid, and cook;  
I do everything, honor, no joking:  
I scarcely have time to draw breath,  
For she'll ring if the fire wants poking.  
With a book out of lib'ry she'll loll  
On the couch in an indolent manner,  
Or else for a change she'll sit down  
And thump away on the *Pianner*.

**SPOKEN.**—Yes, we've got a *pianner*, tisn't paid for;  
but I must be off, for if she fancies I'm here talking  
to you—

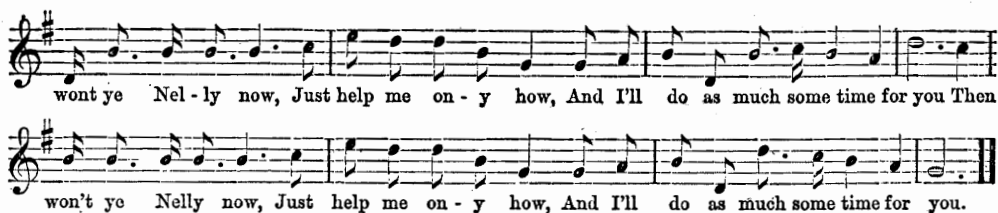
The bell will go ring, &c.

## I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU.

H. AVERY.

**1.** My pretty Nelly, dear, As long as we're both here, And nather of us gone a-way, I'd like to speak to you, Just one sweet word or two, That's bother'd my poor brain all day, But my heart is in my mouth, And thats a perfect drought, Was ev-er in such plight a lover true; Then





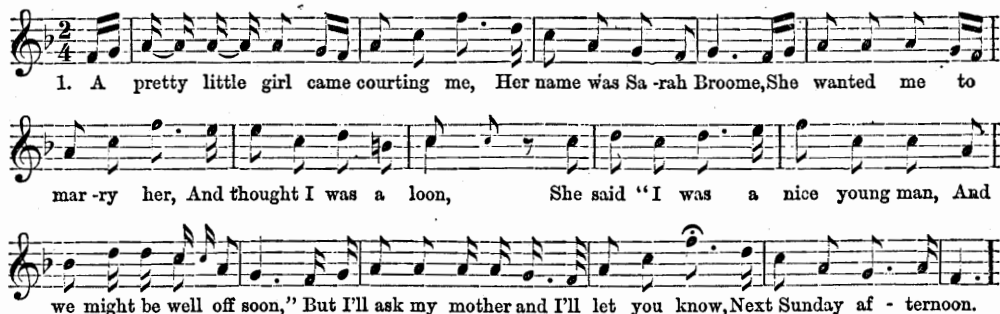
2 But Nelly aint it quare,  
Yet if you aasint there,  
Or if I was some other place,  
The easiest thing to do,  
Would be that word or two.  
But I can't say it face to face,  
For my voice gets thin and wake,  
Whene'er I try to spake,  
And faith the very words they all seem new.  
Then won't you, Nelly &c.

3 Now Nelly I believe,  
You are laughing in your sleeve;  
Although you're looking so demure,  
I'd think ye never knew  
What I'm trying to do,  
You're having your own fun I'm sure.  
But Nelly, though my words  
Just fly away like birds,  
You know that my poor heart was always true.  
Then Nelly won't you now,  
Just take me onyhow,  
And I'll do the same some time for you.

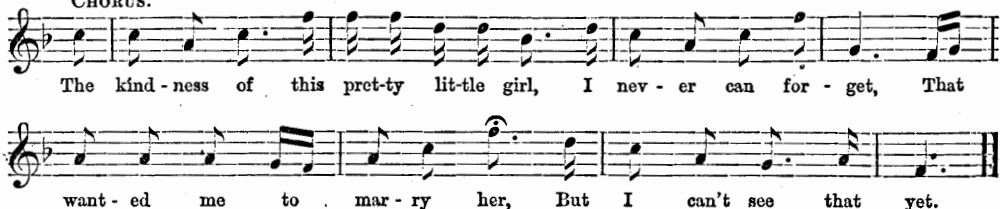
### I'LL ASK MY MOTHER, And I'll let you know next Sunday Afternoon.

*Lively.*

HARRY STANWOOD.



CHORUS.



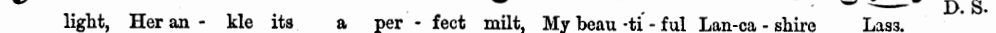
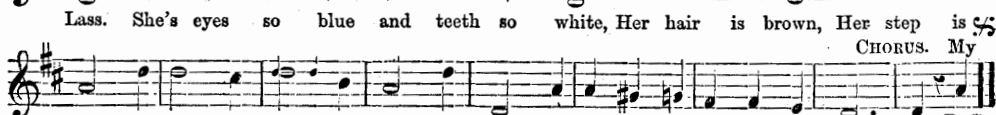
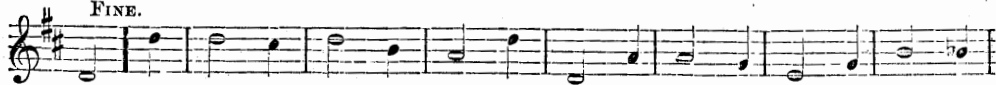
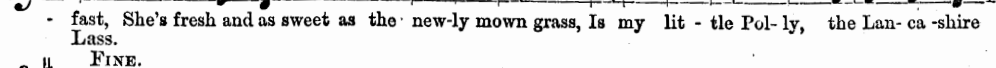
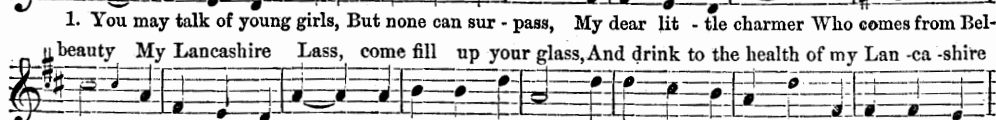
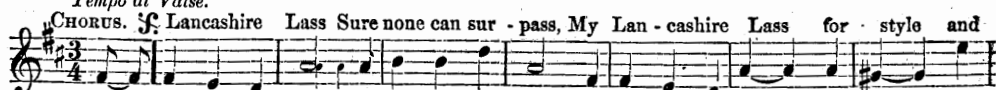
2 One afternoon Miss Sarah Broome,  
Took me out for a walk,  
She kissed me and caressed me,  
And so lovingly did talk;  
She wanted me to fly with her,  
That night by the light of the moon.  
But I'll ask my mother, &c.  
The kindness, &c.

3 She made me a present of a watch and chain,  
Likewise a bran-new hat,  
For Sundays, when I walked with her,  
That I might cut it fat.  
But when she found I'd not elope,  
She wanted the presents back soon.  
But I'll ask my mother, &c.  
The kindness, &c.

4 Out of revenge with another fellow,  
She ran away that night,  
They both came back for the watch and chain,  
And wanted me to fight;  
He said: In a field if he had me,  
That he would kill me soon.  
But I'll ask my mother, &c.  
The kindness, &c.

5 If there's any young girl, that's here to-night,  
Would like to be my wife,  
Let her step forward and I will do,  
The best for her through life;  
And if she's in a hurry, why,  
We may be married soon;  
But I'll ask my mother, &c.  
The kindness, &c.

## THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

*Tempo di Valse.*

- 2 The way that I won her is strange you will say,  
'Twas one afternoon that I went down the bay,  
A young friend of mine was there for the day,  
And took little Polly, for whom he'd to pay.  
When first we met, I soon could see,  
That with his chance 'twas all U. P.  
And so I asked her if she'd have me,  
This beautiful Lancashire Lass.  
My Lancashire Lass, &c.

She bought this watch which now I wear;  
If she don't mind, well I don't care.  
She says that her fortune I shall share,  
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.  
My Lancashire Lass, &c.

- 3 She said she'd be mine, and she swore to be true,  
We've since been like doves billing and cooing;  
We never fall out as some lovers do,  
And she has some money, betwixt me and you,

- 4 She published the banns, we're going to be wed,  
I leave those matters for her to settle;  
To-morrow, for time has so quickly fled,  
The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led.  
I need not work whilst there's a purse,  
To the idea I'm not averse,  
And p'rhaps one day I may have to nurse,  
A sweet little Lancashire Lass.  
My Lancashire Lass, &c.

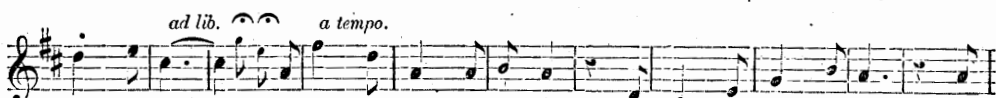
## IF YOUR FOOT IS PRETTY, SHOW IT.

*Moderato.*

1. If your foot is pret - ty, show it, No mat - ter where or when, Let all fair maidens



know it, The foot takes all the men; The face so fair and love - ly May charm the



gaz - er's eye, But if the foot is home - ly, He'll quick - ly pass her by. He'll



quick - ly, he'll quickly, he'll quick - ly pass her by.....

- 2 If your foot is pretty, show it,  
When you trip along the street,  
For it will catch the eager eyes,  
Of ev'ry man you meet.  
Don't toss your glossy ringlets,  
Nor pout your lips so sweet,  
But gently lift your petticoats,  
And show your handsome feet.  
And show, and show, &c.

- 3 If your foot is pretty, show it,  
If you wish to catch the beau;  
No longer hide the tell - tale charm,  
Beneath so many clothes.  
The figure may deceive me,  
All hoop'd and padded o'er,  
Yet let me but survey the foot,  
I'll ask to see no more.  
I'll ask, I'll ask, &c.

The spoken parts marked AD LIBITUM, are strictly so—the song is complete without them, and they are merely introduced to afford scope to those possessed of the gift, for displaying their powers of mimicry.

*Moderato.*

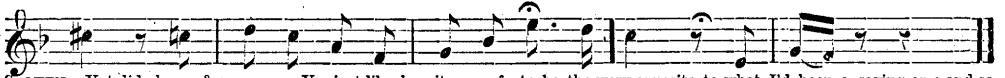
Written and Composed by H. WALKER.



1. Je-mi-ma took me down a peg The day I court-ed she; I nev-er know'd a



gal so cross, She didn't ought to be, I says, says I, "you dear! I says, I. wishes to ac-



BROKEN.—Vot did she say? says you. Vy, just like her, it was safe to be the very opposite to what I'd been a saying on; and so when I told her as she was a out and outer; in course she says—says she—

- quaint, As you're the out—and— "outest brick!" Says she "I aint."

- 2 "You har," I says; "them hi's of yourn,  
Which *well* you knows, no doubt,  
Has play'd the doose with my poor 'art!"  
"Gammin!" says she, "git out!"  
"It aint no ways a joke," I says,  
"So don't think for to scoff,  
I've riglar, downright, fell in love!"

SPOKEN.—Which it was quite true, as she plainly seed, but she was in a agraating humor, and answered as sarcy as possible, and says—

Says she, "Be off."

- 3 Says I, "Don't be so short!" I says,  
"You're much too sharp, by far!  
You isn't wot you *used* to was!"  
"Oh yes," says she, "I are;"  
"That's right," I says, "a nicerrer girl  
Nor you, I'm *sure* there aren't;  
So kiss! and say as you'll be mine!"  
Says she—

SPOKEN.—And I thought as how in course she'd say yes, but lor bless you! she hysted up her nose (which it was only a snub), and fust, give me a look like this ere (*gives a look of contempt*), and then (*give look of aversion*) like that there, and art-erwards in this way (*gives look of disgust*), and says, says she—

"I sharn't!"

- 4 "Come, come," I says, "it's long since I  
Diskiver'd by your look,  
That you was very sweet on me;"  
Says she, "You was mistook;"  
"Oh! drop that ere," I says, k'vite vild;  
"You *knows* it aint not true,  
You don't not mean no sich a thing;"

SPOKEN.—For I was gitting riled with her tantrums and impidence, and fell as nigh to giving her a good blowing up, as could be; but *she* didn't keer, she didn't, stuck to it like vax, she did, and says—

Says she, "I do."

- 5 "You can't deny your love," I said,  
"Nor oughtn't not to should;"  
"In course I can," says she; says I,  
"You didn't *used* to could."  
"None o' your impurence," says she;  
"That there's a jolly crammer!"  
"It aren't," says I; "It are," says she;  
Says I—

SPOKEN.—For in course I warn't a going to put up no sich impidentest, and barefacedest hinswinerations; ketch me at it, and so, I says, says I—  
"you his a shammer!"

- 6 Says she, "For me to stand that *there*,  
Is which I means to *wont*;  
So jest you walk; you'd best to had" —  
"Oh don't!" says I, "oh *don't*!"  
"You stoopid, hignorant hass!" says she,  
"Can't you not hold your jaw?  
Be hoff! you great big booby, you."

SPOKEN.—She did indeed—jest as I'm a telling you!  
"Oh law!" says I, "oh *law*!"

- 7 "Are you a going?" says she; says I,  
"And shall us *must* to part?  
What *ave* you bin and gone and did?"  
I says, "You've broke my 'art."

SPOKEN.—I vont deny it, I was struck all of a heap, and so completly took a back, that my feelings overcomed me, and lugging out my ankerchief, I vept, I should think, pretty vell arf a teacupfull from each eye.

Says she, "If you aint off at once  
I'll break your precious noddle;"  
And then she catches up the broom!  
And so—

SPOKEN.—It wasn't no use, you know, I aint the sort of chap not to be easily frighten'd at nothink, but lor! wots *one* man agin a woman? the odds was too great, and so—

I thought I'd toddle,  
And thus perwent a broken 'ead,  
For mines a softish noddle.

\* Repeat from beginning of 1st Verse to the star, in chorus, and end at each Verse the same.

*In a lively style.*

HARRY CLIFTON.



1. On Monday af- ternoon, in the lat- ter part of June, I got on board the fer- ry boat, the



boat for Weehaw - ken; As my eyes I chanc'd to raise, a la - dy met my



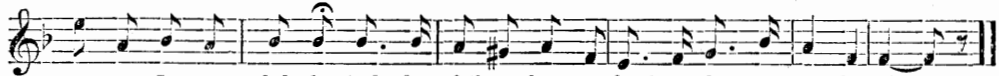
gaze, She was crowd'd in the cabin 'mongst a lot of men.



In her hand she had a bouquet, and she wore a jock-ey hat, And she gave me such a



look—oh, how my heart went pit - a - pat! She'd a ging - ham um - brel - la, Her



name was Is - a - bel - la, And her father kept a bar-ber's shop at Wee-haw-ken.

2 I rushed to her side, and I proffer'd my assistance,  
Oh, the smile she gave me, as I offer'd her a seat!  
I sat down beside her, and, as she made no resistance,  
We talk'd of the weather, the rain, and the heat;  
I ask'd her of her parents, I ask'd her her trade—  
She was "bossin'" in a bonnet shop, and sold them  
ready made;

Then she rais'd her umbrella—  
Said, "My name is Isabella,  
And my father keeps a barber shop at Weehawken."

3 Before we parted, she had all my affection;  
I inquir'd, "Should I see her at some future day!"  
She simper'd and smiled, and said "she'd no objec-  
tion"

As light as a fairy she tripp'd it away.  
So we were engag'd in a regular way,  
My time pass'd as happy as the flowers in May,  
When I thought of Isabella,  
And her gingham umbrella,  
And her father's little barber-shop at Weehawken.

4 When you hear the sequel, you'll say it has no equal  
In all the annals of woman's deceit:  
I went one night for to meet my Isabella,  
But no Isabella was there to meet;

I search'd far and wide, till I happen'd to drop  
In a lager-bier garden, where they had a sort of  
"hop."

Oh there was Isabella,  
With a ginger-whisker'd fellow,  
Doing "double shuffles" up at Weehawken.

5 I stagger'd with surprise, then exclaim'd "Isabella,  
Do I look like a fool! Do you take me for a flat!"  
She coolly replied, "Well, I rath' think I do;  
And if you don't like it take it out of that."  
I rush'd at my rival, satisfaction to get,  
But found that my troubles had not ended yet,

For up jump'd Isabella,  
With her gingham umbrella,  
And let me have it on the nose at Weehawken.

6 I rush'd from her presence, resolv'd upon slaughter!  
Thinks I, Now in the Hudson repose I will find.  
Then, fully bent on Susancide, I ran down to the  
water,

But my opinions alter'd, and I chang'd my mind;  
For folly must be paid for, and wisdom bought—  
There are fishes in the sea that have not been caught.

So a fig for Isabella,  
And her gingham umbrella,  
And her father's little barber-shop at Weehawken.

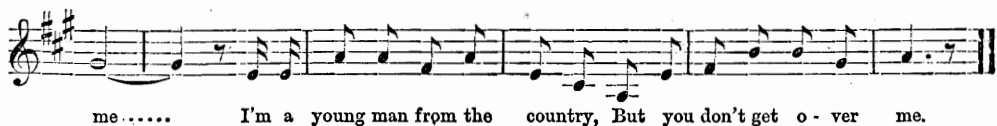
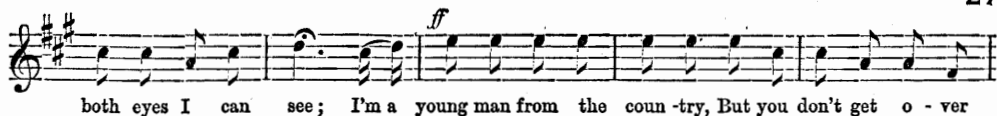
## I'M A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.



1. I'm a young man from the coun - try, From Schenec-ta - dy I came; A free and ea - sy



fel - low, There's no need to tell my name. I know my way a - bout, a bit, With



- 2 I hailed a coach down at the Park,  
For to take me up town;  
I went as far as Union Square,  
And there he put me down.  
Says I, "Now mister, what's your fare!"  
"Five dollars, sir," said he;  
Says I, "I'm from the country,  
But you don't 'five dollar' me."  
I'm a young man, &c.

- 3 I went out to Fashion Course —  
I wished to see the race;  
I found a crowd of sharpers there,  
Collected in the place.  
"I'll lay the odds," says one, "and lay  
The stakes with Captain B. —  
Says I, "I'm from the country,  
But you don't 'captain' me!"  
I'm a young man, &c.

- 4 I took a walk about the course,  
There all the fun to view;  
They were playing various little games,  
And three-card monte, too.

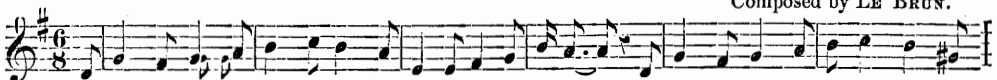
A thimble-rigger wished to bet  
I could not find "the pea;"  
Says I, "I'm from the country,  
But you don't 'thimble' me!"  
I'm a young man, &c.

- 5 I visited a billiard-room,  
But felt inclined to walk,  
When my opponent from his pocket,  
Pulled out a piece of chalk:  
He let me win two quarter-games —  
"Play for a V," says he;  
Says I, "I'm from the country,  
But you don't 'perform' on me!"  
I'm a young man, &c.

- 6 You'll think I'm fond of singing —  
The charge, I own, is true:  
Who would not be delighted  
To amuse such friends as you!  
But when I come to sing a song,  
You shout for two or three;  
I'm a young man from the country,  
But you don't get over me!  
I'm a young man, &c.

### GO AND ASK MY MOTHER.

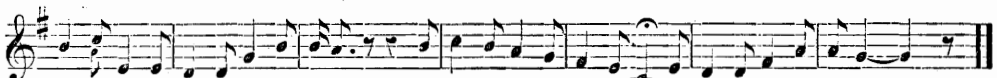
Composed by LE BRUN.



1. You've told me many a time and oft, That I was fair and comely, My eyes were bright, my tresses soft, While



other girls were homely. "She's quite too young to know her will," The folks say to each other, But if you truly



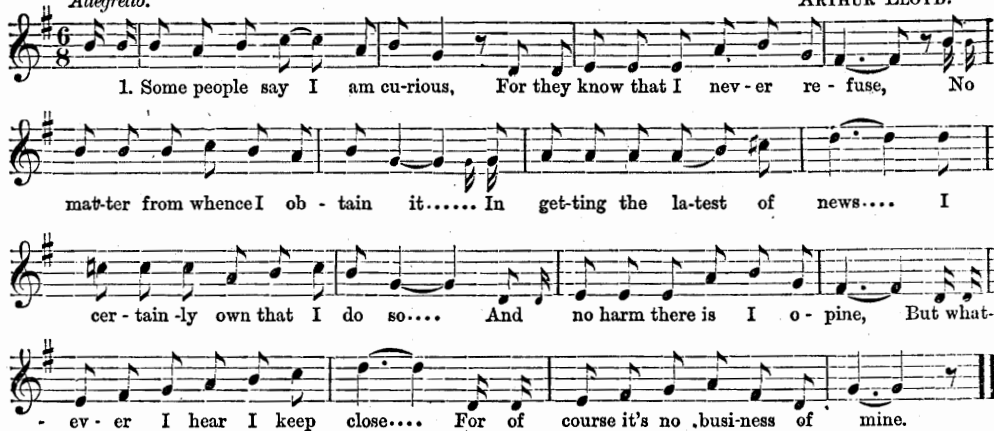
lovestill, Why go and ask my mother, But if you truly love mestill, Why, go and ask my mother.

- 2 I've seen you dance with city girls,  
And flirt with country cousins;  
Praise Julia and her raven curls,  
And glances throw by dozens.  
I thought it very strange, and vow'd  
I'd look out for another;  
But when you smil'd, my anger bow'd,  
So go and ask my mother.

- 3 I'm told there's care in married life —  
That all the joy's in courting;  
When young men have secured a wife,  
They say their vows are sporting.  
I won't believe what old maids say,  
If you won't choose another;  
You've bother'd me so much to-day,  
Do go and ask my mother.

*Allegretto.*

ARTHUR LLOYD.



2 Now for instance at Mrs. Montgomery's,  
Ev'ry afternoon, just about three,  
When her husband is out at his business,  
A gent with moustache comes to tea.  
He stays till half past eight o'clock,  
For her husband is not home till nine;  
Now I want to know what he does there,  
But of course it's no business of mine.

3 At Number two lives Miss Baxter,  
A fine handsome dashing young girl,  
Who for the last twelve months or so,  
Has been flirting with Mr. Fitzfurl.  
They say she is going to be married,  
Well, I must say I think it is time,  
If she's not married she ought to be,  
But of course it's no business of mine.

4 I met Lucy Bell t'other evening,  
With her nephew going out for a walk;  
And of course whenever she saw me,  
She stopp'd and began a long talk:  
About her dear little nephew,  
Who, she said, was between eight and nine,  
Some say he isn't her nephew;  
But of course it's no business of mine.

5 At Mrs. Gogaing's round the corner,  
Last evening I heard such a din;  
And found that she'd not paid her rent,  
So the brokers they'd quickly put in;

I don't know what she does with her money,  
Tho' her nose always redly does shine;  
I think she spends it on brandy,  
But of course it's no business of mine.

6 A friend of mine yesterday told me,  
Last Sunday he'd had such a lark;  
He met Mrs. — well never mind who,  
Taking a walk in the Park.  
He offer'd the lady his arm,  
And took her to Richmond to dine,  
I won't tell you when they came back;  
For of course it's no business of mine.

7 It's time I now thought of retiring,  
And hope I've not kept you too long;  
The only thing now that I wish is,  
That I've pleased one and all with my song;  
If I haven't, of course, I can't help it,  
*I'll do better*, perhaps, some other time;  
If I *don't*, my advice to you is —  
But of course it's no business of mine.

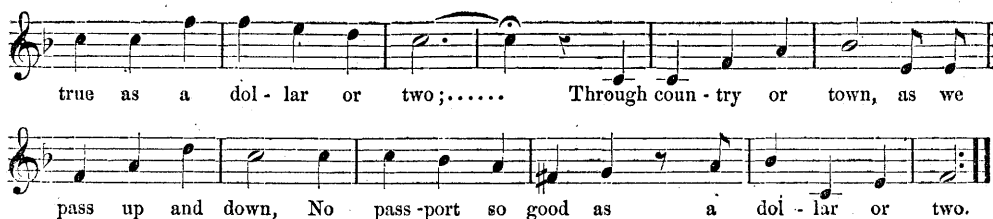
## ENCORE VERSE.

I don't know I'm sure what you wish for,  
I'm *almost* at a loss for to tell;  
But *just* give some people an inch,  
And they're certain to wish for an ell;  
I really think I've done enough,  
For you know that this makes the fifth time;  
If I could *help* it, you'd only get three,  
But of course it's no business of mine.

## A DOLLAR OR TWO.

Music by LABITZKY.





2 Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,  
And the hand of a pretty young female pursue,  
You must always be ready the handsome to do,  
Although it will cost you a dollar or two.

Love's arrows are tipped  
With a dollar or two,  
And affections are gained  
With a dollar or two;  
The best aid you meet  
In advancing your suit,  
Is the eloquent chink  
Of a dollar or two!

### DANDY PAT.



2 My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim,  
The girls all say just look at him,  
Dandy Pat I O.  
Mystick is made of good black thorn, good black thorn,  
I'm the funniest fellow that ever was born,  
Dandy Pat I O.  
I'm a Dandy Pat, &c.

3 My coat is made of Irish Frieze. Irish Frieze,  
The devil a one can take the prize  
From Dandy Pat I O.

My hat is made of Irish felt, Irish felt,  
The hearts of all the girls I melt,  
I'm Pat the Dandy O.  
I'm Pat the Dandy, &c.

4 I took a walk in Central Park, Central Park,  
A charming lady made the remark:  
Pat the Dandy O.  
She axed me home to take some tay, take some tay,  
She sed she'd never go away  
From Pat the Dandy O.  
I'm Pat the Dandy, &c.

*Allegretto.*

1. Who'll bid for a wife? Who'll take me for life? Bach - e - lers, wid - ow - ers,  
 bid for me free; Of the lot I'm the last, So you'd better bid fast, For the girls are all married, all  
 married but me. See what a nice lit - tle bargain am I! So slender my waist! Such a  
 pretty black eye! Heigh - o! woe's me! The girls are all married, all married but me.  
*Appassionato.*  
 Heigh - o! woe's me! The girls are all married, all married but me.

2 I am young, I am winning,  
 Who'll make a beginning?  
 I am melting away, like some tropical fruit;  
 Here's a mouth for a kiss,  
 Such a chance, could you miss?!!

Then pray make a bid, for I know I shall suit.  
 Whoever weds me — to the end of my life  
 I promise and vow I will make a good wife,  
 Heigho! woe's mine!  
 O! Sir, did you bid?—Going—Going—I'm thine.

## RACKETTY JACK.

Words by GEO. FRENCH.

1. My cog - no - men is Rack - et - ty Jack. A noi - sy swell am I,.... I care not how the  
 world may wag, I nev - er will say die.... In grog and beer I do in - du - ge, Some -  
 - times in Cli - quot too, A bottle of "Phizz" is all my eye, Bring in a doz - en or two.  
 CHORUS.  
 Hi! Ho! Ho! stop! Here, Wai - ter, Brandy Hot! I'm  
 Rack - et - ty Jack, No mon - ey I lack, And I'm the boy for a spree;.... I'm  
 Rack - et - ty Jack, No mon - ey I lack, And I'm the boy for a spree.

2 When I go out at night, my boys,  
 I'm always ripe for fun,  
 And amongst the fair, I do declare,  
 I always was "A, 1."  
 Tho' a harem, scarem sort of Chap,  
 I ne'er forget the gals,  
 For, next to them, there's nothing on earth  
 Like Phizz and jolly good palls.  
 Hi! ho! ho! stop! &c.

3 I like a lark, I do, of course,  
 I can't help being gay,  
 I follow in my father's steps,  
 So at least the people say.

For beauty I admire,  
 For a spree I'm always fresh;  
 You see, what's bred in the bones my boys,  
 Is sure to come out in the flesh.  
 Hi! ho! ho! stop! &c.

4 I never fall out with a policeman,  
 Nor cheat a hackman's fare,  
 Nor like low swells wrench Knockers off,  
 And kick stalls in the air.  
 For I can true enjoyment find,  
 With friends like you at my back,  
 So enjoy yourselves as long as you can,  
 And hurrah! for Racketty Jack.  
 Hi! ho! ho! stop! &c.

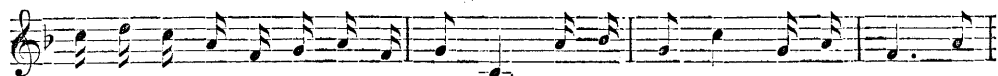


*Lively.*

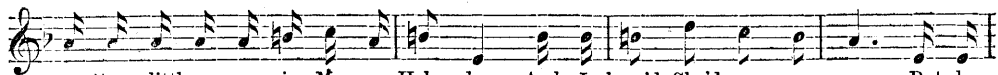
ARTHUR LLOYD.



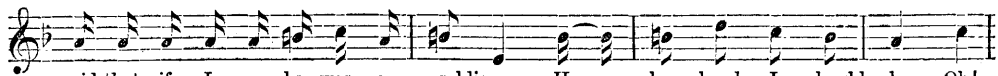
1. Oh a most un - happy man, pray cast your eyes on, Cast your eyes on, cast your eyes on, I



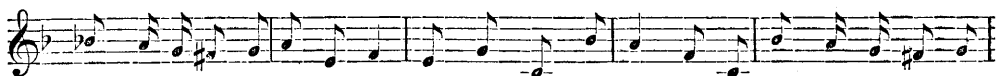
love a lit - tle damsel, oh! a prize one, And I wish her you could see: Her



pretty little name is Ma - ry Hol - der, And I begg'd She'd mar - ry me, But she



said that if I on - ly was a soldier, Her hus - band I should be. Oh!



Ma - ry, oh! Ma - ry, don't say so, Pi - ty poor Joe Mol - der; If such is your wish, a

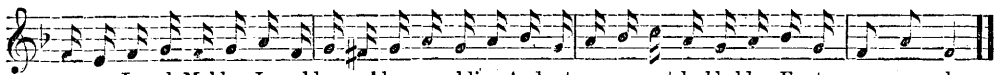
## CHORUS.



way I'll go, At once I'll go For a sol - dier. Cruel Mary Holder Say's she'll



on - ly wed a soldier, Oh I often used to scold her, And the o - ther day I told her, Sure' my



name was Joseph Molder, I would go and be a soldier, And return a great deal bolder, For to mar - ry she.

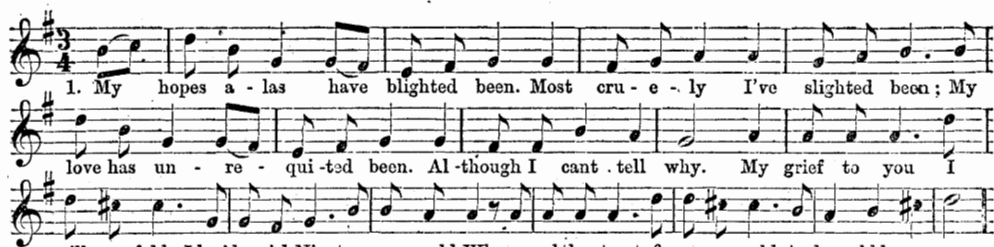
2 Mary was a milliner in Cambridge,  
In Cambridge, in Cambridge;  
Talk of pretty girls, I never saw sich,  
Sich a beauty in my life.  
I'll tell you how we first became acquainted,  
I was passing by her shop.  
With her name over the door so nicely painted,  
When her sweet face made me stop.  
I enter'd the shop, something to buy,  
Touch'd her lovely thin hand,  
Then trembling enquired if she could tell  
The way to Harvard College.  
Cruel Mary, &c.

3 We very often used to walk together,  
Out together, out together,  
And we did't care a button for the weather,  
Whether it was wet or fine.  
I took her into Copeland's one day in Court Street,  
Where she and I did dine.  
I treated her to jugged hare and fish, fried,  
And bread and cheese and wine;  
Then quietly I asked if she would be  
The wife of Joseph Molder,  
When cruelly she answered, No, dear Joe,  
I'd rather marry a soldier.  
Cruel Mary, &c.

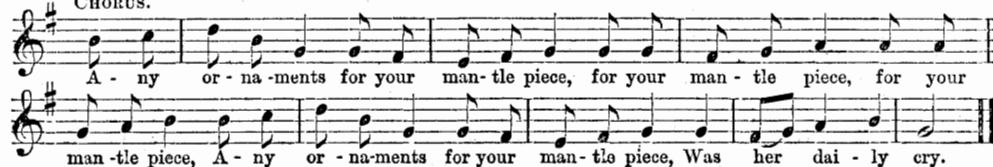
4 She said she had a passion for the army,  
For the army, for the army;  
Though she had no intention to alarm me,  
Or to see me get enraged.  
Said I, my friends all thought you my intended,  
And considered us engaged.  
Your Joseph you have very much offended,  
And I do feel very much enraged.  
You said that you loved me, then at last,  
To think you'd treat me so, you  
Should be ashamed, oh! where do you  
Expect to die when you go to.  
Cruel Mary, &c.

5 To my feelings she had give such a shock then,  
Such a shock then, such a shock then.  
It was just a striking four on the Old South Clock  
when  
Mary left me at the Bank.  
I wrote and said if aught did happen to me,  
She for it herself might thank;  
Then I ran to throw myself into the Back Bay, but  
It looked so very damp,  
I turned right away, and then resolved  
That I would be a soldier,  
And come back a Colonel or Admiral perhaps,  
And make my pet Mrs. Molder.  
Cruel Mary, &c.

## "ANY ORNAMENTS."



1. My hopes a-las have blighted been. Most cru-e-ly I've slighted been; My love has un-re-qui-ted been. Al-though I cant tell why. My grief to you I will un-fold, I lov'd a girl Nineteen years old, Who round the streets fine papers sold, And would her wares cry  
 SPOKEN.—Talk about girls, she was a beauty, and the first moment I beheld her I became infatuated. Oh what an ecstasy of bliss I was in the moment I heard her voice crying—  
 CHORUS.



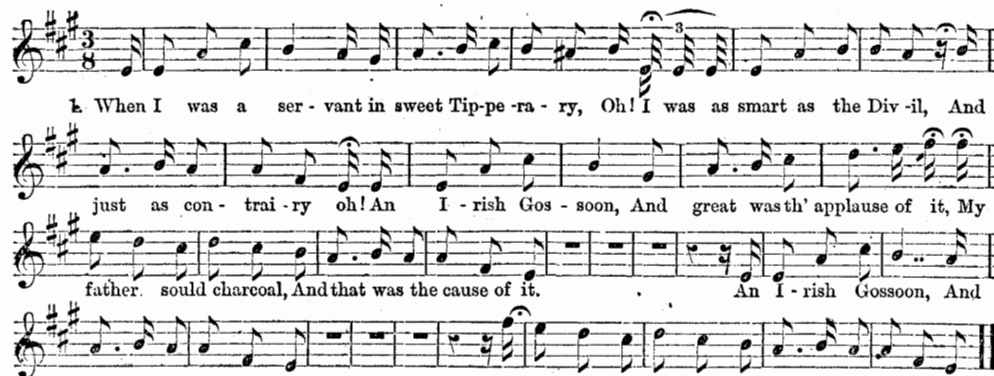
2 She swore that she would stick to me,  
 Behave just like a "brick" to me;  
 But why she played this trick on me  
 I'm sure I can't tell.  
 To talk of marriage I began,  
 She seemed delighted at the plan,  
 But oh she wed another man  
 Not half such a swell.

SPOKEN.—Yes, she gave me the cut direct, and married a barber's boy. And when I cogitate, think, study, ruminate, ponder and soliloquise, on what we might have been, if this young shaver hadn't come across us, it drives me to distraction. Now I always behaved kind to her, and she used to say: "Oh Billy, won't we be happy when we are married. Won't the people all envy me as I walk through the street singing—  
 Any ornaments, &c.

3 Her husband was a cruel man,  
 To turn quite cool he soon began,  
 At length from her away he ran,  
 And never more was seen.  
 This was a settler to the bride,  
 Who walked down to the river side,  
 And there to end her life she tried,  
 And did the job clean.

SPOKEN.—I was walking beside the river one morning when my eyes fell on an object which I thought I had seen before; I approached, when, ah! what do I behold. There, in all her beauty lies my faithless fair. She has put an end to her life by means of poison. See, she moves! I placed my ear in close proximity to her lips, she is about to speak, with bated breath I anxiously listen, when lo! her last dying words are—  
 Any ornaments, &c.

## MY FATHER SOULD CHARCOAL.



1. When I was a ser-vant in sweet Tip-pe-ra-ry, Oh! I was as smart as the Div-il, And just as con-trai-ry oh! An I-rish Gos- soon, And great was th' applause of it, My father. sould charcoal, And that was the cause of it. An I-rish Gossoon, And

great was th' applause of it.

My father sould charcoal, And that was the cause of it.

2 Arrah, my mother, poor soul,  
 Had a habit of drinking, oh!  
 She fell in a ditch,  
 Which set her to thinking oh!  
 A mammoth Phratee,  
 And great was the size of it,  
 Me mouth held a dozen,  
 Which widened the breadth of it.  
 Me mouth held, &c.

3 At a break down or reel,  
 It's highly and dutifal,

And if to remember  
 You need not so stare at me,  
 Sure I can wear my brogans  
 Both behind and in front of me.

4 And how does yeas do,  
 I see yeas all laugh at me,  
 And what would yeas give  
 For a nice photograph of me.  
 And if to remember,  
 You need not so stare at me,  
 Sure I'll give every mother's son of yeas  
 A lock of the hair of me.

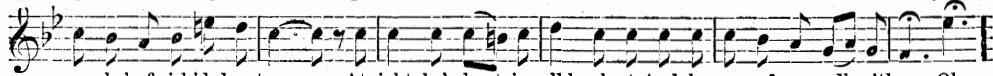
*In a playful style.*



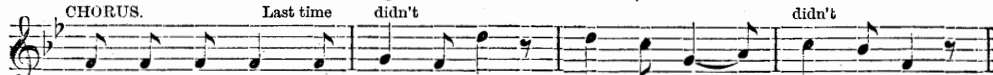
1. My love she lives in a two pair back, Her eyes are bright as stars of night, Of falling in love I've



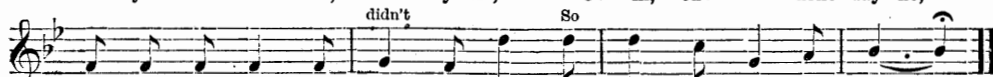
got a knack, And she's the girl for me..... At six o'clock she leaves off work, At



seven she's finish'd her tea,..... At eight she's drest in all her best, And she comes for a walk with me. Oh



CHORUS. Last time didn't didn't



Pretty Je - mi - ma, dont say no, O! hi, oh!..... dont say no,



Pretty Je - mi - ma, dont say no, and we will mar - ried be.....

2 I once was afraid to speak outright,  
I was so shy I feared to try,  
The thought of it put me in a fright,  
So I'd grizzle and pine all day.  
I was getting as thin as a scaffold pole,  
My buttons all fell away,  
And just because I hadn't the nerve,  
To pluck up my courage and say Oh!  
Pretty Jemima, &c.

3 We went for a walk not long ago,  
Thinks I somehow I'll tell her now,  
I just was going to let her know,  
When she spied a milliner's shop;  
A hat and feather was there for sale,  
I couldn't do less than stop,  
By the time I'd bought it my courage had gone,  
But I could not the question pop Of.  
Pretty Jemima, &c.

4 At last one morning I bought the ring,  
And hit on a plan to make me a man;  
Thinks I to myself this is the thing,  
This night shall cast the die.  
I held it up, look ye here I said,  
The moment it caught her eye,  
Her lovely cheeks were suffus'd with red,  
And seeing no one was by I said:  
Pretty Jemima, &c.

5 Of course I was anxious to know my fate,  
I almost dread the words I said;  
Whether to be with joy elate,  
Or be the most wretched of men.  
She tried it on her finger, and said,  
'Twas a little too large, but then  
I could buy a keeper, and we'd get spliced,  
Next Saturday morning at Ten—And,  
Pretty Jemima, &c.

PETER GRAY.

*With feeling.*

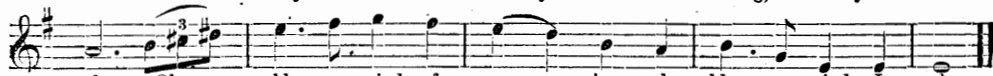
*With energy.*



1. I'll tell you of a nice young man, Whose name was Peter Gray, And the town that he was



born in was Pennsylvani - a. Blow ye winds of morn - ing, blow ye winds I



oh, Oh blow ye winds of morn - ing, oh blow ye winds I oh.

2 This Peter Gray did fall in love,  
All with a nice young girl,  
The first two letters of her name  
Was Loo-egge ianna Quirl.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

3 Just as they were gwine to wed,  
Her father did say no,  
And quincicently she was sent  
Beyond the Ohio.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

4 When Peter heard his love was lost,  
He knew not what to say,  
He'd half a mind to jump into  
The Susquehanna.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

5 But he went travelling to the west  
For furs and other things,  
And there was caught, and killed, and drest  
All by the In gi-ins.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

6 When Loo-egge-ianna heard the news,  
She straitway went to bed,  
And never did get up again  
Until she di-ed.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

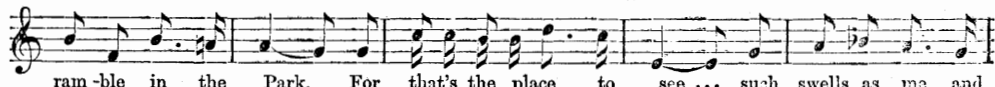
7 Ye fathers all a warning take,  
Each one as has a girl,  
And think upon poor Peter Gray  
And Loo-egge-ianna Quirl.  
Blow ye winds, &c.

*Tempo di Polka.*

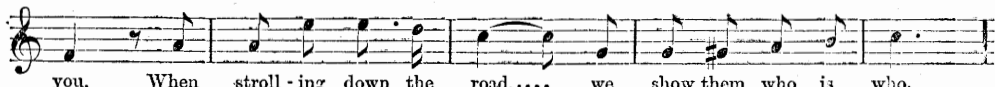
Composed by ALFRED LEE.



1. The place in all the town for a prom-e-nade or lark, On a summer af-ter-noon, Is to

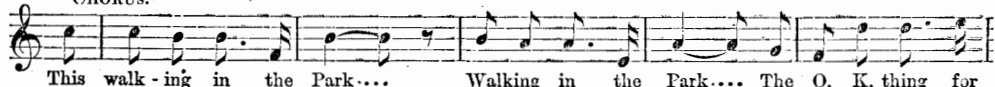


ram-ble in the Park, For that's the place to see... such swells as me and

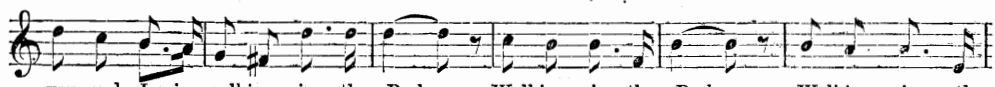


you, When stroll-ing down the road,... we show them who is who.

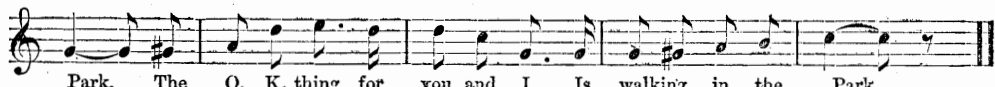
CHORUS.



This walk-ing in the Park... Walking in the Park... The O, K, thing for



you and I, is walking in the Park, Walking in the Park, Walking in the



Park, The O, K, thing for you and I Is walking in the Park.

2 So when they came to town, my cousin Loo-Loo Spark,

I took her off to spend a few hours in the Park;  
I show'd her the aquarium, the Tiger, the Zebu,  
The Elephant, the Eland, that cuss the Kangaroo.

This Walking in the Park,

Walking in the Park,

It's jolly with a pretty girl, walking in the Park;

Walking in the Park,

Walking in the Park,

The O, K, thing for you and I is walking in the Park.

3 I show'd her the swellesses, and all the fashions new,  
Girls with golden locks, girls with black hair too.  
(Walnut gives the black, Champagne the golden hue)  
All the beautiful for ever that Madame Rachel knew,

Oh! The Walking in the Park,

Walking in the Park,

The monkeys put us to the blush while walking in the Park;

Walking in the Park,

Walking in the Park,

The O, K, thing for you and I is walking in the Park.

4 So in the monkey house our going in to woo,  
Piling up the agony, swearing to be true.  
Agony indeed! for the cheerful Cockatoo  
Caught my ear a nip and bit it through and through.

Oh! that cheerful Cockatoo!

That awful Cockatoo!

To bite a fellow in the act of wooing cousin Loo!

Walking in the Park,

Walking in the Park,

The O, K, thing for you and I is walking in the Park.

5 My cousin bolted off without any more ado,  
And I skeddaddled also looking very blue,  
So sympathizing friends I bid you all adieu,  
(It's a secret, mind, so don't pretend you know)

If you meet me in the Park,

You meet me in the Park,

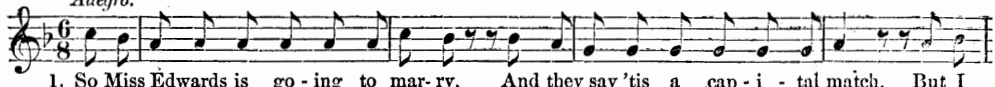
I'm as great a swell as ever while walking in the Park.

Walking in the Park,

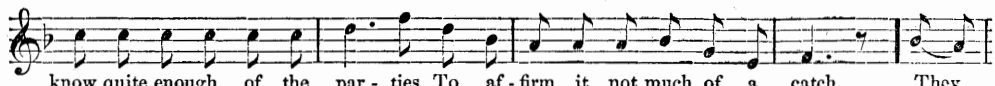
Walking in the Park,

The O, K, thing for you and I is walking in the Park.

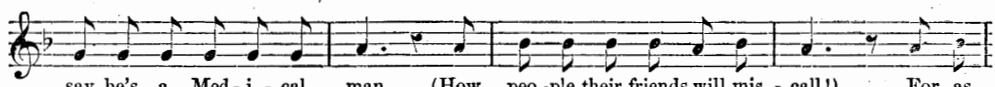
## THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

*Allegro.*

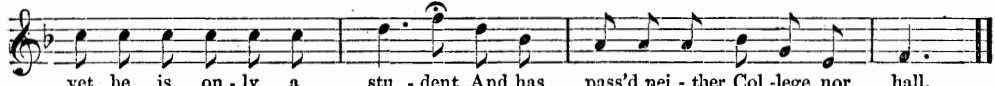
1. So Miss Edwards is go-ing to mar-ry, And they say 'tis a cap-i-tal match, But I



know quite enough of the par-ties, To af-firm it not much of a catch. They



say he's a Med-i-cal man, (How peo-ple their friends will mis-call!) For as



yet he is on-ly a stu-dent, And has pass'd nei-ther Col-lege nor hall.

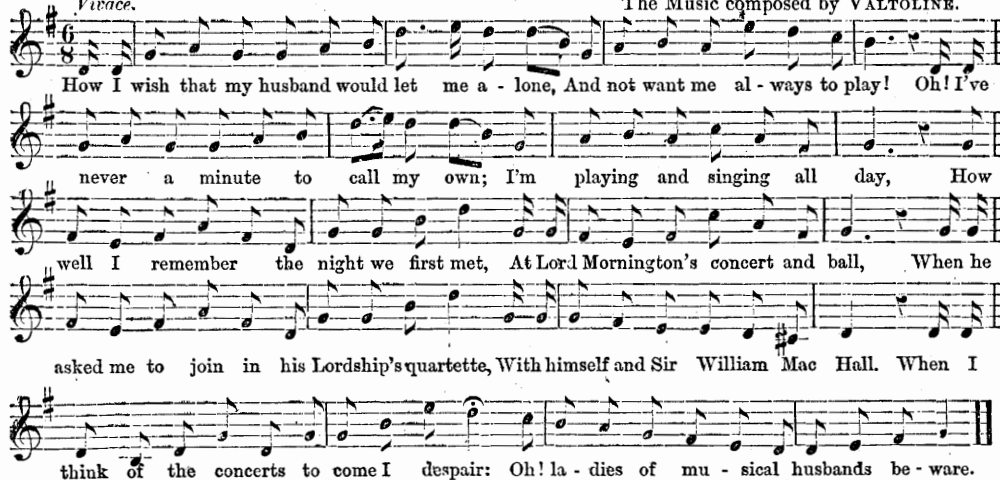
- 2 Yes, indeed, he's a Medical Student,  
And he wears such a horrid rough coat,  
Fitted up with those ugly wood buttons,  
Which he fastens quite up to his throat.  
Then his hat cost about four and nine,  
With a brim very broad and quite flat,  
'Tis a pity that Medical Students  
Have such a love for a Gossamer Hat!
- 3 Yes, indeed, he's a Medical Student,  
And because his last bills are not paid,  
His credit is gone for the future,  
So he buys all his boots ready made:  
They are Bluchers, and rather square-toed,  
Which ill with the fashion accords,  
But they do for a Medical Student,  
Just to tramp round the hospital wards!
- 4 He never has much in his pocket,  
And the reason of this is quite clear,  
He so quickly gets rid of his money  
By drinking that horrible beer!!  
In the class he but seldom is seen,  
And at those who attend, he will laugh;  
'Tis a pity that Medical Students  
Drink so much of that vile half and half!!

- 5 And if he attends any lectures,  
It isn't because he's inclined,  
But he shows himself (once in a fortnight),  
Just to get his certificates signed;  
He says he's well up in his Latin,  
Both Celsus and Gregory too,  
But I'm sure he's a little too certain,  
And I do not much think he'll get through.
- 6 He goes up to the Hall in the summer,  
And so, he's beginning to read,  
But he don't like his practice of *Physic*,  
And thinks *Botany* humbug indeed:  
He says the old saying's quite just,  
Which most of you doubtless have known,  
That *Hydrogen* means gin and water!  
And *Oxygen* pure gin alone!!
- 7 And when he has pass'd all his troubles,  
He still from his lady must roam,  
For you know 'tis a horrid profession,  
And you can't catch an instant at home;  
Dear girls, if you'll take my advice,  
You'll never repent of the plan,  
However "hard up for an offer,  
Never marry a Medical Man!!

### THE MUSICAL HUSBAND.

*Vivace.*

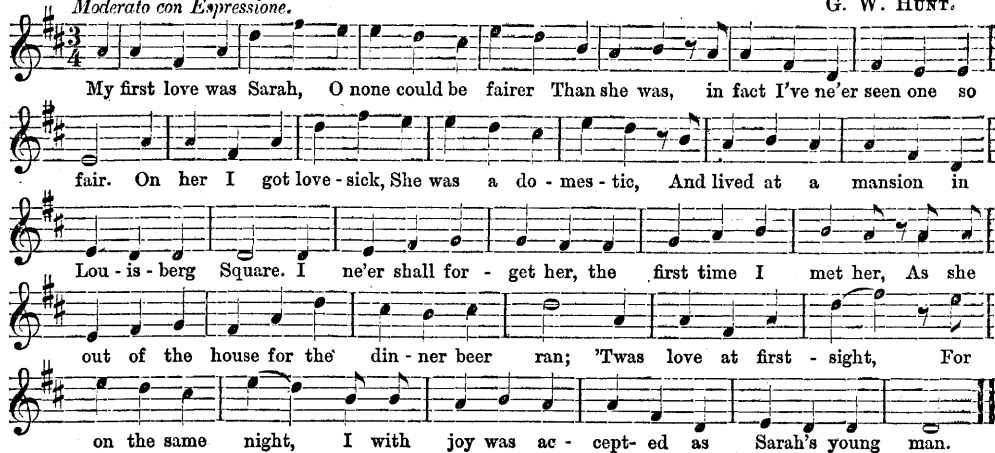
The Music composed by VALTOLINE.



How I wish that my husband would let me a - lone, And not want me al - ways to play! Oh! I've  
never a minute to call my own; I'm playing and singing all day, How  
well I remember the night we first met, At Lord Mornington's concert and ball, When he  
asked me to join in his Lordship's quartette, With himself and Sir William Mac Hall. When I  
think of the concerts to come I despair: Oh! la - dies of mu - sical husbands be - ware.

- 2 Now Harry, my love, let me finish this screen  
I've begun for my sister's bazaar—  
Impossible, Mary! for Parry I've seen,  
And he begs you will learn "Hope's bright star!"  
I've invited a few here for Wednesday night,  
And Lord Francis will join you with me,  
In singing "Sweet Evening" and "Beautiful  
Sprite;"  
His second's so good in a glee!  
When I think, &c.
- 3 I seldom can get to the nursery now,  
For practising fills every hour:  
I've never seen Susan or Willy, I vow,  
Since Wednesday evening at four:  
For if ever I enter the school-room to hear  
How much they have pleased Madame Lisle,  
My husband comes in with, now, Mary, my dear,  
Come and practice Herz's newest quadrille.  
When I think, &c.
- 4 He says that it's time for Louisa to play,  
Though she's yet only four years old;  
He'll take her to Kialmark's concert to-day,  
And she's got such a dreadful bad cold.

- She went to hear Grisi on Saturday night,  
And was frightened to death at Lablache;  
She told me this morning she hated the sight  
Of Ivanhoff's horrid moustache.  
When I think, &c.
- 5 Last June, on my birth-day, his *cadeau* he gave;  
Another new Harp and Guitar;  
Though I'd hinted before that I wanted to have  
A tiara like Madame St. Maur;  
But, alas, no tiara I'm likely to see,  
If this taste of my husband remain;  
The money he spent in reprinting his glee,  
Makes me fancy he's really insane.  
When I think, &c.
- 6 Now, young ladies, I beg you will take my advice,  
You'll find it the best that you can;  
Let nothing whatever induce or entice  
You to marry a musical man:  
I loved music once as you now may do,  
And enjoyed nothing more than a glee;  
But playing and singing all day and night too—  
Oh! I wish I was once more free!  
When I think, &c.

*Moderato con Espressione.*

2 I oft got invited to tea, and delighted

I felt at the welcome she always gave me;  
While sipping our Souchong we'd talk of affection,  
And how I enjoy'd the hot muffins for tea.  
The servants were Sukey, a very fat Cookey,  
Jemima the house-maid, and kitchen-maid Fan:  
As one may suppose, they all had their beaux,  
But no one was favor'd like Sarah's young man.

3 Unexpected one night I call'd, when a sight

Met my view, that I scarce could believe my own eyes,  
But alas, 'twas too true, there a horseguard in blue,  
Sat quite cosy with Sarah, who star'd with surprise.  
And when I demanded a true explanation  
Of such heartless conduct, Miss Sarah began  
To laugh, and grew bolder, while her great clumsy soldier  
Seiz'd hold of the collar of Sarah's young man.

4 Said he coolly to me, "You're not wanted, you see,  
If you'll quietly take my advice you'll walk out."

Said I, "If I do, by Jove you'll go too."  
When the monster began to knock me about.  
While struggling we both heard the voice of the master,  
The soldier with fright up the area steps ran;  
While I, soon as able, crawled under the table,  
A nice situation for Sarah's young man."

5 Well, down came the master, but before him much faster

Came a nasty black poodle who scamper'd about,  
I trembled with fear when'er it came near,  
And dreaded its finding my hiding place out;  
My breathing I smothered, but alas, was discovered,  
For the poodle a sniffing and barking began;  
The master he lifted the cloth from the table,  
And dragged out from under it Sarah's young man.

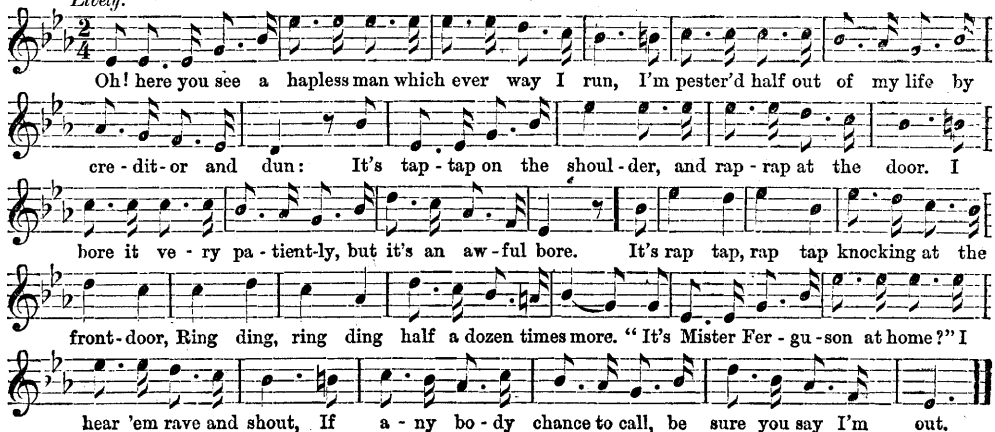
6 My feelings that moment I cannot describe them,

My looks I am sure must have been most absurd;  
I glanced at my captor, then trembled and stammer'd,  
Though trying to speak, I could not say a word.  
The master he tighten'd his hold of my collar,  
Saying, "Who, and what are you! speak out if you can,  
A thief or a lover?" Said I, with a stutter,  
"No, no, no, if you please sir, I'm Sarah's young man."

7 I gave to the master all due explanation,

He then let me go, and thus ended my fright.  
Miss Sarah of course she lost her situation,  
And also her soldier, which served her quite right.  
The last time we met she was full of regret,  
And said, "Oh, forgive me this once if you can,  
But said I, "Oh no, fools often fall 'tween two stools,  
And I'm happy I'm no longer Sarah's young man."

## BE SURE YOU SAY I'M OUT.

*Lively.*

2  
My tailor noisily will say, that my style does'nt suit;  
He'll bring a suit against me for payment for this suit;  
He wants me to invest my cash, on the vest around my  
waist,  
Says 'tish't to my credit, tho' it's to my credit placed.  
It's rap, tap, &c.

3  
(as-sures) (all)  
My bootmaker as-shoers me my living's awl too fast,  
(choose)  
If I don't shoes to alter, this sort of thing can't last;  
He must an understanding have, he bootlessly will say,  
He thinks my habits slippery, and fears I'll never pay.  
It's rap, tap, &c.

4  
My baker oft turns crusty, and tho' a well bred cove,  
(love)  
Says that he'd loaf to see my tin, yes, that he would,  
by Jove;  
My buttermonger too declares, I'm not at all the cheese,  
(mighty)  
His wife too comes it mitey strong, umph, but her  
style don't please.  
It's rap, tap, &c.


5  
My greengrocer will often say I'd cabbage all I could,  
But not from him exactly, he'd green-grow Sir, ere I  
should;  
My butcher if he meets me, says my conduct is'nt meet,  
I show him the cold shoulder, if I see him in the street.  
It's rap, tap, &c.

6  
My hosier says I'd collar all, but if I'm ask'd to pay,  
I take af-front, my shirt get out, I'm in a shocking way;  
(scarf)  
This calf he oft turns choleric, and says my conduct's  
such,  
He can't keep up a stock-in' trade, because I hose so  
much.  
(owes)  
It's rap, tap, &c.

7  
And so you see I do not dare outside my house to roam,  
To friends and creditors alike I dare not be at home;  
But if you'll only show you're friends, and lend me  
your applause,  
To give me tick another week perhaps they may see  
cause.  
It's rap, tap, &c.

### IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

*Allegretto.*



1. Way down in Lou-i si an - a not! many years a - go, There liv'd a col-or'd gemblum, his  
name was Pompy Snow, He play'd upon de ban - jo, And on de tam-borine, And for  
ratt-ling of de bones he was the greatest eb - er seen, In the Lou-i-si-an-a Lowlands,  
CHORUS. D.S.  
low - lands low..... In the Lou-i-si-ana low - lands low.

2 One night old Pompy started off to play for Ceaser Clum,  
But afore he went he fortified, with a good stout glass of rum;  
When on the road he thought he saw a darkey tall and grim,  
So Pompy laid the banjo down to break de darkey's shin;  
In the Louisiana lowlands, &c.

3 Says he old chap just move along, or else I'll spoil your face,  
But dis darkey didn't seem to move from out his hiding place;  
So drawing back he crooked his head, and down at him cachunk,  
But Pompy made a sad mistake, for 'twas nothing but a stump.  
In the Louisiana lowlands, &c.

4 The stump it proved a little hard, too hard for Pompy's wool,  
For when he struck, the hickory knot went through the darkey's skull;  
They found his banjo by his side, and Pompy lying dead,

**SPOKEN.**—And, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time upon record that it was ever known of a darkeys  
ever coming to his death,  
By de breaking of his head.

Den dey buried him in the lowlands, lowlands low,  
Den dey buried him in the lowlands low.

*Moderato.*

F. MACCABE.

1. My heart is like a pumpkin, swollen big with love, For one of the fairest girls in all crea-  
 tion; She is too good for man, and ought to be above: Her beauty is a credit to a  
 na - - tion, Her father has a farm out on the Brighton Road, And for that pretty Sa - rah, of  
 love I've got a load; I'd spend a fortune on her, of that I needn't speak: For what a fortune I must have on  
 seven dollars a week! Oh! Pretty little Sa - rah, love-ly gold-en hair, Her manner gives to other girls a  
 warn - ing; She ought to be an an - gel, miles up in the air. To marry her I'd like to morrow morn - ing!

2 The first time that I met her, in a pouring rain,  
 I proffer'd her my arm and umbrella;  
 She took them with a smile, I said I'd see her home;  
 She thanked me with a voice so low and mellow.  
 When we arrived at home, she said she'd ask me in,  
 Her parents they were poor: Said I, "Poverty's no  
 sin."  
 No doubt she tho't me rich, of course I didn't speak,  
 For I was doing my heavy on seven dollars a week.

3 She has a little ankle, she's a little foot,  
 And pretty little fingers running taper;  
 Her waist is round and small, her mouth is best of all.  
 With ruby lips not twice as thick as paper;  
 She's always dress'd in silks, her notions they run  
 high,

Altho' her statue's small, her bearing's in the sky.  
 When she belongs to me—of course I never speak—  
 What lots of silks she'll get from me on seven dollars  
 a week!

4 Her parents they are poor, but she's a milliner,  
 And earns large wages in the city:  
 Some she gives her mother, for her keep and board,  
 The rest she spends on clothes to make her pretty.  
 She never saves a cent, tho' to me she says she will,  
 To save the expense of marriage is a sugar-coated  
 pill;  
 And should we have a family, but too soon I mustn't  
 speak—  
 A wife and fourteen children on seven dollars a week!

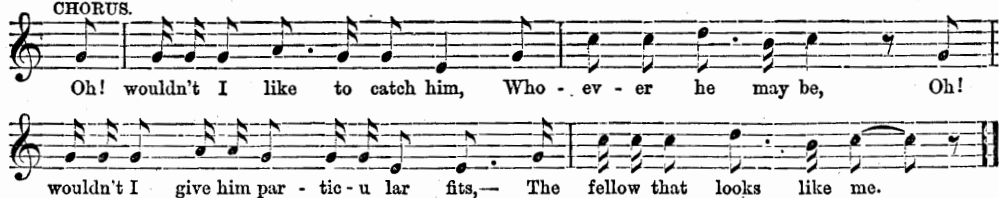
## THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME.

*Lively.*

1. In vain de - spair I wander, My heart is filled with woe, Tho' on my grief I ponder, What to  
 do I do not know; My cruel fate does on me frown, The trouble seems to be, ..... There's a -  
 nother fel - low in this town, And he just looks like me, And he just looks like me. There's a -  
 nother..... fel - low in this town, And he... just looks like me.



## CHORUS.



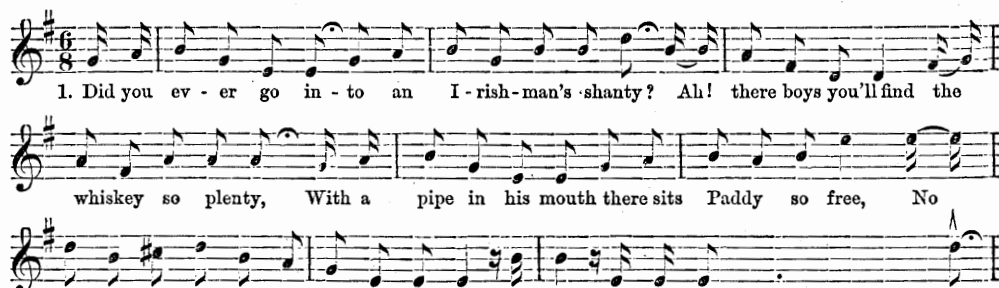
2 One evening I was at Converse Hall,  
Kept by a Mr. Her-bet,  
The fun was going on quite fine,  
With no one to disturb it;  
A policeman came, took me to jail,  
No one to pay my fee,  
All on account, I tell you true,  
Of the fellow that looks like me.  
Oh! wouldn't I, &c.

3 I was tried next day, found guilty too,  
Was about to be taken down,

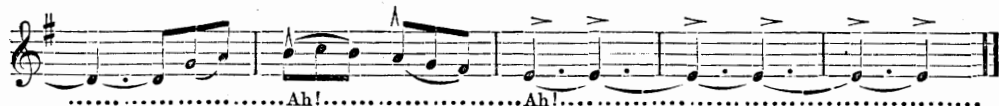
When another policeman then brought in  
The right man, Mr. Brown;  
They locked him up, they let me go,  
Oh! he was a sight to see,  
The ugliest man I ever saw,  
Was the fellow that looked like me.

Oh! aint I glad they've got him,  
For now they'll set me free,  
Oh! won't they give him particular fits,  
The fellow that looks like me,

## THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.



King in his palace is proud-er than he. Hurrah! my honey. (Now boys, one for Paddy.) whack!



2  
There's a three-legged stool, and a table to match,  
And the door of the shanty is locked with a latch;  
There's a nate feather mattress all bursting with straw,  
For the want of a bedstead, it lies on the floor.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! my honey.  
SPOKEN.—Now then boys, one for the mattress.  
SUNG.—Whack! Paddy's the boy.

3  
There's a neat little bureau without paint or gilt,  
Made of boards that was left when the shanty was built,  
And a three-cornered mirror that hangs on the wall,  
But devil a picture's been in it at all.

Hurrah! my honey.  
SPOKEN.—Now then, boys, one for the picture.  
SUNG.—Whack! Paddy's the boy.

4  
He has three rooms in one; kitchen, bedroom and hall,  
And his chest, it is three wooden pegs on the wall;  
He's two suits of old clothes, 'tis a wardrobe complete,

One to wear in the shanty, the same in the street.  
Hurrah! my honey.

SPOKEN.—Now then boys, one for the old clothes.  
SUNG.—Whack! Paddy's the boy!

5  
He's a pig in the sty, and a cow in the stable,  
And feeds them on scraps, that's left from the table,  
They get sick if confined, so they roam at their ease,  
And go into the shanty whenever they please.

Hurrah! my honey.  
SPOKEN.—Now then boys, one for the pig.  
SUNG.—Whack! Paddy's the boy.

6  
There is one who partakes of his sorrows and joys,  
Who attends to the shanty, the girls and the boys;  
The brats he thinks more of, than gold that's refined,  
But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.

Hurrah! my honey.  
SPOKEN.—Now then boys, one for Biddy.  
SUNG.—Whack! Biddy's the boy.

## THE SCHOOL OF JOLLY DOGS;

or, Slap Bang, Here we are Again.

*Lively.*

1. There is a school of jol-ly dogs, I've late-ly come a-cross; They're  
game for a-ny mor-tal thing, From this <sup>(Sparring Attitude)</sup> to pitch and toss;  
CHORUS.  
And they al-ways seem so jol-ly oh! so jol-ly oh! so jol-ly oh! They  
al-ways seem so jol-ly oh! where-e-ver they may be, They dance, they sing, they  
laugh ha, ha, they laugh ha, ha, they dance, they sing, what jol-ly dogs are we.  
Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la,  
Fal de the ral, de the ral li do, Slap, bang, here we are a-gain, here we are a-gain,  
here we are a-gain, Slap, bang, here we are a-gain, What jol-ly dogs are we.

2 They meet each night at six o'clock,  
And then sit down to dine;  
They put the courses out of sight,  
And then they take their wine.

3 At eight o'clock they sally forth,  
Because you know its chief,  
"Follow my leader," cries the chief,  
To-night we'll have a lark.

4 To balls or hops of course they go,  
And each man does his weed;  
They stick by one another, as  
They've previously agreed.

5 Spring-heel Jack and all his pals,  
With their nocturnal larks,  
I'm sure were not a patch upon  
This school of modern sparks;

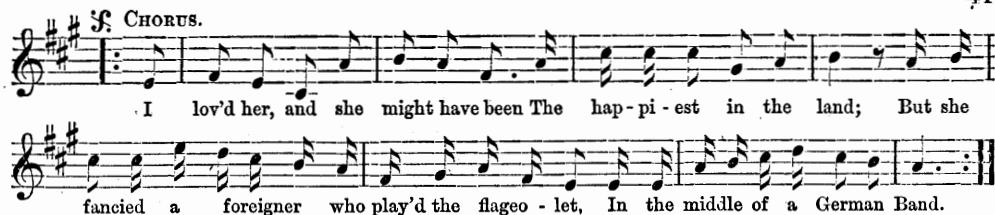
## THE GERMAN BAND.

*Lively.*

Written and Composed by G. W. HUNT.

1. Be-hold a poor de-lu-ded man, A vic-tim to de-cep-tion; For  
get my woes I ne-ver can, And I wan-der in de-jec-tion. I  
mar-ried once a nice young girl, I'll ne'er for-get the morn; For  
*Slower.*  
ev-er since how oft I've wish'd That I ne-ver had been born:

**CHORUS.**



I lov'd her, and she might have been The hap-pi-est in the land; But she  
fancied a foreigner who play'd the flageo-let, In the middle of a German Band.

2 She was all my fancy painted her,  
Her name was sweet Susannah;  
She could sing, she could dance, she could "parlez  
vous France,"

And could play on the grand Pianner;  
What a blissful honeymoon we spent,  
To her none could have been kinder;  
For I made the bed, and black leaved the stove,  
Whilst she play'd the organ-grinder.  
I lov'd her, &c.

3 She'd play all the day, whilst I was away  
A slaving for the Cash in the City:  
And if any musicianers came down the street,  
On them she would take pity;  
So fond of the "food of love" was she,  
That she made them quite her hobbies:  
She'd often fill'd the street with German Brass Bands;  
'Till they were bundled off by the bobbies.  
I lov'd her, &c.

4 Now there was a German Band, three boys and a man,  
Who play'd there every afternoon;  
They'd a "Flageolet" in C, a "Cornopeon" in D,  
With a "Sackbut" and a "Trombone" out of  
tune:  
They made an awful row, but still anyhow,  
They quite charm'd the heart of Susannah:

For she'd sit at the window, whilst the German  
flageolet  
Used to wink in a most improper manner.  
But I lov'd her, &c.

5 Such goings on were not quite right,  
And so I gently told her;  
And tho' with rage my buzzum burn'd,  
I'd not the heart to scold her:  
The very next day when I reached home,  
You might have knock'd me down with a brick,  
sirs,  
She'd bolted away with the German Flageolet,  
And sold every blessed stick, sirs.  
I lov'd her, &c.

6 Now this happy loving couple did not love long,  
For ere they were a fortnight older;  
They had a jolly row, when the German Flageolet  
Went and listed for a Yankee Soldier;  
On the field of glory he got shot in the back!  
But why should I now be caring,  
For the foreign ragamuffin—he's a cold clay corpus;  
And Susannah has to go out charing.  
I loved her, and she might have been  
The happiest in the land,  
But, now she goes a charin' for eighteenpence a  
day,  
Thro' a fellow in a German Band.

### THE CRACKSMAN'S CHAUNT.

*Allegretto.*



1. I seed three p'leecemen hin the strand, Lud - dy, fuddy, Oh!  
poor luddy heigho! I seed three p'leecemen hin the strand, And I  
knew as they'd got a job on hand, Luddy, fuddy, Oh! poor luddy, fuddy,  
**CHANT. CHORUS.**  
Oh, lud - dy, fud - dy, poor lud - dy heigh - o!

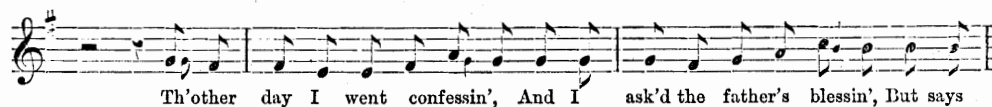
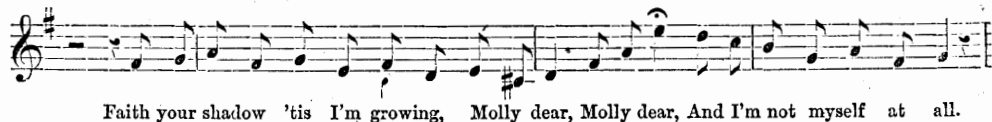
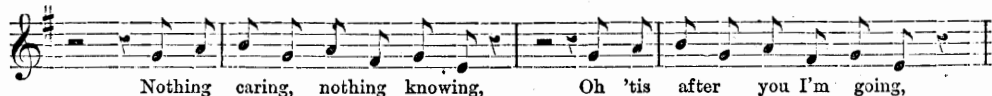
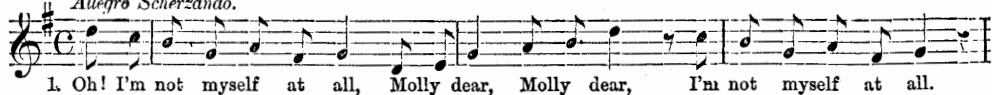
2 And I seed as they haxed each passer by,  
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy heigho!  
And I seed as they haxed each passer by,  
And I knew as the cove what they wanted was I.  
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy fuddy.

3 First they haxed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,  
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy heigho!  
First they haxed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,  
Il est là! vous le trouverez tout de suite.  
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy fuddy.

4 Then they haxed a Dutchman ya Mynheer,  
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy heigho!  
I see just such man pass, passed by here,  
Vile I sits at mein door, and drinks mein beer.  
Luddy fuddy oh, poor luddy fuddy.

5 Now, vy did this throw them off the track?  
Luddy, fuddy, oh! poor luddy heigho!  
Now, vy did this throw them off the track,  
Cos Frenchman and Dutchman was Coll the Crack.  
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor luddy fuddy,  
**CHORUS.**—Oh, luddy, fuddy, poor luddy heigho!

## I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

*Allegro Scherzando.*

2 Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
My appetite's so small.

I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,  
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.

If thus it is I waste, you'd better dear make haste,  
Before your lover's gone away entirely;  
If you dont soon change your mind, not a bit of me  
you'll find.

And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly!  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

3 Oh my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Isn't like myself at all.

For I've got so very thin, Myself says 't isn't him,  
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.

If thus I smaller grew, all fretting dear for you,  
'Tis you should make up the deficiency.

So just let Father Taaf make you my better half,  
And you will not the worse of the addition be.  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

4 I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
'Till you my own I call.

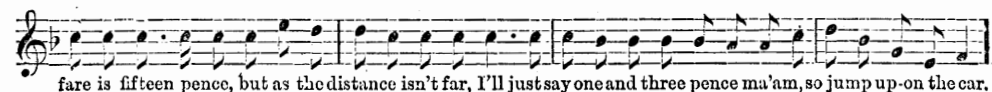
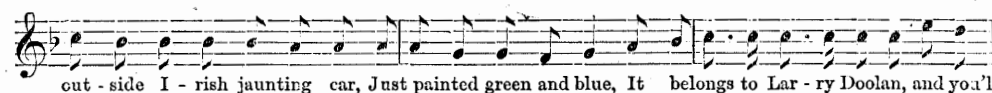
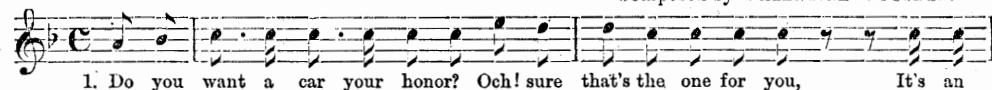
Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might  
change your name,  
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear,  
Molly dear,

Oh! 'twould just come to the same.  
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be  
gone,

And 'twould simplify the matter entirely;  
And 'twould save us so much bother, when we'd  
both be one another,  
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

## THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

Composed by VALENTINE VOUSDEN.



2

If you want to drive round Dublin, sure you'll find me on the stand;  
 I'll take you to *Raheny*, to pick cockles on the strand,  
 To the *Phoenix Park*, to *Nancy Hands*, the *Monument*, and then  
 I'll take you to the *Strawberry Beds*, and back to town again.  
 Get some bread and beef and porter, and some whisky in a jar—  
 That's the way to take your pleasure on an Irish Jaunting Car.

3

Oh, then, if that car should speak, sir, sure a moral 'twould disclose,  
 It has carried Whigs and Tories, Repealers and their foes;  
 Yet it looks well by *obliging all*, and keeps me better far,  
 With my whip, my pipe, my pony, and my Irish Jaunting Car.  
 So if you want to hire me, call into Mr. Mahar,  
 And he'll send for Larry Doolan, and his Irish Jaunting Car.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

Well, I see you're fond of driving,  
 But of course I can't complain,  
 When you're inclined to give me double fare,  
 And hire me again;  
 But the pony's getting tired, for to-night he's travell'd far,  
 Yet I know that he's a *good one*, so I'll just *re-verse* the Car.

It's an *antique Irish vehicle*, us'd in mem'ry of the way  
 That Erin's warlike sons behaved in many a bygone fray,  
 When *back to back* they stood and fought, nor heeded wound nor scar,  
 As now it's *back to back* they sit upon the Jaunting Car;  
 And should a jealous thought presume their happiness to mar,  
 They'd take and *drown* it in the —*well* of th' Irish Jaunting Car.

It's *Cupid's own conveyance*—in the well, amongst the hay,  
 The little rogue conceals himself, to hear what sweethearts say;  
 And oh! the blarney that he hears, sure my tongue can't repeat,  
 It's enough to smash the car, and knock the driver from his seat;  
 'Twould change the warlike notions of the great big Russian Czar,  
 If he heard the *conversation* on an Irish Jaunting Car.

Sure when the Queen was here she said she'd like her health to thrive,  
 So the darling Duke of Leinster thought he'd threat her to a *drive*;  
 She got on his *outsider*, and before they had gone far,  
 Oh! says she, I like the *jouling* of your Irish Jaunting Car;  
 So she had one made in Dublin, and she wrote to Mr. Mahar,  
 Who sent out Larry Doolan for to drive the Jaunting Car.

#### POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN.

*Maestoso Pomposo.*

Written and Composed by HARRY CLIFTON.



1. I'm a bro - ken-hearted milk - man, in grief I'm ar - ray'd, Through keeping of the



com - pa - ny of a young ser - vant - maid; Who lived on board wa - ges, the

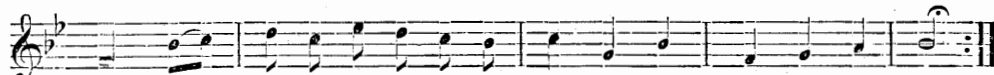


house to keep clean, In a gen - tle - man's fam' - ly near Pad - ding - ton Green.

*To be sung ad lib.* CHORUS.



Oh! she was as beau - ti - ful as a But - ter - fly, and as proud as a



Queen, Was pret - ty lit - tle Pol - ly Per - kins of Pad - ding - ton Green.

2  
Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear,  
No rose in the garden with her cheeks could compare,  
Her hair hung in "ringlets" so beautiful and long;  
I thought that she lov'd me, but found I was wrong.  
Oh! she was as, &c.

3  
When I'd rattle in a morning, and "cry milk below,"  
At the sound of my milk-cans her face she would show,  
With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in  
her eye,  
If I thought she'd have lov'd me, I'd have laid down  
to die.  
For she was as, &c.

4  
When I asked her to marry me, she said, Oh what  
stuff,"  
And told me to "drop it, for she'd had quite enough,"  
Of my nonsense," at the same time, I'd been very kind,  
But to marry a milkman, she didn't feel inclined.  
Oh! she was as, &c.

5  
"Oh the man that has me must have silver and gold,  
A chariot to ride in, and be handsome and bold;  
His hair must be curly as any watch spring,  
And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing."  
Oh! she was as, &c.

6  
The words that she utter'd went straight through my  
heart,  
I sobbed. I sighed, and straight did depart,  
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean,  
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Paddington Green.  
Ah! she was as, &c.

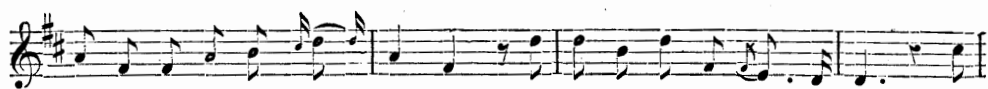
7  
In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl,  
But it was not a 'Wicount,' and it was not a  
'Nearl,'  
It was not a 'Baronite,' but a shade or two 'wus,'  
'Twas a bow-legg'd Conductor of a Twopenny 'Bus.  
In spite of all she was as, &c.

### MOLLY BAWN.

*Andante non troppo e grazioso.*



Oh! Mol-ly Bawn, why leave me pin-ing, All lone-ly wait-ing here for you, While the



stars a - bove are bright - ly shi - ning, Because they've nothing else to do; The



flow-ers, late, were o - pen keep-ing, To try a ri-val blush with you, But their mother, Nature, set them



sleep-ing, With their ro - sy fa - ces wash'd with dew; Oh! Mol-ly Bawn, why leave me



pin-ing, All lone-ly wait-ing here for you, The stars a - bove are bright - ly



shining, Because they've nothing else to do.....Mol-ly Bawn, Mol - ly Bawn!

2 Now the pretty flow'rs were made to bloom, dear,  
And the pretty stars were made to shine;  
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,  
And may be you were made for mine.

The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,  
He takes me for a thief, you see,  
For he knows I'd steal you Molly darling,  
And then transported I should be.  
Oh! Molly, &c.

*Moderato.*

VANCE.

1. Lis - ten, dear boys, I'll tell to you What fun I have, of - ten with a pal o' mine,  
Best of friends I e - ver knew, Is this pal o' mine! We at St. Georges  
of - ten dine, And we have a plea - sant talk, And lis - ten to the  
Ger - man band, And sip our spark - ling hock.

SPOKEN. — Johannesberg, of course, sent over by Prince Metternich, for my friend's especial use. My friend, Mark you, for you see—

CHORUS. *With Spirit.*

My dear boys, my dear boys, He's a pal o' mine,  
He's a pal o' mine; My dear boys, my dear  
boys, He's a pal o' mine, my dear boys.

Repeat Chorus *ff.*

- 2 When the feed's over then we go,  
Bent on a dance, somewhere with the "upper ten."  
On the light fantastic toe,  
With this pal o' mine!  
The ladies simper, "Naughty man,  
Why do you come so late?"  
And tap us gently with their fan,  
And say we are their fate!

SPOKEN.—And so we are; they cannot resist my friend, he's such an Apollo, and birds of a feather, you know, flock together, which accounts for the fact.

My dear boys, &amp;c.

- 3 Needle-guns loading ev'ry way,  
Muzzle or breech, they come all the same to us.  
But the Spencer is the stay  
Of this pal o' mine!  
We're pretty constant at our drill,  
So you must not think it strange,  
The distance that we're sure to kill  
Is two thousand yards in range!

SPOKEN.—Bother! talk about Needle-guns, ha! let foreign foes come over to New England, and my friend and I, and a few of the right sort, will give them a stitch in their sides, in our own way. Didn't we astonish the natives at the tir in Belgium? My friend's the best shot in the States, and to claim my due—

My dear boys, &amp;c.

- 4 On the turf we are well known,  
And we are both favorites at Riverside,  
When our colors there are shown,  
I and this pal o' mine!  
With legs and welchers we ne'er join,  
We know them at a glance,  
On "public form" we put our coin,  
And stand the honest chance!

SPOKEN.—It's the best way in the long run. Never trust a dark horse; so my friend says, and as I have already had the honor of remarking—

My dear boys, &amp;c.

- 5 On a good pal you may depend,  
You'll find him there, if you are in want of him.  
And the first who'd me defend,  
Is this pal o' mine!  
We've stood the racket and the strife.  
And we'll stand what fate may send,  
For trust me, boys, that all thro' life,  
There's nothing like a friend!

SPOKEN.—That's so; you'll make no end of acquaintances, but precious few friends. When you get one, therefore, stick to him, and if you do, I will be glad to say of you, as I have always said of my own friend—

My dear boys, &amp;c.

## THE MOUSE-TRAP MAN.

*Tempo di Valse.*

Written by H. J. WHYMARK.

1. Kind friends in me you an ob - ject be - hold, Wounded in feel - ings and mi - nus his heart.

I lov'd a girl, but by her I've been "sold," All for a mouse-trap man, spi - cy and smart;

Out - side her door loud - ly bawl - ing he'd go, "Mouse-traps a penny," throughout all the day,

In her good graces he soon got I know, Caught her with his "mouse-traps," and stole her a - way!..

"Mouse - traps, mouse-traps," he'd cry, Mouse - traps, fine mouse-traps, who'll buy?

Strong as a house, just have one and try, Mouse-traps a pen - ny, a pen - ny, who'll buy?"

2  
She was named *Whiting*, from *Reading* she came,  
Was a smart housemaid I'd have you to know;  
In most chaps' hearts she would kindle love's flame,  
She liv'd at *Chelsea* when I was her beau!  
She told this chap they were "swarming with mice,"  
Call'd him inside and with beer did him "prime,"  
When she'd replenish'd his pewter pot twice,  
He gave her a trap which chok'd six at a time!  
Mouse-traps, &c.

3  
In a dark corner this trap she did fix,  
Baited each hook with a piece of burnt cheese,  
Woke up next morning, and there she found six,  
Poor little *mouses* as dead as you please;  
When she discover'd 'em she cried "Oh! lor,  
Never before was the like seen of sitch,  
Him as brought that ere mouse-trap to the door,  
I'm sure is a conjuror, leas'tways a *witch*."  
Mouse-traps, &c.

4  
No more cold wittles I got from that day,  
All of her "perkersites" went to that chap,  
When I arks'd for 'em, she used for to say,  
As how she wanted 'em to bait the trap;  
"That may be true," said I, "but, p'raps you'll tell,  
Where are the governor's old lef off suits?  
You must have them, for you know very well,  
They don't bait mouse-traps with *old trousers and boots*."  
Mouse-traps, &c.

5  
She kick'd me out, slam'm'd the door in my face,  
Sent me adrift with a flea in my ear,  
She'd guv me "turnups," and it was "a case,"  
I was outvalled by that chap, 'twas clear.  
Last Sunday week they were man and wife made,  
Which fill'd my buzzum with grief, care, and woe,  
Now they are doing a fine *roaring* trade,  
For "mouse-traps a penny," both bawling go!  
Mouse-traps, &c.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

*Moderato.*

Music by A. LLOYD.

1. Kind friends your pi - ty pray be - stow On one who stands before you, And lis - ten to my

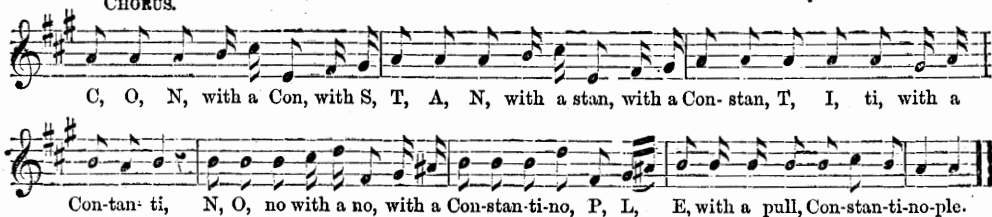
tale of woe, Though I pro - mise not to bore you; I longed to be a sol - dier's bride, In my

heart there burnt am - bi - tion's flame, For I loved a gay young Colonel, who From Con - stan - ti - no - ple

came, Con - stan - ti - no - ple, Con - stan - ti - no - ple, Con - stan - ti - no - ple, the Colonel came.



## CHORUS.

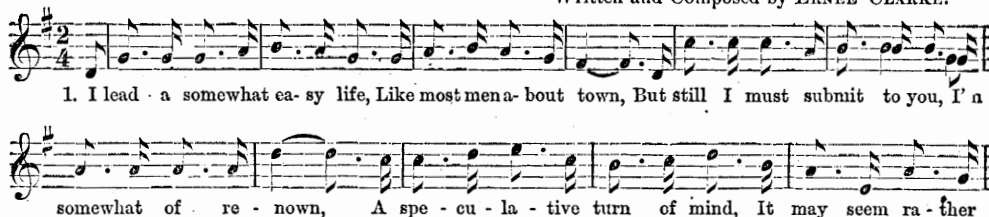


2 I met the Colonel at a ball,  
To him I was presented;  
Upon his knees the youth did fall,  
And lots of stuff invented;  
He said he was a Turkish prince,  
And begg'd that I would bear his name,  
So I accepted the young Colonel who  
From Constantinople came,  
Constantinople, Constantinople,  
Constantinople, the Colonel came.  
C, O, N, with a Con, &c.

3 One evening, while we sat at tea,  
We'd a visit most informal,  
The police came, and gracious me,  
They took away the Colonel;  
I soon found out he a swindler was,  
And long had carried on that game;  
And so I lost my Colonel who  
From Constantinople came,  
Constantinople, Constantinople,  
Constantinople, the Colonel came.  
C, O, N, with a Con, &c.

## TOMMY-DODD.

Written and Composed by ERNEE CLARKE.



## CHORUS.



2 In town now if you meet a friend,  
You cannot let him pass,  
Of course you must do something,  
You then propose a glass.  
Now if I meet a chum or two,  
I nail them with a nod,  
Propose for each a "full grown dose,"  
But submitting "Tommy Dodd!"  
I'm always safe, &c.

A purse is just in case of need,  
For you can ride rough shod,  
And live like any fighting cock,  
If you're up in "Tommy Dodd!"  
I'm always safe, &c.

3 You've no idea the run of luck,  
Which I have found the rule,  
Attends you if you go in "hot,"  
Of course remaining "cool;"

3 A friend of mine three daughters had,  
He asked me home to tea,  
I play'd and sung, when by and bye,  
They all spoon'd on to me;  
I couldn't court the lot you know,  
For that would seem so odd,  
So I proposed that they'd decide  
By way of "Tommy Dodd!"  
I'm always safe, &c.

## THE WHISTLING THIEF.

*Lively.*

1. When Pat came o-ver the hill, his col-leen fair to see, His whis-tle loud and shrill, the sig-nal was to be. "Oh, Ma-ry!" the mo-ther cried, "There's some-bo-dy whist-ling, sure;" "No, mo-ther, it's on-ly the wind, that's whist-ling through the door, That's whist-ling through the door."

2  
 "I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world my dear,  
 But the wind to whistle a tune like that I never before did hear."  
 "But mother you know the fiddle hangs just behind the chink,"  
 And the wind upon the strings of it, is playing a tune I think,  
 Is playing a tune, I think."

(Bark like a dog.)

3  
 "The dog is barking now, and a fiddle can't play a tune;"  
 "But mother you know that dogs will bark when they see the moon."  
 "Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and blind,  
 Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the wind,  
 Nor fiddles be played by the wind."

(Imitate a pig.)

4  
 "And there now is the pig, oneasy in his mind;"  
 "But mother you know the saying, that pigs can see the wind"  
 "That's all very well in the day, but allow me Miss, to remark,  
 That pigs no more than ourselves, can see anything in the dark,  
 Can see anything in the dark."

5  
 "I'm not such a fool as you think, I know very well it is Pat,  
 Get out ye whistling thief, and get along home out o' that;  
 And you Miss be off to your bed, don't bother me with your tears,  
 For though I have lost my eyes, I haven't yet lost my ears,  
 I haven't yet lost my ears."

## MORAL.

Now boys don't courting go, too near to the house d'ye mind,  
 Unless you're certain sure, the old woman's both deaf and blind;  
 The days when they were young, forget they never can,  
 They're able to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, pig, dog, and a man,  
 A fiddle, pig, dog, and a man.

## "I'M NINETY-FIVE."

*Andantino Scherzozo. stentato. a tempo.*

1. I'm nine-ty-five, I'm nine-ty-five, And to keep sin-gle I'll contrive; I'm nine-ty-five, I'm nine-ty five, And to keep sin-gle I'll contrive. The men have strove to win my heart, I'm proof 'gainst Cu-pid's pierc-ing dart; Men

are so sly, they wink their eye, But through that I can plain-ly see. Then  
*primo tempo.*  
 pi - ty my sex who wrong have done, To be led by the twirl of a husband's tongue;  
*rall.*  
 As for me I'll be free, Love shall ne - ver con - quer me; No! No!! No!!! No!!!! Shall  
*animato.* *rall.* *animato.*  
 ne - ver con - quer me. No! No!! No!!! No!!!! Shall ne - ver con - quer me.

2  
 ||: Do you think I'd marry? no, not I, :||  
 ||: To have six brats to squall and cry; :||  
 Six brats I'm sure to have, I know,  
 For the fortune-teller told me so;  
 And more than that, she told me flat.  
 "My husband then from me would fly!"  
 Higgledy! piggledy! needles and pins!  
 Matrimony and sorrow begins,  
 As maid I've lived, and a maid I'll die,  
 For a wedded life is all my eye!  
 ||: Yes! yes!! yes!!! yes!!!! yes is all my eye. :||  
 (Dances.)

3  
 ||: Beware you then, beware you, then, :||  
 ||: Of base! deceitful! artful men; :||  
 For they will flatter, hoax, and coax,  
 And win your smiles with funny jokes,  
 But don't believe, for they'll deceive,  
 Oh! have a doubt on all they say.  
 Hoity! toity! fie for shame!  
 'Tis the female sex I blame,  
 Who ought to know with all their loves,  
 That men are hawks, and we are doves;  
 ||: Yes! yes!! yes!!! yes!!!! they're hawks and  
 we are doves. :||  
 (Dances.)

4  
 ||: When I was young, when I was young, :||  
 ||: I found out man's deceitful tongue; :||  
 They oft would whisper in my ear,  
 "My duck!" "My turtle dove!" "My dear!!!"  
 But I know still they'd have their will,  
 Then cast me off like easy gloves.  
 Smother 'em, bother 'em, fiddle-dee-dee!  
 Single I have been, and single I'll be,  
 There's nought but strife in a wedded life,  
 Scissors cut love as well as a knife;  
 ||: Yes! yes!! yes!!! yes!!!! scissors as well  
 as knife. :||  
 (Dances.)

5  
 ||: Once more, before I say good bye, :||  
 ||: Avoid that man who *winks his eye*. (Winks.) :||  
 He'll after that your fingers press,  
 Your form, and beauty praise and bless,  
 You feel forlorn (*sighs*), your heart is gone,  
 Then you become his lacquay oh!  
 Then think how you'll have to starch and blue,  
 And mend the holes in his stockings too,  
 While he with another flirts about;  
 Oh! heaven be praised! I've found you out,  
 ||: Yes! yes!! yes!!! yes!!!! yes I've found  
 you out. :||  
 (Dances.)

# DER DEUTSCHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

JOHN SCHMIDT.

*Allegro.*  
 1. I've a tol-lar vot I spend, But I've no-ting for to lend, For I ne-ver bor-rows  
 no-ting, don't you see, Yohn Schmidt; I've a pred-dy lit-tle frow, Un I've vriends in blen-ty  
 now, Un a lot of pred-dy shildren at mine knee, Yohn Schmidt; I haf no-ting to de-  
 sire, Ven I sit pe-side mine vire; Un Ischmoke my-self in-to a shleeping state, Yohn



2  
I love der lager bier,  
Ven it's good un isn't dear,  
I can trink 'pout sixty glasses in a day, Yohn Schmidt;  
But I hate der liquor law,  
Sooch a ding I nefer saw,  
Vot would dake our schnapps un lager all away, Yohn  
Schmidt;  
I love a Deutschen song,  
'Pout a hundred verses long,  
Mit a ghorus for a tousand voices, too, Yohn Schmidt;  
But I hate der snuffe psalm,  
Vot isn't worth a kreutzer,  
For to sing it, makes your vace grow long and plue,  
Yohn Schmidt.

3  
I love some Deutschen food,  
Yaw! I likes it butty good,  
Der spech un suaerkroun, un salat slaugh, Yohn  
Schmidt;  
But I hate der milk of schwill,  
Un der meat they nefer kill,  
For it dies pefore dey've dime to hit a knock, Yohn  
Schmidt;

I love der pretty flowers,  
Vot grows in garten bowers.  
Der cabbage, un der radeesh, un der beet, Yohn  
Schmidt;  
Un I hate der toads un frogs,  
Un der sausage made of dogs,  
Un eferyding vot isn't good to eat, Yohn Schmid.

4  
Now I've got a little shiore,  
Un I sits pefore der door,  
Un I sells der prandy schnapps un pretzel cake, Yohn  
Schmidt;  
Un I dinks I'll butty soon  
Haf a lager bier saloon,  
Un den vot plenty money I will make, Yohn Schmidt;  
Un ven enough I've got,  
I will buy "a house un lot,"  
Un a "corner grocery" I'll have peside, Yohn  
Schmidt;  
Den so happy I will be,  
Mit mine shildren by mine knee,  
Mit mine money, un mine frow, but mit no pride,  
Yohn Schmidt.

## NICODEMUS JOHNSON.

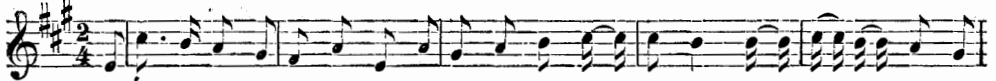
*Moderato.*

By J. B. MURPHY.

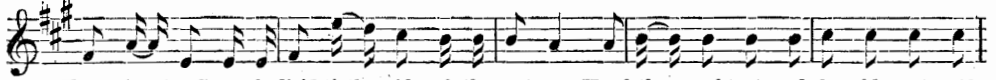


2  
My master was a union man, he did not like secession,  
And so he had to leave de old plantation;  
I thought to stay behind him there, 'twould be an aggravation,  
O ho! O ho! To Nicodemus Johnson.

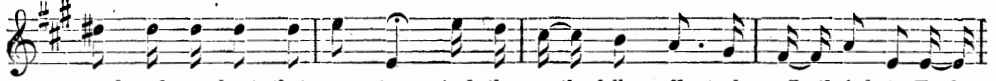
3  
I wish dis war would only end, and peace come frew de nation,  
I'd go right back to Dixie's land, and stay dar;  
For I isn't any contraband, I love de old plantation,  
O ho! O ho! That's Nicodemus Johnson.

*Comicoso con Jokerando.*

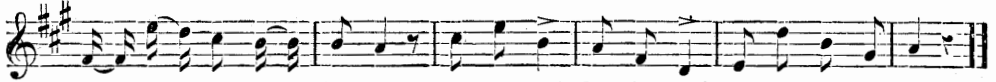
1. Not long a - go, in Vestminstier, Thereliv'd a rat-catch-er's daughter, Butshe didn't quite live in



Vest-min-stier, Causeshe liv'd t'other side of the va-ter; Her father caughtrats and she sold sprats, All



round and a - bout that quar - ter; And the gentle-folks all took off their hats, To the



putty lit-tle rat-catcher's daughter! Doo-dle dee! doo - dle dum! di dum doo - dle da!

2  
She vore no 'at upon 'er 'ead,  
No cap nor dandy bonnet,  
The 'air of 'er 'ead all 'ung down 'er back,  
Like a bunch of carrots upon it;  
Ven she cried "Sprats!" in Vestminstier,  
She 'ad such a sweet loud woiee, sir,  
You could hear her all down Parliament Street,  
As far as Charing Cross, sir!

Doodle dee! &c.

3  
Now, rich and poor, both far and near,  
In matrimony sought her;  
But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,  
Did the putty little ratcatcher's daughter.  
For there was a man, sold lily-vite sand,  
In Cupid's net had caught her;  
And right over head and ears in love  
Vent the putty little ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

4  
Now lily-vite sand so ran in her 'ead,  
As she vent along the Strand, oh!  
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her 'ead,  
And cried, "D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh!"  
The folks, amaz'd, all thought her crazed,  
As she vent along the Strand, oh!  
To see a gal with sprats on her 'ead,  
Cry, "D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh!"

Doodle dee, &c.

5  
Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in his 'ead,  
He couldn't tell vat he vas arter,  
So, instead of crying, "D'ye vant any sand."  
He cried, "D'ye vant any ratcatcher's darter."  
His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,  
And couldn't think vat he was arter,  
Ven he heard his lily-vite sandman cry,  
"D'ye vant any ratcatcher's darter."

Doodle dee, &c.

6  
They both agreed to married be,  
Upon next Easter Sunday,  
But Ratcatcher's daughter she had a dream  
That she wouldn't be alive on Monday;  
She vent vunce more to buy some sprats,  
And she tumbled into the vater,  
And down to the bottom, all kiver'd up with mud,  
Vent the putty little ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

7  
Ven Lily-vite Sand 'e'ard the news,  
His eyes ran down with vater;  
Said 'e, "In love I'll constant prove,  
And blow me if I'll live long arter."  
So he cut 'is throat with a pane of glass,  
And stabbed 'is donkey arter!  
So 'ere is an end of Lily-vite Sand,  
Donkey and ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

8  
The neighbors all both great and small,  
They flocked unto 'er berrein',  
And vept that a gal who'd cried out sprats,  
Should be dead as any herrein'.  
The Corioner's Inquest on her sot,  
At the sign of the Jack i' the Vater,  
To find what made life's sand run out  
Of the putty little ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

9  
The werdict was that too much vet  
This poor young voman died on;  
For she made an 'ole in the Riviere Thames,  
Vot the penny steamers ride on!  
'Twas a haccident they all agreed,  
And nuffink like self-slaughter;  
So not guiltie o' fell in the sea,  
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter!

Doodle dee, &c.

## BITTER BEER.

Composed by J. B. EDWARDS.



1. The sub - ject of my lit - tle song is one, I hold most dear, It supports our con - sti -

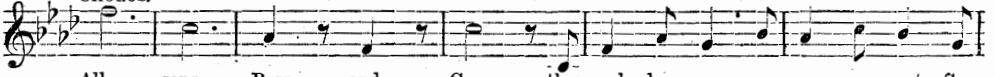


tu - tions, and it will for ma - ny a year; John Bull in - deed would be de - funct, or



else look ve - ry queer, If Bass and Co. should cease to brew their glorious Bitter Beer.

## CHORUS.



All - sopp, Bass and Co., they each de - serve a mon - u - ment, So



give then, while we're here, Three cheers for Bass and Allsopp, too, and their glo - rious Bit - ter Beer.

- 2 I've tasted Hock, and Claret too; Madeira and Moselle,  
But not one of those boshy wines revives this languid swell;  
Of all complaints from A to Z, the fact is very clear,  
There's no disease but what's been cured by Bass' Bitter Beer.  
Allsopp, Bass, &c.

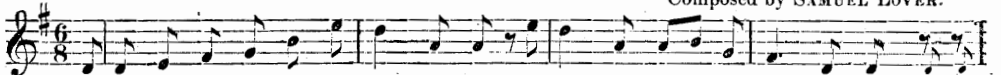
- 3 I've liv'd in Scotland many years, and drunk its mountain dew;  
I don't deny but what its good, and a stimulant 'tis true;  
I'm far from being prejudiced, as some may think. I fear,  
Yet give to me a cooling draught of Bass' Bitter Beer.  
Allsopp, Bass, &c.

- 4 Old Ireland's drink I have imbibed, yes, Kinahan's double L;  
And Kitty Trainer's famed Potheen, and Dunville's too, as well;  
A glass of punch of course, I know, will oft your spirits cheer,  
But still my fav'rite beverage is Bass' Bitter Beer.  
Allsopp, Bass, &c.

## BARNEY O'HEA.

Irish Ballad.

Composed by SAMUEL LOVER.



1. Now let me a - lone, tho' I know you won't, I know you won't, I know you won't,

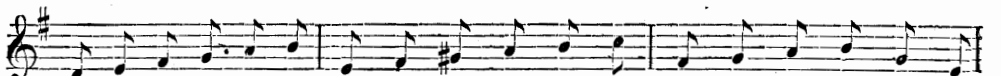


Let me a - lone, tho' I know you won't, Im - pu - dent Bar - ney O' Hea.

It



makes me out - ra - geous When you're so contagious, And you'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh. For



he is the boy that be - lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet - ter be - have your - self



2 I hope you're not going to Brandon fair,  
To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair,  
For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.  
For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,  
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,  
So no one will be there, of poor me to take care,  
So I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea.  
Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

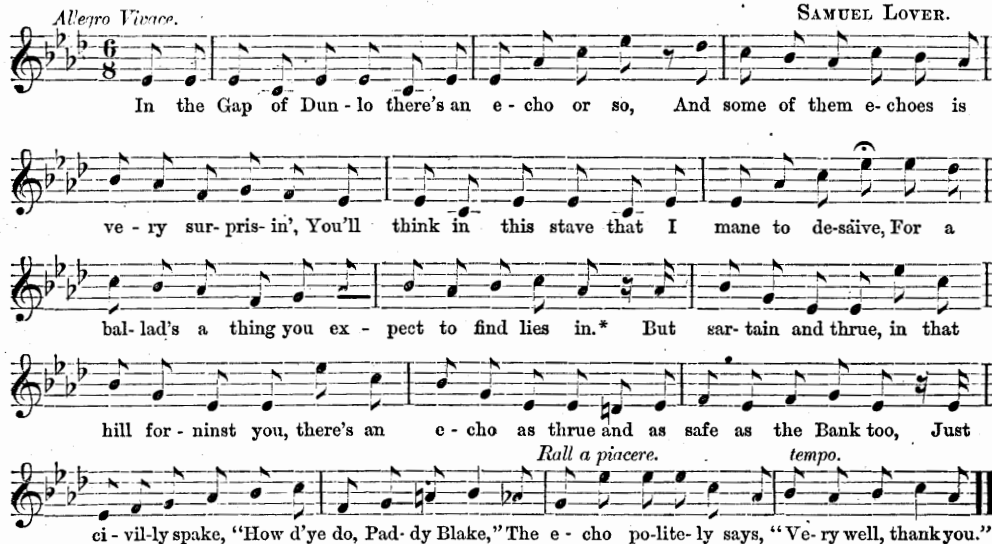
3 But as I was walking up Brandon street,  
Up Brandon street, up Brandon street,  
Just who do you think that myself should meet,  
But impudent Barney O'Hea.  
He said I look'd killin', I called him a villain,  
I bid him that minute get out of my way;

He said I was joking, and grinn'd so provoking,  
I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea.  
Impudent Barney, he has the blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

4 He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,  
He saw me smile, he saw me smile,  
For he is the rogue up to ev'ry wile,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea.  
He coaxed me to chuse him, for if I'd refuse him,  
He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day;  
So, for fear 'twould go further, and just to save  
murther,  
I think I must marry that madcap O'Hea.  
Bothering Barney, he has the blarney,  
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea,  
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

### PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

SAMUEL LOVER.



\* "Too true to be put in a ballad."—Old Irish saying.

2  
One day Teddy Keogh with Kate Conner did go,  
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, sir,  
But the echo, they say, was conthrairy that day.  
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir;  
Now says Teddy to Kate, "'Tis too hard to be bate  
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo so lazy,  
But if we both shout to each other no doubt,  
We'll make up an echo between us my daisy!"

3  
"Now Kitty," says Teddy, to answer be ready,  
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries out Kitty, then sir;  
"Would you like to be wed, Kitty darlin'?" says Ted,  
"Oh very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir;

"Do you like me," said Teldy, and Kitty quite ready,  
Cried "Very well, thank you," with laughter  
beguiling;  
I think you'll confess Teddy could not do less,  
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

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

Music by S. M. GRANNIS.

1. We may get thro' the world, but 'twill be ve-ry slow, If we lis-ten to all that is  
said as we go; We'll be wor-ried and fret-ted and kept in a stew, For  
med-dle-some tongues must have some-thing to do. For peo-ple will talk, you  
know. Peo-ple will talk, O yes, they must talk, you know.

2  
If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed,  
That your humble position is only assumed,  
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,  
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool.  
For people, &c.

3  
If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,  
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;  
If upright and honest and fair as the day,  
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way.  
For people, &c.

4  
And then if you show the least boldness of heart,  
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,  
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,  
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain.  
For people, &c.

5  
If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your hat,  
Some one, of course, will take notice of that,  
And hint rather strong, that you can't pay your way,  
But don't get excited whatever they say.  
For people, &c.

6  
If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,  
For they criticise then in a different shape:  
You're ahead of your means, or your tailors unpaid,  
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made.  
For people, &c.

7  
If a fellow but chance to wink at a girl,  
How the gossips will talk, and their scandal unfurl;  
They'll canvass your wants, and talk of your means,  
And declare your'e engaged to a chit in her teens.  
For people, &c.

8  
They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back  
Of venom and slander there's never a lack;  
How kind and polite in all that they say,  
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way.  
For people, &c.

9  
The best way for you is to do as you please,  
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;  
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,  
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use.  
For people, &c.

## OUR GRANDFATHERS' DAYS.

*Allegro moderato.*

Original Song by TONY PASTOR.

1. A song for to please all my kind friends be-fore me, I've been thinking of late a new  
sub-ject to raise, And one I have got, and I know it will please you, I'm go-ing to sing of our  
Grandfathers' days. In our Grand-fa-thers' days men were judged of by me-rit, And  
those who were sound got their mea-sure of praise, But now-a-days folk judge of  
men by their mo-ney, That wasn't the case in our Grand-fa-thers' days.



2

In our grandfather's days they had no patent leathers,  
 Garotte choking collars or no *peg top* pants,  
 Young men didn't go it with two forty horses,  
 Or visit young ladies at night in a dance.  
 The boys didn't then congregate on the corners,  
 To see the girls crossing on wet slushy days,  
 Nor the *gals* didn't want a policeman to help them,  
 That wasn't the case in our grandfather's days.

3

In our grandfather's days billiard markers ne'er sported,  
 Mustache on their lips, or goatees on their chins,  
 Nor sixpenny barbers drive out in their wagons,  
 Nor did railroad conductors wear diamond pins.

The gals didn't paint, stuff themselves up with cotton,  
 They didn't wear hoops, patent bustles, or stays;  
 Didn't smoke cigarettes, or drink *sherry cobbles*,  
 That wasn't the style in our grandfather's days.

4

In our grandfather's days when a man ran for office,  
 He did it alone for the national good,  
 And not for the dollars and cents he might pocket,  
 That's something which now-a-days aint understood.  
 The government then was for wisdom selected,  
 Rebellion had not set the country ablaze,  
 But the people have sworn that our flag shall float over  
 The Union, as 'twas in our grandfather's days.

### THE DARK GIRL DRESSED IN BLUE.

*Allegretto.*

1. From a vil-lage up the Hud-son, To New York here I came, To see the park call'd  
 Cen-tral, And all pla-ces of great fame. But what I suffer'd since I came, I  
 now will tell to you, How I lost my heart and sen-ses too, Thro' a dark girl dress'd in blue.

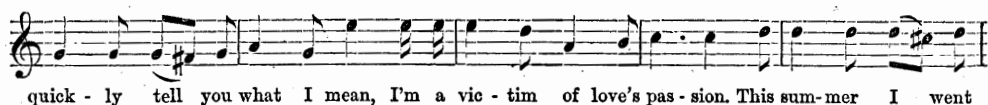
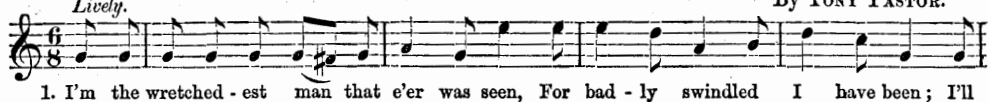
CHORUS.

She was a fine girl, fol de rid-dle I do, A charmer, Fol de rid-dle eh.

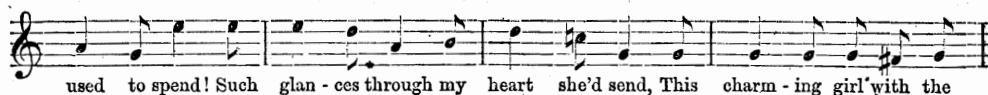
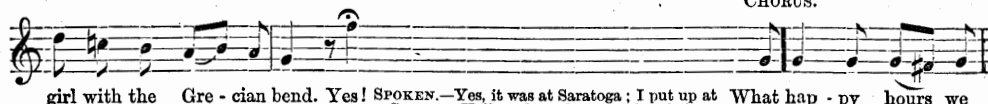
- 2 'Twas on a Friday morning,  
 The first day of August,  
 When of that day I ever think,  
 My heart feels ready to burst!  
 I jump'd into a Broadway stage,  
 The Central Park going too  
 On a seat, by the right hand side of the door,  
 Sat a dark girl dress'd in blue.  
 She was, &c.
- 3 Now we hadn't gone very far,  
 When the lady look'd very strange,  
 The driver knock'd down for his fare—  
 Says-she, "I have no change,  
 I've only a ten dollar bill;  
 O dear what shall I do?"  
 Said I, "Allow me to pay"—"Oh, thank you, sir,"  
 Says the dark girl dress'd in blue.  
 She was, &c.
- 4 We chatted and talk'd, as we onward walk'd,  
 About one thing or the other;  
 She asked me, too (oh wasn't it kind?)  
 If I had a father or a mother.  
 Says I, "Yes, and a grandmother too;  
 But pray, miss, what are you?"  
 "Oh, I'm chief engineer in a milliner's shop,"  
 Says the dark girl dressed in blue.  
 She was, &c.
- 5 We walked about for an hour or two,  
 Through the park, both near and far;  
 Then to a large hotel we went—  
 I stepped up to the bar:  
 She slipped in my hand a ten-dollar bill.  
 I said, "What are you going to do!"  
 "Oh! don't think it strange, I must have change,"  
 Said the dark girl dressed in blue.  
 She was, &c.

- 6 We had some slight refreshments,  
 And I handed out the bill;  
 The barkeeper counted out the change,  
 And the bill dropped in the till:  
 'Twas in currency and silver change,  
 There was a three-cent piece or two;  
 So I rolled it up, and gave it to  
 The dark girl dressed in blue.  
 She was, &c.
- 7 She thanked me, and said, "I must away,  
 Farewell, till next we meet;  
 For on urgent business I must go,  
 To the store in Hudson street."  
 She quickly glided from my sight,  
 And soon was lost to view:  
 I turned to leave, when by my side,  
 Stood a tall man dressed in blue!  
 She was, &c.
- 8 This tall man said, "Excuse me, sir,  
 I'm one of the 'special force';  
 That bill was bad, please come with me"—  
 I had to go, of course.  
 Said I, "For a lady I obtained the change,"  
 Says he, "Are you telling me true?"  
 What's her name?" Says I, I don't know,  
 She was a dark girl dressed in blue.  
 She was, &c.
- 9 My story they believed, thought I was deceived,  
 But said I must hand back the cash;  
 I thought it was a sin, as I gave her the tin—  
 Away went ten dollars smash!  
 So, all young men, take my advice,  
 Be careful what you do,  
 When you make the acquaintance of ladies strange,  
 Especially a dark girl dressed in blue.  
 She was, &c.

By TONY PASTOR.

*Lively.*

CHORUS.



2

The other boarders envied me,  
And one and all, did all agree,  
That married we would shortly be,  
And have a wedding dashing.  
The landlord then commenced straightway  
Unto my room to send,  
Her boardbill, which I had to pay,  
For the girl with the Grecian Bend.

SPOKEN.—A hundred and twenty-five dollars a week,  
I couldn't help paying it, because, if I didn't, she  
might be offended; and then, as she said, her Pa  
was so wealthy. He was a millionaire; was at  
present in Paris. That's why she was all alone  
at Saratoga, but she could trust in me, for she  
knew I was a gentleman. And oh—

What happy hours, &amp;c.

3

A month went past, and then, oh dear,  
Another fellow did appear,  
He was a gay young gambler,  
And used to dress so dashing.  
Then she to every one about  
Introduced him as a friend,  
And soon I found he'd cut me out  
Of the girl with the Grecian Bend.

SPOKEN.—I was positively shocked, after all I had

done for her; after the havoc she'd made with  
my heart and my pocket-book; after all the

Happy hours, &amp;c.

4

This fellow seemed a friend of mine,  
For at my room he used to dine,  
And then he'd coolly order wine,  
For which I'd hand the cash in;  
But just as I came home one day,  
The landlord for me did send,  
And says your friend has gone away  
With the girl with the Grecian Bend.

SPOKEN.—Gone away and left a large bill for me to  
settle, too. I went to my room, and there I found  
my trunk broken open, rifled, all my money gone.  
I have since discovered that she is a professional  
swindler, and I the victim of my own verdancy.  
Henceforth I am on my guard; I'll trust no more  
in maiden modesty. In fact, I'll buy one of those  
signs we see in groceries: "No trust here." I'll  
wear it about my neck, therefore

Talk not to me of dashing girls,  
With rosy cheeks and teeth of pearls,  
With Grecian Bend and flowing curls,  
Or other latest fashion.

A. LEE.

1. I'll be no submissive wife, No, not I, no, not I, I'll not be a slave for life, No, not  
 2. I to dullness don't in - cline, No, not I, no, not I, Go to bed at half-past nine, 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  
 I, no, not I, I to dullness don't in - cline, No, not I, no, not I, Go to bed at half past

life, No, not I, no, not I, Think you on a wedding day, That I said as others say, "Love and  
 nine, No, not I, No, not I, Should a humdrum husband say, That at home I ought to stay, Do you

hon-or, and o - bey, Love and hon-or, and o - bey, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not  
 think that I'll o - bey, Do you think that I'll o - bey, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not

I, Love and hon - or, and o - bey, Love and hon - or, and o - -  
 I, Do you think that I'll o - bey, Do you think that I'll o - -

bey, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not  
 bey, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not

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

## JOHNNY SANDS.

*Mirthfully.*

SINCLAIR.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands, Had married Bet - ty Hague, And though she brought him  
 "For fear that I should cour - age lack, And try to save my life, Pray tie my hands be-

gold and lands, She prov'd a ter - ri - ble plague; For, oh, she was a scolding wife, Full  
 hind my back," "I will," re - plied his wife. She tied them fast, As you may think, And

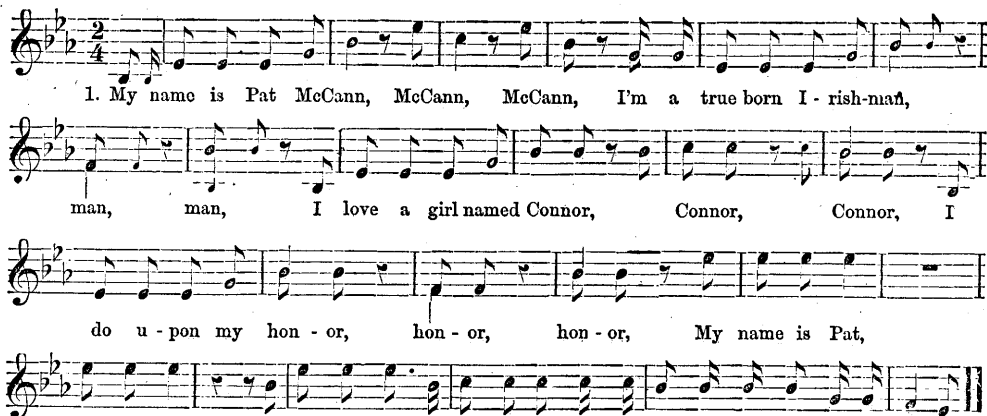
of ca - price and whim, He said that he was tired of life, And she was tired of him, And  
 when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand," she says, "up-on the brink, And I'll pre - pare to run, And

*mp.*  
 she was tired of him, And she was tired of him; Says he, "then I will drown myself. The  
 I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll prepare to run." All down the hill his lov - ing bride Now

ri - ver runs be - low;" Says she, "Pray do, you sil - ly elf, I wished it long a - go." Says  
 run with all her force, To push him in—he stepped a - side, And she fell in of course; Now

he, "up-on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might." Says  
 splash-ing, dash-ing, like a fish, "Oh, save me, John - ny Sands." "I can't my dear, tho' much I wish, For

she, "my love, I will," Says she, "my love, I will," Says she, "my love, I will."  
 you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."

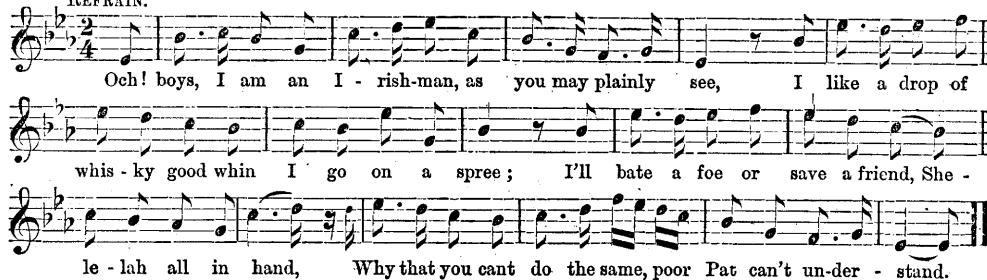


Look at that, I dance all night, 'till broad daylight, And go home with the girls in the morning.

2 I took Judy to a ball, a ball, a ball,  
She couldn't dance at all, all, all;  
We took a drop of whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,  
Then we both got frisky, frisky, frisky,  
Home we went, quite content;  
We danced all night, till broad daylight,  
And went home with the girls in the morning.

3 My Judy I will marry, marry, marry,  
I can no longer tarry, tarry, tarry;  
I'll go and buy the ring, the ring, the ring,  
And then I'll dance and sing, sing, sing;  
My name is Pat, look at that.  
I dance all night, till broad daylight,  
And go home with the girls in the morning.

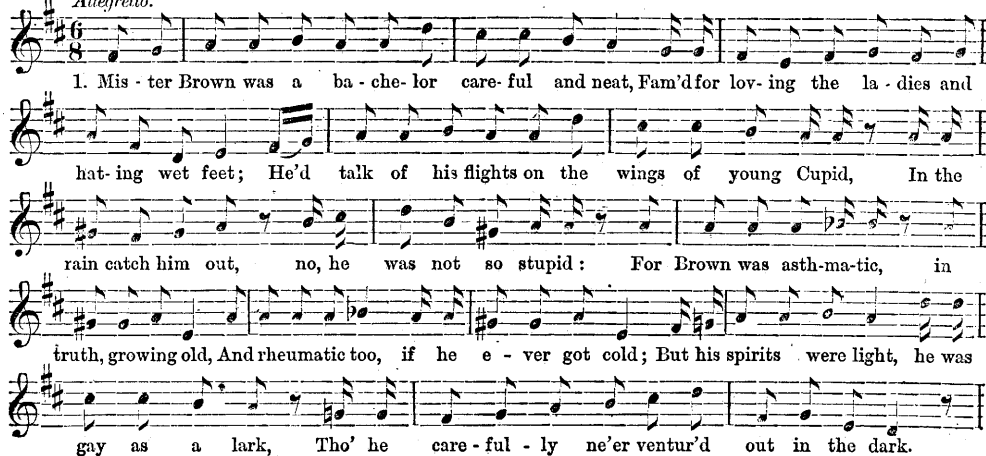
## REFRAIN.

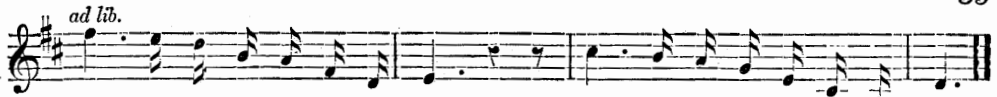


I sing of you old Ireland dear,  
The sweetest spot on earth,  
Where once the harp of Tara's hall  
Breathed forth its song of mirth;  
Where colleens fair, and gossoons brave,  
In mirth and love were seen.  
The Shelelah in his hand he bore,  
And in this heart the green.

Oh Gramachree ma colleen ogue,  
Ould Ireland I adore,  
If two hearts were in my breast,  
I could not love it more.  
May freedom's day upon her dawn,  
May her sons be free,  
Oh! Gramachree my colleen ogue,  
Ould Ireland Gramachree.

## MR. BROWN'S SERENADE.

*Allegretto.*



Poor lit - tle, lit - tle, Mis - ter Brown.

Poor lit - tle, lit - tle, Mis - ter Brown.

2

Mister Brown fell in love with the charming Miss White, She encouraged him, laughed at him when out of sight; He enquired if aught to love him could persuade her, She replied "she would try, if he'd but serenade her." Here was comfort for Brown, he'd ne'er learnt to sing, And he dreaded the cold the night air might bring; Being determined to go and to keep off rain and fogs, He went to Miss White's in umbrella and clogs.

Poor little, &c.

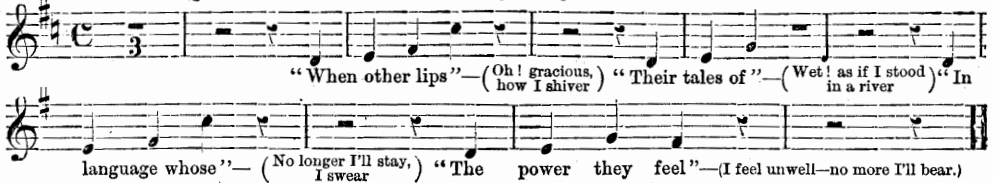
3

Now Brown from her window sees his lady love gaze, And the symphony then on a hand-organ plays; But just as his song he's about to begin, Down pelteth the rain, wets him through to the skin. There he stands in the wet, with his feet in a pool, And his lady love whispering "you precious old fool;" But he still perseveres, while the watch-dog loud barks, Interlarding his song with appropriate remarks.

Poor little, &c.

Mr. Brown sings in a hoarse voice—

*Con gran espressione.*



4

A policeman came up, so poor Brown hurried off, And his running brings on his asmatrical cough; He gets home, goes to bed, takes a basin of gruel, And between every spoonful reviles his dear jewel.

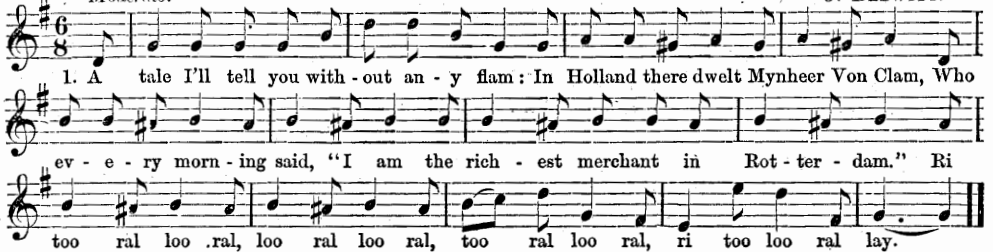
But poor Mister Brown was disabled at length, For the cold and the wet are too much for his strength; And Death that relentless, resistless invader, Stole away the small soul of our bold serenader.

Poor little, &c.

## THE CORK LEG.

*Moderato.*

J. BLEWITT.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE FINE OULD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

By permission of Russell and Richardson.

1. I'll sing you a fine ould song made by a fine old Pad-dy's pate, Of a fine Ould Irish Gentleman, } taste of an es-tate, Ex-cept a fine ould patch of pitaty's } who had the devil a.... } that he liked ex- - - - }  
 ceed-ing-ly to ate, For they were beef to him, and mutton too, and barring a red herring, or a } rusty rasher of bacon now and then, almost ev'ry ..... }  
 o-ther sort of mate, Yet this Fine Ould I-rish Gentleman was one of the rale ould stock.

2

His | cabin walls were cover'd o'er with | fine ould Irish mud,  
 Be- | cause 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 | just as proud as Julius Sayzer, or Alix- | ander the Great,  
 This | independent ragamuffin stood with a glass of fine ould Irish whisky in his fist, which he's decidedly of the opinion will do a | mighty dale of good.  
 To this | fine ould Irish Gentleman, | All of the rale ould stock.

3

Now this | fine ould Irish gentleman wore | mighty curious clothes.  
 Tho' for | comfort I'll be bail that they'd bate any of your | fashionable beaux,  
 For | when the sun was very hot the gindle 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 anything as hard as | leather on his toes.  
 Yet this | fine ould Irish gentleman was | one of the rale ould stock.

4

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

5

This | fine ould Irish gentleman he was once | out upon a spree,  
 And as | many a fine ould Irish gentleman has done, and more betoken will do to the end of time, he got about as | dhrunk 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 dacently.  
 Like a Fine Ould Irish Gentleman—all of the rale ould stock.

6

So this | fine ould Irish gentleman he was laid | out upon a bed, with | half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen more or | less about his head ;  
 But when the whisky bottle was uncorked he couldn't stand it any longer, so he | riz right up in bed, | and sich mighty fine stuff as that is going about says he, you don't think I'd be such a soft headed | fool as to be dead,  
 Oh this | Fine Ould Irish Gentleman it was—mighty hard to kill.

## THE LORDS OF CREATION.

*Gaily.*

The Lords of creation men we call, And they think they rule the whole; But they're much mis-tak-en  
 af-ter all, For they're un-der women's con-trol, As ev-er since the world be-gan, It has.



al - ways been the way, For did not Ad - am, the ve - ry first man, The



ve - ry first woman o - bey, o - bey, o - bey, The ve - ry first wo - man o - bey.

- 2 Ye lords who at present hear my song,  
I know you will quickly say:  
"Our size is more large, our nerves more strong;  
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?"  
But think not tho' these words we hear,  
We shall e'er mind a thing you say;  
For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,  
Your power will vanish away, &c.

- 3 But should there be so strange a wight  
As not to be moved by a tear,  
Though much astonished at the sight,  
We shall still have no cause for fear;

Then let them please themselves awhile,  
Upon their fancied sway,  
For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,  
She'll certainly have her own way, &c.

- 4 Now, ladies, since I have made it plain  
That the thing is really so,  
We'll even let them hold the rein,  
But we'll show them the way to go;  
As ever since the world began  
It has always been the way,  
And we'll manage it so that the very last man,  
Shall the very last woman obey, &c.

### THE COUNTRY COUSIN; or, I saw Esau Kissing Kate.

*Allegro Moderato.*

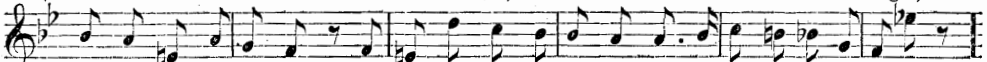
Music by VINCENT DAVIES.



1. 'Twas just a - bout a year a - go, When I was down at Glo'ster, I found a lass, but



now a - las! I find that I have lost her, I'm sure I ne - ver - can for - get, The



hap - py days that we saw, Be - fore the day on which we met her Country Cousin E - sau.

SPOKEN.—For it was on that unlucky day that—

CHORUS.



I saw E - sau kiss - ing Kate, And the fact is — we all three saw, For



I saw E - sau, he saw me, And she saw I saw E - sau.

- 2 I'd rather go without my beer,  
Or even get my scone hurt,  
Than ever go again to hear  
A Crystal Palace Concert;  
For I took Kitty there and then,  
Unfortunately she saw  
That horriddest of countrymen,  
Her Country Cousin Esau.

SPOKEN.—But even then I never thought I should have to say—

I saw Esau, &c.

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

SPOKEN.—Yes! they had commenced the business arithmetically; they began with simple Addition, went right through Subtraction, and would have gone on to Multiplication, had it not been that—

I saw Esau, &c.

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

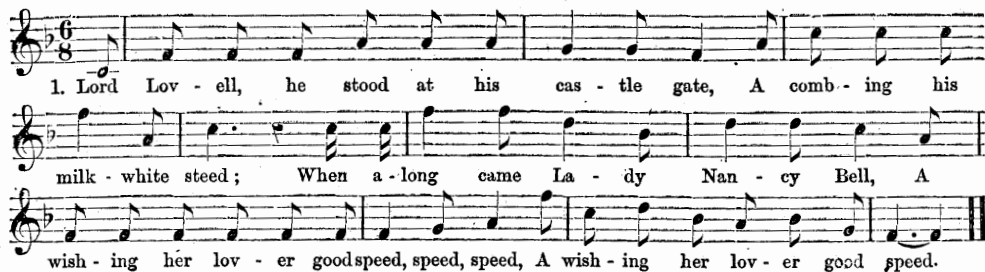
SPOKEN.—Well, said I, I came to a concert, but this is a concerted piece I didn't expect to see. I scarcely knew what to say, for it was enough to disconcert me altogether when—

I saw Esau, &c.

- 5 I went away in quite a pet,  
And toddled home to tea, oh!  
For I could see that their Duet  
Had put me up a tree Oh!  
But still my sorrow wasn't great,  
When in the papers we saw,  
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate,  
And Kate had married Esau.

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

I saw Esau, &c.



2 "Oh, where are you going?" Lady Nancy she said,  
 "Oh, where are you going?" said she;  
 "I am going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,  
 Strange countries for to see—see—see,  
 Strange countries for to see."

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

4 He had been gone but a year and a day,  
 Strange countries for to see,  
 When languishing thoughts came into his head,  
 Lady Nancy Bell he would see—see—see,  
 Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

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

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

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

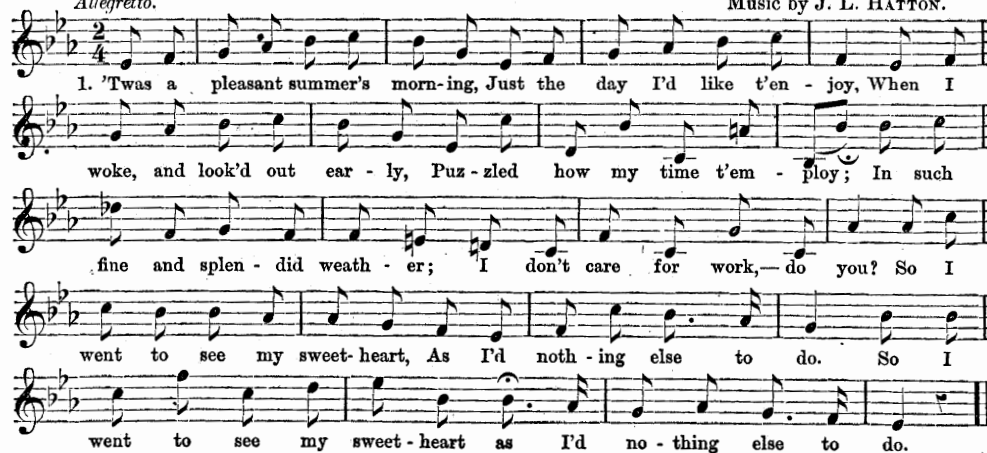
8 Lady Nancy, she died as it might be to-day,  
 Lord Lovell he died to-morrow;  
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
 And out of Lord Lovell's a briar—riar—riar,  
 And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

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

## AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

*Allegretto.*

Music by J. L. HATTON.



2 Off I started thro' the meadows,  
 Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray,  
 And responsive to the song-birds,  
 I kept singing all the way;  
 Quite surpris'd she was to see me  
 Come so early there to woo,  
 'Till I said I'd just walk'd over,  
 'Cause I'd nothing else to do.  
 'Till I said, &c.

3 Then we rambled forth together,  
 Down the lane beneath the trees,  
 While so gently stir'd the shadows  
 Of their branches in the breeze;

And when'er our conversation  
 Languish'd for a word or two,  
 Why, of course I kindly kiss'd her,  
 As I'd nothing else to do.  
 Why, of course, &c.

4 But before the day was over,  
 I'd somehow made up my mind,  
 That I'd pop the question to her,  
 If to me her heart inclined;  
 So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,  
 Will you have me, Yes, or No?"  
 "Well," said she, "perhaps I may my dear,  
 When I've nothing else to do."  
 "Well," said she, &c.



*Con Anima.*

I've just dropt in to see you and sing a lit - tle song, It's all a - bout  
 Dan - dy Jim from de Car - o - line, for my old mas - sa told me O, Ise de  
*Ad libitum.*  
 best look - ing nig - ger in de Coun - ty O; I look in de glass and I found my old Aunt  
*Affetuoso.*  
 Sal - ly Ra Re Ri Ro, round the corner Young Ro - ry O'Moore court - ed Kathleen Bawn, He was  
 bold as the Li - on, she as soft as the fawn; He sought in his heart pret - ty Kathleen to Walk Jaw  
*Allegro.*  
 Bone Jen - ny come a - long; In come Sal - ly wid de boot - ees on; Walk Jaw Bone Jen - ny come a -  
*Adagio.*  
 long. In come Sal - ly wid de Last rose of sum - mer left blooming a - lone, All its lovely com -  
*Con Energico.*  
 pan - ions are All nod - din, nid nid nod - din nid, they're all nod - din at our house at  
*Affetuoso.*  
 home; They are all nod - din, nid nid nod - din, they are all nod - din at our house at home!  
*Brillante.*  
 home, sweet sweet home, There is no place like home, There is no place like Hail Colum - bia, happy land,  
*Allegro vivace.*  
 Hail ye heroes, heav'n born band, who Came to town de o - der night, to see de show and  
*Tender.*  
 see de fight; De watchmen dey were run - ning round, And I heard old Tucker's ban - jo Still so  
*Brillante.*  
 gen - tly o'er me steal - ing, Mem'ry will bring back the feel - ing, Spite of all my  
 griefs re - veal - ing, That I dear - ly love the Star spangled ban - ner, Oh long may it  
*Quick.*  
 wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of Yan - kee Doo - dle  
 come to town up - on a lit - tle po - ny, Stuck a feather in his hat, and called it mac - a - ro - ni.

## MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

1. My Grandma lives on yonder lit-tle green, Fine old la-dy as ev-er was seen; She  
oft - - en cautioned me with care, Of all false young men to be - ware,  
Time.....i tim...e um tum tim...e um pa ta. Of all false young men to beware.

These false young men they flatter and deceive,  
So my love you must not them believe;  
They'll flatter, they'll coax, 'till you are in their snare,  
And away goes poor old grandma's care.  
Time! time um tum time um pa ta  
Away goes poor old grandma's care.

The first came a courting was little Johnny Green,  
Fine young man as ever was seen;  
But the words of my Grandma run in my head,  
And I could not hear one word he said.  
Time! time um tum time um pa ta,  
And I could not hear one word he said.

The next came a courting was young Ellis Grove,  
'Twas then we met with a joyous love;  
With a joyous love I could not be afraid,  
You'd better get married than die an old maid.  
Time! time um tum time um pa ta,  
You'd better get married than die an old maid.

Thinks I to myself there's some mistake,  
What a fuss these old folks make;  
If the boys and the girls had all been so afraid,  
Then Grandma herself would have died an old maid,  
Time! time um tum time um pa ta,  
Then Grandma herself would have died an old maid.

## THE CELEBRATED SNEEZING SONG.

Words translated by J. C. J.

1. Ah! ladies fair, and gentle-men, Have pit-y on my cru-el fate! My voice so full of  
ev'-ry grace Has one defect; 'tis tru-ly great, While sing-ing, all the world I please, But  
in the midst, a-las! I sneeze! While rich and free the music flows, I tick-le in the  
nose! Tra! la! la! tra, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
La, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,  
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
la. Pom, Pom, Pom. Tra - la, la, la, la, la, La - la, la, la,  
La - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, la, la, La la, la, la, la.

A note comes from the "Upper Ten!"

A great soiree, your famous air,  
Will please; as they insist, why then,  
I go, commence with greatest care,  
And sing with all my pow'r to please,  
But in the midst, alas! I sneeze!  
How rich, how clear the music flows,  
But ah! but ah! this nose!

(281) Tra la la, Tra la la! &c.

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