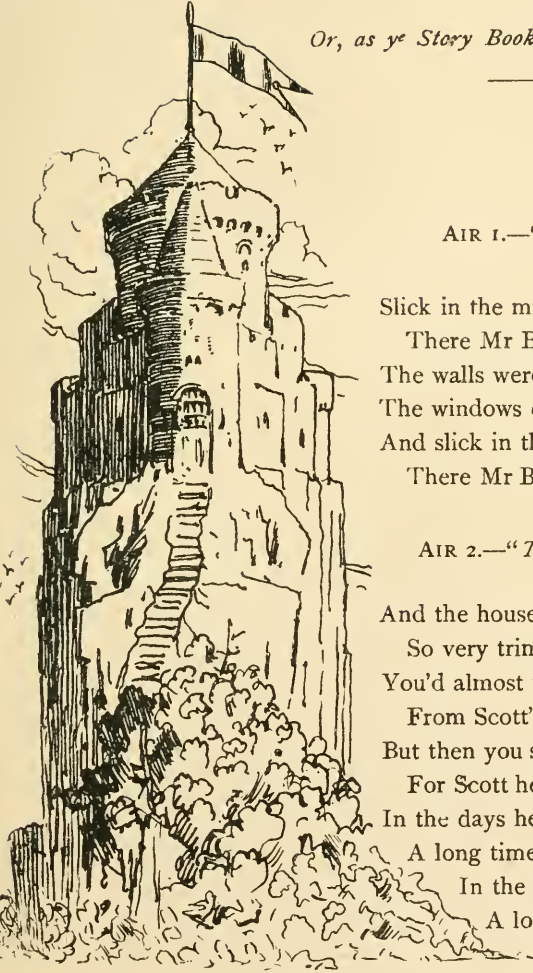


Ye only authentic account of ye Life and Adventures of

“BLUEBEARD,”

Or, as ye Story Book says, “ye effects of Female Curiosity.”



AIR 1.—*“In a cottage near a wood.”*

Slick in the middle of a jolly big wood,
 There Mr Bluebeard's castle stood.
 The walls were of brick, the doors were of wood,
 The windows of plate glass, strong and good ;
 And slick in the middle of a jolly big wood,
 There Mr Bluebeard's castle stood.

AIR 2.—*“The days we went a gipseying”*

And the house itself was furnish-ed
 So very trim and neat,
 You'd almost thought he'd ordered it,
 From Scott's in George's Street ;
 But then you see that couldn't be,
 For Scott he didn't know,
 In the days he went a furnishing,
 A long time ago.
 In the days he went a furnishing,
 A long time ago.

AIR 3.—“*The old English Gentleman.*”

And there Bluebeard, he reigned supreme
 O'er house, and hall, and stable ;
 And every night his custom was
 To lie below the table.
 Until at last his servants came
 And carried him off to bed,
 When he awoke next morning with
 Such a pa-in in his head—
 Like a true blue blazing Bluebeard.
 A cove of the true blue breed.

AIR 4.- “*There’s nae luck about the house.*”

At length old Blue said to himself
 “I’ll go and take a wife,”
 “Altho’ that I know very well”
 “She’ll plague me all my life.”
 So off he set and got Miss Moll,
 Though rather short and weighty,
 A tender, squinting, one-eyed maid
 About the age of eighty.



But very shortly after that
 Says he “O here’s a go,”
 “The married life it don’t suit me,”
 “It is so precious slow,”
 “So I’ll go off with Billy Jones”
 “And have a jolly spree,”
 “And its likely that I won’t be back”
 “For a day, or two, or three.”





AIR 5.—“*Oh what a row, what a rumpus,*” etc.

“But what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting”

“I will kick up, you may be sure, when I come back.”

“But what a row, what a rumpus, and a rioting”

“I will kick up, you may be sure, when I come back.”

“If I hear you’ve been and asked those Browns and Greens to tea with you,”

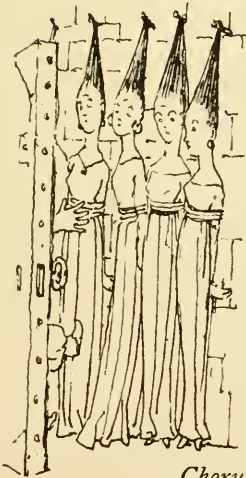
“I’ll tell you what, I won’t stand that, so now beware of what you do;”

“For should you come all for to go and look into that press, ma’am,”

“You’ll get yourself, as Pompey said, into a pretty mess, ma’am.”

Chorus. “And such a row, such a rumpus, and a rioting”

“I will kick up, you may be sure, when I come back.”



AIR 6.—“*Lord Lovel.*”

But he’d scarcely been gone when she open’d the press,

And straightway fell into a “swound,”

When she saw all Bluebeard’s wives, like coats

On pegs, all hanging around, round, round, etc.

AIR 7.—“*Nid noddin.*”

And they’re a’ hanging, hang, hang, hanging,

And they’re a’ hanging up against the wall,

And they’re a’ hanging, hang, hang, hanging,

And they’re a’ hanging up against the wall.

Now some were in quarters, and some were in halves,

There were four and twenty heads, and eight and forty calves.

Chorus. And they’re a’ hanging, hang, hang, hanging,

And they’re a’ hanging up against the wall.



AIR 8.—“*Sprig of Sheldah.*”

But it happened next day, when old Bluebeard came back,
That he found Mrs Bluebeard with a brick-bat

A scrubbing away at a bloody old key,
A scrubbing away at a bloody old key.

“Goodness gracious,” she cried, “pray don’t murder me,”

“And oh, sweetest William, I pray your mercy,”

“The key went itself and it opened the door,”

“And I only looked in, and I’ve done nothing more”

“But scrub all this day at this bloody old key,”

“But scrub all this day at this bloody old key.”



Old Bluebeard was savage and wroth as a Turk,
And he swore by his beard, that his wife he would Burke ;
His nice little wife only eighty years old,
His nice little wife only eighty years old.

But two brothers of hers, who had just come to dine,
Rushed up the stairs, crying, “oh Lord, here’s a shine,”
So out went their swords and off went his head,
And as a matter in course old Bluebeard was dead,
And his wife left a widow, just eighty years old,
And his wife left a widow, just eighty years old.

AIR 9.—“*Lord Lovel.*”

And now that old Bluebeard is gone and is dead—
 I'll tell you the cause of his death ;
 Some say that he died for want of his head,
 And some say for want of his breath, 'reath, 'reath,
 And some say for want of his breath.

This tale may be true, or this tale may be false,
 Or this tale may be all a lie ;
 But one of the worst faults a woman can have
 Is cu-ri-os-i-ty-ty-y,
 Is cu-ri-os-i-ty.



THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

AIR—" *The Young May Moon.*"



Come here, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me who " King David" was,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 King David was a mighty man,
 And he was King of Spain, Sir,
 His eldest daughter, " Jessie " was
 The " flower of Dunblane," Sir.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 " Sir Isaac Newton," who was he,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Sir Isaac Newton was the boy,
 That climbed the apple tree, Sir,
 He then feil down, and broke his crown,
 And lost his gravity, Sir.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me who old " Marmion " was,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Old Marmion was a soldier bold,
 But he went all to pot, Sir,
 He was hanged upon the gallows tree,
 For killing Sir Walter Scott, Sir.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me who " Sir Rob Roy" was,
 Now tell me, if you can, Sir?
 Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
 The King of the Cannibal Islands,
 He spoiled a pair of breeches, and
 Was banished to the Highlands.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Then " Bonaparte," who was he,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Old Bonaparte was King of France ,
 Before the Revolution,
 But he was kilt at Waterloo,
 Which ruined his constitution.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me who " King Jonah " was,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 King Jonah was the strongest man,
 That ever wore a crown, Sir,
 For though the whale did swallow him,
 It couldn't keep him down, Sir.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me who that "Moses" was,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Sure Moses was the Christian name
 Of good King Pharaoh's daughter,
 She was a milkmaid, and she took
 A profit from the water.



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me now where "Dublin" is,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Och! Dublin is a town in Cork,
 And built upon the Equator,
 It's close to mount Vesuvius,
 And watered by the "Cratur."



You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
 And look like a jintleman, Sir,
 Just tell me now where "London" is,
 Now tell me if you can, Sir?
 Och! London is a town in Spain,
 'Twas lost in the earthquake, Sir,
 The Cockneys murder the English there,
 Whenever they do spake, Sir.



You're right, my boy, hold up your head,
 You're now a jintleman, Sir,
 For in history and geography,
 I've taught you all I can, Sir.
 And if any one should ask you now,
 Where you got all your knowledge,
 Just tell them 'twas from "Paddy Blake,"
 Of "Bally Blarney College."

May be sung to the tune of "Kitty Mooney."

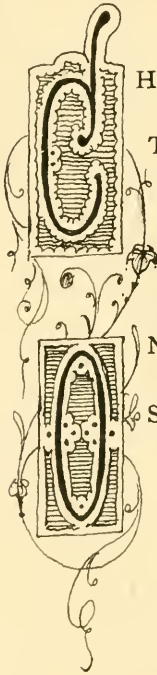


THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

An incident during last year's frost.



NOW I tell a tale that seems to vie
 With the widow's mite of old—
 A tale of truth, that met my eye
 One wintry night so cold,
 When the frost and sleet,
 Chill'd the wandering feet,
 Of the little beggar girl?



HILL'D the wandering feet of the beggar girl, ,
 And the hearts of the passers by,
 Though they saw grief lurking 'neath each curl,
 And hunger in her eye ,
 So mutely crave.
 One penny to save
 The little beggar girl.

NE penny to save ! but all passed by,
 Till a strong, big-hearted man,
 Saw the dying gleam in her sunken eye,
 And stopt his lumbering van ;
 Then the first kind word
 In her life she heard.
 Touched the heart of the beggar girl.



TOUCHED the heart, as first-felt kindness can,
 For on his hard worked hand
 A tear-drop fell—and the big strong man,
 For a moment scarce could stand ;
 Then he turned to go,
 With a fierce “ Hie wo,”
 Away from the beggar girl.

God bless you, man, for what you've done,
 For even in your need,
 You shared your bread with that orphan one,
 (With the poor the poor can plead.)
 And the God of love,
 In His heaven above,
 Marked your act of love
 To the little beggar girl.

Edinr. 1862.



THE BEARS AND THE BEES.

ANE FABLE.



THERE lived two bears a long time back,
 The vildest boys in all the town ;
 The name of von vas Billy Black,
 The tother's name vas Tommy Brown.

Now them two boys vas no relation,
 Although they looked like brothers two,
 And each von in his situation
 Played all the mischief he could do.



Vell—vone day they vent a valking,
 The lovely fields all for to see,
 And jist as they vas busy talking,
 Young Tommy Brown he caught a bee.

With vonder seen in every feature,
 "Crikey, Bill," young Tommy said,
 "It surely is some vondrous creature,
 P'raps it is a quadruped."



“ Oh, oh !” said Villiam, “ you’re another ;
 Vy, it is a honey bee ;
 Don’t you remember that your mother
 Taught this little hymn to thee :

“ How much the little busy beeses
 Do improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey ’mong the treeses,
 All day from the opening flower.”



“ Vell,” said Bill, “ ve aint no money,
 And can’t get nothing for to eat ,
 Let’s go and try and find some honey-
 Comb, for it is very sweet.”

Avay they vent o’er fields and ditches,
 Over hedges and sich like,
 Bill lost his cap, Tom tore his breeches,
 Ven they found a bumbee’s byke.



They pulled and tore it all to pieces,
 'Till they found the honey-comb,
 Ven fathers, mothers, sisters, nieces,
 All rushed out to fight for home.

Now Villiam heard the beeses humming,
 And quickly hid himself from view,
 But Tom he didn't see them coming,
 So on poor Tom each varrior flew.



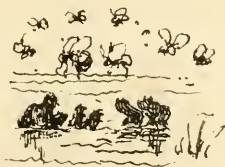
He filled the vood with yells and screeches,
 For they stung his arms and thighs,
 Down his back and up his breeches,
 And quickly closed up both his eyes.

Now ven Tom vas busy crying,
 And vith rage and pain did foam,
 Villiam he vas busy trying,
 All for to get the honey-comb.



At length he got it all secure,
 Ven Tom's figure met his sight,
 Says he, "I vish them bees vas fewer,
 For you're in an awful plight.

"But run and lie down in the river,
 It hardly reaches to your knees;
 It's the only way that you can ever
 Rid yourself of all them bees."



So Tom he quickly disappeared,
 As in the river he lay flat,
 Except his nose vich jist appeared;
 It would not do to submerge that.

The beeses then vere quite astounded
 To see him wanish out of sight,
 And as each thought that Tom was drowned,
 Each von said, "It sarved him right."



Ven they vas gone Bill 'gan a hauling
 Half-drowned Thomas to the shore,
 So home together they vent crawling,
 And wowing ne'er to vander more.

Yet poor Thomas loved some funning,
 For ven Bill said, "He'd go snacks,"
 Tom he replied, "Excuse my punning,"
 "You've got the honey, I the whacks."

Some folks may think this 'ere's a crammer,
 And vont svsallow any down,
 But jist ask Tom, he's sure to stammer,
 "It's true, as my name's

B—B—BROWN."



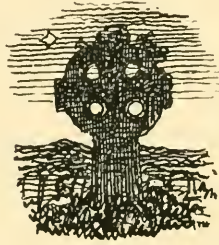
Shades.

THERE is a shade on a brow once bright,
 On a mother's brow this day ;
 But 'tis only seen in the broad clear light,
 And not in that chamber grey.
 In that chamber grey,
 Where her loved one lay,
 Wearing away.

There is a shade on that bad man's brow,
 A deep, dark shade and a gloom ;
 And he'd give the world to raise it now,
 And bury it in the tomb.
 For, dark as the tomb
 Is that lonely room
 Where lies his doom.

There was a shade on that gentle brow,
 It has passed, to return no more ;
 For the heavenly gleams are shining now,
 That lightened the burden sore.
 And the burden sore,
 Which on earth she bore,
 She feels no more.

There is a shade 'neath the aged yew,
That stands near the church alone,
And it falls on the weeds, and rank grass, too,
Where lies a moss-covered stone ;
And there, now unknown,
Sleeps one alone—



“Beneath this stone.”

Ye *LIFE AND ADVENTURES*
OF
TOM THUMB.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."



There once lived a man, and he was a small 'un,
And some folks would say he was'nt a tall (at all) 'un ;
But his life and his deeds were so very "rum,"
He was "50 O. P.," this little Tom Thumb.



'Tis said that he lived on bacon and beans ;
And sometimes he dined on salt pork and greens,
But he thought that such feeding was rather humdrum,
"I've gone the whole hog," said little Tom Thumb.



The story books tell how the brindled cow ate him,
But that is all wrong, for a sheep first did get him ;
Which is proved by his words, though 'tis doubted by some,
"I've walked into his mutton," said little Tom Thumb.



One day, as his mother was making some paste,
Tom fell into it, as he wanted to taste,
So he was mixed up, as he looked like a crumb,
"I'm off on the batter," said little Tom Thumb.



His mother then covered a pie with the crust,
Put it into the oven, when out her son burst,
He looked rather warm, but he cried out "By gum,"
"Done brown, I declare," said little Tom Thumb.



A pedlar came past, said the "pie is bewitched,"
Put it into his bag, then suddenly hitched
It over his shoulder, walked off with his chum,
"It's over the left," said little Tom Thumb.



As Tom once was crossing a river close by,
A salmon snapt at him, as it would a fly ;
But as it was dark, Tom sang rather mum,
"I'm down in the mouth," said little Tom Thumb.



Next day a black raven poor Tom did espy,
Which carried him up in the heaven so high ;
If the bird let him go, to the ground he would come,
"I'll be dashed if I do," said little Tom Thumb.



But just at the time when the bird let him go,
A cook, with a basin of broth, passed below,
Tom fell into it, straight down as a plumb,
"I'm a broth of a boy," said little Tom Thumb.



The cook got a fright, and he lost all his wits ;
 At least, what he had were all smashed to bits ;
 For he thought, in his face he'd got all the scum,
 "It's all in my eye," said little Tom Thumb.



He grabbed at poor Tom, and took him to town,
 And swore in a waterbutt he would him drown ;
 But water was scarce, not enough for a "Tum,"
 "It's all up the spout," said little Tom Thumb.



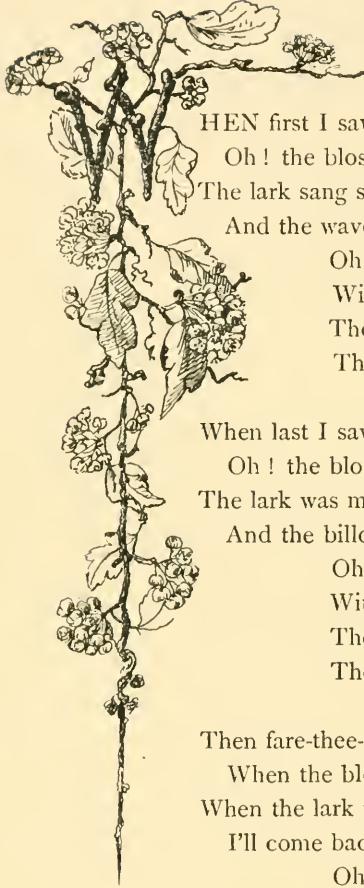
But at last a whole regiment of soldiers came round,
 And from that day to this Tom's never been found ;
 But I've heard said, that he lives in the drum,
 "I'm bound up in parchment," said little Tom Thumb.



This tale may be long for such a short man,
 And yet I've curtailed it as much as I can ;
 But of poor little Tom, you've the whole total sum ;
 So that's the sum total of little Tom Thumb.



"MABEL."



HEN first I saw my Mabel fair ,
 Oh ! the blossoms bloomed bright on the hawthorn tree,
 The lark sang sweet in the sunny air,
 And the waves danced light o'er the rippling sea.
 Oh ! gentle Mabel kind and true,
 With trusting eyes of heavenly blue,
 Tho' long I stray in lands afar,
 Thou'lt be for aye my guiding star.

When last I saw my Mabel kind ,
 Oh ! the blossoms were decayed on the hawthorn tree,
 The lark was mute in the wintry wind,
 And the billows raged wild o'er the stormy sea.
 Oh ! gentle Mabel kind and true,
 With trusting eyes of heavenly blue,
 Tho' long I stray in lands afar,
 Thou'lt be for aye my guiding star.

Then fare-thee-well, my Mabel true ,
 When the blossoms bloom again on the hawthorn tree,
 When the lark from its wings shakes the summer's dew,
 I'll come back again o'er the dark blue sea.
 Oh ! gentle Mabel kind and true,
 With trusting eyes of heavenly blue,
 Tho' long I stray in lands afar,
 Thou'lt be for aye my guiding star.

Ye ENTREATY.

Cast me not from thee now,
 Bid me not go,
 Spare, spare my breaking heart
 This pang of woe ;
 Think of those happy times,
 When all alone,
 Words that were loving said,
 Thou we'rt my own.

Cast me not from thee now,
 Bid me but stay,
 What is this world when thou
 Art far away ;
 Death would be better than
 Life without thee,
 Life has no joys when thou
 Art lost to me.

Cast me not from thee now,
 Let us not part,
 Take me once more again,
 Back to thy heart ;
 Let me but feel that I'm
 Still dear to thee,
 What is this life when thou,
 Lost art to me.

EXTRA VERSE.

Oh! spare my breaking heart, crush me no more,
Bruised as my spirit's been, sadly and sore ;
Still have I ever proved faithful and true,—
Kiss me, and order then, supper for two.



MICK MALOONY.



AIR—"Rory o' More."

Och ! sure and I am in a terrible state
 With picking and choosing 'twixt Kitty and Kate,
 For in troth I am tould, both cannot be had,
 I must only take one—och ! an' sure an' bedad
 If I had but known, that that was their plan,
 I'd never been born an Irishman,
 I'd rather been Russian, Turk, or a Jew,
 T'would have saved me some bother, to have taken the two.
 But I'm ready ye'll find, if yees have a mind,
 Jist to tread on the tail of my coat this same night;
 For och ! an' its true, what I'm telling to you,
 So lay hault of me, boys, for I'm going to fight.

There's Kitty is fair, and Kate she is dark,
 And Kitty is quiet, Kate fond of a lark,
 But when each of them foot it so light and so smart,
 Faith they both take another step into my heart.
 For each are quite perfect in eyes and in lip,
 And each have their noses, "*snu*blime" at the tip,
 If you saw but the tother, you'd sware 'twas the one,
 Och ! thunder and turf now, what's to be done !
 But I'm ready ye'll find, if yees have a mind,
 Jist to tread on the tail of my coat this same night;
 For och ! an' its true, what I'm telling to you,
 So lay houl't of me, boys, for I'm going to fight.

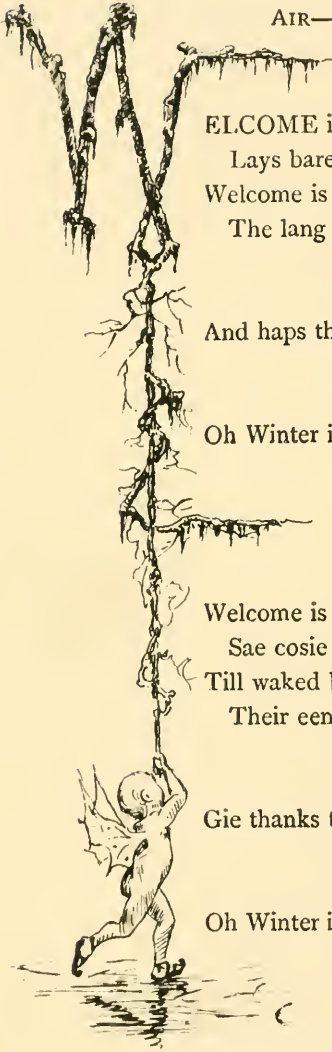
Says I to myself. sure I'm at a loss,
 Jist lend me a penny, and I'll have a toss,
 Here's heads for the dark, and there's tails for the fair,
 Och ! the devil a head or a tail is there there.
 But I must look sharp, and be up to the scratch,
 Else my pipe will be out for want of a match ;
 Faith I'll just cut this minute, for if I don't mind,
 They'll be both off before me, while I'm left behind.
 But I'm ready ye'll find, if yees have a mind,
 Jist to tread on the tail of my coat this same night;
 For och ! an' its true, what I'm telling to you,
 So lay houl't of me, boys, for I'm going to fight.

Then sure an' I'll be in a terrible state,
If with picking and choosing I'm rather too late,
An' in troth as I find, both cannot be had,
I'll only take one—and that same isn't bad.
An', och ! by the piper, 'twill be a foine sight,
To hear Mick Maloony's wild scraim of delight,
When he gets himself married, in church to a bride,
And finds, 'tis a rib that's a-tickling his side.
But I'm ready ye'll find, if yees have a mind,
Jist to tread on the tail of my coat this same night;
For och ! an' its true, what I'm telling to you,
So lay houl't of me, boys, for I'm going to fight.



WELCOME IS WINTER.

AIR—*Hail to the Chief.*



WELCOME is Winter, when Autumn's decaying
 Lays bare ilka tree to the black frosts o' nicht.
 Welcome is winter, when cauld blasts are swaying
 The lang leafless branches, aneth the moon licht,
 For syne comes auld Johnnie,
 Sae kindly and bonnie,
 And haps them a' up in his plaiden o' snaw,
 For warm is his rachen,
 On hill, glen and clachan,
 Oh Winter is welcome, to curlers an' a'.

Welcome is winter, for wee flowers are sleeping,
 Sae cosie and warm aneth auld Johnnie's wing ;
 Till waked by the sound of the icicles weeping,
 Their een' open wide, at the first blink o' spring.
 Then ilka bird singing,
 The echoes saft ringing,
 Gie thanks to the kind hearts, for crumbs as they fa'.
 In words never weary,
 But blythesome and cheerie,
 Oh Winter is welcome, to curlers an' a'.

Come Curlers, come then, baith married and single,
And welcome auld Johnnie, wi' hearty gude cheer ;
For soon we'll delight in the bricht blazing ingle,
And cosie fireside, now that winter is near.
Then up in the morning
Baith care and toil scornin'
We'll meet wi' our brithers frae cot and frae ha' ;
For warm hearts are beating,
To bid us kind greeting,
Oh Winter is welcome, to curlers an' a'.



"REST, BABY REST."



AIR—"Aye Wakin' O."

REST, baby rest.

God His watch is keeping
 O'er thee day and night ;
 O'er thee wake or sleeping,
 Rest, baby rest.

As the hours glide on,
 Softly o'er thee creeping ;
 May'st thou love to learn
 To trust His watchful keeping.
 Rest, baby rest.

REST, baby rest.

God His watch is keeping
 O'er thee day and night ;
 O'er thee wake or sleeping,
 Rest, baby rest.

And as years fleet past,
 Swift beyond recalling,
 May'st thou in Him trust,
 Thy feet to keep from falling.
 Rest, baby rest.

REST, baby rest.

God His watch is keeping
 O'er thee day and night ;
 O'er thee wake or sleeping,
 Rest, baby rest.

When thy sands have run,
 Round thee friends still weeping,
 May'st thou sleep for aye
 In His eternal keeping.
 Rest, baby rest.



“D’YE TWIG?”

AIR—“*The days we went a gipseying.*”

Oh I’m a little simple girl from the country just come down,
 And am not up to dodges like most servant maids in town.
 My Missus said, “no followers,” but I didn’t care one fig,
 For one can scarce exist without “one’s cousins,”—hem!—D’ye twig?
 For one can scarce exist without “one’s cousins,”—Don’t ye twig?



Well, next day as my missus chanced, to come home rather late,
 She caught my “cousin Sam” and me a-standing at the gate.
 Poor Sam, he very quickly cut, but I didn’t care one fig,
 For “sister Jane” had come that night to see me,—hem!—D’ye twig?
 For “sister Jane” had come that night to see me,—Don’t ye twig?



So missus to the kitchen came,—what missuses should not do ;
 And found that “sister Jane” then wore top boots and whiskers too.
 Of course I really felt much shocked, but I didn’t care one fig,
 For Watchman number 84 was waiting,—hem !—D’ye twig?
 For Watchman number 84 was waiting,—Don’t ye twig?



Misfortunes never singly come, for soon an awful sneeze
 Came from the watchman in the press half choked with bread and cheese.
 My missus soon discovered him, but I didn’t care one fig,
 For what’s life worth to girls, unless they’ve “cousins”—hem Dy’e twig?
 For what’s life worth to girls, unless they’ve “cousins”—Don’t ye twig?

My missus gave me warning then "no followin-
ging," said she ;
But 'twasn't me as followed them, 'twas them as followed me.
And so next week I leave this place, but I do not care one fig,
For Sam, he says, his house just wants a missus,—hem !—D'ye twig ?
For Sam, he says, his house just wants a missus,—Don't ye twig ?





The Drooping
Flower.

BOOB drooping bud, and art thou doomed
 So soon to wither and decay,
 Whil'st thy companions fair have bloomed,
 In strength and beauty day by day,
 Alas ! that one so young should fade,
 Ere yet thy life had scarce begun ;
 But cruel hands on thee were laid,
 And bruised thee sore, my only one.

I'll raise thee now with gentle care,
 And lean thee on thy parent stem,
 Perchance the balmy summer air
 May waft thee health, my little gem.
 Ah yes ! if friendly love and care,
 Were oftener shown to frail and weak,
 The broken heart less oft would share,
 Its sickened griefs, with hectic cheek.



*COME, WATCH THE MOONBEAMS
PLAYING.*



COME, come, come!
 Come watch the moonbeams playing,
 O'er hill and valley straying
 While all is still—
 While all is still,
 And not a sound
 On heath and hill
 Is heard around—
 Is heard around.

 Come, come, come,
 While not a sound is heard around
 In glade or wooded dale ;
 For silence breathes its stillness o'er
 Each flowery mead and vale.
 And everything in Nature seems
 Asleep, except the merry moonbeams ;
 And everything in nature seems
 Asleep, except the merry moonbeams.
 For winds are hushed, and songsters sweet
 At eve have gone to rest,
 With tiny head, 'neath folded wing
 On downy pillow pressed—
 On downy pillow pressed.

COME, come, come,
 Come watch the moonbeams playing,
 Over the bright sea straying ;
 While every wave
 With rippling lips
 Kisses the beam
 That lightly trips
 Over the moonlit sea
 In laughing mirth and glee.
 And the sands on the shore afar are seen
 Like a bright, bright cord of silver sheen ;
 While every wave with rippling lips
 Kisses the beam that lightly trips
 Over the moonlit sea.

 Then come, come, come,
 Come watch the moonbeams playing,
 O'er hill and valley straying.
 Playing, straying, never staying,
 Wandering lightly on with glee ;
 Playing, straying—never staying,
 Wandering over land and sea.
 Then come. come, come !



SWEET NELL OR THE GROCER'S DAUGHTER.

A DUET.



AIR—"Sensation Duet."

OH I shall turn quite crazy,
 Insane, stark staring mad,
 For Nell, the duck-y-daisy
 Has treated me so bad:
 For guess the answer that she gave
 When I popped the question sweet,
 "This is a very fine day Joe,
 But *how are your poor feet.*"

Jim loq.-

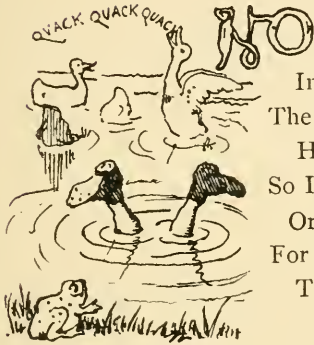
Never say die, never say die, but keep your mind serene Joe,
 Though strange it is, a swell like you, should be so jolly green Joe
 Never say die, never say die, for Nell, the grocer's daughter;
 There's just as good fish in the sea, as ever came out of the water.



BUT that's not all, for when I found
 I could not get sweet Nell;
 I thought the girl's mother would
 Do almost quite as well,
 But what was my amazement when
 I had begun the talk,
 To hear her whisper, "Favour me
 With *change for this piece chalk.*"

Jim.

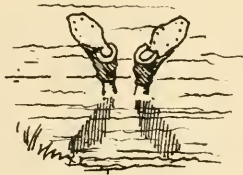
Never say die, never say die, but keep your mind serene
 The girls are just as keen to wed as ever they have been Joe
 Never say die, never say die, for mother or for daughter,
 There's just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of the water.



NO ! I shall turn quite crazy—
 Insane, stark staring mad ;
 The mother and the daughter both
 Have treated me so bad.
 So I shall turn teetotaler
 Or drown myself, I'm sure,
 For I've been told *cold water* is
 The only *perfect cure*.

Jim.

Haha ha, haha ha, just keep your mind serene, Joe
 The girls are just as keen to wed, as ever they have been Joe
 So never say die, never say die, but try some other quarter,
 There's still as good fish in the sea, as ever came out of the water.



Y^e FABLE OF Y^e WOLF AND Y^e CHILD.

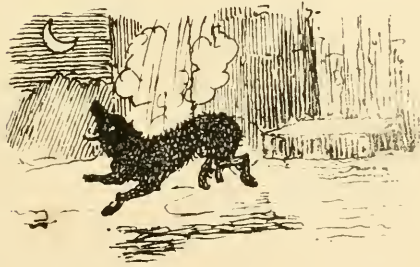
AIR—“*The Cavalier.*”

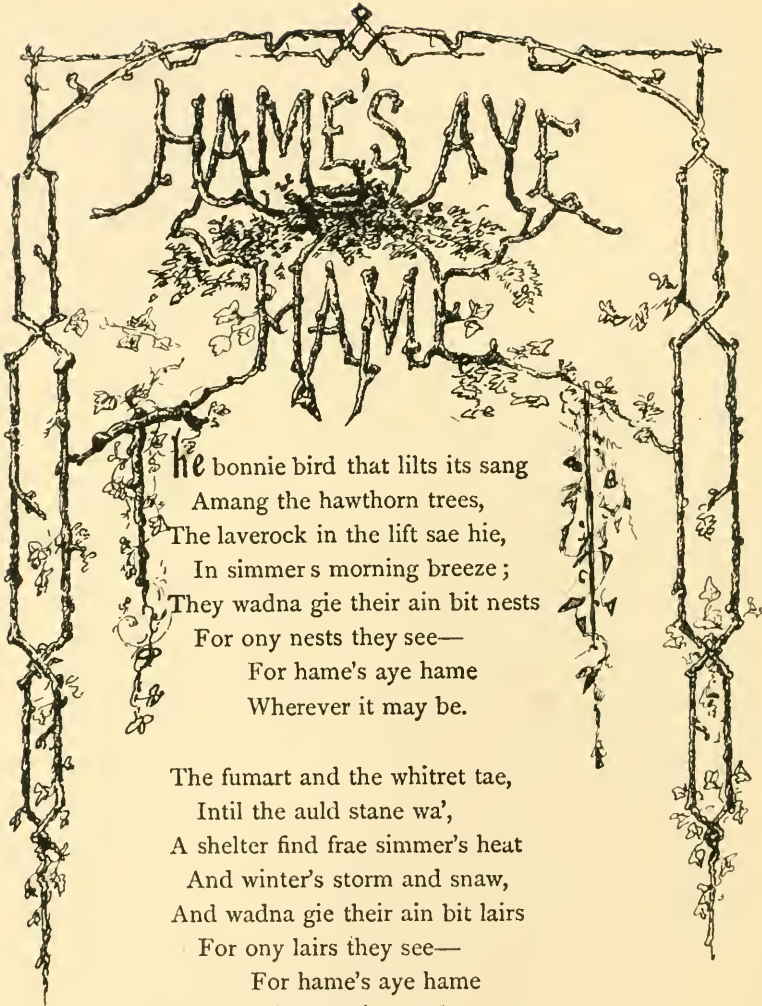
“’Twas a beautiful night, and the stars shone bright,
 And the moon on the waters play’d,”
 When Tom wouldn’t sleep, would yell, scream, and weep
 Although he’d been drugged by the maid.
 For she wanted out, just to go to a rout,
 And a few of her sweethearts to meet,
 So she said to the child, “If you don’t draw it mild,
 “You’ll go to the wolf there for meat.”

Now a wolf passing by, overheard the child cry,
 And also the threat of the maid,
 So looking for meat, and expecting a treat,
 Sat down at the door and stayed.
 Well as “Dalby” was strong, he didn’t wait long,
 ’Till he heard the little boy snore,
 So at once he rose up, as he wanted to sup,
 And gently he tapped at the door.

With her heart pit a pat, the maid heard the rap,
 And quickly she cut down the stair,
 She thought it was Ned, John, William or Fred,
 Yet slyly she whispered, “Who’s there?”
 She opened her eyes, gave a scream of surprise
 When she heard the wolf saying, “Come now,
 Sure didn’t you promise, you’d give me little Thomas
 Because he kicked up such a row.”

In a dreadful hurry, in a fright and a flurry,
She bolted up stairs like a shot,
And slap on his mug, she emptied a jug
Of water that was scalding hot.
And she said with a jeer, "Don't never come here,
No, not by no means," says she;
Then he rushed from the door, while loudly he swore—
"He may yell till he bursts for me."

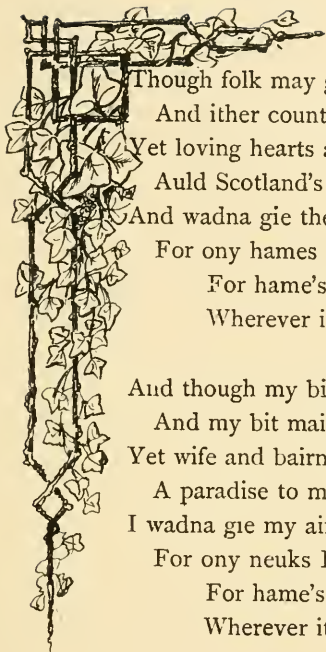




HAME'S AYE
 HAME

The bonnie bird that lilt its sang
 Among the hawthorn trees,
 The laverock in the lift sae hie,
 In simmer's morning breeze ;
 They wadna gie their ain bit nests
 For ony nests they see—
 For hame's aye hame
 Wherever it may be.

The fumart and the whitret tae,
 Until the auld stane wa',
 A shelter find frae simmer's heat
 And winter's storm and snaw,
 And wadna gie their ain bit lairs
 For ony lairs they see—
 For hame's aye hame
 Wherever it may be.



Though folk may gang to ither lands,
 And ither countries praise,
 Yet loving hearts aye dwine to see
 Auld Scotland's heathery braes,
 And wadna gie their ain auld hames
 For ony hames they see—
 For hame's aye hame
 Wherever it may be.

And though my biggin' is but sma',
 And my bit mailin' wee,
 Yet wife and bairnies mak' it aye
 A paradise to me ;
 I wadna gie my ain bit neuk
 For ony neuks I see—
 For hame's aye hame
 Wherever it may be.



"LUBLY TOPSY."



AIR—"Lubly Topsy."

Oh ! tell me truly, lubly Topsy,
 Top, top, top, top, top, top, Topsy,
 Will you be my Popsey wopsey,
 Pop, pop, pop, pop, Popsey wopsey.

Chorus—Den Topsy, darling, come wid me.
 And keep my farm in Tennessee ;
 Oh say yes, Topsy, yes oh do,
 For I lub no yaller gal but you.

Dere am two fowl and one ole chicken,
 Chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken,
 Dat get dar liblihood by pickin',
 Pick, pick, pick, pick, pick, pick, pickin'.
Chorus—Den Topsy, darling, come wid me,
 And keep my farm, etc.

Dere am one duck dat does de quackin',
 Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quackin'.
 Dere wor dhree more, but two am lackin',
 Lack, lack, lack, lack, lack, lack, lackin'.
Chorus—Den Topsy, darling, come wid me,
 And keep my farm, etc.

And dere am one ole turkey gobbler,
 Gob, gob, gob, gob, gob, gob, gobbler,
 Him got one leg, so him one hobbler,
 Hob, hob, hob, hob, bob, hob, hobbler.
Chorus—Den Topsy, darling, come wid me,
 And keep my farm, etc.

Dere am one dog dat does de barkin',
 Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, barkin',
 Him watch and keep de gals from larkin',
 Lark, lark, lark, lark, lark, lark larkin'.
Chorus—Den Topsy, darling, come wid me,
 And keep my farm, etc.

And dere am lub and lots of bacon,
Bac, bac, bac, bac, bac, bac, bacon,
All can be got wid me for de takin',
Tak, tak, tak, tak, tak, tak, takin'.

Chorus—Den Topsy, darling come wid me
And keep my farm in Tennessee;
Oh say yes, Topsy, yes oh do,
For I lub no yaller gal but you.





Being a continuation of the "Old Whale."



AIR—"The Whale."

Oh all ye lubbers now on land,
 As never was at sea,
 And wishes to hear of something nautical,
 Come listen now to me,—Brave boys.

'Twas in the year of onety one,
 On April ye first day,
 When with a screw, our galliant crew,
 To the seas did bore away,—Brave boys.

A dead calm wind blew in our teeth,
 Another blew a-lee,
 When away our galliant ship she flew,
 And her taffrail ploughed the sea,—Brave boys.

We bored away at the Greenland seas,
 Till we saw a mighty whale,
 The tremendous length of which, 'tis said,
 Did reach from the head to the tail,—Brave boys.



The captain on the bowsprit stood,
 With the mainmast in his hand,
 “Overhaul, overhaul, let your maindeck fall,
 And belay her to the land, —Brave boys.”

We then cut up that whale in two,
 From the nose unto the snout,
 And there discovered a grey-haired man,
 As was “all up the spout”—Brave boys.

Our captain was a brave little man,
 And a brave little man was he,
 Yet never a word at all he spake,
 But said, “Now who are ye,—Brave boys.”

The grey-haired man he turned his quid,
 Says he, "I tell to you,"
 "I's the cabin boy as is was lost,"
 "In the year of eighty-two,—Brave boys."

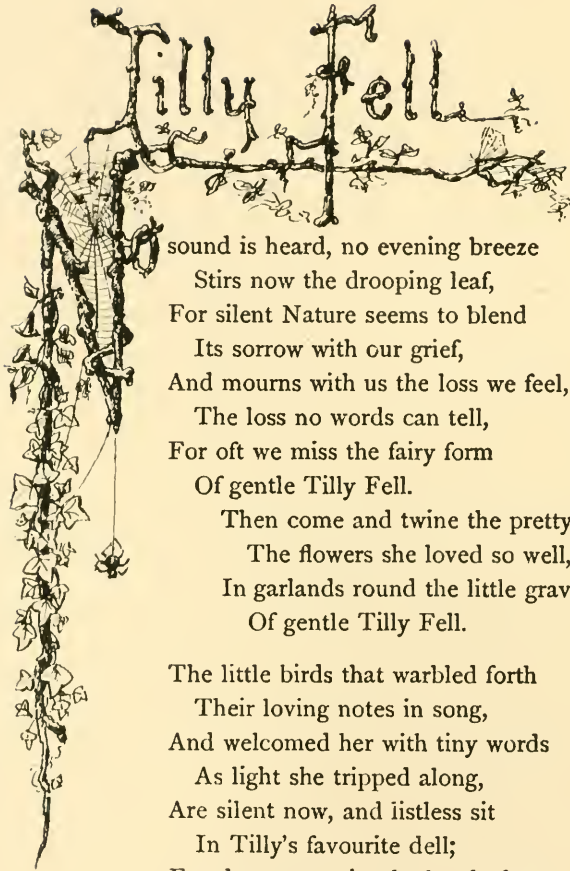


"And seeing as how as I'm on shore,"
 "Leastwise among sich fellows,"
 "I'll never by no means go no more "
 "To live in Whaleses bellows—Brave boys."

MORAL.

"So all ye men take my advice,"
 "If a Jonah you would be,"
 "Just try it first upon dry land,"
 "Before the sea you see,—Brave boys."





sound is heard, no evening breeze
 Stirs now the drooping leaf,
 For silent Nature seems to blend
 Its sorrow with our grief,
 And mourns with us the loss we feel,
 The loss no words can tell,
 For oft we miss the fairy form
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.

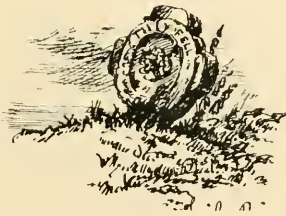
Then come and twine the pretty flowers,
 The flowers she loved so well,
 In garlands round the little grave
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.

The little birds that warbled forth
 Their loving notes in song,
 And welcomed her with tiny words
 As light she tripped along,
 Are silent now, and listless sit
 In Tilly's favourite dell;
 For they, too, miss the lovely form
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.

Then come and twine the pretty flowers,
 The flowers she loved so well,
 In garlands round the little grave
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.

Though years will come and years will go,
 And age come o'er us all,
 Yet oft the thought of her that's gone
 Our heart's love will recall,
 And ever young and still unchanged
 See her we loved so well,
 The lovely form, the loving heart
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.

Then come and twine the pretty flowers
 The flowers she loved so well,
 In garlands round the little grave
 Of gentle Tilly Fell.



A GOLDEN RULE IN GOLF.



AIR—"The days we went a Gipseying."

Oh I love the game of golf, my boys,
 Though there are folks in town,
 Who, when upon the Links they walk,
 Delight to run it down.
 But then those folks, who don't like golf,
 Of course can't comprehend
 The fond love that exists between
 A golfer and his friend.

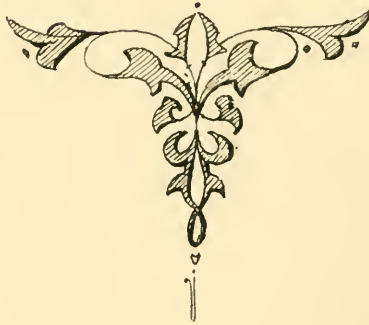
For on the green, the new command,
 That "Ye love one another,"
 Is, as a rule, kept better by
 A golfer than a brother.
 For if he's struck, a brother's rage
 Is not so soon appeased,
 But the harder that *I hit* my friend,
 The better he is pleased.

Now every rule is said to have
 Exceptions of some kind,
 So there is one to this one too
 I always bear in mind.
 'Tis in a foursome on the green,
 In play some afternoon,
 My friend is wroth, when *on the head*
 I hit him *with a spoon*.

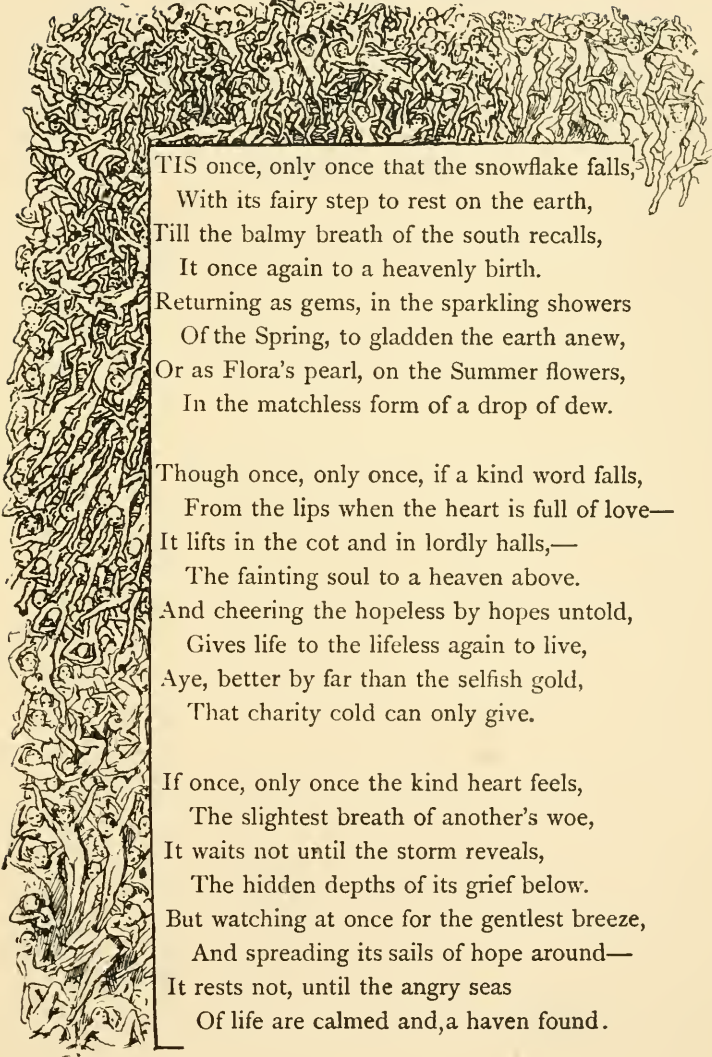


But what is that—a bagatelle
 In this sad world of strife.
 As seldom for another will
 A friend lay down his life,
 And yet with us oft in a match,
 A golfer keen, 'tis said,
 Loves one *who puts him in a hole*,
 Or else *who lays him dead*.

And now, though at this social board
I may have bored you all,
I trust that no one will decline
Responding to my call,
Which is to fill your glasses up,
And drain a bumper full
To golf,—the only game I know
Which keeps this Golden Rule,
Chorus—Rule Britannia.



THE SNOWFLAKE



TIS once, only once that the snowflake falls,
 With its fairy step to rest on the earth,
 Till the balmy breath of the south recalls,
 It once again to a heavenly birth.
 Returning as gems, in the sparkling showers
 Of the Spring, to gladden the earth anew,
 Or as Flora's pearl, on the Summer flowers,
 In the matchless form of a drop of dew.

Though once, only once, if a kind word falls,
 From the lips when the heart is full of love—
 It lifts in the cot and in lordly halls,—
 The fainting soul to a heaven above.
 And cheering the hopeless by hopes untold,
 Gives life to the lifeless again to live,
 Aye, better by far than the selfish gold,
 That charity cold can only give.

If once, only once the kind heart feels,
 The slightest breath of another's woe,
 It waits not until the storm reveals,
 The hidden depths of its grief below.
 But watching at once for the gentlest breeze,
 And spreading its sails of hope around—
 It rests not, until the angry seas
 Of life are calmed and, a haven found.

“*BONNIE BAIRNIE.*”



AIR—“*Bonnie Scotland I adore thee.*”

Bonnie bairnie, how I love it,
 None can rob its daddy of it ;
 Many a one my bairn might covet,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Wi' its wee bit nosey-posey,
 Cheeky-peekies red and rosy,
 And its bosey, cosey-osey,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Wi' its bonnie brow brow brenty,
 And its mouthie-pouthy dainty,
 Made for kissie-wisses plenty,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Chorus—Bonnie bairnie how I love it, etc.

Wi' its e'enie-peenies glancin',
 And its leggie-peggies dancin',
 Like a horsie-porsey prancin',
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Kittlie-wittly my bit pussie,
 Creepie-crappy up the housie,
 Cuddlie-wuddly my ain mousie,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Chorus—Bonnie bairnie how I love it, etc.

Ridie-pidey pownie-owney,
 Fallie-pally down, down, downy,
 Mendie-pendy, crackie-crownie,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

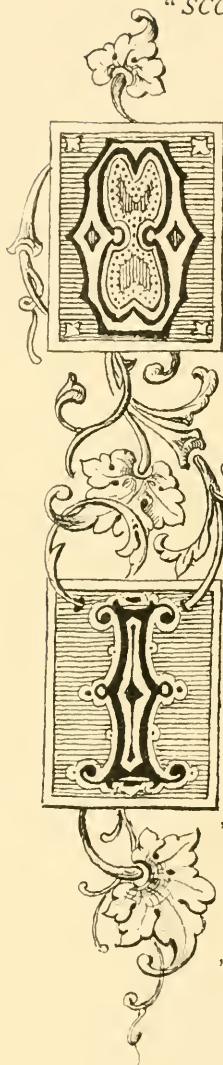
Toesie-poesy, feetie-peety,
 Handie-pandy, goodie-sweety,
 Nicie-picey, eatie-peaty,
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

Chorus—Bonnie bairnie how I love it, etc.

Cockie-locky henie-peney,
 Duckie-pucky, kitty wrenie,
 "Cow-wow-wow-*ie*,"—nowie thenie.
 Bonnie, bonnie bairnie.

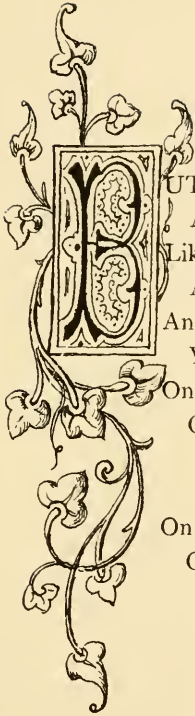
Bedie-pedy, cosie creep in,
 Hushy-bushy bairnie sleepin',
 Guardian angels watches keepin',
 Ower my bonnie bairnie.

"SCOTLAND'S BONNIE BROOM."



H! mony, mony fairy sights
 In ither climes I've seen,
 And mony a bonnie flower I've pu'd,
 Wi' a' its rich perfume ;
 But naething yet has cheered my heart,
 In a' the lands I've been,
 Like the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's bonnie broom ;
 On Scotland's bonnie broom,
 Auld Scotland's yellow broom,
 Like the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's yellow broom.

MIND fu' weel in days gane bye,
 When callants wild we ran,
 And pu'd the bonnie gowans,
 And the scented hawthorn's bloom ;
 How aft was hushed our merry laugh,
 To list the lintie's sang,
 'Mang the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's bonnie broom ;
 On Scotland's bonnie broom,
 Auld Scotland's yellow broom,
 'Mang the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's bonnie broom.



UT a' my kith and kin,
 And my friends o' former days,
 Like withered leaves hae passed away,
 And sleep within the tomb ;
 And though I'm left my lane,
 Yet I dearly love to gaze
 On the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's bonnie broom ;
 On Scotland's bonnie broom,
 Auld Scotland's bonnie broom,
 On the bonnie draps o' yellow gowd,
 On Scotland's bonnie broom.



THE BREWING O' THE "TUM."



AIR—"Come Lasses and Lads."

Come listen my boys, of all the joys
 That mankind ever knew,
 I do declare, 'tis the secret rare,
 Good toddy how to brew.
 To waste time 'tis a sin, so let us now begin,
 And we'll make it, make it, make it,
 Make it properly.
Chorus—With a fal de ral al, fal al de ral al, etc.



Be certain you've got the water hot,
 To make your tumbler warm,—
 Then put in it, of sugar one bit,
 (But two can do no harm).
 Then pour the water in, just half way to the brim,
 And stir it, stir it, stir it, stir it,
 Stir it carefully.

Chorus—With a fal de ral al, fal al de ral al, etc.



The whisky then take, and quickly make
 Your tumbler three parts up,
 And then you'll find, if to your mind,
 'Tis fit for a king to sup.
 But perfection I always seek, so of course recommend an eke,
 And to mix it, mix it, mix it, mix it,
 Mix it thoroughly.

Chorus—With a fal de ral al, fal al de ral al, etc.

The bottle then send across to your friend,
 For him to do the same,
 To free this life from care and strife,
 Oh, that is our little game.
 So whenever this tumbler's done, we'll just brew another one.
 And drink it, drink it, drink it, drink it,
 Drink it joyfully.
Chorus—With a fal de ral al, fâl al de ral al, etc.



But time does pass, so fill your glass,
 For a bumper now I'll give,
 To the ladies dear, so drink all here,
 And wish them long to live.
 To them let us honour pay, from me take the time of day,
 With a hip, hip hip, hip, hippity hip,
 Hip hip, hip hip, hurrah.
Chorus—With a hip hip, etc.

