

# ARKANSAS TRAVELER'S



# SONG BOOK

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THE  
ARKANSAS TRAVELLER'S  
SONGSTER:

CONTAINING THE

Celebrated Story of the  
Arkansas Traveller,  
With the Music for  
Violin or Piano,

AND ALSO

An Extensive and  
Choice Collection of  
New and Popular  
Comic and Sentimental Songs.

NEW YORK:  
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,  
18 ANN STREET.

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# Contents.

	PAGE
A LITTLE SONG OF LITTLE THINGS.....	32
ALL MANKIND ARE WORMS.....	19
AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?.....	35
ANNIE LAURIE ....	48
A VERY GOOD HAND AT IT.....	37
BACHELOR BARNEY O'NEIL.....	62
CHISELLING THE BURIAL-CLUB.....	39
COME, SIT THEE DOWN.....	86
DOCTOR O'TOOLE.....	66
DON GIOVANNI.....	47
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.....	57
HIGGINS'S BALL.....	67
HIGHLAND MARY.....	34
I'D BE A BLUE-BOTTLE.....	36
I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.....	60
JAKE SCHNEIDER'S DAUGHTER.....	25
JANE O'MALLEY.....	53
KATHLEEN O'REGAN.....	31
KATTY O'RANN.....	23
LITTLE MORE CIDER.....	30
LODGINGS IN PAT MCGARADIE'S.....	54
MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.....	65
MONEY IS YOUR ONLY FRIEND.....	16
MY OWN NATIVE LAND.....	27
NO! NO!.....	61

	PAGE
OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD .....	43
PADDY O'FLANAGAN .....	21
PARODY ON "MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE" .....	69
PHILIP THE FALCONER .....	24
PRAYER-BOOKS AND CORKSCREWS .....	58
RORY O'MORE .....	49
ROOT, HOG, OR DIE .....	46
SAL BRILL AND SQUINTING WILL .....	57
SHE WAS SISTER TO THE ANGELS .....	25
SOCIAL SENTIMENTS .....	71
THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER .....	5
THE BANKS OF CLAUDY .....	56
THE DUTCH MUSICIAN .....	9
THE FINE OULD IRISH GENTLEMAN .....	50
THE GAY LITTLE POSTMAN .....	63
THE HAZEL-DELL .....	59
THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND .....	44
THE INDIAN'S PRAYER .....	42
THE LANDLADY OF FRANCE .....	58
THE NEUTRAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN .....	12
THE SAILOR-BOY'S GOOD-BY .....	45
THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT .....	14
THE SHIELD, THE FISHBALL, AND THE SEWING-MACHINE .....	28
THE THEATRE ON A BENEFIT NIGHT .....	17
THE WEDDED BACHELOR .....	20
TIT FOR TAT .....	83
TOASTS FOR ALL TIMES .....	71
YACOB SCHNAPPS AND PEDER SCHPIKE .....	41

THE  
ARKANSAS TRAVELLER'S  
SONG-BOOK.

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THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

By MOSE CASE.

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

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

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

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

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

*Stranger.* How long have you been living here?

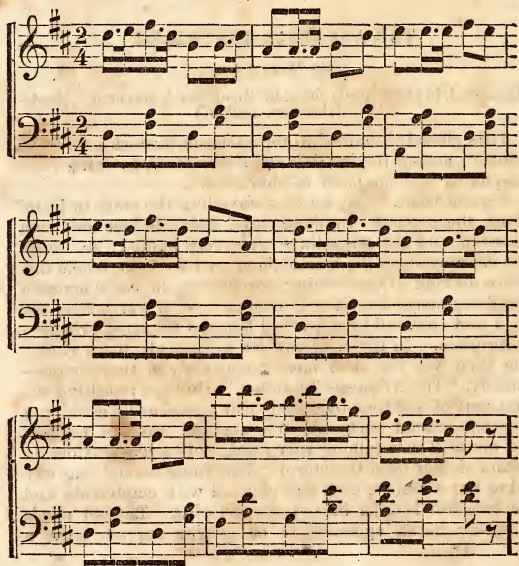
*Old Man.* D'ye see that mountain thar? Well, that was thar when I come here.

*S.* Can I stay here to-night?

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

S. How do they cross this river ahead?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

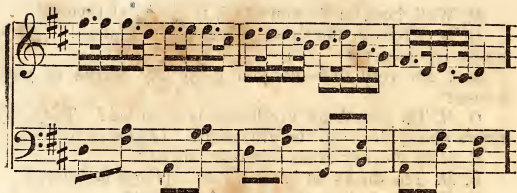
S. Then why don't you cover it when it's not raining?

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

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

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





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

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

*S.* If you please.

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

*S.* A cup of tea, if you please.

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





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

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

*S.* Then give me a spoon.

*B.* We hain't got no spoons neither.

*S.* Well, then, how do you do?

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

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

## THE DUTCH MUSICIAN.

### A Favorite Serio-Comic German Buffo Song.

As sung by TONY PASTOR.

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

HE.

SHANUS maidschen, wans canst du mauken?

Canst du shpiela? canst du shpiela?

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena trummel,

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

HE.

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

SHE.

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

HE.

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

SHE.

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

HE.

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

SHE.

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



HE.

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

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena bombass—

Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;  
Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;  
Fallala-la! dans iest mien gyka!  
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;  
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel.

My tra-ra-ra!

My zoom-zoom-zoom!

My fallala-la!

My swil-li-willi-wil!

My rub-a-dub-a-dub!

Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

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

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena triangle—

Hic-moc-moc! dans iest mien triangle;  
Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;  
Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;  
Fallala-la! dans iest mien gyka;  
Swil-li-willi-wil! dans iest mien fifel;  
Rub-a-dub-a-dub! dans iest mien trummel;

My hic-moc-moc!

My tra-ra-ra!

My zoom-zoom-zoom!

My fallala-la!

My swil-li-willi-wil!

My rub-a-dub-a-dub!

Dans iest mien trummel!

HE.

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

SHE.

Ich can spiel so kliena drudlesock—

Qua-qua-qua! dans iest mien drudlesock;

Hic-moc-moc! dans iest mien triangle;

Tra-ra-ra! dans iest mien bombass;

Zoom-zoom-zoom! dans iest mien bassgyke;

Falla-la-la! dans iest mien gyka;

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

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

My qua-qua-qua!

My hic-moc-moc!

My tra-ra-ra!

My zoom-zoom-zoom!

My falla-la-la!

My swil-li-willi-wil!

My rub-a-dub-a-dub!

Dans iest mien trummel!

## THE NEUTRAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

AIR—"Fine Old English Gentleman."

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

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

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

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

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

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

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He deals in Christianity—Episcopalian brand—

And sends his missionaries forth to bully heathen-land;

Just mention "slavery" to him, and, with a joyous sigh,

He'll say it's 'orrid, scandalous, although he is ready to fight for the cotton raised by slaves, and forgets how he bothered the Chinese to make them take opium; and blew the Sepoys from the guns because the poor devils refused to be enslaved by the East India Company, or phi-lan-thro-py—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He yields to Brother Jonathan a love that passeth show:

"We're Hanglo-Saxons, both of us, and can't be foes, you know"—

But, as a Christian gentleman, he cannot, cannot hide

His horror of the spectacle of four millions of black beings being held in bondage by a nation professing the largest liberty in the world; though, in case of an anti-slavery crusade, the interest of his Manchester factors would imperatively forbid him to take part on either side—

This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

Now seeing the said Jonathan by base rebellion stirred,

And battling with pro-slavery, it might be thence inferred

That British hearts would be with us in this most holy strife;

But instead of that, John Bull's sympathy is labelled "Neutrality," and consigned to any rebel port not too closely blockaded to permit English vessels loaded with munitions to slip in. And when you ask Mr. Bull what he meant by his inconsistent conduct, he becomes notoriously indignant, rolls up his eyes, and says, "I can't endure to see brothers murdering each other, and keeping me out of my cotton—I can't, upon my life"—

This neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.

Supposing Mr. Bull should die, the question might arise,

"Will he be wanted down below, or wafted to the skies?"

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

---

### THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

AIR—"Louisiana Lowlands."

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

In the old, etc.

The rebels they still followed us, their numbers two to one,  
 But Little Mac he let them know that Yankees would not  
 run.

Mac thought that he would stop the fun, and bring it to an  
 end—

The only way to do that was, for Couch's men to send.

In the old, etc.



When we heard that Mac had sent for us, with joy our  
hearts did fill,  
And we were quickly ready on the top of Malvern hill;  
The rebels they commenced the fight, but we were not dis-  
mayed—

They might as well have met the de'il, as Howe and his  
brigade!

In the old, etc.

The rebels they began the fight by throwing shot and  
shell:

That was a game, they soon found out, that Couch's men  
could them excel.

We fought them from the morning's dawn until the setting  
sun—

Among the killed and wounded, why, they had three to  
one!

In the old, etc.

The Ninety-third—the Twenty-third—were early on the  
ground;

The Sixty-first, New York Chasseurs, soon showed them-  
selves around;

Then came the First Long Island—we all did our work  
quite well,

As many a wounded rebel from experience can tell.

In the old, etc.

When we came to James River, the boys began to cheer,  
As they saw the little Monitor—up the river she did steer.

The rebel General got scared, and unto his men did say—

“Here comes a Yankee earthquake, we'd better get away.”

In the old, etc.

Now, all ye politicians, a word I have for you:

Let our Little Mac alone, for he is tried and true;

And you have found out lately that he is our only hope—

For twice he saved the capital—likewise McDowell and

Pope.

In the old, etc.

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

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

---

### MONEY IS YOUR ONLY FRIEND.

#### A Matter-of-Fact Comic Song.

AIR—"Green grow the Rushes, O!"

Of friendship I have heard much talk;

But you will find it, in the end,

That if distressed at any time,

Then money is your only friend.

*Chorus*—Yes, money is your only friend,

Money is your only friend;

Where'er you go, you'll find it so—

You must have money for to spend.

If you are sick, and like to die,

And for the doctor then you send,

You must to him advance a fee—

Then money is your only friend.

Yes, money, etc.

If you should have a suit at law,

On which you all your hopes depend,

The lawyers want to see your cash—

Then money is your only friend.

Yes, money, etc.

Then let me have a store of gold,

From every ill it will defend:

In every exigence of life,

Dear money is your only friend.

Yes, money, etc.

THE THEATRE ON A BENEFIT NIGHT;

Or, the Bowery Third Tier.

AIR—"Paddy's Curiosity-Shop."

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

There's a small chance, etc.

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

There's a small chance, etc.

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

There's a small chance, etc.

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

There's a small chance, etc.

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

There's a small chance, etc.

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

There's a small chance, etc.



ALL MANKIND ARE WORMS.

A highly Popular Comic Song.

Sung by all the Comic Vocalists.

AIR—"Bow, wow, wow!"

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

*Chorus*—Bow, wow, wow, etc.

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

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

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

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

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

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

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

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

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

### THE WEDDED BACHELOR.

#### A New Parody.

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

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

No useless satins enclosed his breast,  
Nor did costly attire surround him;  
But, true to the bachelor's plain style of dress,  
And the priest's cloak folded around him.

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

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

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

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

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

---

PADDY O'FLANAGAN.

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

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

A place he soon got when in London arrived, sir,  
To brush up a gemman, and wait on his coat—  
Where he soon learned to know that jist four beans make  
five, sir,  
And could tell you a tale with his tongue down his throat.  
Now one day, while Pat was his master attending,  
In his study, where letters around him did lay,  
When he begged hard for one to his friends to be sending,  
As 'twould save him from writing, and be the best way.  
With his phililu, etc.

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

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

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



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

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## KATTY O'RANN.

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

*Chorus*—Ri tol de rol, etc.

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

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

## PHILIP THE FALCONER.

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

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

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

## SHE WAS SISTER TO THE ANGELS.

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

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

## JAKE SCHNEIDER'S DAUGHTER.

A Parody on "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

By JOHN F. POOLE.

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

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

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

Whack row de dow, etc.

### MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

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



Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as  
bright,

Yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft I have grasped,  
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;

Yet happier far were the hours that I passed

In the West—in my own native land.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Yet happier far were the hours that I passed

In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,

Where flourishes Liberty's tree;

The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,

'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,

'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

---

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

Or, Love, Arsenic, and Percussion-Caps.

Written and sung, with unusual applause, by TONY PASTOR, the famous clown and comic vocalist.

AIR—"In the Merry Month of May."

My song is of a "Peeler" gay,

A fancy chap that once I knew,

His "beat" 'twas up and down Broadway,

And he looked so fine in his suit of blue!

The girls would smile as he'd pass by;

But one there was that met his eye—

He thought her the fairest that ever he'd seen—

She worked in a shop on a sewing-machine.

(Spoken.) Big thing on the sewing-machine.

Chorus—My song, etc.

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

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

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

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

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

LITTLE MORE CIDER.

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

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

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

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

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

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## KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

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

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

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

## A LITTLE SONG OF LITTLE THINGS.

## A Little Comic Ditty,

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

AIR—"Fine Old Irish Gentleman."

I'LL sing to you a little song, in little jingling rhymes,  
 'Bout little folks and little things in these funny little times,  
 Their little ways, their little deeds—though perhaps I've  
     little cause,  
 And very little skill, indeed, to merit your applause—  
     For this is a little history of little modern times.

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

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

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

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



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

For this is, etc.

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

### TIT FOR TAT.

A highly Popular Comic Song.

Sung by all the celebrated vocalists.

AIR—"The Tickling-Man."

MR. TIBBS, as they tell me, was not half so bold  
 As his gay little wife, a most terrible scold,

Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that:  
 But in truth she'd some reason to scold, I'm afraid,  
 For she lately detected him kissing the maid!

So he very much stared when she told him one day—

"My love, if you like, you may go to the play,

Which is witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that."

Now Tibbs was a lover of plays that were witty,  
 But much more in love with his wife's maid, sweet Kitty,

Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.  
 With lawless emotion his bosom now burned,  
 And in secret, alone, by the garden returned;  
 The moon, with her horns, was just rising to view—  
 Fatal vision, which told him that he was horned too!

Though so witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.

Ye gods! at that moment his optics descried  
His wife, with a tall, dashing youth at her side,

Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.  
Mr. Tibbs, bolting out, cried, with dreadful grimace,  
"Vile woman! now dare look your spouse in the face!"  
She screamed, and exclaimed, "You base wretch! in good  
time

My maid has confessed all your wicked design—  
For she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that.

"I'm resolved on revenge—I your steps have waylaid,  
And my cousin, the captain, I've brought to my aid—

He is witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that;  
With him you may settle the case in dispute,  
And I'll give you, gratis, this lesson to boot:  
When next with my maid you would kiss, and all that,  
Pray remember your wife may return 'tit for tat,'  
If she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that!"

### HIGHLAND MARY.

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

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

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

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

---

## AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

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

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

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

## I'D BE A BLUE-BOTTLE.

## A Popular Parody.

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

AIR—"I'd be a Butterfly."

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

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

## COME, SIT THEE DOWN.

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

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

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## A VERY GOOD HAND AT IT.

## A Favorite Comic Song.

Sung by WILLIAM REEVE, comedian and comic vocalist.

AIR—"Jeremy Diddler."

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

*Chorus*—Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.



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

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

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

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

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

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## CHISELLING THE BURIAL-CLUB.

AIR—"Paddy's Curiosity-Shop."

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

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

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

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

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

Tol lol de rol, etc.

## YACOB SCHNAPPS AND PEDER SCHPIKE.

A Parody on "Robin Ruff and Gaffer Green."

By JOHN F. POOLE.

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

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

PEDER SCHPIKE.

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

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

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

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

PEDER SCHPIKE.

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

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

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

PEDER SCHPIKE.

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

YACOB SCHNAPPS.

Yaw, der shtate von New Yarsey ish near!

POTH TOGEDER.

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

### THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND. (A Parody.)

As sung by the Hutchinson Family.

AIR—"Alice Grey."

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

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

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

## THE SAILOR-BOY'S GOOD-BY.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that Tree."

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

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

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

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

## ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## DON GIOVANNI.

## A Mysterious Melodrama,

Done into rhyme by W. T. MONCRIEFF.

AIR—"A Frog he would a wooing go."

THERE lived in Spain, as stories tell, oh,  
One Don Giovanni—

Among the girls a deuce of a fellow;  
And he had a servant they called Seporello,  
With his primo, buffo, canto, basso—  
"Heigho!" sighed Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,  
Did Don Giovanni;

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

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

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

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo—  
Fie, Don Giovanni!

"I am running away, will you run away too?"  
Says he—"Yes," says she, "I don't care if I do"—  
With a helter-skelter, hesto, presto—  
What a devil was Don Giovanni!



To a churchyard he came—oh, what brought him there,  
Lost Don Giovanni?

The commandant's stone statue it made him stare,  
Like Washington's statue at Union Square,  
With his saddle, bridle, falchion, truncheon—  
"Give me a call," said Don Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni the statue wasn't slow,  
Bold Don Giovanni.

"Will you sup with me, Mr. Statue?" said he. It cried, "No,  
For you must sup with me in the regions below,  
Off my brimstone, sulphur, pitch-o, smoke-o!"—  
"I'll be d——d if I do!" cried Giovanni.

### ANNIE LAURIE.

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

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

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

## RORY O'MORE.

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

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

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

## THE FINE OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

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

His cabin-walls were covered o'er with fine ould Irish mud  
Because he couldn't afford to have any paper hangings, and  
between you and me he wouldn't give a pin for them  
if he could;  
And jist as proud as Julius Sayzer, or Alixander the Great,  
this independent ragamuffin stood,  
With a glass of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist, which  
he's decidedly of opinion will do a mighty dale of  
good,  
To this fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock!  
Now this fine ould Irish gintleman wore mighty curious  
clothes—  
Though, for comfort, I'll be bail that they'd bate any of  
your fashionable beaux;  
For when the sun was very hot, the gintle wind right  
through his ventilation garments most beautifully  
blows;  
And he's never troubled with any corns, and I'll tell you  
why—because he despises the wakeness of wearing  
any thing as hard as leather on his toes;  
Yet this fine ould Irish gintleman was one of the rale ould  
stock!  
Now this fine ould Irish gintleman has a mighty curious  
knack

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PRAYER-BOOKS AND CORKSCREWS.

## A Song with a Moral.

AIR—"Derry down."

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

*Chorus*—Derry down, etc.

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

Derry down, etc.

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

Derry down, etc.

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

Derry down, etc.

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

Derry down, etc.

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



'Twas brought.—“Let's decant it—a corkscrew, good John.”

Here each of the parsons roared out, “I've got one!”  
Derry down, etc.

## MORAL.

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

## JANE O'MALLEY.

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

*Chorus*—She now sleeps,  
She now sleeps in the valley.

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

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

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

## LODGINGS IN PAT MCGARADIE'S.

A Rollicking Irish Song.

Sung by FRED MAY.

AIR—"Barney McFinnegan."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When she heard the dreadful news, she fell, in despair,  
To wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair.

"Since he is gone and left me, no man will I take;  
In some lonesome valley I will wander for his sake!"

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

## SALL BRILL AND SQUINTING WILL.

A Simple little Ditty.

AIR—"The Girl I left behind me."

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

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

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

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## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

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



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

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

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### THE LANDLADY OF FRANCE.

A Rare Old Comic Song.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

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

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

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

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

## THE HAZEL-DELL.

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

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

All alone my watch, etc.

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

All alone my watch, etc.

I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

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

*Chorus.*

“Love, and honor, and obey—  
Love, and honor, and obey”?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, 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 to dulness don't incline,  
No, not I—no, not I;  
Go to bed at half-past nine?  
No, not I—no, not I!  
I to dulness don't incline,  
No, not I—no, not I;  
Go to bed at half-past nine?  
No, not I—no, not I!  
Should a humdrum husband say  
That at home I ought to stay,  
Do you think that I'll obey—  
Do you think that I'll obey?  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I;  
Do you think that I'll obey—  
Do you think that I'll obey?  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not I;  
No, no, no, etc.

NO! NO!

The celebrated Duett in the Burletta of "No."

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

AIR—"Isabel."

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

SHE. No!

HE. Say, dearest, you still love me?

SHE. No!

HE. Oh, how can you doom me to sorrow?

Yet once again bless me with—

SHE. No!

HE. And promise to meet me to-morrow:

Promise—

SHE. No!

HE. Pr'ythee—

SHE. No!

HE. Don't say no!

HE. Must we, then, dearest Maria, sever?

And can you, then, part with me?

SHE. No!

HE. Then swear by yon sun to be mine only ever;

You cannot refuse me, love!

SHE. No!

HE. You hate not your fond lover?

SHE. No!

HE. Your hand to my faithful heart pressing,

Say, does it offend you, love?

No!

HE. Then to marry will not be distressing—

Answer!

SHE. No!

HE. Once more.

SHE. No! no! no! no!

## BACHELOR BARNEY O'NEIL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

By night and by day did I swear I did love her,  
While she swately promised she'd ne'er prove a rover;  
But the honeymoon scarcely a week had passed over,  
When a divil was Misthress O'Neil!  
At clawing, och! faith, not a woman could bate her;  
And thin, as to tongue, she'd the divil's own clatter;  
Och, sure, but I soon wondered what was the matter  
With poor Misther Barney O'Neil.



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

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

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

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

## THE GAY LITTLE POSTMAN.

An Old-Style Comic Song.

As sung by all the comic vocalists.

AIR—"Mr. Walker."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They were soled and heeled without delay;  
To the cobbler he had so much to say,  
He got the shoes, but as for the pay—

“Chalk it down,” says the gay little postman.

Ever since then, they’ve led a cat-and-dog life;  
Their home, bed, and board have been nothing but strife;  
The cobbler was “done,” and so was his wife,

By Walker, the gay little postman:

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

### MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE,

A Parody on “Meet Me by Moonlight alone.”

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

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,

In the grove at the end of the vale;

But be sure you don’t come there alone—

Bring a pot of your master’s strong ale,

With a nice bit of beef and some bread;

Some pickles, or cucumbers green,

Or a nice little dainty pig’s head—

’Tis the loveliest tit-bit e’er seen.

Then meet me, etc.

Pastry may do for the gay,

Old maids may find comfort in tea;

But there’s something about ham and beef

That agrees a deal better with me.

Remember my cupboard is bare—

Then come, if my dear life you prize;

I’d have lived the last fortnight on air,

But you sent me two nice mutton-pies!

Then meet me, etc.

DOCTOR O'TOOLE,  
And his Illigant School.

As sung by ED BERRY, comedian and vocalist.

AIR—"Derry down."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## HIGGINS'S BALL.

### An Irish Narrative in Rhyme.

As sung by FRED MAY.

AIR—"Paddy O'Carroll."

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

### *Chorus.*

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



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

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

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

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

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

There was, etc.

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

An Original Conglomeration of Titles.

By E. T. JOHNSTON.

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

*Chorus.*

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

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

Oh, "Happy, happy be thy dreams,"  
 When you're "Comin' thro' the rye;"  
 "I wish I was in Dixie's Land"—  
 "Dear mother, I've come home to die."  
 Call me, etc.

"Dear Tom," "'Twas my grandma's advice,"  
 "Don't ever fly your kite too high;"  
 "I'm over young to marry yet,"  
 "Says the spider to the fly."  
 "We met by chance," at "Donnybrook Fair,"  
 Where "No Irish need apply;"  
 "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls"—  
 "Dear mother, I've come home to die."  
 Call me, etc.

"Yes, dearest, I will love thee more,"  
 "I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree;"  
 "Our Billy was a butcher-boy,"  
 And "Sally is the gal for me."  
 "A dainty plant's the Ivy green,"  
 "Then, comrades, raise your banners high;"  
 "I wish I had a fat contract"—  
 "Dear mother, I've come home to die."  
 Call me, etc.

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SNIGSBY keeps a diary since it has become fashionable. Being in a poetical mood the other evening, he made the following entry, which may serve as a pattern to the afflicted:

"A nuther day is past and gon  
 Bill Jenkins broke my demmy gon  
 I'm turnin' in at half-past six.  
 The moon's a dumplin', fiddle stix."

WHAT is the apparent difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla? The Prince of Wales is the heir apparent, an orphan has no'er a parent, a bald head has no hair apparent, and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

## SOCIAL SENTIMENTS;

OR,

Toasts for all Times.

A COBWEB pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse, and a long journey, to the enemies of freedom and progress!

Firmness in the senate, valor in the field, and fortitude on the waves.

Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to the hearts, and concord to the heads, of the soldiers of freedom.

Improvement to our arts, and invention to our artists.

May the Tree of Liberty flourish around the globe, and every human being partake of its fruits!

May the skins of our foes be turned into parchment, and our rights written thereon.

The three great Generals in power—General Peace, General Plenty, and General Satisfaction.

America's emblem, our glorious eagle,

Who seeks to destroy him, forever shall fail,

If they think that proud bird they can ever inveigle

By sprinkling salt on his venerable tail!

May the boat of Pleasure always be steered by the pilot of Reason.

A drop of good-stuff, and a pleasant party,

To spend the evening social and hearty.

May the freedom of election be preserved, the trial by jury maintained, and the liberty of the press secured, to the latest posterity.

The inside of a house, and the outside of a prison.

May he who betrays his country, know the want of a country to shelter in.

May the juice of the rich grape enliven each soul,  
And Good-Humor preside at the head of each bowl;  
We meet to be merry, then let us part wise,  
Nor suffer the bottle to blind Reason's eyes.

May the devil never pay visits abroad, nor receive company at home!

May Fortune fill the cup when Charity guides the hand.  
Great men honest, and honest men great.

A pot and a pipe, and a good-natured wife,  
Just to make me feel happy the rest of my life.

Short shoes and long corns to our country's enemies.

Champagne to our real friends, and real pain to our sham friends.

Friendship in marble, animosity in dust.

Envy in an air-pump, without a passage to breathe through.

May every honest man *turn out* a rogue.

Lenity to the faults of others, and sense to discover our own.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a dollar in our pocket.

Here's to Columbia, the hope of the world!

Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,

And army still conquer with courage unfailing,

Their thunder forever 'gainst tyrants be hurled!

Here's to the man that raised the goose that gave the quill that made the pen that signed the Declaration of Independence!

May our laws guard our liberty, and our liberty our laws.

Let the hoary miser toil,

We such sordid views despise;

Give us wine and Beauty's smile,

There each glowing rapture lies.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufactures,  
subtraction to our taxes, and reduction to useless offices.

All Fortune's daughters, except the eldest Mis-Fortune.

THE END.



## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

After the Battle.	Ill Omens	The Fortune-Teller
As a Beam o'er the Face of	I've a Secret to Tell Thee	The Harp that Once Through
the Waters may Glow.	Joys that Pass Away	Tara's Halls [Mistress
As Slow our Ship	Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye	The Irish Peasant to His
At the Mid Hour of Night	Let Erin Remember the Days	The Legacy
Avenging and Bright	Love and the Novice [of Old	The Meeting of the Waters
A Finland Love Song	Love's Young Dream [Thee	The Mountain-Sprite
Before the Battle.	Love Thee, Dearest, Love	The Minstrel Boy
Believe Me, If all those En-	Light Sounds the Harp	The Night Dance
dearing Young Charms	Love's Light Summer-Cloud	The Prince's Day
By that Lake whose Gloomy	Love, My Mary, Dwells with	The Song of Fionnuala
Come o'er the Sea [Shore	Nay, Tell me Not [Thee	The Song of O'Ruark
Come Rest in this Bosom	No, Not More Welcome	The Song of War
Come, Send Round the Wine	Oh, Banquet Not	The Time I've Lost in Wooing
Couldst't Thou Look as Dear	Oh, Blame Not the Bard	The Young May Moon
Dear Harp of my Country	Oh, Breathe Not His Name	The Young Rose
Drink to Her	Oh, Doubt Me Not	This Life is all Chequered
Erin, O Erin! [in Thine Eyes	Oh, Hal! We Some Bright	Though the Last Glimpse of
Erin! the Tear and the Smile	Little Isle of our Own	Through Erin's Isle [Erin
Eveleen's Bower	Oh, Think Not my Spirits are	Tis Believed that this Harp
Farewell! But Whenever you	Always as Light	Tis Gone, and Forever
Welcome the Hour	One Bumper at Parting	Tis Sweet to Think
Fill the Bumper Fair	Oh, Remember the Time	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
Fly Not Yet	Oh, Soon Return	To Ladies' Eyes
From Life Without Freedom	Oh, Where's the Slave [ly	Weep On, Weep On, Your
Go Where Glory Waits Thee	Oh, Yes, So Well, So Tender-	Hour is Past [World
Has Sorrow Thy Young Days	Oh, Yes, When the Bloom	We May Roam Through this
Shaded	Remember the Glories of	What the Bee is to the Flow-
How Dear to Me the Hour	Brien the Brave	When First I Met Thee [erit
How oft has the Banshee Cried	Rich and Rare Where the	When He who Adores Thee
Here's the Bower	Gems She Wore	When 'Midst the Gay I Meet
I'd Mourn the Hopes	She is Far from the Land	When Twilight Dews
I Saw from the Beach [Prime	St. Senanus and the Lady	When Through Life [Light
I Saw Thy Form in Youthful	Sublime Was the Warning	While Gazing on the Moon's
It is Not the Tear at This	Take Back the Virgin Page	While History's Muse
Moment Shed	The East Indian	You Remember Ellen

## TONY PASTOR'S "OWN" COMIC VOCALIST.

A Broth of a Boy is O'Blarney	Modern Inventions	The Grave Undertaker
All the World are Fishing	My Grandfather was a Most	The Green-eyed Lobster Jeal-
A Man Ain't a Horse, if He's	Wonderful Man	The Mouse Trap [ousy
Born in a Stable	My Grandmother was a Most	The Literary Loafer
A Narrow Escape	Wonderful Dame	The Lovely Chimney Sweep
An Editor's Miseries	My Sister She's a Most Won-	The Press, Pen, and Ink
A Tragedy in Tenth Avenue	derful Gal	The Pretty Waiter Girl
Baron Bohmbig	Oh, How I Love the Ladies	The Real, Perfect Cure
Beautiful Biddly of Sligo	Parody on "Oh, No, We	The Spitfire Journal
Comic Medley	Never Mention Her"	The Streets of New York
Folks I Don't Care to Meet	Poor Polly Higginbottom	The Watchmaker's Song
Hit the Right Nail on the Head	Popping Corn	The Way the Money Goes
Hot Coddins [Look	The Age of Drinking	The Whites, the Browns, and
How Do You Think/it Will	The Battle of the Gamecocks	the Greens
Isabella with the Gingham	The Beauties of Advertising	Tired of Married Life
Umbrella [Troubles	The Cork Leg [Blue	Wait Till You Get It
It's a Folly to Talk of Life's	The Dark Girl Dressed in	What Is and What Isn't
Man and Money Ready	The Everlasting Breeches	Young Man from the Country

## TONY PASTOR'S IRISH COMIC SONGSTER.

A Cure for the Nightmare	Mrs McLaughlin's Party	The Contraband's Adventures
A Gentleman in the Army	New Parody on "You'll Re-	The Days When I was Young
A Hundred Years Hence	member Me"	The Fifth Avenue Belle
An Irishman's Ancestors	No Irish Need Apply	The Fourth of July
An Irishman's Coat it is But-	One Thing and the Other	The Happiest Fellow Out
toned Before	Ould Higgin's Ball	The Irish Patriot's Call
An Irishman's Receipt for	Paddy Murphy's Auction	The Man Over the Way
Love Making	Paddy's Balloon Ascension	The Ould Love Agin
Billy Boot and Timmy Twist	Parody on "When this Cruel	The Returned Volunteer
Brigadier Brallagan	War is Over"	The Rale Ould Style [ger,
Couldn't See It [Ho	Pat's Trip to America	The Single Young Man Lod-
Fee-Faw-Fum and Ho-Hang-	Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say	The Song of all Songs
Gay is the Life of a Fighting	Spend your Soap [Voyage	The Upper and Lower Ten
Jonny Law [Amerykin	Sweet Kitty Neil	Thousand
Kitty O'Shaughnessy	The Athlone Landlady	The Yankee Yeoman
Leave Me to Sleep, Biddy	The Bould Highwayman	Young America and Ould
Mrs Mary Jane O'Dowd	The Boy for the Drum	Ireland



## FRANK CONVERSE'S "OLD CREMONA" SONGSTER.

A Query	Jine de Army	Shoddy
A Race	Kruelty to Johnny	Shoddy Contracts
Banjo Duett [Echoless Shore	Lanigan's Ball	Sparking
Call Me Not Back from the	Lord Lovell and Nancy Bell	Spelling
Charley Fox on Intervention	My Lowland Home	Sweet Eliza
Charming Billy	New York Fashions	The Bewitched Terrier
Comic Banjo Solo	New York Ladies	The Broadway Stages
Conundrums	Oh, Yes, 'Tis So	The Broom Peddler
Dandy Pete	"Oh, You Bet!"	The Fifth Avenoodle Belle
Dead-Heads	Or Any Other Man	The Four Vultures
De Old Banjo	Oyster Sally	The Difference
De Coon Hunters	Pete Williams	The Gay Young Waiter
De History of de Banjo	Policy and Politics	The Organ Gal
Down Below	Pop Goes the Nigger	The Sailor
Fightin' in de Army	Pull the Stoppole Out	The Twig of Shillalah
Gold Buttons	Robinson Crusoe	Three Blind Mice
Good Reason	Sally White	Too True to Nature
Honest Men	Sambo's Opinion	To See What I Can See
"I Can't Help Dat!"	Sassy Nigger Pete	What I Wish
Jerusha Anna Bell	Send de Sojers Down	When this Cruel War is Over

## THE CONVIVIAL SONGSTER.

A Mug of Old Ale	Fill the Bumper Fair	The Zoo-Zoo's Toast [Life
A Bumper of Good Liquor	Fill the Goblet Again	The Pope, He Leads a Happy
Auld Lang Syne	Forty Toasts for Convivial	This Life is all Chequered
A Glass is Good	Occasions [Wine	with Pleasures and Woes
A Health to all Good Lasses	Give me Woman, Give me	The Bottle's the Sun of Our
A Sup of Good Whisky	Had I the Tun which Bacchus	The Water Drinker [Table
A Bumper for Thee	Used [Moore	The Monks of Old [ny
A Song After a Toast	Here's a Health to Thee, Tom	The Best of all Good Compa-
Beer, Boys, Beer	Here's to the Maiden of Bash-	There's No Deceit in Wine
Benny Havens	ful Fifteen	The Jolly Fat Friar
Begone, Dull Care	Here's to You Again	The Good Rhine Wine
Bibo's Will	I Likes a Drop of Good Beer	The Song of the Glass
Come, Send Round the Wine	I Love a Sixpence	They Were Merry Days [ing
Cruiskeen Lawn	I Ama Friar of Orders Grey	There's No Joy Like Drink-
Come, Landlord's Fill [ers	Inspiring Fount of Cheering	The Year that's Awa'
Come Now, all Ye SocialPow	Wine [man	The Soldier's Toast
Drink of this Cup	Let the Toast be Dear Wo-	The Big Bellied Bottle
Drink to Her	Life's a Bumper	The Thirsty Earth
Drink it Down [Thine Eyes	Mynheer Van Dunck	Tom Brown
Drink to Me Only With	My Friend and Pitcher	To Ladies' Eyes
Drown it in the Bowl	May we Ne'er Want a Friend	Tuscan Wine
Down Among the Dead Men	One Bumper at Parting	Viva la Compagnie
Der Lager Bier	Oh, Banquet Not	Wreath the Bowl
Drink and Be Glad	One Bottle More	Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt
Friend, By my Soul, I'll	Old King Cole [Dear	With a Jolly Full Bottle
Whisky Drink	Potteen, Good Luck to Ye,	When Bibo Thought Fit
Farewell! But Whenever you	Sparkling and Bright	Whisky, Drink Divine [ing
Welcome the Hour	Simon the Cellarer	We Won't go Home till Morn-
Fill High the Brimmer	Song of Bibo	With an Honest Old Friend
Flow, Thou Regal, Purple	The Brown Jug	Woman, a Toast
Fuddle thy Nose [Stream	The Jug of Punch	Your Health, Old Friend

## FATTY STEWART'S COMIC SONGSTER.

A Hint to John Bull	New "Billy Barlow"	The Lawyer's Clerk and the
A New Cure for a Cough	News from the Battle-Field;	Junkman's Daughter
A World of Misfortunes	or, the Volunteer's Wife	The Leaders of the Day
Bandy-Legged Jack and His	Pat Murphy, of Meagher's	The Little Old Maid's Com-
Bride	Brigade	plaint [Now
Bretty Katherine	Pat's Adventures in the Army	The Nation's Topsy-Turvy
Bryan O' Lynn	Quack, Quack, Quackery	The Skater's Sonz
Cal's Head and Sheep's Eyes	Reckoning Chickens Before	The Talented Family
De Nigger on de Fence	They're Hatched	The Tax Upon Income
Der Song of der Shirtless	Shqualling Pussy [leen	The Union, Right or Wrong
Der Yankee Doodle Shentle-	Terrence's Farewell to Kath-	The Way to Go a Pleasuring
Don't Give up the Ship [man	The Absentee Officers	The Wounded Marineer
Fat and Greasy	The Darkey Skeleton [oline	Tim Finigan's Wife
I Am a Union Volunteer	The Days we Wore No Crin-	Tin Kettles to Mend
It Isn't All in Bringing Up	The Hod-Carrier's Sereuade	True Pleasures at Home
Kitty Tyrrell	The Hub of the Universe; or	We Are all Putting our Way
Lots of Cash	Sights Around Boston	Through the World
Miss Kinkerty Prim	The Irish Mythologist	We'll Fight for Uncle Sam
Murphy's Patent Almanac	The Irish Tinker's Lament	Widow Tomkin's Tom-Cat

THE HEART AND HOME SONGSTER.

Auld Lang Syne	I'm Afloat! I'm Afloat!	The Gay Cavalier
A Thousand a Year [Sea]	I Am a Friar of Orders Grey	The Female Auctioneer
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing	In the Days When I Was Hard	The Pilot [for Me]
Angel's Whisper	John Anderson, My Jo [Up]	There's Somebody Waiting
Beauty and Time	Larboard Watch	The Song of Blanch Alphen
Beggar Girl	No One to Love	The Marseilles Hymn
Beautiful Venice [My Love]	Oh, Sister, Dear	The Skater's Song
Come Live with Me and Be	Oh, I'm a Jolly Bachelor	The Monks of Old
Castles in the Air	Off in the Still Night	The Power of Love
Do they Think of Me at Home	O, Norah, My Darling	The Cow and the Ass [Sea]
Dame Margery	Oh, Let me Like a Soldier Fall	The Sea, The Sea, The Open
Dear Summer Morn [More]	Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow	The Brave Old Oak [hood]
Dearest, Then I'll Love Thee	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	The Sunny Hours of Child-
Eulalie	[only complete version]	The Newfoundland Dog
Farewell! Old Cottage	Robin Ruff and Gaffer Green	The Freemason's Song
Father Malloy	Riding in a Railroad-Keer	The Valley of Chamouni
Forget Thee	Simon the Cellarer [Near]	The Village Green
Good Night! Farewell	Still in my Dreams Thour't	The Vale of Rest [Dwell]
Gaffer Grey	The Blind Girl	Tell Me, Where Do Fairies
Hearts and Homes	Three Fishers Went Sailing	The Lads of the Village
Happy Be Thy Dreams	The Bell Ringer	The Flower Gatherers
Home, Sweet Home	The Miller of the Dee	Viva la Compagnie
In Happy Moments	The American Boy	We May Be Happy Yet
I Love the Merry Sunshine	There Was a Jolly Miller	Why Do Summer Roses Fade
I Cannot Mind my Wheel,	The Old Church Bell	What are the Wild Waves Say
Mother [ble Halls]	The Captain	Where art Thou, Dearest [ing]
I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Mar-	The Jolly Fat Friar	Why Did She Leave Him

THE DONNYBROOK FAIR COMIC SONGSTER.

A Dollar or Two	Miss Bailey [O'Whack]	Surnames
An Irishman's Motto	Molly O'Rigg and Cornelius	The Banner of the Free
A Visit to Barnums	Mulvany and O'Flanagan	The Coat of Other Days
Bet Carey	Murtoch Delarney's Travels	The Drummer of Antietam
Bulls	My Ways and My Means	The Flag of the Republics
Buttermilk and Praties	Old Erin's Green Isle	The Gathering of the O'Maho-
Call Me Pet Names	Our Motherland	The Girl that's Gone and
Captain Mulligan	Paddy and His Pig	The Irish Jig [Left Me]
Dear Mary, Come Back	Paddy Burke	The Last Potato [Cool]
Donnybrook Fair	Paddy Carey's Fortune	The Man that Couldn't Get
Handy Andy [Know It]	Paddy's Chapter on Pockets	The Old Bog Hole
If Your Nose is Long, You'll	Paddy's Island of Green	The Two Jackdaws
I'm Not Such an Ugly Man	Paddy McShane's Seven Ages	The Wig, Cane and Hat
Ireland	Paddy's Rambles	The Wonders
Irish Banquet Song	Paddy's Shindy	The World a Fish Pond
I Would Not Die in Spring	Parody on "A Life on the	The Tax Bill [Now]
Katty Mooney	Ocean Wave" [the Sea]	Who Will Care for Mickey
Kiss Me Good Night, Mother	Parody on "The Cottage by	Widow Mulroony's Ball
Labor and Its Reward	Parody on "When this Cruel	Young America's Alphabet
Larry Magee's Wedding	Rafferty's Party [War is Over]	of Heroes

THE CAMP-FIRE SONG BOOK.

A Big Thing Coming	Home Again	The Brave Boys of Comp'n'y D
Abraham's Daughter	Home, Sweet Home	The Bugle Note
A Good Time Coming, Boys	How are You, Johnny Bull	The Flag of Our Union
A Glass is Good	Hurrah for the Union	The Gallant Zouaves
America	I Love a Sixpence	The Girl I Left Behind Me
Annie Laurie	Jeff Davis; or, The King of	The London "Times" on
Auld Lang Syne [Crew]	the Southern Dominions	American Affairs
A Yankee Ship and a Yankee	Jonathan to John	The New York Volunteers
Benny Havens	Let Cowards Shirk their Duty	The Soldier's Hymn
Bully for Us	Little Rhode Island	The Stripes and the Stars
Camp War Song [Ocean]	My Love, He is a Zoo-Zoo	The Star Spangled Banner
Columbia, the Gem of the	My Country! 'Tis of Thee	[with additional verses]
Come, Landlords, Fill	I Sing	The Union Marseilles
Come, Raise the Banner High	Our Country's Flag	The Union Must and Shall be
Corpora! Kelly	Our Father Land	Preserved
Dixie of Our Union	Our Flag is There	The Union Root Hog or Die
Dixie of the Michigan Boys	Our German Volunteers	The Yankee Volunteers
Drink it Down	O'Toole and McFlanigan on	There Lies the Whisky Bot-
Free and Easy Still	the War	tle Empty on the Shelf
Gay and Happy	Pat's Opinion of the Stars	Union and Justice
God Save our Native Land	and Stripes	Viva L America
Hail Columbia	Red, White and Blue	Viva la Compagnie
Happy Land of Canaan	Songs of the Camp	Whack Row de Dow

## TONY PASTOR'S UNION SONG BOOK.

"Any Other Man"	That's Whats the Matter No 1	The Union Bridge
As I Went Walking on; or, A	That's Whats the Matter No 2	The Union Train
Trip Through Broadway	The Confederate Carnival	The Union Volunteers [cosh
A Warmer	The Fall of Lander	The Yankee's Escape from Se
Couldn't See the Point	The Fishball Musketeer	Things I Do Like to See
"Freemen, Rally" [land?]	The Irish Volunteer	Tony's Great Union Speech
How are You "Hold Hing-	The March of the Union	To the Girl I Left Behind
Hunky Boy is Yankee Doodle	The Monitor and Merrimac	Uncle Sam in for the Union,
March for the Union	The New Ballad of Lord Lovell	and Out Against Disunion
McFay on McClellan	The New England Boys	Uncle Sam "Under Weigh"
Old England's Position [his Ire	The New Whack Row de Dow	Union Speech, No 2
Old Johnny Bull has Raised	The Peaceful Battle of Manas-	We are Marching to the War
Onward March to Victory	sas	Whack Row de Dow [new
Our Four-and-Thirty Stars	The Poor Old Worn-out Trai-	version]
Sumter, the Shrine of the Na-	The Standard of Freedom	When this Old Hat was New
That Southern Wagon [tion	The Union Big Thing on Ice	Ye Sons of Columbia

## TONY PASTOR'S COMIC SONGSTER.

A Big Thing on Ice	Mary Mary has the Longest Nose	The Yankee Quilting Party
A Parody [Comic Recitation]	Nick, Not at Home	The Goot Lager Beer
A Sweetener for the Ladies	Ould Irish Stew [Another	The Lazy Club
Be Sure a Thing Will Pay	One Good Turn Deserves	The Farmer's Alphabet
Billy, I Have Missed You	Played Out	The "Rights of Man"
Couldn't Stand the Press	Sound on the Goose	The Widow Wagtail
Don't Think Much of You	Strike, While the Iron's Hot	The Bachelor's Dream
Flying Your Kite too High	Something New to Wear	The Obstinate Man [tation
Folks that Put on Airs	Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker	The Traveler [a Comic Reci-
Good Advice	The Clown's Consolations to	Think of Your Head in the
Happy Hezekiah	Disconsolate People	Tuscaloosa Sam [Morning
Happy Land of Canaan	The Age of Machinery	Unhappy Jeremiah
I Can't See It	The 'Orrible Tale	Umbrella Courtship
Joe Bowers	The Goose Hangs High	Wonder of the Age
Lather and Shave	The Tickler	Whole Hog or None
Merry Month of May	The Ragged Coat	What will Mrs Grundy Say ?

## FLORENCES' IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GIRL SONGSTER.

Away Down East	Johany is Gone for a Soldier	Paddy O'Flannagan
Bachelor's Hall	Josiah Brown	Paddy's Wedding
Ballygarren	Kitty O'Rourke	Peter Gray
Barney O'Neil	Larry O'Brien	Riddle Cum Dinky Doo
Billy O'Rourke	Last Week I Took a Wife	Rim! Tom! Tramp!
Bobbing Around	Listen, Dear Fanny	Sal Sling
Bold Privateer	Lost Umberrell	The Cavalier
Boy with the Auburn Hair	Mary Avourneen	The Emerald Isle
Captain Fitzzeasy	Michael O'Nearey's Wake	The Irishman's Shanty
Emma Lee	Molly of the Mead	The Irish Shoemaker
Evening Star	My Boyhood's Happy Home	The Scenes of Home
Ever of Thee	My Heart is Sad	The Tail iv My Coat
Flaming O'Flannagan	My Son, Mickey	Trust to Luck [gether
Homeward Bound	Norah McShaue	We were Boys and Girls To
Iffy, Iffy, If	Och! Blood and 'Ounds	When the Swallows Home-
I Have No Mother Now	Oh, Come with Me [Darlin'	ward Fly
Independence Day	Old Ireland! You're my	Widow Ciumsee
Isle of Beauty	Our Mary Ann	Widow Mahoney

## BOB HART'S PLANTATION SONGSTER.

African Statues	Freezing Bed-Fellow	Private Maguire
Adventures on Staten Island	Farmer's Daughter	Patriotic Song
Adolphus Snow	Gray Mare	Peter Gray
Around the Horn	Get Up and Get	Peanut Girl
Abraham Brown	Gay Cavalier [sion	Putting on Airs
Bride of Rinaldo	Goose Hangs High [new ver-	Rip, Tare, My Johnny
Bryan O' Lynn [new version]	Gay City Conductor	Radish Girl
Come, Jeff, Come	Ham Fat Man	Row the Boat
Cruelty to Johnny	Happy Contraband	Soap-Fat Man
Con Donahue	Home in Kentucky	Sally Come Up
Charcoal Man [version]	Hart's "Original Burlesque	The Three Black Crows
Can't Stand the Press [new	Speech"	The Gable Family
Deceitful Maiden	Jeff Davis' Dream	The Dog is Dead
Da's What's de Matter 'Stump	Joe Bowers	The Groceryman
Speech"	Little Pigs	Uncle Snow
Disappointed Lover	Mount Vernon	Union Song
Down the River	Mickey's Gone Away	Young Bob Ridley
Dutchman's Shanty [Up"	Negro Lecture	Young Volunteer
Encore verses "Sallie Come	Negro Stump Speech	Van Amburgh's Menagerie



**THE LOVE AND SENTIMENTAL SONGSTER.**

A Penny for your Thoughts	Kathleen Mavourneen	The Standard Bearer
Alice Gray [Around]	Katy Darling	The Irish Emigrant's Lament
Autumn Leaves be Strewed	Kitty of Coleraine	The Harp that Once
Aggie Ashore	Little Jenny Dow	The Pirate's Serenade
All's for the Best	Lizzie Dies To-Night	The Ivy Green
Brightest Eyes	Listen to the Mocking Bird	The Light of Other Days
Be Off with You, Now	Last Greeting	The Good-bye at the Door
Ben Bolt	Let the Toast be Dear Woman	The Dreams of the Heart
Beautiful Silver Sea	Love Me Little Love Me Long	The Miller's Daughter
Come into the Garden, Maud	Mary Aileen	The Murmuring Sea
Evening Star	Molly Bawn	The Three Ages of Love
Ever of Thee	My Mother Dear {Sigh	Then You'll Remember Me
Emma Lee	My Soul in One Unbroken	Thou Art Gone from my Gaze
Ellen Bayne	Mary of Argyle	Thou Art Mine Own, Love
Good News from Home	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	'Tis Midnight Hour
Good Night! Beloved	Norah McShane {I love Them	True Friendship
Good-Bye, Sweetheart!	Norah, Darling, Don't Be	Twilight Dews
Give Me a Cot in the Valley	Oh, Where's the Harm of a	'Tis Hard to Give the Hand
Home Again [I Love	Pretty Jane [Little Kiss	Where the Heart can Never
Hark, I Hear an Angel Sing	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	Be [Gone
He Doeth all Things Well	Rocked in the Cradle	Why Have My Loved Ones
I Ask but for One Thrilling	Shells of Ocean	When the Swallows Home-
Kiss [side	Scenes that are Brightest	ward Fly
I Wandered by the Brook-	Some One to Love	Where are the Friends
I am Leaving Thee	The Dearest Spot	Would I Were a Boy Again
I'd Offer Thee this Hand	The Gambler's Wife	We Met by Chance
I'm Not Myself at All	The Silver Moon	Why Do I Love Thee Yet
In this Old Chair [Green	The Dying Californian	Within a Mile of Edinboro'
Jenny's Coming o'er the	The Low-backed Car	Town [Now
Kitty Tyrrell	The Heart Bowed Down	Will You Love Me Then as

**FRANK BROWER'S BLACK DIAMOND SONGSTER.**

A Darkey's Epitaph	Frank Brower's New Medley	The Cure
A Dutchman's Opinion of	Happy Uncle Tom	The Darkey Bachelor
Things New-a-Days	Hoolagan McCarthy	The Darkey's Race
A Joke on Smoke	How to Get up a Concert	The Dream of the Hard-Up
A Lazy Wife	I Wish I Had a Fat Contract	The End of the World
Altogether too Clean	Johnny Succotash	The Farmer's Boy
A Modest Request	Kit the Cobbler	The Four Vultures
A Tough Boarding House	Marriage Bliss	The Hungry Lover
A Very Deaf Darkey	Model Rhymes	The Jersey Fisherman
Ben Battle and Nellie Gray	New "Cum Plung Gum"	The Lone Fishbail
Black and Blue	Nigger Under de Woodpile	The Men of the Day
Blow Your Horn, Gabriel	No North, No South	The Port Royal Contraband
Bully Boy's the Butterfly	Old Daddy Hopkins	The Wrong Bill
Burlesque Oration on Matri-	Or Any Oder Man's Dog	'Tis the Last Cake of Supper
mony [Tacks	Paddy and the Devil [War"	Up Again and Kiss me Quick
Come Down wid de Brass	Parody on "When this Cruel	Vilkins and His Dinah
Cry and Color	Patrick's Serenade	Viva l' America
De Cappy Land of Hanaan	Shakespeare Improved ter	What a Ridiculous Fashion
De Milk in de Cocoa-Nut	She's Black, but Dat's no Mat-	Why Do I Weep for Thee
De Mysterious Knockings	Some Horse	Wonderful Transformation
De Ole Plantation	Steamed Oysters, Oh	Zouave Johnny's History of
Filibuster Sam	The Boat Race	Hamlet

**CHRISTY'S NEW SONGSTER AND BLACK JOKER.**

Acting upon Your Own Con-	Going a Journey	The Crow Family
Ain't I Right, eh! [viction	Horror	The Three Crows
Alabama Again	I Will Be True to Thee	The Darkey's Home
Annie Lisle	Jenny's Coming o'er the	The Barber
An Expensive Candlestick	Kingdom Coming [Green	The Peanut Stand
Astronomical	Money a Hard Thing to Borrow	The Baby Show
A Penny for Your Thoughts	"Mother's Love is True"	The Raw Recruits
A Sermon	My Native Town	The Widow's Victim
A Ride I Once Was Taking	Our Union None Can Sever	Uncle Sam's Cocks
A Toast	Parsing	Uncle Sam
Bad News	Plantation Medley	Uncle Snow
Better Times are Coming	Poem on Bees	Vegetable Poetry
Burlesque Stump Oration	Query	Was my Brother in the Battle
Burlesque Political	Rock Me to Sleep, Mother	Weighing the Question
Canaan	Sally Jones [There	We'll Gib de White Folks a
Dat's What's de Matter	Shall We Know Each Other	Concert [Gone
De Pretty Yaller Gals	Stump Speech	Why Have my Loved Ones
Der Bold Privateer	Successful	Yaller Dine
Ginger Blue	Sweet Love, Forget Me Not	You Ought to See Us Kiti'n

## THE LANIGAN'S BALL SONGSTER.

A Light at Your Nose	Lanigan's Ball	The American Tar
Con Connery's Consolation	Love with an Eye on the Pocket.	The Beautiful Boy
Courage, Mother, I'm Going	'of My Coat	The Dutchman's Experience
Dat's Wot de 'Ledger,' Says	Micky Magee, or, the Tail	The Fanny Peeler
Don't Poke your Snout in a	Mr Brown, the Astonishing	The Knock-Kneed Tailor
Family Quarrel	Mr Foote, Mr Head and Miss	The Ladies All are Hunky
Fancy Barkeeper	Boddy	The Married Man
Gabble O' Gobble and the	[Patents]	The Critters
Gilhooly the Brave, & McGuf-	New Parent Song on the New	The Mighty Apple Pudding
Hail to Columbia	Old Erin's Shillelah	The Ragged Man
[in the Fair]	Our Boarding House	[tellect]
Hans Dietchkrappenhieter	Parody on "Ever of Thee"	The Wonderful March of In-
I'm Going to Fight mit Sigel	Pat and the Dutchman	The Union
Jack at the Play	Scraps of Fun	Tinker Joe
Joe Bower's Sister Kitty	[Horace]	Werry Mysterious
Land for the Landless	Stick a Pin Dere, Brudder	When a Lad, With my Dad
	That's the Way to Do It	Widdy McGinness's Raffle

## THE SHAMROCK; OR, SONGS OF OLD IRELAND.

Aggie Asthore	Limerick Races	The Fairy Boy
Angel's Whisper	Ma Aileen Asthore	The Fine Old Irish Gentlem'n
A Sweet Irish Girl is the Dar-	Molly Asthore	The Four-Leaved Shamrock
Barnaby Finnegan	Molly Bawn	The Gray Mare
Colleen Bawn	My Heart's in Old Ireland	The Green Bushes
Darling Old Stick	My Nick-name is Barney	The Green Linnet
Doran's Ass	Norah, McShane	The Harp that Once
Erin Go Bragh	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	The Irish Brigade, O
Erin is My Home	Och, Norah, Dear	The Irish Jaunting Car
Green Grow the Rushes, O	[Darlin]	The Land of Potatoes, O
Heigh for the Petticoats	Guld Ireland! You're My	The Lass o' Gowrie
He Tells Me He Loves Me	Paddy Goshlow	The Low-backed Car
Hibernia's Lovely Jean	Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow	The New Policeman
I'd Mourn the Hopes	Purty Molly Brallaghan	The Old Country Party
I'm Leaving Guld Ireland	Savourneen Deelish	The Patriot Mother
I'm Not Myself at All	Sergeant McFadgin	The Road of Life
Irish Post Boy's Song	Teddy O'Neal	The Shan Van Vogh
Irish Tinker's Lament	The Blackbird	The White Cockade
Kathleen Mavourneen	The Blarney	The Wonderful Irishman
Katty Avourneen	The Captain	Up for the Green
Kitty Tyrrell	The Croppy Boy	Widow Machree
Lament of the Irish Emigrant	The Dear Irish Boy	Willy Reilly
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