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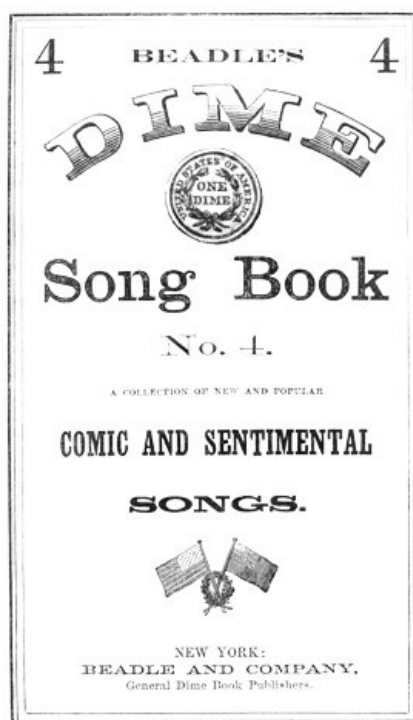
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4

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4



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**BEADLE'S**  
**DIME SONG BOOK**

## **Maud Adair and I.**

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One year ago were we sixteen,  
Maud Adair and I,  
With lightsome tread we tript the green,  
Maud Adair and I;  
But Maud Adair is lying low,  
She left poor me three moons ago;  
We ne'er shall meet again below,  
Maud Adair and I.

*Chorus.*—My Maud Adair! Sweet Maud Adair!  
We'll meet again up in the sky,  
Maud Adair and I.

One year ago, with hand in hand,  
Maud Adair and I,  
We roam'd the sunny hill and strand,  
Maud Adair and I;  
But one sad eve, with tearful eye,  
She whisper'd low a last "Good-by,"—  
We'll meet again up in the sky,  
Maud Adair and I.

*Chorus.*—My Maud Adair, &c.

How happy were we, and how true,  
Maud Adair and I,  
Like elm and ivy, upward grew  
Maud Adair and I;  
Oh, be thy spirit ever near  
To whisper softly words of cheer!  
While God doth guard, what can we fear,  
Maud Adair and I?

*Chorus.*—My Maud Adair, &c.

## **Don't You Cry so, Norah, Darling.**

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Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Wipe those tears away,  
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Smile on me to-day;  
See the wind is freshly blowing,  
And the ship longs for the sea,  
Be to-day your smiles bestowing  
Sweetly, love, on me.

*Chorus.*—Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Wipe those tears away;  
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Smile on me to-day.

Though 'tis sad to leave you, darling,  
I must no more stay,  
Think of me, Norina, darling,  
When I'm far away;  
And, although to part brings sadness,  
Keep your young heart light and free,  
Your sweet face adorn with gladness,  
Thinking still of me.

Don't you cry so, &c.

Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Wipe those tears away,  
Don't you cry so, Norah, darling,  
Smile on me to-day;  
When from work I rest a-weary,  
All my thoughts on you will be,  
And my life will not seem dreary,  
If you're true to me.

Don't you cry so, &c.

## **We are Growing Old Together.**

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We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,  
The morning of our life is past, and evening shades appear;  
Some friends we loved are in their graves, and many are estranged,  
But in sunshine or in shadow, our hearts are never changed.  
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,  
The morning of our life is past, and evening shades appear.

We are growing old together, the ivy and the tree  
A fitting emblem is dear, of the love 'twixt you and me;  
To be worthy of each other in the past was all our aim,  
And 'tis pleasant now to know, dear, our hearts are still the same.  
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,  
The morning of our life is past, and evening shades appear.

We are growing old together, together may we die—  
Together may our spirits soar to our home beyond the sky;  
For we loved as few can love, dear, when life's flowery paths we ranged,  
And though we've wander'd long here, our hearts have never changed.  
We are growing old together, thou dearest of the dear,  
The morning of our life is past, and evening shades appear.

[Pg 8]

### **Cottage by the Sea.**

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Childhood's days now pass before me  
Forms and scenes of long ago,  
Like a dream they hover o'er me,  
Calm and bright as evening's glow,  
Days that know no shade of sorrow,  
There my young heart pure and free,  
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow  
In the Cottage by the Sea.

CHORUS.

In the Cottage by the Sea,  
In the Cottage by the Sea,  
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow  
In the Cottage by the Sea.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining,  
Round the old and rustic door,  
And below, the white beach shining,  
Where I gather'd shells of yore.  
Hears my mother's gentle warning,  
As she took me on her knee;  
And I feel again life's morning,  
In the Cottage by the Sea.

In the Cottage by the Sea, &c.

What though years rolled above me,  
Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,  
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,  
Childhood's dear and happy home!  
And when life's long day is closing,  
Oh! how pleasant it would be;  
On some faithful heart reposing  
In the Cottage by the Sea.

In the Cottage by the Sea, &c.

[Pg 9]

### **Ben Fisher and Wife.**

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Ben Fisher had finish'd his hard day's work,  
And he sat at his cottage door;  
His good wife Kate sat by his side,  
And the moonlight danced on the floor—  
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,  
Her beams were clear and bright,  
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,  
Talk'd love in her mellow light.  
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

*Chorus.*—The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,  
Her beams were clear and bright,  
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,  
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,  
And never a dram drank he,  
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,  
And they chatted right merrily—

Right merrily they chatted on,  
Her babe slept on her breast,  
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,  
On his father's knee found rest,  
On his father's knee found rest.  
Right merrily, &c.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,  
And the corn in the lower field,  
And the wheat on the hills was grown to seed,  
And promised a glorious yield.  
A glorious yield in the summer-time,  
And his orchard was doing fair,  
His sheep and his flock were in their prime,  
His farm all in good repair,  
His farm all in good repair.  
A glorious yield, &c.

Kate said that her garden look'd beautiful,  
Her fowls and her calves were fat,  
The butter that Tommy that morning had churn'd,  
Would buy him a Sunday hat.  
That Jenny for pa a new shirt had made,  
And it was done, too, by the rule,  
That Neddy nicely could the garden spade.  
And Ann was up head at school.  
And Ann was up head at school.  
That Jenny for pa, &c.

[Pg 10]

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand,  
Through his locks of grayish brown:  
"I'll tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,  
"We're the happiest folks in town."  
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard  
Work and health go together I've found,  
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,  
And she's sick the whole year round,  
And she's sick the whole year round.  
I know," said Kate, &c.

"They are worth their thousands, so people say,  
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;  
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,  
And live in a constant fret.  
My humble home has a light within,  
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy—  
Six lovely children, a merry heart,  
And a husband's love-lit eye,  
And a husband's love-lit eye.  
My humble home, &c."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's fine eye,  
The moon shone brighter and clearer,  
I could not tell why the man should cry,  
But he hitch'd up to Kate still nearer.  
He lean'd his head on her shoulder there,  
And he took her hand in his,  
And I guess (though I look'd at the moon just then),  
That he left on her lips a kiss,  
That he left on her lips a kiss.  
He lean'd his head, &c.

[Pg 11]

All hail! Unfurl the stripes and stars!  
The banner of the free!  
Ten times ten thousand patriots greet  
The shrine of Liberty;  
Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,  
An undivided band,  
To elevate, with solemn rites,  
The ruler of our land.

Not to invest a potentate,  
With robes of majesty—  
Not to confer a kingly crown,  
Nor bend a supple knee.  
We now beneath no scepter'd sway—  
Obey no royal nod—  
Columbia's sons, erect and free,  
Kneel only to their God!

Our ruler boasts no titled rank,  
No ancient, princely line—  
No legal right to sovereignty,  
Ancestral and divine.  
A patriot—at his country's call  
Responding to her voice  
One of the people—he becomes  
A sovereign by our choice.

And now, before the mighty pile  
We've rear'd to Liberty,  
He swears to cherish and defend  
The charter of the free!  
God of our country! seal his oath  
With thy supreme assent.  
God save the Union of the States!  
God save the President!

## **The Old Brown Cot.**

Among the scenes to memory dear,  
To which my fancy oft returns,  
And for those long-lost days of joy  
My spirit in its sadness dreams.  
There's none which seems so dear to me  
As that where past life's early morn;  
There's none for which I sigh so oft,  
As for the cot where I was born.

CHORUS.

The old brown cot, the low brown cot,  
The moss-grown cot beneath the hill;  
Though years have pass'd since I was there,  
I love it, oh, I love it still.

It stood beside the running brook  
Whose waters turn'd the noisy mill;  
And close beside the tall old oaks  
That nodded on the sloping hill.  
The woodbine creeping o'er the walls,  
The sunshine on the grassy plot,  
How beautiful were they to me,  
When home was in that old brown cot!  
The old brown cot, &c.

Though I may view the fairest land  
On which the sun in glory beams,  
And dwell in climes more beautiful  
Than poets visit in their dreams,  
Still will affection linger round  
That loved and consecrated spot,  
And tears will fall as I go back  
To boyhood and the old brown cot.  
The old brown cot, &c.

**Come, gang awa' wi' me.**

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Oh! come my love, the moon shines bright,  
Across yon rippling sea,  
Come let thy heart be gay and light,  
And hasten love wi' me.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then let thy heart be lighter yet,  
Come, gang awa' wi' me.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met,  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then let thy heart be lighter yet,  
Come gang awa' wi' me.

Oh! tarry not, my only love,  
I've pledged myself to thee,  
And by yon stars that shine above,  
Forever thine I'll be;  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,  
Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then say ere yonder stars have set,  
Thou'lt gang awa' wi' me.

Thy features are so fair my love,  
Thy mind is ever free,  
Oh! let thy willing heart still prove  
The love thou bear'st to me.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Then say ere yonder stars have set,  
I'll gang awa' wi' ye.  
'Tis mony a night sin' first we met,  
Beneath the greenwood tree.  
Then say, ere yonder stars have set,  
I'll gang awa' wi' ye.

## **The Railroad Engineer's Song.**

I love—oh, how I love to ride  
The Iron Horse in his fiery pride!  
All other joys seem dull and vain,  
When I lay my hand on his misty mane.

Fear him not! with his ribs of steel,  
His flaming throat, and his brushing wheel;  
And his smoky crest, so black and tall,  
Like a pillar cover'd with a funeral pall.

Though his stamping shakes the solid ground,  
And he scatters fire-flakes all around,  
He's gentle as jennet in lady's rein  
When he feels my hand on his misty mane.

Set me astride of the Iron Horse!  
Full of fierce fury, speed, and force;  
And hark how he pants, and blows, and snorts,  
While my skill his eager bounding thwarts.

But when I'm mounted on his back,  
And you see him coming—clear the track!  
Nothing can check him on his course,  
As he thunders along—my Iron Horse!

Then huzza! the Iron Horse for me!  
The eagle scarce flies as fast as he;  
He skims the valley and scours the plain,  
And shakes, like a cloud, his misty mane.

He tracks the prairie, climbs the hill,  
The wild woods echo his neighing shrill;  
And when the fierce tempest lashes the shores,  
Louder than ever the storm he roars.

### **Linda's gone to Baltimore.**

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Oh, Linda's gone to Baltimore,  
To stay a week or two,  
And till she comes safe home again,  
I don't know what to do.  
I take the banjo on my knee,  
But can not hear to play,  
For music only makes me sad,  
When Linda's gone away,  
When Linda's gone away.

CHORUS.

Oh, my heart am very lonely  
All the night and day,  
For every thing seems sad and drear,  
When Linda's gone away.

I think of all the olden times  
We've had when she was here,  
I did not know 'till she was gone,  
That she was half so dear.  
The flowers are blooming all around  
And all but me are gay,  
For all the time I think or dream  
Of Linda far away.

*Chorus.*—Oh, my heart am very lonely, &c.

Though many years have pass'd and gone  
Since we were in our prime,  
I loved her more as on we roam'd  
Adown the Vale of Time!  
How very much she thinks of me,  
I should not dare to say;  
But oh, it always breaks my heart  
When Linda's gone away.

*Chorus.*—Oh, my heart am very lonely, &c.

**I've been Roaming o'er the Prairies.**

I've been roaming, roaming o'er the prairies wild  
Plucking dewy blossoms, happy as a child;  
Casting care and sadness very far away,  
For the earth rejoices on this pleasant day.  
I've been roaming, roaming where the lilies sleep,  
On the tiny lakelet sparkling cool and deep,  
Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white,  
Making gladsome music glancing in the light;  
Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white,  
Making gladsome music glancing in the light.

I've been roaming, roaming through the wild wood deep  
Searching for the flowrets when the prairies sleep;  
In the tiny blossoms swaying to and fro,  
Whispering to each other very soft and low.  
I've been roaming, roaming o'er the dewy grass,  
Gemm'd with fairy blossoms waving as I pass,  
For the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea,  
Whispering many a story to the flowers and me;  
For the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea,  
Whispering many a story to the flowers and me.

**Bonnie Jamie.**



The twilight hour is stealing,  
The day is dying fast,  
Neath the birken tree I'm kneeling,  
Where Jamie met me last.  
Where Jamie met me last;  
While tears fell from mine e'e,  
But my bonnie, bonnie Jamie  
Has cross'd the stormy sea.

The war's alarms were sounding,  
For soldiers brave and true,  
My deary's heart was bounding,  
He join'd the army too.  
He join'd the army too,  
To fight for liberty,  
Oh, my bonnie, bonnie Jamie  
Has gone to war to dee.

Sin e'er I was a bairnee,  
My Jamie I ha' known,  
The fire of his bright e'e,  
His voice sae soft and low.  
His voice sae soft and low,  
So snood and braw look'd he,  
Oh, my bonnie, bonnie Jamie,  
Will I nae mair see thee?

I gave unto my dearie  
A lock of my gowden hair,  
His sword I buckled cheerie,  
And kiss'd his brow sae fair.  
And kiss'd his brow sae fair,  
Which he gave back to me,  
Oh, my bonnie, bonnie Jamie,  
Is a' the world to me.

Brave Mars, thou God of Battle,  
My heart now speaks to thee,  
When cannons loudly rattle,  
On my dearie keep thine e'e.  
On my dearie keep thine e'e,  
My prayers I'll gie to thee,  
For my bonnie, bonnie Jamie,  
He's a' the world to me.

**I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow-Tree.**

I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree,  
I'll off to the wars again,  
My peaceful home has no charms for me,  
The battle-field no pain;  
The lady I love will soon be a bride  
With a diadem on her brow;  
Oh, why did she flatter my boyish pride,  
She's going to leave me now.  
Oh, why, &c.

She took me away from my warlike lord,  
And gave me a silken suit,  
I thought no more of my master's sword,  
When I play'd on my master's lute.  
She seem'd to think me a boy above  
Her pages of low degree;  
Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love,  
It would have been better for me;  
Oh, had I, &c.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care;  
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine;  
When smiles awake the bridal pair  
I'll hasten to give them mine;  
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,  
And I'll walk in the festal train,  
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,  
And I'll off to the wars again.  
And if I survive, &c.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine  
In my helmet's sable plume,  
And then on the field of Palestine,  
I'll seek an early doom.  
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,  
'Mid the noble and the brave,  
A tear from my lady love is all  
I ask for the warrior's grave.  
A tear from, &c,

## **Johnny is Gone for a Soldier.**

I'll trace these gardens o'er and o'er,  
Meditate on each sweet flower,  
Thinking of each happy hour,—  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

CHORUS.

Shool, Shool, Shool, agra!  
Time can only ease my woe,  
Since the lad of my heart from me did go  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

Some say my love is gone to France,  
There his fortune to advance,  
And if I find him it's but a chance,—  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier,  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I'll sell my frock, I'll sell my wheel,  
I'll buy my love a sword of steel,  
So in the battle he may reel,—  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I wish I was on yonder hill,  
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
So every tear may turn a mill,—  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,  
All over the world I'll beg my bread,  
So my parents may think me dead—  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

**We are all so Fond of Kissing.**

Oh, kiss me quick and let me go,  
Don't keep me here a waiting,  
For if by chance we should be caught,  
It would set the gals a talking.  
I vow, I quite in passion get,  
To see you act so silly,  
I think I'll have to kiss you first,  
For I'm getting very chilly.

CHORUS.

Oh, kiss me quick, and let me go,  
Don't keep me here a waiting,  
For if by chance we should be caught,  
It would set the gals a talking.

She's fond of kissing, that I know,  
So often as I meet her,  
She says, "Kiss me quick, and let me go,  
You'll love me all the better."  
At evening when the room was dark,  
And time was getting later,  
I thought I'd steal a kiss from her,  
And I kiss'd the Nigger Waiter.  
Oh, kiss me quick, &c.

Oh, now I'll give you good advice,  
When you go a sparking,  
Don't do your kissing in the dark,  
For fear your lips of marking.  
But choose the day and fear no shame,  
If its not distressing,  
I'm sure its nothing very new,  
For we're all so fond of kissing.  
Oh, kiss me quick, and let me go, &c.

[Pg 21]

### **Oh, Kiss but never Tell.**

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When love grows warm there is a charm,  
And oft a sacred bliss,  
When fond hearts greet for lips to meet  
In sweet affection's kiss;  
But to reveal the sacred seal  
Which hallows it so well,  
May quench love's flame with breath of shame,  
So kiss, but never tell.

CHORUS.

Oh, kiss, but never tell, oh never!  
Breathing breaks the spell.  
True lovers pledged to keep forever,  
Kiss, but never tell.

At night, when eyes like stars beam bright,  
And kindred souls commune,  
And heart to heart love's vows impart,  
Beneath the smiling moon:  
At such an hour of magic power,  
What hallow'd raptures dwell,  
In each true breast by honor blest,  
To kiss, and never tell.

CHORUS.

Then kiss but never tell,  
Breathing breaks the spell,  
True lovers pledged to keep forever,  
Kiss, but never tell!

**Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness.**

Music—Tum, Tum, Tum, Tum.

Chorus.—Ahaa—Ahaa—Ahaa—Ahaa.

Solo— Way down south in Beaver Creek,  
In Beaver Creek, in Beaver Creek,  
De niggers-dey grow about ten feet,  
Way down in Alabam.

Chorus.—Oh, ain't I glad we got out of the wilderness  
Out of the wilderness,  
Oh, ain't we glad we got out of the wilderness  
And left old Alabam.

[Symphony with dance as above.]

Solo— Dey wet the ground wid bacca smoke,  
Wid bacca smoke, wid bacca smoke,  
When out of de ground dar heads do poke.  
Way down in Alabam,

Dance & Chorus—Oh, ain't I glad, etc.

Solo— My wife's dead, an I'll get anuder one,  
I'll get anuder one, I'll get anuder one,  
My wife's dead, and I'll get anuder one,  
Way down in Alabam.

Dance & Chorus—Oh, ain't I glad, etc.

Solo— I met a cat-fish in the ribber.  
In the ribber, in the ribber,  
I golly, it made dis nigger shiver  
Way down in Alabam.

Dance & Chorus—Oh, ain't I glad, etc.

Solo— I steer'd right straight for de critter's snout  
De critter's snout, de critter's snout,  
Turned de cat-fish inside out,  
Way down in Alabam.

Dance & Chorus—Oh, ain't I glad, etc.

Solo— Oh, here we go now altogether,  
All together, all together,  
Nebber mind de wind or wedder,  
Way down in Alabam,

Dance & Chorus—Oh, ain't I glad.

## **Jolly Jack the Rover.**

Here I am one, and still will be,  
Who spend their days in pleasure,  
The tailor's bill is seldom fill'd,  
For he's never took my measure.

*Chorus.*—It must be while I do live,  
And I must not give over,  
Until old age doth me engage,  
From being a jolly rover.

It's on my vamps, I take my tramps,  
My shoes being in a bad order,  
My stockings down into the groun,  
For I seldom wears a garter.  
It must be, &c.

If I would dress up in fine clothes,  
The ladies would adore me,  
The fops of beaux that wear fine clothes,  
They think to go before me,  
It must be, &c.

It's I can play at cards and dice,  
Let me be drunk or sober,  
Win or lose, I'll have my dues,  
For I'm Jolly Jack the Rover.  
It must be, &c.

Three tons of wool through a comb I pul  
All in the neatest order,  
As white as milk and soft as silk,  
To please the farmer's daughter.  
It must be, &c.

When my work's done and finish'd off,  
I'll take it to the owner,  
I have no doubt that she's found out,  
That I'm Jolly Jack the Rover.  
It must be, &c,

When I am old, if I have gold,  
I'll set down by my table,  
With you my dear, I'll toast good beer  
And drink while I am able.  
It must be, &c.

When I am dead, and in my grave,  
It's then I must give over,  
Let each jolly lass fill a parting glass,  
And drink a health to Jack the Rover.  
It must be, &c.

### **Somebody's Courting Somebody.**

Somebody's courting somebody  
Somewhere or other to-night;  
Somebody's whispering to somebody,  
Under the clear moonlight,  
Near the bright river's flow,  
Running so still and slow;  
Talking so soft and low,  
She sits with somebody.  
Somebody's courting somebody  
Somewhere or other to-night;  
Somebody's listening to somebody  
Under the clear moonlight,  
Under the clear moonlight.

Pacing the ocean shore,  
Edged by the foaming roar,  
Words never breathed before,  
Sound sweet to somebody;  
Under the maple-tree,  
Deep though the shadow be,  
Plain enough they can see,  
Bright eyes has somebody.  
Somebody's courting somebody  
Somewhere or other to-night;  
Somebody's listening to somebody  
Under the clear moonlight,  
Under the clear moonlight.

No one sits up to wait,  
Though she is out so late,  
All know she's at the gate  
Talking with somebody;  
Two sitting side by side,  
Float with the ebbing tide,  
"Thus, dearest, may we glide  
Through life," says somebody.  
Somebody's courting somebody  
Somewhere or other to-night;  
Somebody's listening to somebody  
Under the clear moonlight,  
Under the clear moonlight.

### **The Little Low Room where I Courted my Wife.**

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My brow is seam'd o'er with the iron of years,  
And the snow threads are gleaming the furrows among,  
My eyes have grown dim in the shadow of tears,  
Where the flowers of my soul have died as they sprung,  
But memory bears to me on its broad wings  
Bright images true of my earliest life,  
And there, 'mid the fairest of all that is seen,  
Is the little low room where I courted my wife,  
Is the little low room where I courted my wife.

That low, humble room seem'd a palace of light,  
As love held his torch, and illumined the scene,  
With glory of state and profusion bedight,  
Where I was a monarch, my darling a queen;  
Ourselves were our subjects, pledged loyal were each,  
And which should love best was our heartiest strife;  
What tales could it tell, if possessing a speech,  
That little low room where I courted my wife,  
That little low room where I courted my wife.

Warm vows has it heard, the warmest e'er spoke,  
Where lips have met lips in holy embrace,  
Where feelings that never to utterance woke,  
It saw oft reveal'd in a duplicate face;  
The sweet hours hasten'd, how quickly they flew,  
With fervent devotion and ecstasy rife!  
Our hearts throb'd the hours, but how I ne'er knew,  
In the little low room where I courted my wife,  
In the little low room where I courted my wife.

The romance of youth lent its rapturous zest,  
And fairydom knew no delight like our own;  
Our words were but few, but they were the best,  
A dialect sweet for ourselves all alone.  
So anxious to hear what the other might say,  
We neither could utter a word for our life;  
Thus the hours, in silence, pass'd quickly away  
In the little low room where I courted my wife,  
In the little low room where I courted my wife.

Long years have since pass'd o'er my darling and I,  
The roses have vanish'd away from her cheek,  
But the merciless moments, as onward they fly,  
Leave love still undimm'd in her bosom so meek;  
That love is the light to our faltering feet,  
Our comfort in hours with sorrowing rife,  
Our blessings in joy, as with joy 'twas replete,  
In the little low room where I courted my wife,  
In the little low room where I courted my wife.

## **Stand by the Flag.**

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Stand by the flag, its folds have stream'd in glory,  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,  
And spread in rythmic lines the sacred story,  
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe;  
Stand by the flag on land and ocean billow;  
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true;  
Living defended; dying, from their pillow,  
With their last blessing, pass'd it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots round it rattle;  
And underneath its waving folds have met,  
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,  
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet,  
Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,  
Believe with courage firm and faith sublime  
That it will float until the eternal morning  
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

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## **Gal from the South.**

My Massa had a color'd gal—  
He brought her from the South,  
Her hair it curl'd so very tight,  
She could not shut her mouth,  
Her eyes they were so very small,  
They both ran into one,  
And when a fly lit in her eye,  
'Twas like a June-bug in the sun.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, yah, yah, yah,  
The gal from the South;  
Her hair it curl'd so very tight,  
She could not shut her mouth.

Her nose, it was so very long,  
It turn'd up like a squash,  
And when she got her dander up,  
She made me laugh, by gosh!  
Old Massa had no hooks or nails  
Or nothing else like that,  
So on this darkie's nose he used  
To hang his coat and hat.

*Chorus.*—Ha, ha, ha, yah, yah, yah, &c.

One morning Massa going away,  
He went to get his coat,  
But neither hat nor coat was there,  
For she had swallow'd both.  
He took her to a tailor shop,  
To have her mouth made small,  
The lady took in one long breath,  
And swallow'd tailor and all!

*Chorus.*—Ha, ha, ha, yah, yah, yah, &c.

**Commence you Darkies all.**

White folks, I am goin' to sing  
A song dat am quite new,  
Ob myself an' banjo-string,  
An' you, an' you, an' you!  
Oh, Sam, don't laugh, I say,  
Our strings will keep in tune,  
Just listen to de banjo play  
For de white folks 'round de room!

CHORUS.

Den commence you darkies all,  
As loud as you can bawl!  
Commence you darkies all, to-night.

Touch light de banjo-string,  
An' rattle de ole jaw-bone,  
Oh, merrily sound de tamborine,  
An' make de fiddle hum;  
An' make de fiddle hum, old dad;  
De way dem bones will shake,  
Am a caution to all living niggs,  
An' a deff to rattlesnakes.  
Den commence, &c.

"Oh, for a piano or guitar!"  
I hear a fair one cry;  
But when I hear dese instruments,  
I tink I'd like to die.  
I tink I'd like to die, I does,  
I could lay me down to rest,  
For music hab such 'lodium sounds  
To soothe dis darkey's breast.  
Den commence, &c.

When I go to promenade,  
I look so fine an' gay,  
I hab to take de dogs along  
Te keep de gals away;  
My busom am so full ob lub,  
Dis darkey can not rest,  
So I'll bid you all good-by, at last,  
An' trabble to de West.  
Den commence, &c.

### **Columbia Rules the Sea.**

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The pennon flutters in the breeze,  
The anchor comes a-peak,  
"Let fall sheet home,  
The briny foam and ocean's waste we seek;  
The booming gun speaks our adieu.  
Fast fades our native shore,  
Columbia free shall rule the sea,  
Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,  
The billows' madden'd play,  
Now climbing high against the sky,  
Now rolling low away;  
While Yankee oak bears Yankee hearts,  
Courageous to the core,  
Columbia free shall rule the sea,  
Britannia ruled of yore.

We'll bear her flag around the world,  
In thunder and in flame,  
The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles  
Shall form around her name;  
The winds shall pipe her pæans loud,  
The billowy chorus roar  
Columbia free shall rule the sea,  
Britannia ruled of yore.

**I'm not Myself at all.**

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
I'm not myself at all,  
Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'tis after you I'm going,  
Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.  
Th'other day I went confessin', and I ask'd the father's blessin'  
But says I, "Don't give me one entirely,  
For I fretted so last year,  
But the half o' me is here,  
So give the other half to Molly Brierly  
Oh! I'm not myself at all."

Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
My appetite's so small,  
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons are no use,  
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.  
If thus it is I waste, you'd better dear make haste  
Before your lover's gone away entirely,  
If you don't soon change your mind  
Not a bit o' me you'll find,  
And what 'ud you think 'o that Molly Brierly?  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Isn't like myself at all.  
For I've got so very thin, myself says 't isn't him,  
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
And I'm not myself at all.  
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting dear for you,  
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency,  
So just let Father Taaf  
Make you my better half,  
And you will not the worse for the addition be;  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
'Till you my own I call.  
Since a change o'er me there came, shure you might change your name,  
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
Oh! 'twould just come the same;  
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,  
And 'twould simplify the mather entirely,  
And 'twould save us so much bother  
When we'd both be one another,  
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly,  
Oh! I'm not myself at all.

**Erin is my Home.**

Oh, I have roam'd in many lands,  
And many friends I've met;  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget;  
But I'll confess that I'm content,  
No more I wish to roam;  
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,—  
For Erin is my home.  
Oh, steer my bark, &c.

If England were my place of birth,  
I'd love her tranquil shore;  
But if Columbia were my home,  
Her freedom I'd adore.  
Though pleasant days in both I pass'd,  
I dream of days to come;  
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,—  
For Erin is my home.  
Oh, steer my bark, &c.

### **The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.**

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus freedom now but seldom wakes;  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

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### **I Wish he would Decide, Mamma.**

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I wish he would decide, Mamma,  
I wish he would decide,  
I've been a bridesmaid many time,  
When shall I be a bride;  
My cousin Anne and sister Fan,  
The nuptial knot have tied,  
Yet come what will I'm single still,  
Yet come what will I'm single still,  
I wish he would decide.  
When shall I be a bride,  
When shall I be a bride,  
For come what will I'm single still,  
I wish he would decide.

He takes me to the play, Mamma,  
And brings me pretty books,  
He woos me with his eyes, Mamma,  
Such speechless things he looks.  
Where e'er I roam, abroad, at home,  
He lingers by my side,  
Yet come what will I'm single still,  
Yet come what will I'm single still,  
I wish he would decide.  
When shall I be a bride,  
When shall I be a bride,  
For come what will I'm single still,  
I wish he would decide.

I've thrown out many a hint, Mamma,  
I've spoke of other beaux,  
I've talk'd about domestic life,  
And sung "They don't propose."  
Then if he means to break, Mamma,  
My passion and my pride,  
Unconquer'd yet I'll scorn regret,  
Unconquer'd yet I'll scorn regret,  
Although he won't decide,  
Although he won't decide,  
Although he won't decide,  
Unconquer'd yet I'll scorn regret,  
Although he won't decide.

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### **We were Boys and Girls Together.**

We were boys and girls together  
In that happy time,  
When the spirit's light shone brightest  
And the heart was in its prime;  
Ere the morning light was clouded,  
That beam'd upon our youth,  
And chill of worldly knowledge  
Had blighted childhood's truth.

We were boys and girls together,  
When the step was firm and light,  
When the voice was clear and ringing,  
And the laughing eyes were bright;  
Then our love sought no concealment,  
And our bosoms knew no art,  
And the sunshine of our childhood  
Cast no shadow on the heart.

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## A Parody on "Uncle Sam's Farm."

Of all the reformations, in the east or in the west,  
Oh, the temperance reformation is the greatest and the best,  
We invite the whole creation our pledge to come and sign,  
And leave off drinking brandy, rum, cider, beer, and wine.

CHORUS.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,  
Come sign the temperance pledge, sign it right away,  
For if you do but keep it, you need not fear alarm  
But you will soon be rich enough to buy a handsome farm.

The temperance cause is spreading o'er this our native land,  
And Alchy with his subjects know not where to make a stand.  
His army is decreasing, and soon there'll be but few,  
Who to oppose the temperance cause on Alchy's smiles get blue.

The drunkard is so foolish that he will money waste,  
On liquor, when there's water more pleasant to the taste;  
The water is much cheaper, and much more healthy too,  
And never makes a man a fool—which liquors often do.

It never yet caused people to quarrel and to fight,  
Or come home intoxicated at twelve o'clock at night.  
Cold water never caused man in the gutter to be found,  
And never, as I know of, to feel upward for the ground.

Now if you only hasten our pledge to come and sign,  
To leave off drinking brandy, rum, cider, gin, and wine,  
You can not help but prosper in your business through life,  
Provided you have with you a nice teetotal wife.

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## Would I were a Boy again.

Oh, would I were a boy again,  
When life seem'd form'd of sunny years,  
And all the heart then knew of pain  
Was swept away in transient tears,  
Was swept away in transient tears.  
When ev'ry dream hope whisper'd then,  
My fancy deem'd was only truth;  
Oh, would that I could know again,  
The happy visions of my youth.  
Oh, would I were a boy again, &c.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown  
How false these fairy visions were,  
Or murmur that mine eyes have known  
The burden of a fleeting tear;  
But still the heart will fondly cling  
To hopes no longer prized as truth,  
And memory still delights to bring  
The happy visions of my youth.  
Oh, would I were a boy again, &c.

## Would I were a Girl again.

Oh, would I were a girl again,  
With heart and spirit free,  
To gayly rove the village plain,  
Or singing o'er the lea.  
Then can you wonder if I sigh  
And sadly thus deplore,  
To wish for days, alas! gone by,  
And be a girl once more.

I gayly trod the mountain side,  
Knew naught of care or gloom,  
Its purple bells brought home with pride,  
To deck my mother's room,  
Then can you wonder if I sigh, &c.

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## The Farmer's Boy.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,  
And o'er yon dreary moor,  
When, weary and lame, a boy there came  
Up to a Farmer's door,—  
Saying, can you tell me, if any there be,  
Can give to me employ,  
For to plow, for to mow, for to reap, for to sow,  
For to be a Farmer's Boy.

My father is dead, my mother is left  
With her five children small,  
And what is worse, for mother still,  
I'm the eldest of them all;  
Though small I am, I fear no work,  
If you will give me employ.  
For to plow, &c.

One favor yet I ask, If you can not me employ,  
That is to shelter me this one night  
From the cold winter's blast;  
At the break of day, I will trudge away,  
Elsewhere to seek employ,  
For to plow, &c.

The farmer says, "We will try the lad,  
No further let him seek."  
Oh, yes, dear father, his daughter cried,  
While the tears rolled down her cheek;  
For him that can labor it is hard to want,  
Or elsewhere to seek employ  
For to plow, &c.

At length of years this boy grew up,  
This good old farmer died,  
He left the boy the farm he had,  
And his daughter for his bride.  
The boy that was, is a farmer now,  
And he oft times thinks with joy,  
On the happy, happy day, he came that way,  
For to be a Farmer's Boy.

[Pg 37]

## **Song of the Farmer.**

I have cattle that feed in the valley,  
And herds that graze on the hill,  
And I pride in the fruits of my labor,  
For I'm lord of the land that I till,  
I have plow'd the rough hill and the meadow  
Till feeble with age and with toil,  
And I know before long that another  
Shall reap the new fruits of the soil.

For the son that hath toil'd for me ever,  
And faithfully stood by my side,  
Hath a hand that shall gather the harvest,  
When his feeble old father hath died.  
And the daughter so kind to her mother,  
Shall share with him all I possess,  
For I feel that they love me as father,  
And welcome my tender caress.

There's my faithful, my trusting companion,  
My kind-hearted dear loving wife;  
I have toil'd for her comfort with pleasure,  
For such was the pride of my life.  
And still in my manhood I love her,  
For her kind and affectionate care,  
And all that the earth can afford me,  
With her I most willingly share.

**They don't wish Me at Home.**

They don't wish me at home, though they miss me,  
'Twould be a great assurance, I fear,  
To think for a moment some soft one  
Would say, "I wish Toby were here."  
Although the poor tom-cat at the fireside  
May think of poor me as I roam,  
Oh yes, I'd be green beyond measure  
To think they do wish me at home.

Dark nights were my joy for this reason:  
Some orchard I'd visit alone;  
Next morning some farmer would mention  
My name with some fruit that was gone.  
But now fruits are safe from all danger,  
None's miss'd since poor Toby's away;  
And the neighbors all wish I may never  
Return from the place where I stay.

I forgot not my place at the table,  
When "grub-time" was fast drawing nigh;  
Then the "vittles" that lay all around me  
Disappear'd in the wink of an eye.  
Now, when my poor supper is over,  
I spread myself out for a snore,  
Oh! I dream of the fruits in the garden,  
And think myself happy once more.

Oh! I wish I was home, though they quiz me  
And jaw me from morning till night;  
I'd finger the peach-trees around me—  
The farmers should stare with affright.  
Although they would give me no welcome,  
I'd not be less bold than before;  
Their fruit they shall miss by the bushel.  
Because I am with them once more.

### **Broken-Hearted Tom, the Lover.**

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the saes,  
My mind is never aisy;  
No mortal sowl can give relaif—  
In troth, I'm getting crazy.  
The burning tears roll down me chakes,  
In faith, they nearly blind me;  
I weep and sigh, both night and day,  
For the Girl I left behind me.

The lovely lass I courted long,  
She lives in Tipperary;  
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright,  
And they call'd her black-eyed Mary.  
In summer's night I took delight,  
Her beauty so inclined me,  
A thousand crowns I'd give to see  
The Girl I left behind me.

In foreign lands compell'd to roam,  
Yet often think of Mary:  
The black-eyed lass that won my heart  
That lives in Tipperary.  
On distant shores I weep and sigh,  
Without a friend to mind me;  
Bad luck unto the ship that sail'd  
And left the Girl behind me.

If e'er I land on Erin's shore,  
I'll haste to Tipperary;  
Within me arms I will embrace  
Me lovely black-eyed Mary.  
With her I'll dwell while life shall last,  
For she'd roam the world to find me,  
From Mary I'll not wander more,  
The Girl I left behind me.

**Terry O'Reilly.**

Sure, Terry O'Reilly, I've waited, you know,  
And sure you're not coming like my own throe beau;  
I've look'd through the windy till each little pane,  
Is near hid by my tears like a shower of rain.  
Och! hone! Terry, come soon!  
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Sweet Terry O'Reilly, why keep me sighing?  
If I tarry longer, of grief I'll be dying;  
Now, Terry, pray haste, and this heart give relief,  
Or faith, my dear Terry, I'll soon die with grief.  
Och! hone! Terry, come soon,  
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Dear Terry O'Reilly, I ne'er was a flirt,  
Still Terence is handsome, and he'll gain my heart;  
Sure some one I must have, whose kindness will prove,  
He's devoted to me, and faith him I'll love.  
Och! hone! Terry, come soon,  
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

Now, Terry O'Reilly, I am tired of sighing,  
I'm wearied to death, sure, with fretting and crying;  
I'll marry to spite you, ma cushla, and part,  
With love for you, Terry, and so break my heart.  
Och! hone! Terry, come soon,  
Or else I'll get married some fine afternoon.

## **Sparking Sunday Night.**

Sitting in a corner, on a Sunday eve,  
With a taper finger resting on your sleeve;  
Starlight eyes are casting on your face their light;  
Bless me, this is pleasant—sparking Sunday night!

CHORUS.

Bless me, ain't it pleasant,  
Bless me, ain't it pleasant,  
Bless me, ain't it pleasant,  
Sparking Sunday night?

How your heart is thumping 'gainst your Sunday vest,  
How wickedly 'tis working on this day of rest!  
Hours seem but minutes, as they take their flight,  
Bless me, ain't it pleasant, sparking Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping, on their peaceful bed,  
Dreaming of the things the folks in meeting said.  
"Love ye one another," ministers recite;  
Bless me, DON'T we do it—sparking Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure lingers round her waist,  
You squeeze her dimpled hand, her pouting lips you taste,  
She freely slaps your face, but more in love than spite;  
Oh, thunder! ain't it pleasant—sparking Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking; it is two o'clock, I snum,  
As sure as I'm a sinner, the time to go has COME.  
You ask, with spiteful accents, if "that old clock is right!"  
And wonder if IT ever—sparked on Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses; four, five, six, you hook;  
But, thinking that you rob her, give back those you took;  
Then, as for home you hurry, from the fair one's sight,  
Don't you wish EACH DAY was only Sunday night?

**Answer of Katy Darling.**

Oh, in heaven you will meet your Katy Darling,  
There my smiles you may ever more behold.  
I believed not you were false to Katy Darling.  
Or that your love had ever grown cold.  
Oh no, I could not believe  
That my Dermot was untrue.  
No love was like the love of Katy Darling,  
Search the world you will find very few.  
I'm ever near you, dearest.  
When all is wrapp'd in slumber, Katy Darling  
Is watching by her dear Dermot's side,  
Your loving and beloved Katy Darling,  
Her spirit will ever be your guide.

When you kneel by the grave of Katy Darling,  
Katy's spirit will meet with you there,  
Dear Dermot, weep no more for Katy Darling,  
This bright world is free from all care.  
By my grave I see you weeping  
In the silent starry light,  
I long to have you with your Katy Darling,  
Happy you'd be with her this night.  
I hear you dear Dermot.  
And every night by the grave of Katy Darling,  
She will meet you till you lie by her side,  
Then in heaven you will meet your Katy Darling,  
Dear Dermot and his much loved bride.

### **Sprig of Shillelah.**



Och, love is the soul of a neat Irishman;  
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can;  
    With a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.  
His heart is good-humor'd, 'tis honest and sound,  
No malice or hatred is there to be found;  
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights  
For love—all for love—for in that he delights,  
    With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?  
An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
    With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;  
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,  
A neat Barcelona tied round his neck;  
He goes to his tent, and spends his half-crown,  
He meets with a friend who for love knocks him down,  
    With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,  
His heart, soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,  
    From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,  
Cries, "Get you gone, Pat!" yet consents all the while.  
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,  
A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, Father Pat?"  
    With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?

"Bless the country!" says I, "that gave Patrick his birth,  
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,  
    Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,  
Thrash the sons that would plant on their confines a cannon.  
United and happy, at liberty's shrine,  
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine  
    Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

## **The Low Back'd Car.**

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'Twas on a market day;  
A Low Back'd Car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay.  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And deck'd with flowers of spring,  
No flowers were there that could compare  
With the lovely girl I sing,  
As she sat in the Low Back'd Car, the man at the turnpike bar,  
Good-natured old soul, never ask'd for his toll,  
But look'd after the Low Back'd Car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
The proud and mighty Mars,  
With hostile scythes, demands his tythes,  
Of death in warlike scars;  
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
Has darts in her bright eye,  
That knock men down in the market-town,  
As right and left they fly;  
As she sits in the Low Back'd Car, than battle more dangerous far,  
For the doctor's art, cannot cure the heart  
That is hit from the Low Back'd Car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese;  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
By far outnumber these.  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle-dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming God of Love.  
As she sits in her Low Back'd Car, the lovers come from afar,  
And envy the chickens that Peggy is picking,  
As she rides in her Low Back'd Car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,  
With Peggy by my side,  
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,  
With a lady for my bride.  
For the lady would sit forinst me,  
On a cushion made with taste,  
While Peggy would sit beside me,  
With my arm around her waist.  
As we rode in that Low Back'd Car, to be married by Father Magar,  
Oh, my heart would beat high at each glance of her eye,  
As we rode in the Low Back'd Car.

Fourscore and four of us, poor old maids,  
What will become of us, poor old maids?  
Fourscore and four of us,  
Without a penny in our purse,  
What the deuce then can be worse, poor old maids?

Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids,  
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids,  
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue,  
Nursing cats is all we do,  
Nursing cats is all we do, poor old maids.

All alone we go to bed, poor old maids,  
All alone we go to bed, poor old maids,  
All alone we go to bed,  
And not a word to us is said,  
And not a word to us is said, poor old maids.

We're all in a willing mind, poor old maids,  
We're all in a willing mind, poor old maids,  
We're all in a willing mind,  
If the men would be so kind,  
As to wed the lame and blind, poor old maids.

And if there's any in this room, poor old maids,  
And if there's any in this room, poor old maids,  
And if there's any in this room,  
I hope they'll marry very soon,  
And enjoy life's honeymoon, poor old maids.

### **O God! Preserve the Mariner.**

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O God! preserve the mariner,  
When o'er the troubled deep  
The rolling thunder-lightning flash,  
And howling tempests sweep;  
When like a reed the tall mast shakes,  
And human art is vain,  
O God! restore the mariner  
To home, dear home again.

The sailor's wife sinks down to rest,  
But dreams disturb her sleep,  
She starts to hear the hollow wind,  
And turns aside to weep;  
She clasps her baby, and she prays,  
Through tears, like falling rain,  
"O God! restore the mariner,  
To home, dear home again."

The widow for her darling child,  
Her bosom's only joy,  
Invokes the Power that rules the storm,  
For blessings on her boy.  
When ruin lurketh in the cloud,  
And death sweeps o'er the main,  
O God! restore the mariner,  
To home, dear home again.

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### **A Merry Gipsy Girl again.**

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A merry Gipsy girl again,  
I'm free to rove at will:  
The woodlands wild, the meadows sweet,  
The valley and the hill  
How poor the proudest roof ye boast  
To that high-arched dome,  
Whose boundless circle makes me think  
The whole wide world my home.  
Here none can bar the free fresh air,  
Nor mete out heaven's light,  
Nor make the glorious day appear  
Too near akin to night.  
Amid the beauties of the mead  
My summer days are spent,  
And joyfully the stars look down  
Upon my Gipsy tent;  
And joyfully the stars look down  
Upon my Gipsy tent.

I wander freely as the fawn  
Which hath not learnt to fear  
The death-cry of the hunter's voice  
Resounding far and near;  
And bounding through the woods  
I feel as if I too could soar,  
Bird-like, upon the wings of joy,  
And sing for evermore!  
Come out, ye pent-up toilers!  
Come, from city dark and drear,  
And see what gladness Nature has  
In all her beauties here;  
And ere ye seek your homes, ye'll say,  
Your time has well been spent,  
And wish that all the world  
Could be, one happy Gipsy tent;  
And wish that all the world  
Could be, one happy Gipsy tent.

**Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother.**

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
Let me kiss his youthful brow;  
I will love him for his mother,  
And seek her blessing now.  
Kind friends have soothed his pillow,  
Have watch'd his every care;  
Beneath the weeping willow,  
Oh, lay him gently there.

CHORUS.

Sleep, dearest, sleep;  
I love you as a brother;  
Kind friends around you weep,  
I've kiss'd you for your mother,

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
What though left a stranger here?  
She has loved him as none other,  
I feel her blessing near.  
Though cold that form lies sleeping,  
Sweet angels watch around;  
Dear friends are near thee weeping;  
Oh, lay him gently down.  
Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
Or perchance a sister dear;  
If a father or a brother,  
I know their blessing's here.  
Then kiss him for his mother:  
'Twill soothe her after-years;  
Farewell, dear stranger brother,  
Our requiem, our tears.  
Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

**My ain Fireside.**

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Oh! I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha'as,  
'Mang Lords and mang Ladies, a' cover'd wi' braws,  
At feasts made for Princes wi' Princes I've been,  
Whar the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een,

CHORUS.

But a sight sae delightful I trow, I ne'er spied,  
As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain fireside,  
My ain fireside, my ain fireside, oh! sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, Heaven be praised, round my ain heart-some ingle,  
Wi' the friends o' my youth, I cordially mingle;  
Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

*Chorus.*—My ain fireside. &c.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;  
O' a' the roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
There's nane half so sure as ain's ain fireside.

*Chorus.*—My ain fireside. &c.

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### **The Indian Warrior's Grave.**

Green is the grave by the wild dashing river,  
Where sleeps the brave with his arrows and quiver  
Where in his pride he roved in his childhood  
Fought he, and died, in the depths of the wildwood.

In the lone dell, while his wigwam defending,  
Nobly he fell 'neath the hazel-boughs bending;  
Where the pale foe and he struggled together,  
Who from his bow tore his swift-arrow'd feather.

Ere the next noon the bold warrior was buried;  
And ere a moon his tribe westward had hurried.  
But a rude cross, with its rough-chiseled numbers,  
Half hid in moss, tells the red warrior slumbers.

## Indian Hunter.

Oh, why does the white man follow my path, like the hound on the tiger's track?  
Does the flush of my dark cheek waken his wrath? does he covet the bow at my back?  
He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze  
Bear riches for him alone—  
And the sons of the wood, never plunge in the flood,  
Which the white man calls his own.  
Yha, yha!

Then why should he come to the streams where none but the red skin dare to swim?  
Why, why should he wrong the hunter? one who never did harm to him!  
Yha, yha, yha!

The Father above thought fit to give to the white man corn and wine—  
There are golden fields where he may live, but the forest shades are mine.  
The eagle hath its place of rest, the wild horse where to dwell,  
And the spirit that gave the bird its nest, made me a home as well.  
Yha, yha!

Then back! go back! from the red man's track, for the red man's eyes are dim,  
To find that the white man wrongs the one who never did harm to him.  
Yha, yha, yha!

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## Molly Bawn.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
Or lonely waiting here for you—  
While the stars above are brightly shining,  
Because they have nothing else to do.  
The flowers late were open keeping,  
To try a rival blush with you,  
But their mother, Nature, kept them sleeping,  
With their rosy faces wash'd in dew.  
Oh, Molly, &c.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,  
And the pretty stars were made to shine;  
The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,  
And may be you were made for mine.  
The wicked watch dog here is snarling—  
He takes me for a thief, d'ye see?  
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,  
And then transported I should be.  
Oh, Molly, &c.

## Norah, the Pride of Kildare.



As beauteous as Flora is charming young Norah,  
The joy of my heart and the Pride of Kildare,  
I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly 'twould grieve her,  
To find that I sigh'd for another less fair.

CHORUS.

Her heart with truth teeming, her eye with smiles beaming,  
What mortal could injure a blossom so fair.  
Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

Where e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,  
Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare,  
Yet nothing shall ever, my heart from thine sever,  
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

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### **The Hazel Dell.**

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

CHORUS.

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

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

All alone my watch, &c.

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

All alone my watch, &c.

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## Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,  
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;  
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
Oh, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;  
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,  
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

## My Boyhoods Home.

My boyhood's home! I see thy hills—  
I see thy valley's changeful green,  
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,  
Though years have roll'd since thee I've seen.

I come to thee from war's dread school,  
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;  
But while I gaze on each loved plain,  
I feel I am a boy again.

To the war-steed adieu—to the trumpet farewell—  
To the pomp of the palace—the proud, gilded dome;  
For the green scenes of childhood, I bid ye farewell!  
The soldier returns to his boyhood's loved home.  
My boyhood's home, &c.

## The Old Kirk-Yard.

Oh, come with me to the old kirk-yard,  
I well know the path through the soft, green sward;  
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,  
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk-yard.  
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,  
Oh, weep not for them, they weep no more.  
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard,  
Their pillow may be in the old kirk-yard.

I know it is vain when friends depart,  
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;  
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd;  
When we follow them home to the old kirk-yard.  
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,  
Why should'st thou weep, dear love, for me?  
I'm way-worn and sad, ah, why then retard,  
The rest that I seek in the old kirk-yard?

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### **I am a Freeman.**

I am a freeman! 'Tis my boast and my pride,  
The blue sky is o'er me, the dark soil beneath,  
And spreading around is the wilderness wide;  
My bath is the lake, my couch is the heath,  
My rod and my rifle my larder provide—  
I am a freeman! 'Tis my boast and my pride,

I am a freeman! *True* freedom is mine;  
I slay when I choose, yet spare when I will;  
For my food use the bullet, or cast out the line,  
But never, like fools, from wantonness kill.  
My "roof-tree" is lofty, my dining-hall wide—  
I am a freeman! 'Tis my boast and my pride.

The eagle above me soars lofty and free,  
He knows that I'll speed no bullet at him—  
He is game for a tyrant, but *never* for me,  
While he sits on his nest on that old pine limb.  
A life in the woods some men may deride,  
But *freedom* is there, my boast and my pride.

I roam through the wild wood o'er skim or the lake,  
My wreaths are of laurel, my plumes never fade;  
I sleep when the night falls, with the dawn am awake,  
To hunt the red deer while they feed in the glade.  
I'm joyous and free as a bird of the air,—  
A son of the forest, a stranger to care.

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### **Ship A-Hoy!**

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When o'er the silent seas alone,  
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
Oh! they who've felt it, know how sweet,  
Some sunny morn a sail to meet,  
Some sunny morn a sail to meet!  
Sparkling on deck is every eye;  
"Ship a-hoy! ship a-hoy!" our joyful cry.  
When answering back we faintly hear,  
"Ship a-hoy! what cheer! what cheer!"  
Now sails aback we nearer come,  
Kind words are said of friends at home;  
But soon, too soon, we part in pain,  
To sail o'er silent seas again,  
To sail o'er silent seas again.

When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,  
With toil her destined port to gain,  
Our gallant ship has near'd the strand,  
We claim our own, our native land,  
We claim our own, our native land;  
Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout,  
"Land ahead! land ahead! look out! look out!"  
Around on deck we gayly fly,  
"Land ahead! land ahead!" with joy we cry;  
Yon beacon light directs our way,  
While grateful vows to Heaven we pay,  
And soon our long-lost joys renew,  
And bid the boisterous main adieu,  
And bid the boisterous main adieu.

### **Song of Blanche Alpen.**

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You speak of sunny skies to me—  
Of orange grove and bower—  
Of winds that wake soft melody  
From leaf and blooming flower;  
And you may prize those far-off skies,  
But tempt not me to roam;  
In sweet content my days are spent,  
Then wherefore leave my home?  
In sweet content my days are spent,  
Then wherefore leave my home?

You tell me oft of rivers bright,  
Where golden galleys float;  
But have you seen our lakes by night,  
Or sail'd in Alpine boat?  
You speak of lands where hearts and hands  
Will greet me as I come,  
But though I find true hearts and kind,  
They're kinder still at home.  
But though I find true hearts and kind,  
They're kinder still at home.

Had you been rear'd by Alpine hills,  
Or lived in Alpine dells,  
You'd prize, like me, our mountain rills,  
Nor fear the torrent swells;  
It matters not how drear the spot  
How proud or poor the dome,  
Love still retains some deathless chains,  
That binds the heart to home.  
Love still retains some deathless chains,  
That binds the heart to home.

### **By the Sad Sea-Waves.**

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By the sad sea-waves  
I listen, while they moan  
A lament o'er graves  
Of hope and pleasure gone.  
I am young, I was fair,  
I had once not a care  
From the rising of the morn  
To the setting of the sun.  
Yet I pine like a slave,  
By the sad sea-wave.

Come again bright days  
Of hope and pleasure gone;  
Come again, bright days,  
Come again, come again.

From my care last night,  
By holy sleep beguiled,  
In the fair dream-light  
My home upon me smiled.  
Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew,  
Every flower that I knew  
Breathed a gentle welcome back  
To the worn and weary child!  
I wake in my grave  
By the sad sea-wave;

Come again, dear dream,  
So peacefully that smiled,  
Come again, dear dream,  
Come again, come again.

### **Daylight is on the Sea.**

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Daylight is on the sea!  
Love, do not stay;  
Land is no place for me,  
I must away!  
My bark is on the waves,  
My boat ashore;  
The surge its broadside laves,  
While sleeps each oar.

CHORUS.

Daylight is on the sea,  
Land is no place for me;  
Come away, love, come away, love,  
I dare no longer stay;  
Come away, love, away, love,  
I dare no longer stay.  
Come away, away, away, away, away,  
I dare no longer stay,  
Away, away, away, away, away,  
I dare no longer stay.

Daylight plays o'er the deep,  
Like childhood's smile;  
Blue waves and hush'd winds sleep,  
Enchain'd awhile!  
My bark is on the waves,  
My boat ashore,  
The surge its broadside laves,  
While sleeps each oar.

Daylight is on the sea, &c.

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### **Kate was once a Little Girl.**

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Kate was once a little girl,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Eyes of blue, and teeth of pearl,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
In the spring, when school was done,  
Full of life and full of fun,  
O'er the hills away she'd run,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Gentle breezes all the day,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Through her sunny locks would play,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Still on her cheek as brightly plays  
The sunshine of her youthful days,  
And still as sweet her girlish ways,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Kate's a little older now,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
Still as fair her radiant brow,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
All her thoughts are pure and bright,  
As the stars we see at night,  
Shining with a joyous light,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Kate will always be the same,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
She'll never change except in name,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!  
So gently time shall steal away,  
She'll always be as bright and gay,  
As when she laugh'd in girlhood's day,  
Heigh ho! heigh ho!

**Kitty Tyrrell.**

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You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,  
You're looking as bright as the day;  
But while on your charms I'm dilating,  
You're stealing my poor heart away.  
But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,  
Its loss I'm not going to mourn;  
Yet one heart's enough for a body,  
So pray give me yours in return.  
Mavourneen, mavourneen,  
Oh! pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,  
I've pigs and potatoes in store;  
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,  
And may be, a pound or two more.  
It's all very well to have riches,  
But I'm such a covetous elf,  
I can't help still sighing for something,  
And, darling, that something's yourself.  
Mavourneen, mavourneen,  
And that something, you know, is yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling;  
Say "Yes," and you'll never repent;  
Or, if you would rather be silent,  
Your silence I'll take for consent.  
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,  
Now all that I have is your own,  
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,  
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.  
Mavourneen, mavourneen,  
You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

### **Within a mile of Edinboro' Town.**

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'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear;  
Bonny Jocky blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny makin' hay,  
The lassie blush'd and frowning cried,  
No no, it will not do, I can not, can not, wonnot, wonnot, monnot buckle too.

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,  
Though long he had follow'd the lass,  
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonny Jocky blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried,  
No no, it will not do, I can not, &c.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride.  
Though his flocks and herds were not few  
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd forever be true.  
Bonny Jocky blithe and free;  
Won her heart right merrily;  
At church she no more frowning cried.  
No, no, it will not do, I can not, &c.

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### **Would I Were With Thee.**

Would I were with thee, ev'ry day and hour  
Which now I pass so sadly far from thee,  
Would that my form possess'd the magic power  
To follow where my heavy heart would be;  
Whate'er thy lot o'er land or sea,  
Would I were with thee eternally.

Would I were with thee, when the world forgetting  
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown,  
While bright and red our evening sun is setting,  
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone;  
While happy dreams thy thoughts employ,  
Would I were with thee in thy joy.

Would I were with thee, when no longer feigning  
The hurried laugh, that stifles back a sigh,  
When thy young lip pours forth its sweet complaining,  
And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye;  
When all seems dark and sad below,  
Would I were with thee in thy woe.

Would I were with thee, when the day is breaking,  
And when the moon has lit the lonely sea,  
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking,  
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me:  
In joy, or pain, by sea, or shore,  
Would I were with thee evermore.

[Pg 64]

### **Old Uncle Edward.**

There formerly might have been seen an aged colored individual,  
Whose cognomen was Uncle Edward,  
He departed this life some time since, some time since,  
And he had no capillary substance on the summit of his cranium,  
On the place designed by nature for the capillary to vegetate.

CHORUS.

Then lay down the agricultural implements,  
Allow the violin and the bow to be pendent on the wall.—  
For there is no more physical energy to be displayed by indigent aged Edward,  
For he has departed to the abode designated by a kind Providence for all pious, humane, and  
benevolent individuals.

Uncle Edward had digits equal in longitude to the  
Bamboo formation which springs so spontaneously on the bank of the Southern Mississippi,  
And he had no oculars with which to observe  
The beauties of nature,  
And he had no dental formations with which to  
Masticate the Indian meal cake,  
Consequently he was forced to permit the  
Indian meal cake to pass by with impunity.

*Chorus.*—Then lay down, &c.

When Uncle Ned relinquished his hold on vitality,  
His master was exceedingly grieved,  
And the lachrymal poured down his cheeks similar to the rain from heaven,  
For he knew that the old man was laid beneath terra firma, terra firma,  
He would never have the pleasure of beholding the physiognomy of the aged Edward any more.

*Chorus.*—Then lay down, &c.

[Pg 65]

## **Uncle Gabriel.**

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I was gwan to Sandy Point de oder arternoon,  
Dis nigger's heel cum'b out ob joint a running arter a coon;  
I thought I see'd him on a log, a lookin' mighty quar  
Wen I cum'd up to de log, de coon he wasn't dar.

CHORUS.

Oh, come along, my Sandy boy, now come along, oh do;  
Oh, what will uncle Gabriel say? ya eh eh eh ya eh eh eh;  
What will Uncle Gabriel say, why Jinny can't you come along too?

I blow'd de horn, I call'd de dog, and tell him for to bark;  
I hunt all night in de hollow log, but de coon he still keep dark;  
At last I hear de ole coon sneeze, de dog he fly around,  
And on to him he den did freeze, and pull him to the ground.

*Chorus.*—Oh, come along, my Sandy boy, &c.

De coon he lay upon de ground, as stiff as any post;  
I knock him den upon de head, and he gabe up de ghost;  
I took him to de old log house, as soon as he suspire;  
He look'd just like a little mouse, and we roast him on de fire.

*Chorus.*—Oh, come along, my Sandy boy, &c.

De niggers dey come all around, and kick up a debil of a splutter.  
Dey eat de coon and clar de ground, to dance de chicken flutter,  
Dey dance all night till de broke of day, to a tune on de old banjo,  
And den dey all did gwan away, before de chicken crow.

*Chorus.*—Oh, come along, my Sandy boy, &c.

### **He led Her to the Altar.**

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He led her to the altar,  
But the bride was not his chosen;  
He led her with a hand as cold  
As though its pulse had frozen.  
Flowers were crush'd beneath his tread,  
A gilded dome was o'er him;  
But his brow was damp, and his lips were pale,  
As the marble steps before him.

CHORUS.

He led her to the altar,  
But the bride was not his chosen;  
He led her with a hand as cold  
As though its pulse had frozen.

His soul was sadly dreaming,  
Of one he had hoped to cherish;  
Of a name and form that the sacred rites,  
Beginning, told must perish.  
He gazed not on the stars and gems  
Of those who circled round him;  
But trembled as his lips gave forth  
The words that falsely bound him.  
He led her to the altar, &c.

Many a heart was praising,  
Many a hand was proffer'd;  
But mournfully he turn'd him  
From the greeting that was offer'd.  
Despair had fix'd upon his brow  
Its deepest, saddest token,  
And the bloodless cheek and stifled sigh  
Betray'd his heart was broken.  
He led her to the altar, &c.

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### **Where are now the Hopes I Cherished?**

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Where are now the hopes I cherish'd?  
Where the joys that once were mine?  
Gone forever—all have perish'd,  
And the blighter's hand was thine!  
Look upon me, and remember  
Thy Norma ere she was betray'd;  
Look again, and look exulting,  
On the ruin thou hast made;  
Look again, and look exulting,  
On the ruin thou hast made.

Canst thou think, as thou dost listen  
To thy children's artless songs,  
Of that moment when their fond hearts,  
First shall feel their mother's wrongs?  
Ha! thou shrinkest like the lightning,  
To thy bosom fell remorse shall dart,  
And thou yet shall know the anguish  
Which hath broken my poor heart;  
And thou yet shall know the anguish  
Which hath broken my poor heart.

[Pg 68]

### **Paddy on the Canal.**

When I landed in sweet Philadelphia, the weather was pleasant and clear,  
I did not stay long in the city, so quickly I shall let you hear.  
I did not stay long in the city, for it happen'd to be in the fall,  
I never reef'd a sail in my rigging, till I anchor'd out on the canal.

CHORUS.—So fare you well, father and mother,  
Likewise to old Ireland too;  
So fare you well, sister and brother,  
So kindly I'll bid you adieu.

When I came to this wonderful rampire, it fill'd me with the greatest surprise,  
To see such a great undertaking, on the like I never open'd my eyes;  
To see full a thousand brave fellows at work among mountains so tall,  
To dig through the valleys so level, through rocks for to cut a canal.

So fare you well, &c.

I enter'd with them for a season, my monthly pay for to draw,  
And being in very good humor, I often sang Erin Go Bragh.  
Our provision it was very plenty, to complain we'd no reason at all,  
I had money in every pocket while working upon the canal.

So fare you well, &c.

I learnt to be very handy, to use both the shovel and spade,  
I learnt the whole art of canalling—I think it an excellent trade.  
I learned to be very handy, although I was not very tall,  
I could handle the sprig of shillelah, with the best man on the canal.

So fare you well, &c.

I being an entire stranger, be sure I had not much to say,  
The boss came round in a hurry, says, "Boys, it is grog-time a-day;"  
We all marched up in good order, he was father now unto us all,  
Sure I wish'd myself from that moment to be working upon the canal.

So fare you well, &c.

When at night we all rest from our labor, be sure but our rent is all paid.  
We lay down our pick and our shovel, likewise our axe and our spade.  
We all set a-joking together, there was nothing our minds to enthrall  
If happiness be in this wide world, I am sure it is on the canal.

So fare you well, &c.

It was down in Louisiana,  
Not many years ago,  
I fell in lub wid a pretty gal,  
And her name was Jane Monroe;  
Her eyes was bright as diamonds,  
Her teeth was white as snow—  
Oh, de prettiest gal I eber saw,  
Was charming Jane Monroe!

CHORUS.

But now she is far, far away,  
And we hear from her ebery day;  
And if she was here we'd have nothing to fear,  
For we darkies all lub her so gay.

She was like a model,  
From her head down to her toe,  
And sprightly as de hopper grass,  
Was charming Jane Monroe.  
I'd rather be a slave for life,  
And hab de corn to hoe,  
Dan to be free, and lib widout  
My charming Jane Monroe.  
But now she is far, far away, &c.

A darkey trader came one day,  
And bought my gal from me,  
And left me here alone to mourn  
Beneaf de cypress-tree;  
It fill'd my heart wid grief an' pain,  
To think dey'd treat me so,  
But I live in hopes to meet again  
My charming Jane Monroe.  
But now she far, far away, &c.

**Tom Brown.**

The King will take the Queen,  
And the Queen will take the Jack;  
And now as we're together here,  
We'll ne'er a one go back:  
Here's to you, Tom Brown,  
And with you I'll drink a quart;  
Here's to you with all my heart,  
And with you I'll spend a shilling or two,  
And thus before we part,  
Here's to you, Tom Brown.     *Repeat.*

The Jack will take the Ten,  
And the Ten will take the Nine;  
And now that we're together here,  
We'll take a glass of wine.  
Here's to you, Tom Brown, &c.

The Nine will take the Eight,  
And the Eight will take the Seven;  
And now that we're together here,  
We'll stay 'till after eleven.  
Here's to you, Tom Brown, &c.

The Seven will take the Six,  
And the Six will take the Five;  
And now that we're together here;  
We'll drink while we're alive.  
Here's to you, Tom Brown, &c.

The Five will take the Four,  
And the Four will take the Trey, (three)  
And now that we're together here,  
We'll stay till the break of day.  
Here's to you, Tom Brown, &c.

The Trey will take the Deuce, (two)  
And the Deuce won't take the One;  
And now that we're together here,  
We'll quit where we've begun.  
Here's to you, Tom Brown, &c.

## **Uncle Tim, the Topper.**



There was an old toper, his name was Uncle Tim,  
And he lived long ago, long ago;  
And he spent all his money for whiskey and gin,  
At the place where he hadn't ought to go.

CHORUS.

So, throw away the bottle and the jug!  
Hang up the dipper and the mug!  
There's no more hard drink for old Uncle Tim,  
For he's thrown away the bottle and the jug!

Uncle Tim had a nose like a red woolen sack,  
And the pimples on his face not a few;  
And he had one eye that was very, very black,  
And the other t'other one was blue!

The hair on his head was like a mop on a stick,  
And he had but one leg for to go;  
So you see he couldn't go for to come it very quick,  
So he had to, and go it very slow.

Uncle Tim was a hard one, and he used to take his T,  
And the way he used to take it wasn't slow;  
And the kind he used to take it wasn't Bohee,  
If it had a been it wouldn't have served him so.

Oh! he toddled, t'other day, into the William Tell  
A noted loafer's cubby-hole, you know;  
Where they sell for medicine the raw material,  
And sea-turtles caught in the Ohio.

He drank and he spree'd till his money was all gone,  
And he couldn't drink and spree it any more;  
And then they kick'd him out, and he went zigzag home,  
Just as he'd done many times before.

Then the Devil, with the poker, and all the evil ones,  
Got after him and worried him full sore;  
Says he, "Old joker, I'm going to join the Sons,  
So you can't come it never any more!"

Now come, you liquor-sellers, and you liquor-drinkers too:  
Give up the bad practice, and be men!  
Come up and join the Sons, and stick to them, too,  
And never touch the filthy stuff again!

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Other changes:

"evneing's" to "evening's"  
"stara" to "stars"  
"brookleth" to "brooklet"  
"permisson" to "permission"  
"permisson" to "permission"  
"shsll" to "shall"  
"companton" to "companion"  
"pleaures" to "pleasure"  
"permisson" to "permission"  
"BAEDLE'S" to "BEADLE'S"

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