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3

BEADLE'S

3

DIME



Song Book

No. 3.

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COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL

SONGS.



NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
General Dime Book Publishers.

DIME SONG BOOK

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BEADLE'S
DIME SONG BOOK
No. 3.

I'd Choose to be a Daisy.

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I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's quiet hour,
And waking in the morning
When falls the early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine,
And heaven's bright tear-drops too.

Chorus.—I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's quiet hour.

I love the gentle Lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere,
The lilies bloom so sadly,
In sunshine or in shower,
But daisies still look upward,
However dark the hour.

Chorus.—I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

[Pg 6]

Bonny Jean.

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Oh, the summer moon is brightly blowing,
The wild birds wake their song,
And the streamlet as it softly murmurs,
So gently glides along.
Where the sweet hedge-rose is blowing,
In the woodlands green,
There I love to wander,
With my heart's true queen—
My bonny, bonny Jean.

CHORUS.

Where the sweet hedge-rose is blowing,
In the woodlands green,
There I love to wander,
With my heart's true queen.

Yet 'tis not the rosy tint of summer,
Nor the song-birds' joyous lay,
Nor the streamlet's murmuring music,
That makes my heart feel gay;
'Tis her smile that beams upon me,
'Mid each flowery scene,
While I fondly wander,
With my heart's true queen,
My bonny, bonny Jean.

Bonny Jean, your smile is always with me,
When absent, love, from thee;
Making joy and sunshine round my pathway,
Wherever I may be.
May they ever beam upon me,
In this mortal scene,
While I fondly wander
With my heart's true queen,
My bonny, bonny Jean.

The Death of Annie Laurie.

I sung, when in the Crimea,
My bonnie Annie's praise,
My heart then turn'd in exile,
To sweet Maxwelton's braes.
To sweet Maxwelton's braes,
But sweet nae mair for me,
For I hae seen wi' anguish,
Their fairest blossom dee.

When war's alarms were over,
I sought my loved ane's bower,
But death's cauld breath was blighting,
Blighting my bonnie flower.
Blighting my bonnie flower,
And I nae help could gie,
Oh, why, when in the battle,
Did I na' fa' an' dee.

I saw her cheek grow thinner,
Yet flush wi' hectic's hue,
I mark'd her e'e's strange brightness,
Those e'es o' darkest blue.
Those e'es o' darkest blue,
That beam'd sae saft on me,
When I cried my Annie Laurie,
I can na' see thee dee.

Then calm as to nightly slumber,
She sank in my arms to rest,
An' the wild flowers o' spring now cumber
The sod upon her breast.
The sod upon her breast,
Oh, what wad I na' gie,
If beside my Annie Laurie
I could lay down an' dee.

The Yellow Rose of Texas.

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There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see,
No other darkey knows her, no darkey only me;
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

CHORUS.

She's the sweetest rose of color this darkey ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew,
You may talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing, and the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night;
She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again, and not to leave her so.

Chorus.—She's the sweetest rose of color, &c.

Oh! now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the song together, that we sung so long ago,
We'll play the banjo gayly, and we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine forever more.

Chorus.—She's the sweetest rose of color, &c.

[Pg 9]

Annie Dear, Good Bye!

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I'm leaning o'er the gate, Annie,
 'Neath the cottage wall;
The grey dawn breaks, the hour grows late,
 I hear the trumpet's call.
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,
 The sad tear in thine eye,—
This heart which laughs at war might quail,
 So Annie dear, good-by!
This heart which laughs at war might quail,
 So Annie dear, good-by!

I'm marching with the brave, Annie!
 Far from home and thee,
To win renown, perhaps a grave,
 A glorious one 'twill be!
But what so e'er the fate I meet,
 To conquer, or to die!
This heart's last throb for *thee* will beat;
 So Annie dear, good-by!
This heart's last throb for *thee* will beat;
 So Annie *dear*, good-by!

[Pg 10]

Darling Rosabel.

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Softly sigh the winds of evening,
Through the lone sequester'd dell,
Where in calm and dreamless slumber,
Lies our darling Rosabel.
Like a flower she bloom'd in beauty,
Shedding sweetness all around;
Like a flower she droop'd and faded,
When we laid her in the ground.

CHORUS.

Softly sighs the winds of evening,
Through the lone sequester'd dell,
Where in calm and dreamless slumber,
Lies our darling Rosabel.

Other flowers still bloom around us,
In our little native glen,
But so pure and fair a blossom
Never shall we see again.
Fare thee well, thou loved and lost one,
Thou art only gone before,
Where'er long we hope to meet thee,
Never to lose thee any more.

Chorus.—Softly sighs, &c.

[Pg 11]

Linda has Departed.

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Death with his cold hand, hath robb'd me of every hope,
Hath robb'd me of every hope—my loved one is gone;
Bleak was the moment, that parted our beating hearts—
That parted our beating hearts, and left me alone.
Sweet was the low voice, that wrapt me in fond delight,
That wrapt me in fond delight, as fair visions do;
Soft were the dark eyes, that languish'd in beauty bright,
That languish'd in beauty bright—how fondly and true!

CHORUS.

Linda has departed, the warm and tender-hearted,
Linda has departed, and left me here to mourn.

Blest were the hours pass'd, with her whom my soul adored,
With her whom my soul adored, whose heart was so light;
Sad is the lone hour, bereft of my darling one,
Bereft of my darling one, in darkness and night.
All now is cheerless, my joys long have pass'd away,
My joys long have pass'd away, with love's fleeting years;
Hope has no comfort, for sadness now holdeth sway,
For sadness now holdeth sway, and leaves me in tears.

CHORUS.

Linda has departed, the warm and tender-hearted,
Linda has departed and left me here to mourn.

[Pg 12]

My Heart's in Old Ireland.

My bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,
And glad were the notes of the sailor-boy's song;
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain,
Bloom the lilies of France, and the olives of Spain;
When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains,
Like a friend in misfortune it blossoms o'er the snow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,
No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
Oh, my heart's, &c.

I Think of Old Ireland wherever I Go.

I'm a wanderer, now, from the land of my birth,
Far away from the scenes I hold dearest on earth,
And I've seen both the beauties of the Nile and Arno,
Still I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

CHORUS

I think of old Ireland, across the blue wave,
I think of old Ireland, the land of the brave,
'Tis the home of the brave, where the wild shamrocks grow,
Oh, I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

And 'tis soon I'll be home, in the land I love best,
In my own dearest Emerald Isle of the West,
Though now I am chasing the wild buffalo,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

Yet though far away from that dear blessed sod,
I still offer up prayers to my country's God,
To chase from her borders the base Saxon foe,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

Dear land of the shamrock, and sweet smelling brier,
Dear scenes of my childhood which never could tire,
When a boy I picked beech-nuts in wild Glenaboe,
Oh, I think of old Ireland, wherever I go.

And how oft have I drank out of Barranane's Well,
In whose clear waters there lurks a bright spell,
The afflicted go there to find ease for their woe,
For I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I swam in the Blackwater's tide,
And roam'd the sweet wild woods around Castle Hyde,
For it's through its wild woodland the Blackwaters flow,
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

And how oft have I sported through its pastures so green,
Where the wild fragrant daisy can always be seen,
For flowers in luxuriance there always do grow,
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

But all my sad wanderings soon will be o'er,
And that isle of my heart I will never leave more,
Though deep is her sorrow, and bitter her woe,
Oh, I think of old Ireland wherever I go.

I Have Something Sweet to Tell You.

I have something sweet to tell you, but the secret you must keep,
And remember, if it isn't right, "I'm talking in my sleep;"
 For I know I am but dreaming,
 When I think your love is mine;
 And I know they are but seeming,
 All the hopes that round me shine.
I have something sweet to tell you, but the secret you must keep,
And remember, if it isn't right, "I'm talking in my sleep."

So remember when I tell you what I can not longer keep
We are none of us responsible for what we say in sleep.
 My pretty secret's coming!
 Oh! listen with your heart,
 And you shall hear it humming;
 Be close! 'twill make you start.
I have something sweet to tell you, but the secret you must keep,
And remember if it isn't right, "I'm talking in my sleep."

Oh! shut your eyes so earnest, or mine will wildly weep,
I love you! I adore you! but, "I'm talking in my sleep."
 For I know I am but dreaming,
 When I think your love is mine;
 And I know they are but seeming,
 All the hopes that round me shine.
I have something sweet to tell you, but the secret you must keep,
And remember, if it isn't right, "I'm talking in my sleep."

What Will Mrs. Grundy Say?

Oh, fashion now is all the rage in houses, hoops, and dress;
And each must do what others do—they dare not think of less.
Mrs. Grundy is the queen of all mankind to-day;
And each one thinks before she acts of—What will Grundy say?

Mr. Tompkins fail'd last fall, and is not worth a red,
But still he lives upon the "Fifth," and still holds up his head.
They keep their carriage all the same, though not a dime they pay;
They can't retrench a cent, for shame of—What would Grundy say?

There's Mary Jane, she's tall and slim, a sack of bones she's grown,
And brown as any Gipsy girl, and awkward as a clown;
Yet she must wear her dresses low, and her thin neck display,
For 'tis the fashion; and you know, What would Dame Grundy say?

There's Mrs. Jones, she's fifty-four, and still she curls her hair,
Although all know it is a wig the vain old dame doth wear,
She gives of balls, each season two, and wastes her wealth away
For she must do as others do, else, what would Grundy say?

There's fat and stumpy Martha Ann, that weighs two hundred pounds,
She's a bait to catch a man, but not a bite has found.
And though she is so short and stout, she promenades Broadway;
Her skirts are thirty feet about, Oh, what will Grundy say?

There's shanghai coats and bad cigars, and Musard's new cravats;
There's paper collars and wristbands, and bell-crown'd, small-brimm'd hats;
For comfort, ease, and common-sense, must yield to fashion's sway;
For now the sole prevailing thought is, what will Grundy say?

Old Dog Tray.
No. 2.

The morning meal is past—the next is coming fast—
 'Twill bring me a bill that I know I can not pay,
For meats, both fat and lean, that I was jolly green
 To trust beside that old dog Tray.

CHORUS

Old dog Tray! always hungry—
 Meat can not drive him away;
With his tail "druv" in behind, neither gentle nor yet kind
 Is that hungry dog, that old dog Tray.

I hurried home one night, with a rousing appetite,
 For nothing had I tasted the whole of that long day.
But Oh! how I was done—not a thing was left but bone—
 All eaten by that old dog Tray.
 Old dog Tray, &c.

The steaks I thought my own, had vanish'd one by one—
 Those cutlets, those chops too, had all pass'd away;
Those tenderloins were gone—they each and all had flown—
 Stolen by that old dog Tray.
 Old dog Tray, &c.

With naught to break my fast, my eyes on Tray I cast,
 Who look'd as though he felt what my breaking heart would say;
But oh! 'twas all deceit—'twas *he* who stole my meat,
 That hungry dog, that old dog Tray.
 Old dog Tray, &c.

Rosa Lee.

When I lib'd in Tennessee, U li a li o la e,
I went courtin' Rosa Lee, U li a li o la e.
Eyes as dark as winter night
Lips as red as berry bright,
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, now don't be foolish, Joe! U li a li o la e.
Courting down in Tennessee, U li a li o la e,
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

I said you lubly gal, dat's plain, U li a li o la e,
Breff as sweet as sugar cane, U li a li o la e,
Feet as large and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe,
Rosa take me for your beau,
She said, now don't be foolish, Joe! U li a li o la e.
Courtin down in Tennessee, &c.

My story yet is to be told, U li a li o la e,
Rosa catch'd a shocking cold, U li a li o la e.
Send de doctor, fetch de nurse,
Doctor came but make her worse,
I tried to make her laugh, but no,
She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe, U li a li o la e.
Courtin down in Tennessee, &c.

Dey gib her up, no power could save, U li a li o la e,
She ax me follow to her grave, U li a li o la e.
I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold I hardly draw my breff,
She saw my tear in sorrow flow,
And said, Farewell, my dearest, Joe, U li a li o la e.
Rosa sleeps in Tennessee, &c.

The Fine Old English Gentleman.

I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate.
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall, so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood against old foes,
And 'twas here "his worship" sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose.
Like a fine old, &c.

When winter old, brought frost and cold, he open'd house to all,
And though threescore and ten his years, he featly led the ball,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great he ne'er forgot the small.
Like a fine old, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,
And autumn's falling leaf proclaim'd, the old man—he must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears bedim'd each eye.
For the fine old, &c.

The Fine Old Irish Gentleman.

I'll sing you a dacent song that was made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, who had a fine estate,
Whose mansion it was made of mud, with thatch and all compleate,
With a hole at top, through which the smoke so graceful did ratrate.
Hurrah for the ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

His walls so could, were cover'd wid the devil a thing for show,
Except an ould shillelah, which had knock'd down many a foe,
And there ould Barney sat at ease, and without shoes or hose,
And quaff'd his noggin of poteen to warm his big red nose.
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there;
And while the rich they feasted him, he still, among the poor,
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar.
Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

But och, mavrone! once at a row ould Barney got a knock,
And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't get o'er the shock,
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
Och! Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did you die? och, hone!
Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

[Pg 19]

Though all things in their coarse must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of oulden time were just as at this day.
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man,
To serve a friend and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal old Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

The Fine Old Dutch Gentleman.

I'll sing you now a Dietchen song 'bout Hans Yon Krouplegheet,
Vot kept a lager bier saloon up in de Bowery shtreet,
He eat de shwinepeefe, shpeek, un slough, un efery kind of meat,
Un I shvear mit mine goot grashus, pon top de people, so much as a barrel of sourcroun, un two
puchels of lager bier, efery morning he would eat!
He vas a fine old Dietchen shentlemen von of the pestest kind.

By de fireshtove in his bier saloon efery morning he uould shtand,
Mit a bottle of schnapps down by his side, un a glass up in his hand,
Un by himself he trinks dis toast, "Ich lieben die Vaderland,"
Un midout you could Dietsche vershter, for he vold nix English gasprochen ven he'd say,
"Spechlebecks von-grossen-dunder un blitzten nut-de-swimegrahdle skipoupens-die-
dobbleshm," you couldn't nix undershtand.
Dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de goot olt kind.

His nose vas red ash a beetle, yaw, by dunder, dat ish drue,
His mouth pout fourteen inches wide, his eyes vere black ash plue.
He pelongs mit de Freesangerbund, un he vas a Turner too,
Un politics makes him nix difference, but ven you comes mit de Maine liquors law to dake away his
lager bier, den, py dam, dat vas someding new,
To dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de pestest kind.

[Pg 20]

Dis fine old Dietchen shentlemen he vent to bed drunk efery night,
Un somedimes ven dere vas coming rount elections, mit de udder fellers he'd fight,
Un slouck dem on de koup mit a double-barrel'd powie knife, but I don't tink dat vas rite,
For ven vun of dem peeples haf his head break'd into his nose all ofer his face, un vas nearly
drownded mit a big stick, I tell you somedings rite away shust now dat vas a sorry sight,
To dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, von of de goot olt kind.

But von time dere comed some drouples, un he fight mit all his main,
Dough he vas kilt von two ash six eight couple of times, he shumps up un fites again,
Dill his hed vas all splitted open down pack, un den de blood comes down like rain;
Un py and py come dere de coroner mit de shury, un sit on him apout dwenty-two hours ash tree-
quarters, un shqueeze all de preth out of his pody, den dey prings in a verdigrass, vot he dies
from prandy and vater on de prain,
Does dis fine old Dietchen shentleman, de subject of dis song.

Over the Left.

I am thine in thy gladness,
I am thine in thy tears,
My love, it can change not
In absence or years.

Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be,
Its gloom would be sunshine,
Were I but with thee.

For life has no beauty
Of thee, love, bereft.
I am thine, and thine only,
THINE OVER THE LEFT.

[Pg 21]

John Jones,

A PARODY ON BEN BOLT.

Oh, don't you remember Lame Sally, John Jones,
Lame Sally whose nose was so brown,
Who look'd like a clam if you gave her a smile,
And went into fits at your frown.
In the old goose pond in the orchard, John Jones,
Where the goslings are learning to swim,
Lame Sally went fishing one wet, windy day,
And, by a mistake, fell in.

Under old Simmon's brush fence, John Jones,
That winds at the foot of the hill,
Together we've seen the old mare go,
Grinding cider at Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel is oven wood now, John Jones,
The rafters fell on to a cow,
And the weasels and rats that crawl round as you gaze,
Are lords of the cider mill now.

Do you mind the pig-pen of logs, John Jones,
Which stood on the path to the barn,
And the shirt-button tree, where they grow on the bough,
Which we sewed on our jackets with yarn.
The pig-pen has gone to decay, John Jones,
The lightning the tree overcome,
And down where the onions and carrots once grew,
Grows thistles as big as your thumb.

There is a change in the things I love, John Jones,
They have changed from the good to the bad,
And I feel in my stomach, to tell the truth,
I'd like to go home to my dad.
Twelve months, twenty has pass'd, John Jones,
Since I knock'd off your nose with a rail,
And yet I believe I am your only true friend,
John Jones, of the Hurricane Gale.

Sparking Sarah Jane.

Sitting on the sofa, leaning on my breast,
Is a lovely maiden, perfectly at rest;
Listening to my love vows, sighing very plain;
Bless me this is pleasant, sparking Sarah Jane.

Chorus.—Bless me ain't it pleasant,
Bless me ain't it pleasant,
Bless me ain't it pleasant,
Sparking Sarah Jane?

Gentle words are spoken, kisses sweet we give,
Vows to love each other long as we do live;
Vows to be as happy as the running rill,
Never getting angry: do you think I will?

Dad is getting squeamish, shakes his head in doubt,
Ma looks on and wonders what her gal's about,
Thinks there'll be a weddin'—guesses that's no sin,
But somehow or another *hopes* I've got the *tin*.

Daddy he's consented, mamma can't say no,
Sonny kinder likes it, sissy wants a show,
Now begins the bustle, now begins the fun,
Every one is ready, shopping must be done.

Carriage stands awaiting, Where'll you please to go?
Drive us up to Stewart's, see what he can show
Troubling all the merchants, buying here and there,
Beating down the prices—Are you sure 'twill wear?

Hurry up the dresses, cut them very low,
Make them large and airy where the hoops do go,
Trying on the bodice, trying on the capes,
Keep your fingers moving, cause its getting late.

Sewing in the chamber, stitching in the hall,
Servants in the kitchen, fixing for the ball;
Every one is busy 'cepting Jane and I,
Do you know the reason—shall I tell you why?

Sitting on the sofa, leaning on my breast,
Is a lovely maiden, perfectly at rest;
Listening to my love vows, sighing very plain,
Bless me this is pleasant, sparking Sarah Jane.

Comic Katee Darling.

Oh, they tell me you are fast asleep, my darling,
That thy jolly red nose I can not now behold,
Don't believe that I am tight, Katee Darling,
Because I am singing here to you all in the cold.
Oh, you know not the loving,
Of the hearts of Erin's sons,
When a good hot whiskey toddy, Katee Darling,
Is the goal to the race that he runs.
Oh, wake up, sweet Katee,
For the gas lights are burning, Katee Darling,
The little birds are singing on each tree,
Will you never leave off snoring, Katee Darling,
Or know that I am crying here for thee?

I am standing by thy window, Katee Darling,
This night is a cold night for me.
Oh, don't you hear me yelling, Katee Darling,
Behold I am singing here for thee.
Methinks I see a policeman,
By yonder shining light,
And he'll put me in the lock-up Katee, Darling,
If he catches me here serenading to-night.
Then listen, dear Katee,
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katee Darling,
And the police are looking round for me,
Will you never more hoist your window, Katee Darling,
For see, I'm waiting for thee?

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katee Darling,
But I wish to goodness now you were my bride,
And I'd give two shillings directly, Katee Darling,
If I were only by your side.
Oh, a great big coat I'm wearing,
And I scarce can heave a sigh,
But I'll never leave off drinking, Katee Darling,
Every day that I can get it till I die.
Then hear me, sweet Katee,
The policeman now has got me, Katee Darling,
And no one knows when I'll again be free;
In the lonely Tombs come and greet me, Katee Darling,
For there I'll be waiting for thee.

Vilikins and His Dinah!

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell,
He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal;
Her name—it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.
Singing, to la lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

As Dinah was a valiking the garden one day,
Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say,
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in georgeous array,
And take yourself a husiband, both galliant and gay."
Singing, &c.

"Oh papa, oh papa, I've not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet, why I don't feel inclined;
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."
Singing, &c.

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
"If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."
Singing, &c.

As Vilikins was valiking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead upon the ground,
And the cup of cold pison, it lay by her side,
With a billet-doux a stating, 'twas by pison she died.
Singing, &c.

He kiss'd her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
And call'd her his Dinah though she was no more,
Then swallow'd the pison like a lovyer so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.
Singing, &c.

MORAL.

Now all you young maidens take warning by her,
Never not by no means disobey your guverner;
And all you young fellows, mind who you clasp eyes on,
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah and the cup of cold pison.
Singing &c.

Comic Parody.

'Tis of a rich Dutchman in Niew York did live;
He had von fine daughter you petter believe;
Her name vas Katarina, so fair ash a rose,
Un she had a large fortune in the hands of old Mose.

Ash Katarina vas drawing de lager bier von day,
Her fader comed to her, un dus he do say:
"Hurry up, Katarina! de parlor go to,
A customer waits to go riding mit you."

"Oh, fader, vy don't dey some oder ghel find,
To ride mit dem fellers? I don't feel inclined;
De vay day drives de buggy, it makes me feel veak,
Un I wants to get married mit Hans Dunder next veek."

Den her fader got mad un he shvear his "gott dam!"
She never must marry mit any young man.
"If you love dis Hans Dunder, you may go take his bags,
Mit his hooks, un his paskets, un go gadder rags."

Katarina now back to de kitchen she ran,
Saying, "I'll eat up mine preakfast so fast vot I can;
Den I'll dravel away, ash I can't been his wife;"
But dat vas de vay dat she losed her life!

For as she vas eating a big, Bolony sassage,
It shtick't in her troat, un it shtop'd up de passage;
She tried for to breath, but by greef ofercome,
Her head it reel'd round, un she fall'd very dumb.

Now Hans Dunder he happen'd to valk in the door,
He seed his Katarina lying dead on the floor;
A big Bolony sassage vas lying by her side,
Says Hans "I pe tam, 'tvas mit this ting she died."

MORE-ALE!

Now all you young vummins, votefer you do,
Don't let dat Hans Dunder shpeak somedings mit you,
Un all you young fellers, ven you courts in de passage,
Dink of Hans un Katarina un de big Bolony sassage.

To the West!

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he is willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil;
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Has aid to his fortune, and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

CHORUS

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles, sparkling out as they go;
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are oceans in storms or in rest—
Away, far away, to the land of the West.
 To the West! to the West, &c.

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won;
A forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or life in the air;
The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hearts, and forbid us to sigh;
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
For a home is a home, in the land of the West.
 To the West! to the West, &c.

Parody on To the West!

To the West! to the West, I once went, do you see,
And one visit, I'm sure, was sufficient for me;
Oh, the things that I saw there, they frighten'd me quite,
And ever since then, sirs, I've scarcely been right.
My children got sick every day, sirs, almost,
And my wife took the chills, and got deaf as a post;
Oh, there's some may exult, but for me, sirs, I'm bless'd
If I haven't as much as I want of the West
 To the West! to the West, &c.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow,
Are full of great big alligators, you know;
Where the snakes in the forest make you feel precious queer,
And you don't see a bar-room not twice in a year.
And if 'cross the prairie you happen to go,
You're sure to be toss'd by some wild buffalo;
Where the lakes are like children—they're never at rest,
'Pon my word, sirs, I soon had enough of the West.
 To the West! to the West, &c.

At the West they told me there was wealth to be won,
The forest to clear, was the work to be done;
I tried it—couldn't do it—guv it up in despair,
And just see if you'll ever again catch me there.
The little snug farm I expected to buy,
I quickly discover'd was just all in my eye;
I came back like a streak—you may go—but I'm bless'd
If you'll ever again, sirs, catch me at the West.
 To the West! to the West, &c.

Lillie Bell.

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On the grave near massa's dwelling,
You remember, darkies, well,
Stands a stone, so silent, telling
Where sleeps gentle Lillie Bell;
Where, in spring, the tall bananas
To the winds their branches wave,
Guarding well from every danger
Gentle Lillie's lonely grave.

CHORUS

Oh, Lillie! long-lost Lillie!
To thy grave amid the dell
Our hearts are sadly turning,
Gentle Lillie, Lillie Bell.

Oh! darkies, how my heart is yearning,
Once to see that grave again;
Memory backward quickly turning,
Frees my breast from present pain.
But those days have gone forever—
Lost beneath life's angry wave;
I weep no more; my heart is buried
With my Lillie in her grave.

Chorus.—Oh, Lillie! &c.

'Twas last eve I saw her beckon,
Far up in the azure sky,
Bidding me to quickly hasten
To her new-found home on high.
Then, darkies, take me quickly, take me
Where the tall bananas wave;
For my heart will cease its sighing
Near my Lillie's lonely grave.

Chorus.—Oh, Lillie! &c.

We Miss Thee at Home.

We miss thee at home, yes, we miss thee
Since the hour we bade thee adieu;
And prayers have encircled thy pathway,
From anxious hearts loving and true,
That the Saviour would guide and protect thee,
As far from the loved ones you roam,
And whisper, whene'er thou wert sadden'd,
"They miss thee, all miss thee at home."

When morning awakes us from slumber,
We catch from the lips the first kiss,
And fold in a wandering zephyr,
To be wafted to him whom we miss;
And when we have join'd the "home circle,"
And replaced the still vacant chair,
In each eye rose the gathering tear-drop,
For him we were wont to see there.

The shadows of evening are falling—
Oh, where is the wanderer now?
The breeze that floats lightly around me,
Perchance may soon visit his brow;
Oh, bear on thy bosom a message,
We are watching, oh, why wilt thou roam?
The heart has grown sad and dejected,
For we miss thee, all miss thee at home.

The Indian Hunter.

Let me go to my home in the far distant West,
To the scenes of my youth, that I like the best;
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me—white man, let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days;
There is my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child—oh, there let me go.

Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air;
And there through the forest, with quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer—oh, there let me go.

Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft in the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe—
To my father, that chieftain—oh, there let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade;
Whose heart's like the fawn's, and as pure as the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian—to her let me go.

And, oh, let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam,
And there let my body in ashes lie low;
To that scene in the forest, white man, let me go.

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Ettie May.

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In beauty gleamed the moon last night,
And brightly star lamps shone,
The wind among the lindentrees
Made music sad and lone;
The shadows of the firelight danced
Like sprites upon the floor,
As moon and star ray gently fell
Around the cottage door;
With breathings hush'd we sat around
The couch where Ettie lay,
And wept that one so beautiful,
So soon must pass away.

She wore within her golden hair
A mesh of changeful light,
And mingled with her dark eyes' sheen
Were spirits' gleams last night;
Upon their light and viewless wings,
The angels downward came,
And stole within the cottage door,
And quench'd our love-light flame.
So quiet were her slumbers sweet
On yester eventide,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping, when she died!

The Fireman's Death.

He slept, and o'er his dauntless brow
A shade of sorrow stole,
As though some scene of deep distress,
Was busy with his soul.
When suddenly the dread alarm,
Came ringing shrill and clear,
Cleaving the night air, till it struck
Upon his startled ear.

CHORUS

He bounded up: his practised eye,
Was turn'd upon the lurid sky,
Lit by the flames, which mounting higher,
Soon clothed the night in a robe of fire.

With lightning speed he reach'd the scene—
Oh! what a sight was there!
A mother stood amid the flames,
And shriek'd in wild despair!
Her arms around her frighten'd babe
Where thrown with frenzied clasp,
As though she fear'd the fire-fiend
Would tear it from her grasp.

With helmet turn'd, through fire and smoke,
The gallant fellow fearless broke;
He saved them both, but ah! his life
Was lost in the unequal strife.
Now in sweet Greenwood's peaceful shade
The noble hero sleeps,
And o'er his grave full many a friend,
In silent sorrow sweeps.

A monument erected there
Is pointed to with pride
By those with whom he often fought
The fire, side by side.
Sweet flow'rs exhale their fragrant breath,
Where now he, peaceful sleeps in death
And trees their spreading branches wave
Above his solemn Greenwood grave.

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The Fireman's Boy.

Mother, look out and see that light—
How red it makes the sky;
Oh, 'tis a grand though fearful sight!
See how the bright sparks fly!

It is a house on fire, my son,—
An agonizing sight;
It serves to make more deep the gloom
That haunts my soul to-night.

Mother, what dreadful noise is that,
Which thunders o'er the pave?
Who are those men in pretty caps
And shirts of red, so brave?

'Tis the heavy engines, son, that make
The deafening noise you hear;
Those gallant men with pretty hats
Are firemen brave, my dear.

Oh, were my father but alive,
Would you not, mother, try
To make him be a fireman too?
But, ah! why do you cry?

I would not chill the sunny glow
That nestles in thy breast,
Nor have thy little heart to know
The pangs which mine oppress.

Nay, mother, pray confide to me
The griefs which wring thy heart;
I'm sure I do not wish to be
More happy than thou art.

God bless thee, boy; I can but weep,
Yet 'tis with mingled joy,
To think how like thy father's self
Thou art, my noble boy!

He was a fireman, gallant, brave,
As ever grasp'd a robe;
A nobler heart ne'er beat to save
The sufferer void of hope.

One stormy night, the deep-toned bell,
The firemen summon'd forth
To duty; but, alas! he fell,
My dearest hope on earth.

He fearless rush'd through smoke and flame
To save a hapless child,
Whose fearful screams he heard amid
The din and storm so wild.

His brave companions brought him forth,
And many a manly tear
Coursed down their blacken'd cheeks,
And fell upon a fireman's bier.

'Mid Greenwood's consecrated bloom,
The drooping willow weeps
Its dewy tear, beside the tomb
Where thy brave father sleeps.

Oh, 'twere a noble death to die!
My heart swells big with pride!
And though I weep, yet proud am I
To think how father died.

I wish that I were but a man,
In firemen's rig I'd dress;
"Hurrah, my boys, don't lag!" I'd shout
As loudly as the rest.

What though I met my father's fate?
I am sure I could not die
In nobler cause, nor half so great:
But, mother, do not cry.

God bless thee, boy! and ever may
Untarnish'd be thy name;
Let cowards skulk, crave thou a way
That leads to endless fame.

'Tis winter now, but when the spring
Returns, my boy shall go
With me where wild birds sweetly sing,
And fragrant flowers grow.

To-morrow I will give thee seed
Of flowers choice to save;
And when we go to Greenwood, plant
Them round the fireman's grave.

I grieve to see thee, mother, look
So very pale and worn;
I would I could restore the rose
Grief from thy cheek has torn.

How often, when so lovingly,
You kiss me in my bed,
I cry myself to sleep, and dream
I see my mother dead.

But my heart shall bless the fireman,
And sacred hold his name,
It proudly should emblazon'd be
Upon the scroll of fame.

Song of the Locomotive.

Beware! beware! for I come in my might,
With a scream and a scowl of scorn;
With a speed like the mountain eagle's flight,
When he rides the breeze of morn.

Avaunt! avaunt! for I heed you not,
Nor pause for the cry of pain;
I rejoice o'er the slaughter my wheels have wrought,
And I laugh at the mangled slain.

Away—away—o'er valley; plain—
I sweep by with a voice of wrath;
In a fleecy cloud I wrap my train,
As I tread my iron path.

My bowels are fire, and my arm is steel,
My breath is a rolling cloud:
And my voice peels out as I onward wheel,
Like the thunder rolling loud.

All day, all day, do my sinews play,
When the sun's bright rays are cast;
At the midnight hour I fly on my way,
Like a death-fiend howling past.

I bear the wealth of a thousand climes,
The spoils of a briny sea,
The produce of lands where the church-bells chime,
And the gold of the dark Caffree.

I roar on the beach of the roaring deep,
Where the sea-shells touch my wheels;
Through the desert land with a howl I sweep,
And the yellow harvest fields.

I speed through the city's busy streets,
Where the thronging crowds are found.
Who fly at the sound of my iron feet,
Like the hare at the baying hound.

I traverse the regions of burning heat,
The Equator hears my scream;
And I breathe the silence of winter's retreat,
Where the glittering snow-fields gleam.

The wild beasts fly when my voice they hear
Through the sounding forest ring,
And the sons of men stand mute with fear,
Of earth I am the king.—

Lager Bier Song.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, just in time,
 Chorus—Swilly, willy, wink um boom,
To come and listen to mine rhyme,
 Chorus—Swilly, willy, wink um boom.
My clothes is made of cash-e-mere,
 Chorus—Swilly, willy, winkum, hire a saw,
By dam, I likes mine lager bier,
 Chorus—Swilly, willy, winkum boom.

Chorus.—Ri tu re an na, tu re an na,
 Swilly, willy, winkum, hire a saw,
 Ri tu re an na, tu re an na,
 Swilly, willy, winkum boom.

One Dutchman he goes down for to Hetzel's,
He call'd for lager bier and pretzels;
Young Hetzel brings the man his lager,
He says, "My son, I pay your fader."

Now dis Dutchman was one very big bear,
He call'd for brote and Switzer kase;
And when he did his Switzer gizzle,
He thought that it was time for to mizzle.

De barkeeper say, "Pay for your rum."
And den dat Dutchman tried to run;
De barkeeper let dat Dutchman fall,
You ought to hear dat Dutchman squall.

Dis Dutchman he begins and blows,
And de barkeeper hit him one in de nose,
He say, "Why don't you pay your grub?"
And he ramm'd his head in a big slop-tub.

Dey took dat Dutchman to his frow,
And she called him one drunken sow;
Dat Dutchman he did curse and dam,
And she broke his head mit a big tin pan.

They sent out for one cow doctor,
And he said, "Mine very dear Dutch sir,
Of all de sick men you is de vurst,
You drink so much bier, by dam, you burst."

Dey took dat Dutchman up to bed,
By dam, dat Dutchman he go dead;
Dey took and cut him up in slats,
Dey said he'd be good to poison rats.

And now, good folks, my song is done,
I hope dat I've offended none;
We lay our lager on de shelf,
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.

The Old Whiskey Jug.

We're anchor'd by the roadside, Jim,
 Where oft we've sat before,
 When you and I were weary, Jim,
 When we were half seas-o'er;
 When the bright full moon in splendor, Jim,
 Shone down on you and I,
 And the little stars kept winkin', Jim,
 As we drank the old jug dry.

Ah! those were happy days, Jim,
 Those good old days of yore—
 When Rockwood kept the tavern, Jim,
 And Potter own'd the store;
 When whiskey ran as freely, Jim,
 As water in the brook,
 And good men for their stomach's sake
 Their morning bitters took.

But times have changed since then, Jim,
 And men have alter'd, too—
 And some have undertaken, Jim,
 To put rumsellers through:
 They say that whiskey's poison, Jim,
 And many graves has dug:
 That scores of *snakes* and *devils*, Jim,
 Are in our good old jug.

Who cares for all such prattle, Jim,
 To them it may be sense—
 We'll lay when we're a mind to, Jim,
 Beneath the old rail fence;
 This stuff they call *cold water*, Jim,
 Won't do for you and I;
 We'll pull the cork at leisure, Jim,
 And drink the old jug dry.

Give 'em String and let 'em Went.

Life is but a span of horses
One is Age, the other Prime;
Up and down the hill our course is;
"Go in, ponies, make your time."

Boyhood flies the whip of pleasure,
Youthful folly gives a stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure;
"Let 'em rip—they're tough as oak."

"Hi, yo! there: the stakes we'll pocket;
To the winds let them be sent:
Time: 2 40—whip in socket:
Give 'em string and let 'em went."

On the sunny road to fifty,
Prime is drown'd in Lethe's stream;
Age is left old and unthrifty;
Life then proves a "one horse team."

Age jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slackens in his pace,
Kicks the bucket, always ready,
Gives it up—Death wins the race.

Go it while You're Young.

Money's scarce they say, and very well we know it,
Then surely the best way, is while you're young to go it;
The banks are all flat broke, their rags are good for naught,
The specie's all bespoke, then certainly you ought to—
Go it while you're young,
For when you're old you *can't*,
Let scandal hold her tongue
And bid dull care avaunt.

Now single men get wives, the States may soldiers need,
There's plenty to be had, if parties are agreed;
Learn them all to shoot, to them it will be sport,
Say you're fathers fought before, then certainly you ought to—
Go it while you're young, &c.

leasure, life is but a span,
Gayety's a treasure, seize it while you can,
Old men couldn't go it, were they to be hung,
Their looks and actions show it—then
Go it while you're young, &c.

Pop Goes the Weasel.

Queen Victoria is very sick,
Napoleon's got the measles,
Sebastopol's not taken yet;
Pop goes the weasel,

CHORUS

All around the cobbler's bench,
The monkey chased the weasel
The priest, he kiss'd the cobbler's wife;
Pop went the weasel.

A penny for a ball of thread,
A penny for a needle,
That's the way the money goes;
Pop goes the weasel.
All around, &c.

My wife, she is awful sick,
The baby's got the measles,
Sally's got the hooping-cough;
Pop goes the weasel.
All around, &c.

Johnny Bull, he makes his brag,
He can whip the whole creation,
Why don't he take Sebastopol,
By Pop goes the weasel.
All around, &c.

Mayor Wood has put the rumsellers through,
The Maine Law's a sad evil,
We cannot get our toddy now;
Pop goes the weasel.
All around, &c.

Lather and Shave.

It was in this city, not far from this spot,
Where a barber he opened a snug little shop;
He was silent and sad, but his smile was so sweet,
That he pulled every body right out of the street.
With his lather and shave 'em, lather and shave 'em,
Lather and shave 'em, frizzle 'em bum.

One horrid bad custom he thought he would stop,
That no one for credit should come to his shop;
So he got him a razor full of notches and rust,
To shave the poor devils who come there for trust.
With his lather and shave, &c.

One day a poor Irishman passed by that way,
Whose beard had been growing for many a day;
He looked at the barber, and he put down his hod,
"Will you trust me a shave for the pure love o' God?"
With your lather and shave, &c.

"Walk in," says the barber, "sit down in that chair,
I'll soon mow your beard off right down to a hair."
So his lather he spread over Paddy's big chin,
And with his "trust" razor to shave did begin.
With his lather and shave, &c.

"Och, murder!" says Paddy, "now what are you doin'?"
Leave off wid yer tricks, or my jaws you will ruin,
Faith, now how would you like to be shaved wid a saw?
Be the powers, you'll pull every tooth out o' me jaw."
With your lather and shave, &c.

"Sit still," says the barber, "and don't make a din,
With your moving your jaws, I'll be cutting your chin."
"Not cut but sawed, och, that razor you've got,
Sure it wouldn't cut butter, if it wasn't made hot."
With your lather and shave, &c.

"Now lave off yer tricks, and don't shave any more,"
And Paddy he bolted straight out of the door,
Crying, "Ye may lather and shave all yer friends till yer sick,
But, be jabbers, I'd rather be shaved wid a brick."
With your lather and shave, &c.

Not long after that Pat was passing the door,
When a jackass he set up a terrible roar;
"Och murther," says Paddy, "jist list to yon knave,
He's given some poor divil a 'love o' God shave."
With his lather and shave, &c.

Few Days.

This world is coming to an end, few days—few days
I'll crack my shins, my jacket rend—I'm gwine home!
I'm gwine to run clear out of sight, few days—few days;
And leave these naughty diggins quite; I'm gwine home!

CHORUS

For I've got a home out yonder, few days—few days!
I've got a home out yonder, in old Tennessee.
And I can't stay in these diggins, few days—few days!
Can't stay in these diggins, I'm gwine home.

They tell about Maine Liquor Law, few days—few days;
It makes the folks get drunk the more; I'm gwine home.
Nebraska's gwine to be a State, few days—few days;
Cuba too will come in late; I'm gwine home.
For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

Every thing is done by steam, few days—few days;
Leather taffy, chalk ice-cream—I'm gwine home.
Boys wears beards, and women too, few days—few days;
Though all things change there's nothing new, I'm gwine home.
For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

The Shanghai fowls, how tall they grow, few days—few days,
That people can not hear them crow; I'm gwine home.
When guano's put on gudgeon's tails, few days—few days;
They grow to be as big as whales; I'm gwine home.
For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

There's sin and folly everywhere, few days—few days;
Enough to make old Satan stare: I'm gwine home.
I'll sing my parting song once more, few days—few days;
And then I'll pass o'er Jordan's shore; I'm gwine home.
For I've got a home out yonder, &c.

The Other Side of Jordan.

David had a banjo, and he kept it strung,
And he 'ranged the music accordin'—
Then he play'd a tune, call'd "Go it while you're young,"
And they dance it on t'other side of Jordan.

So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabble;
So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabble I b'lieve.

David and Goliah, they went out to fight,
Old Father Miller went out to part 'em;
He up with a stone, hit David on the shin,
And it landed on t'other side of Jordan.
Den pull off your coat, &c.

The M. P.'s came, and they took 'em up,
But the Mayor gave them their pardon;
They both shook hands and said they'd agree,
And settle on the other side of Jordan.
Den pull off your coat, &c.

Oh, de Cod-Fish Question, it made a mighty talk,
'Twas a subject that we nebber said a word on,
But when John Bull got sassy, de Yankees made him walk,
And day drobe him to the other side of Jordan.
So I pull'd off my coat, &c.

Dere's Poor Uncle Tom, and de Old Folks at Home,
Am de songs dat all ob you hab heard on,
But the greatest song ob all, dat will hab the greatest run,
Is de song about de other side of Jordan.
So I pull'd off my coat, &c.

Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel.

Of all the banjo songs that have been sung of late,
There is none that is now so often call'd on,
As the one I sing myself, and apply it to the times,
It's called "On the Other Side of Jordan."

CHORUS

So I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabble;
So I pull'd of my coat and roll'd up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabble, I believe.

Around the Crystal Palace there are a great many shows,
Where all the country greenhorns are drawn in—
There are snakes and alligators, mammoth mules and big 'taters,
That were raised on the other side of Jordan.

The Sovereign of the Seas, she went to Liverpool,
In less than fourteen days, too, accordin',
Johnny Bull he wiped his eyes, and looked with surprise,
At this clipper from the Yankee side of Jordan.

The ladies of England have sent a big address
About slavery, and all its horrors, accordin',
They had better look at home, to their own white slaves,
That are starving on the English side of Jordan.

They have got a bearded lady down at Barnum's show,
And lots of pictures outside, accordin'
She's going to take her eye-lashes for a pair of mustaches,
For to trabble on the other side of Jordan.

The Duchess of Sutherland, she keeps the Stafford House,
The place where the "Black Swan" is boardin';
At a musical party, they ask'd for a song,
And she gave them—On the other side of Jordan.

Our great father, Washington, he was a mighty man,
And all the Yankees do their fighting accordin',
They will raise the flag of freedom wherever they can,
Till they plant it on the other side of Jordan.

I take off my coat, &c.

Pretty Jane.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom, the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Oh, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
When the bloom, the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding-day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and maids in favors white,
And village bells, the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
While the bloom, the bloom is on the rye.

My Girl with the Calico Dress.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets, and satins, and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces!
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazon'd with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light,
As the fawns whom the hunters hard press,
And her eyes are as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer,
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charm she permits to appear,
Would set the whole iceberg on fire!
She can dance—but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze, and caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted, and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven, and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

Darling Jenny Bell.

The days they are come, when this poor darkey must weep,
For the one that he used to love best,
Who now lies asleep in the dark grave so deep
And the sweet flowers bloom o'er her breast.
She's gone to that land where the bright spirits go,
She's gone far away to dwell;
Shall I never see the smile again
Of my darling Jenny Bell?

I remember the day when we walk'd side by side,
Away down in old Tennessee,
'Twas there that I promised to make her my bride,
As we sat beneath the old pine-tree;
But now she has gone to that bright land above,
In joy and freedom to dwell,
Shall I never see the smile again
Of my darling Jenny Bell?

Now I'm left all alone in this wide world to roam,
'Midst the throng of the happy and free,
And not one left to love, as that one who has gone,
And now sleeps beneath the old pine-tree;
But there is a land where the good darkies go,
I heard sweet Jenny once tell,
I'll see you in that happy land above,
My darling Jenny Bell.

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Ten o'Clock; or, Remember, Love, Remember.

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'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night,
I ever shall remember,
When every star shone twinkling bright,
In frosty dark December;
When at the window, tap, tap, tap,
I heard a certain well-known rap,
And with these words most clear,
"Remember, ten o'clock, my dear,
Remember, love, remember."

My mother dozed before the fire,
My dad his pipe was smoking,
I dare not for a word retire,
And was not that provoking?
At length the old folks fell asleep,
I then my promised word to keep,
And for his absence did denote,
He on the window shutters wrote,
"Remember, love, remember."

And did I heed a treat so sweet?
Oh, yes! and mark the warning,
He said at church we were to meet,
At ten o'clock next morning;
And then we meet no more to part,
To twine for ever hand and heart;
And since that day in wedlock join'd,
The window shutters bring to mind,
"Remember, love, remember."

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The Gold-Digger's Lament.

I am going far away from my creditors just now,
I ain't got the tin to pay 'em, and they're kicking up a row;
There's the sheriff running after me with pockets full of writs,
And my tailor's vowing vengeance, he swears he'll give me fits.
There's no room for speculation, and the mines ain't worth a flam,
And I ain't one of those lucky coves that works for *Uncle Sam*;
Whichever way I turn I am sure to meet a dun,
"So I think the best thing I can do is just to cut and run."

I wish those "tarnal critters" that wrote home about the gold,
Was in the place the Scriptures say is never very cold;
They told you of the heaps of dust and lumps so very big,
But they never said a single word how hard you had to dig.
I went up to the mines and help'd to turn a stream,
Got trusted on the strength of that delusive golden dream;
But when the river we turn'd, we found it would not do,
And we who damm'd the river our creditors did sue.

I am going far away, but I don't know where I'll go,
'Twont do to turn homeward now, they'd laugh at me I know,
For I told them when I left I was going to make my pile,
But if they could only see mine now I rather guess they'd smile.
If of these United States I was the President,
No man who owed another should ever pay a cent;
And he who dunn'd another should be banish'd far away,
For attention to the pretty girls is all a man should pay.

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The Boys of Kilkenny.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free,
Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her lips are like roses and her mouth much the same.
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in crame.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
Which through my poor bosom has burnt a large hole;
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure;
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms;
If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at home,
For there I got sweethearts but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground;
Neither lords, dukes, nor squires shall e'er pull it down;
And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
I am an Irish exile, and from Kilkenny I came.

The Emigrant's Farewell.

I'm leaving you at last, Mary, and all I love behind,
But sure 'tis for your sake I go, a better land to find;
I go to that young isle, Mary, where anger is unknown,
And the children of our widow'd land are cherish'd as her own.

Perhaps in after years I'll come, unchanged to you again,
And if I win a golden store, I'll not forget you then.
The peasant's lowly lot, Mary, I would not have you share,
Altho' I'm sure you'd bear with me life's sorrows anywhere.

How happy I had been, Mary, in all that nature will'd,
My cabin by the mountain side, and the ground my father till'd.
But the landlord with the bailiff came, the poor man's bitter foe,
And he cast me out to live or die, as God should will it so.

I would not live in Ireland now, for she's a fallen land,
And the tyrant's heel on her neck, with her reeking blood-stain'd hand.
There's not a foot of Irish ground, but's trodden down by slaves,
Who die unwept, and then are flung, like dogs, into their graves.

My troubles make me grieve, Mary, and I often wish to die,
And I long to find the green churchyard where all my kindred lie.
'Tis pleasant when the heart is broke, to sleep beneath the dust,
But I still hope on for better days, and place in God my trust.

I'm leaving you, my Mary dear, they're painful words to speak,
My last embrace I'm taking now, and my lips are on your cheek.
The parting hour is drawing near, and the sails wave in the wind,
Oh, fold me closer to your breast, I'll leave you soon behind.

The Pirate's Serenade.

CHORUS.

Come, love, come, come away with me,
My bark is on the glossy sea;
The moon is bright, on ocean's breast,
All, save the Pirate, are now at rest.

See how she rides the crested foam,
To bear thee, love, to the Pirate's home;
Then fly, love, fly, do not delay,
We must be gone before to-morrow's day.

Come, love, come, &c.

I dare not stay on this hallow'd land,
I must away to my pirate band;
They restless sit, all side by side,
To hail thee, love, as the Pirate's Bride.

Come, love, come, &c.

Though my voice is rough—oh! do not start,
For true and soft is the Pirate's heart.
Thy home shall be on some fairy land,
And thou wilt be Queen of the Pirate's band.

Come, love, come, &c.

Come, love, come—ah! why that stern brow—
She smiles, who so happy as the pirate now.
My arms will bear thee to "that thing of life,"
And this night thou must be the Pirate's Wife.

The Old Oaken Bucket which Hung in the Well.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure.
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips:
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well.

Man the Life Boat.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the life boat, man the life boat,
See how she's tempest-toss'd;
No human power in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save,
Her mainmast's gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.

Man the life boat! man the life boat!
See the dreadful signal flies;
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise;
And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild,
For on the beach he can not reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear,
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there!
Oh, speed the life boat, speed the life boat,
O God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on—the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now,
Amidst the billows roar,
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gain'd the shore,
Bless the life boat, bless the life boat!
Oh, thou'lt hear our prayer,
Bless the life boat, bless the life boat!
No longer we'll despair.

A Sailor's Life for Me.

A home on the rolling deep—
A life on the boundless sea!
Where the waters never sleep—
A sailor's life for me!
Some dwell upon the land,
And say they love its hills,
Its grassy vales, its woods and dales,
And its gently murmuring rills.

But give me the ocean's roar—
The restless, rolling sea;
I love not the listless shore—
A sailor's life for me!
My foot on a firm-set plank;
Then let the wild wind shout—
I love to sweep o'er the foaming deep,
When the tempest-king is out.

Some love to list while ladies sing,
Amid the festive crowd—
I love the music of the wind,
As it whistles through the shroud.
Some love to urge the courser's speed,
Swift as the wind to flee—
Hurrah! for a ride o'er the rushing tide!
A race with the angry sea!
Oh! this is the life for the brave;
And this the place for the free—
A life on the ocean wave—
A grave in the dark blue sea!

Hail Columbia.

Hail Columbia, happy land! hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band;
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm, united, let us be, rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more, defend your rights, defend your shore.
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just, in heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every shame of bondage fail.
Firm, united, let us be, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of fame! let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and God-like-power, he govern'd in the fearful hour,
Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the happier times of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands, again to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay, and glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free, resolved on death or liberty.
Firm united let us be, &c.

True Blue is the Color for Me.

There are fifty fine colors that flaunt and flare,
All pleasant and gay to see,
But of all the fine colors that dance in the air,
True Blue's the color for me.

True Blue is the color of good true love,
For it melts in woman's eye,
True Blue is the color of heaven above,
For it beams in the azure sky.

True Blue is the vest that Nature free
Has spread round the joyous earth,
True Blue is the hue of the dancing sea,
As it gave to beauty birth.

True Blue, it flows in the soft blue vein
Of a bosom that's fair and true,
As the violet, soften'd by heaven's own rain,
Is tinged with the heavenly hue.

True Blue, it is seen in the distant vale,
Where the fond hearts love to roam,
It curls in the smoke from the shelter'd dale,
As it guides the wanderer home.

True Blue hangs glorious over the wave,
From a thousand ships unfurl'd,
It clothes the breast of the Yankees brave,
As they bear it round the world.

And when the skies grow dark, and wild winds yell,
If he sees but a streak of blue,
The steersman is glad, for he knows all's well,
And his guardian angel's true.

Then let all the fine colors flaunt and flare
All pleasant and gay to see,
True Blue's the color alone to wear,
True Blue's the color for me.

My Dear Old Mother.

My dear old mother and I did part
When I was very young;
Her memory still clings round my heart,
As charming visions roam.
They tell me of my mother's form—
She watch'd me while I slept,
And with her soft and gentle hand
She wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in my eyes
When I began to talk;
I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kiss'd my burning brow;
And the tears that fell upon my cheek
I think I feel them now.

And then she always knelt by me—
How gloomy was that day!
She put her hand up to her breast,
And taught me how to pray.
Oh! mother, mother, in this breast
Thy image still shall be,
And I will love thee to the last,
And always think of thee.

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Jeannette and Jeannot.

You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget;
But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red and the beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear that you'll forget all the promises you made;
With a gun upon your shoulder and your bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some fair lady and be making her your bride.
You'll be taking, &c.

Or, when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?
Oh! if I were queen of France, or still better pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world be at peace, or if kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels be the only men to fight.
Yes, let them, &c.

The Answer.

Cheer up! cheer up! my own Jeannette, though far away I go,
In all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jeannot;
And if I win both fame and gold, ah! be not so unkind,
To think I could forget you in the home I leave behind.
There's not a lady in the land, and if she were a queen,
Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, so true as you have been;
They must have gallant warriors, chance has cast the lot on me,
But, mind you, that this soldier, love, must no deserter be.
But, mind, &c.

Why, since the world began, the surest road to fame,
Has been the field where men unknown might win themselves a name.
And well I know the brightest eyes have all the brighter shone,
When looking at some warrior bold return'd from battles won.
And you'd put an end to deeds which ladies love so well,
And have no tales of valor left for history to tell;
The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette, then rail no more,
Were only kings themselves to fight, there'd be an end to war.
Were only kings, &c.

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Isle of Beauty.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile,
Morn, alas! will not restore us,
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light,
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mists that float above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander,
Where my old companions dwell;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

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Woodman Spare that Tree.

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Woodman, spare that tree
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storms still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I have hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Old Rosin the Bow.

I have travel'd this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go.
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus.—To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out, "Whiskey and water,
To drink to old Rosin the Bow."
To drink, &c.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will all want to, I know,
Just lift off the lid of the coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Bow.
And look, &c.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin the Bow.
To the name, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow.
And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not fail to scratch on it
The name of old Rosin the Bow.
The name, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin the Beau.
Nor even, &c.

Bessy was a Sailor's Bride.

Poor Bessy was a sailor's bride,
And he was off to sea;
Their only child was by her side,
And who so sad as she!
"Forget me not, forget me not,
When you are far from me,
And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot,
She will remember thee."

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd away,
As it was told to me,
When Willie with a gladsome heart,
Came home again from sea.
He bounded up the craggy path.
And sought his cottage door,
But his poor wife and lovely child
Poor Willie saw no more.

"Forget me not, forget me not,"
The words rung in his ear;
He ask'd the neighbors one by one,
Each answer'd with a tear,
They pointed to the old churchyard,
And there his youthful bride,
With the pretty child he loved so well,
Were resting side by side.

[Pg 63]

Love Not.

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay.
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers;
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent star, the blue and smiling sky,
Beams on its grave, as once upon its earth.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! Oh, warning vainly said
In present hours, as in years gone by,
Love sings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not! love not!

[Pg 64]

Kitty Kimo.

Dar was a frog lived in a spring,
Sing song, Polly, won't you ki' me, oh?
He had such a cold dat he could not sing,
Sing song, Polly, won't you ki' me, oh?
I pull'd him out and frow'd him on de ground,
Sing song, Polly, won't you ki' me, oh?
Old frog he bounced and run around,
Sing song, Polly, won't you ki' me, oh?

CHORUS

Camo kimo, daro, war, my high, my ho, my rumsti-pum-stididdle,
Soot bag, pidly-winckem, linck 'em, nip cat,
Sing song, Polly, won't you ki' me, oh?

Milk in de dairy, nine days old,
Sing song, &c.
Rats and skippers are getting bold,
Sing song, &c.
A long-tail'd rat in a bucket of souse,
Sing song, &c.
Just come from de white folks' house,
Sing song, &c.

In South Carolina the niggers grow,
Sing song, &c.
If de white man only plant his toe
Sing song, &c.
Water de ground with 'bacca smoke,
Sing song, &c.
And up de nigger's head will poke,
Sing song, &c.

Way down South—in Cedar-street,
Sing song, &c.
Dar's where de niggers grow ten feet,
Sing song, &c.
Dey go to bed, but 'taint no use,
Sing song, &c.
Dar feet hang out for a chicken's roost.
Sing song, &c.

Uncle Ned.

I once knew a darkey, and his name was Uncle Ned,
Oh, he died long ago—long ago;
He had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where the wool ought to grow.

CHORUS

Lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long, like the cane in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
So he had to let the hoe cake be.

Lay down, &c.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
He'd nebber see his like again.

Lay down, &c.

The American Girl.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warriors' wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foemen,
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by woman.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our songs are for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis freedom's endless power;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties fair,
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lasses, England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charms
Though lords around them hover,
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A FREEMAN for a lover!

The American Boy.

“Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies.”

“It is your country’s flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O’er ocean’s waves, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.”

“Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?”

“It is the noise of cannon, child,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—
’Tis Freedom’s Jubilee.”

“I wish that I were now a man,
I’d fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don’t you?”

“I’m getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I’ve witness’d many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy.”

“Hurrah! for Freedom’s Jubilee!
God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword
Of freedom in my hand!”

“Well done, my boy—grow up and love,
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
A paradise on earth.”

My Poor Dog Tray.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah was nigh,
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my Shelah to part,
She said—while the sorrow was big in her heart,—
“Oh, remember your Shelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to my poor dog Tray.”

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind, to be sure;
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor,
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

Unhappy Jeremiah.

I'd often heard of married life, of pleasures without equal,
So I resolved to take a wife, but only mark the sequel.
But while my sorrows I relate, don't try to raise my ire,
For oh, I've often cursed the fate of unhappy Jeremiah.

I courted Jane, the milliner, her parents were my betters,
But soon I had enough of her, when fast bound in wedlock fetters.
For we had a boarder of our own, a man she did admire,
And oft with him she'd be alone in spite of Jeremiah.

Remonstrating was all in vain, she'd always be my master,
And if I tried to stop her tongue, 'twas sure to run the faster.
One day she ask'd this man to tea, she told me to retire,
I left her sitting on his knee, what a treat for Jeremiah!

Now we had two children of our own, and oft I had to mind 'em,
And when she walk'd with other men, I had to walk behind 'em.
But what is more to my disgrace, oh, lord, I feel on fire,
The children didn't look in the face a bit like Jeremiah.

Oh, I'd been to work quite hard one day, when to my home returning,
I found my wife had ran away, and all my offers spurning.
Of reason I was near bereft, folks thought I would expire,
For oh, she took the goods and left the brats for Jeremiah.

Happy Hezekiah.

Old Jeremiah you have heard so oft relate his troubles,
He told that married life was nothing but a bubble.
Now to confute this calumny, it is my heart's desire,
So list you while I sing the luck of happy Hezekiah.

My wife she was no milliner, or any other trade, sir.
But was what I ne'er blush to own, a charming servant-maid, sir.
I courted her, 'twas in a house, where she used to build the fires,
And I've ne'er had cause to curse the day she first was Hezekiah's.

I ne'er have cause for jealousy, I never take home codgers,
And what is more, I ne'er take in any single young men lodgers.
I always do go home to tea, then draw up to the fire,
My wife she reads, or mends the coat of happy Hezekiah.

My wife and I we ne'er fall out, we love each other dearly,
And of affections 'tis a fact, a pledge is sent us yearly.
And what adds more unto the joy, which a parent should inspire,
The children are the image of their father, Hezekiah.

We four dear children now have got, and do expect another,
The boys myself I do bring up, the girls I leave to their mother.
Thus with the children and my wife, my own, my loved Sophia,
So pleasantly doth pass the life of happy Hezekiah.

The Girl I left behind Me.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills
And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is fill'd,
Since I parted with Peggy.

Whene'er I turn to view the place,
The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
When next to see doth move me,
The burning flames my heart doth tell,
Since first she own'd she loved me.

In search of some one fair and gay,
Several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well,
Though I left her behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store,
And the dove become a ranger,
The fallen water cease to roar,
Before I'll ever change her.

Each mutual promise faithful made,
By her whose tears doth blind me,
And bless the hours I pass away,
With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains,
Whether asleep or awaken'd;
I hope to see my jewel again,
For her my heart is breaking.

But if ever I do go that way,
And she has not resign'd me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

'Tilda Horn.

I was raised in Mississippi, where the sugar-cane grows tall,
And I loved a pretty yellow girl, much sweeter than them all.
She left the place one moonlight night—we sorrow'd much to part;
No token did she leave me, but her picture on my heart,
And I moan, and I groan, all alone, all alone.

CHORUS

But fretting won't do for a darkey of this figure—
Time enough for that when he gits a little bigger;
Dancing with the yellow girls, and shucking out the corn,
Will make him forget 'Tilda Horn.

While ago I got a letter from her, thinking, as I sat,
If I met her, how she'd like me, in my stylish Kossuth hat.
'Twas the last I heard about her, and since then I'm much in dread
That's she's married to another man, or else she must "gone dead."
In despair, I declare, I is crack'd, that's a fact.

But fretting won't do, &c.

Now I go about, down in the mouth, and stockings down at heel;
Like Massa Shakspeare's Hamlet, too. I'm touch'd up here I feel.
His uncle gave him good advice—mine took my clothes in pawn;
And all to raise the cash to dress—deceitful 'Tilda Horn.
Oh! this wool I could pull, this poor heart is so full.

But fretting won't do, &c.

Since the Shakspere's coming in my head, I'm like Othello, too,
The victim of my jealous fears, I don't know what to do;
Desdemona lost his handkerchief—that wasn't much to lose;
But 'Tilda took my 'bacca-box, my shirts, and Sunday shoes,
Now I stray all the day, from the gay far away.

But fretting won't do, &c.

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Will You Love Me Then as Now?

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Other changes:

"Jordon" to "**Jordan**" is a Hard Road to Travel
"Jordon" to "**Jordan**", Other side of ...
"ln," to "**in**"
"sigh,s" to "**sighs,**"
"hear" to "**here**"
"natiye" to "**native**"
removed question mark **here**
"nas" to "**has**"
"Crurtin" to "**Courtin**"
comma to period **here**
period to comma **here**
"forttne" to "**fortune**"
"tress" to "**trees**"
"hors" to "**horses**"
"they'e" to "**they're**"
"satan Stare" to "**Satan stare**"
"Jordon's" to "**Jordan's**"
"darke ymust" to "**darkey must**"
"rpeed" to "**speed**"
"cottaeg" to "**cottage**"
"ehild" to "**child**"
"cat" to "**coat**"
"neveer" to "**never**"
"BAEDLE'S" to "**BEADLE'S**"

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