

The Clown's



Song Book.

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The Clown's Song Book.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Composed and sung by WILLIAM H. PORTER.

Many songs you have heard of late, about the present time;
But I've another subject I'll sing you in my rhyme,
About these fast days, our father's age are going rather slow;
For things ain't like they used to be—a hundred years ago.

People traveled different then, in a quiet sort of way;
We had no steam railroads, with a smash-up every day—
You couldn't hear from England or France in an hour or
two, or so—

For we had no Atlantic Telegraph a hundred years ago.

England don't boast of wooden walls, upon the seas to ride;
But we have Yankee monitors and iron-clads besides;
We've an a army and a navy, too, can whip any foreign foe—
For America has grown to be the mightiest power since a
hundred years ago.

Young men didn't play at faro banks, nor hang 'round liquor
bars—

They didn't color meerschaums, nor smoke long-nine cigars;
They didn't wear paste diamonds in their shirts, to try and
cut a show,

For we had no dollar jewelry stores a hundred years ago.

Young ladies dressed different then—they had nothing to
dread—

They had no rats or water-falls, crawling all over their head;
They didn't paint nor powder then, to try to catch a beau,
For they had no hoops nor Grecian bends, a hundred years
ago.

Little Eva in Heaven.

From the Drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Childless, desolate this heart,
 Naught on earth is left to cherish,
 All is lost since we must part,
 Every hope and joy will perish.
 Eva, Eva! gentle daughter!
 Are those bright eyes veiled in death—
 That so fondly beamed with goodness
 Upon all at parting breath?
 Art thou gone from me forever?
 Shall I never more behold thee?
 Bud of life, my heart's fond treasure,
 What is now the world to me?
 Lonely here, and worn with sadness,
 No loved child's sweet voice I hear;
 Life has ceased to yield its gladness,
 Since without my little dear.
 Eva, Eva! lovely daughter!
 Are those soft lips closed and cold—
 That so sweetly spoke of Heaven,
 Emblem of an angels mold?
 Picture of divine perfection,
 Loved by all, enslaved and free;
 Oh! my heart and soul's affection,
 What is now the world to me?
 Home is silent, dread and drear,
 Uncle Tom is seen to weep;
 Topsy linger near the bier,
 Strewing flowers at thy feet.
 Eva, Eva! charming daughter!
 Smile upon me from above,
 Open wide those gates of pearl,
 Bless me with thy spotless love!
 Little angel! thou art gone there,
 Filled at last thy prophecy.
 Farewell, only child, forever!
 What is now this world to me?

Little Bare-Foot.

Who has not, while traversing the crowded thoroughfares of our different cities, been saluted by the subject of this song with the well-known appeal of, "Mister, please give me a penny, for I've not got any pa. Please, Sir, give me just one penny, I want to buy some bread for ma."

Standing where the bleak winds whistled
 Round her small and fragile form,
 Arms within torn garments nestled,
 Standing there at night and morn ;
 Hundreds passing by unheeding,
 'Cept to jostle her aside—
 There, with bare feet, cold and bleeding,
 She, in tones of anguish, cried :
 "Mister, please give me a penny,
 For I've not got any Pa—
 Please, Sir, give me just one penny,
 I want to buy some bread for Ma !"

CHORUS : While we beg for those with plenty,
 And for them to us unknown,
 We'll not forget our little "Bare-foots,"
 They are Heathens nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger,
 As they hurriedly went by,
 Some would turn and gaze upon her,
 Pity beaming from their eye ;
 Others cast a frown upon her,
 Heeding not the plaintive cry ;
 "I must have some bread for Mother,
 Or with hunger she will die.
 Mister, please give me a penny,
 For I've not got any Pa ;
 Please, Sir, give me just one penny,
 I want to buy some bread for Ma !"

There, one chilly day in Winter,
 Bare-foot sat upon the pave ;
 Outstretched were her little fingers,
 But no pennies did she crave—

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There, while begging bread for mother,
Death had chilled her little heart,
Yet, each day, we see some other
Playing Little Bare-foot's part :
"Mister, please give me a penny,
For I've not got any Pa—
Please, Sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!"

A Bit of My Mind.

TONY PASTOR'S Version—Sung by TONY PASTOR.

When I see a young chap with more money than brains,
Dressed out in the finest of clothes,
At some laboring man, with true blood in his veins,
Look scornful and turn up his nose :
Then I say, though my arm is hard to restrain
From knocking the idiot blind,
"My exquisite duck, you're a fool, that is plain,"
And I give him a bit of my mind.

When I jump on a street-car, determined to ride,
But I can't get inside of the door,
Like sardines in a box, are packed people inside,
And they always find room for some more ;
I fear its an outrage we shouldn't allow—
If the public were only combined,
They'd wake up the railroad directors somehow,
If they'd give them a bit of their mind.

When I see a poor seamstress, in garret or room,
At midnight incessantly stitch,
And know that consumption is surely her doom,
While her wealthy employer grows rich :
If that man who grows fat on the blood of the poor,
Were to my tender mercies consigned,
I mightn't assault him, but really, I'm sure
I'd give him a bit of my mind.

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 her own cottage-door,
 Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
 Oh ! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again !
 The birds, singing gaily, that came at my call,
 Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all. !

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

Beautiful Venice.

Beautiful Venice ! city of song !
 What mem'ries of old to thy regions belong—
 What sweet recollections cling to my heart,
 As thy fast-fading shores from my vision depart !
 Oh ! poesy's home is thy light colonades,
 Where the winds gently sigh, as the sweet twilight fades—
 I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me
 Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea !

Beautiful Venice ! Queen of the earth !
 Where dark eyes shine brightly ; 'mid music and mirth—
 Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,
 Oft mingle their song with the dulcet guitar—
 All that's lovely in life, all that's deathless in song,
 Fair Italy's isle, to thy regions belong !
 I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me
 Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea !

Bear It Like a Man.

I gayly sing from day to day,
 A careless man am I ;
 As long as I can pay my way,
 Misfortune I defy ;
 And then, with spirits ever gay,
 I do the best I can,
 When trouble comes upon my way,
 To bear it like a man.

CHORUS : I gayly sing from day to day,
 And do the best I can,
 When trouble comes upon my way
 To bear it like a man.

We're told that since the world began,
 (That's many years ago ;)
 If money did not make the man,
 It made the mare to go.
 Of comforts I have quiet enough,
 Although my wealth is small,
 I know that I am better off
 Than folks with none at all.

CHORUS :

If fortune on a friend doth shine,
 I love him none the less ;
 I never grieve, I never pine
 For wealth I don't possess ;
 A happy home, a loving wife.
 Of wordly goods a store,
 Contented with my lot in life,
 A King can be no more.

CHORUS :

And one thing, too, I hold it good,
 Wherever I may be,
 To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me.
 This world would ne'er be dark and drear
 If each would try the plan
 Of giving, when they had to spare,
 To help their fellow-man.

CHORUS :

When You and I were Young, Maggie.

I wandered, to-day, to the hill, Maggie,
 To watch the scenes below ;
 The creek, and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
 As we used to, long ago.
 The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
 Where first the daisies sprung ;
 The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
 Since you and I were young !

CHORUS :

And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
 And the trials of life nearly done ;
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie.
 When you and I were young !

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
 Where the young and the gay and the best,
 In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
 Have each found a place of rest,
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
 And join in the songs that were sung—
 For, we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
 When you and I were young !

CHORUS :

They say I am fee'ble with age, Maggie,
 My steps are less sprightly than then ;
 My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
 But time alone was the pen !
 They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
 As sprays by the white breakers flung ;
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
 When you and I were young !

CHORUS :

Never Look Behind.

Sung by GUS WILLIAMS.

How many folks repine at fate,
 And bow their heads to sorrow ;
 I laugh when cares upon me wait,
 I know they'll leave me to-morrow :

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And easily through life I glide,
'Tis always the best I find
To carry my troubles cheerfully,
And never look behind.

CHORUS : For, what's the use of looking back,
Or giving way to sorrow?
The skys to-day that look so black,
May brighter be to-morrow.
'Tis easy to drive dull care away,
If you've the strength of mind
To carry your troubles cheerfully,
And never look behind.

In journeying 'long the road of life,
You'll surely meet with many
A man who'll throw an X away,
Because he's lost a penny,
And wander from the beaten track,
As if he felt inclined
To look for some new trouble,
While he might have left behind. **CHORUS :**

Others, too, will try and make
A fortune in a hurry,
And if they don't succeed at once,
Will fret and fume and worry.
What can't be cured must be endured,
Is a maxim old and true ;
Don't care for care, then rest assured
That care won't care for you. **CHORUS :**

In life, at times, we must expect
To meet with things unpleasant ;
We can't recall the time that's past,
But may improve the present.
Deal fairly with your fellow-man,
To every one be kind,
And hope for bright and better days,
But never look behind. **CHORUS :**

That's Where You're Wrong.

One of TONY PASTOR'S most Popular Comic Songs.
 There's a dashing young clerk, here let me remark,
 His sal'ry is ten dollars a week ;
 Yet he dresses in style, wears an elegant tile,
 And to keep up appearance will seek.
 Then at night, let me say, he at keno will play,
 With the boys around town go it strong,
 And the money flies fast, but he's found out at last,
 And discovers that's where he was wrong.
 Yes, he finds out that's where he was wrong.
 As you go through the street, you are certain to meet
 Some gift enterprise jewelry store ;
 "Heaps of riches each day here are given away,"
 You are told by a man at the door.
 You go in with the rest, your cash you invest,
 Think gold watches are had for a song :
 When your money you've sank, find each drawing a blank—
 And it strikes you that's where you were wrong.
 Yes, it strikes you that's where you were wrong.
 Just to pass the time away, into Court t'other day
 I rambled and took a seat ;
 A poor girl had to sue, for the money was due,
 A slop-clothing man from Chatham-street.
 Says the fellow : "I'm bent I will not pay a cent,
 Dough she sues me for ever so long."
 Says Judge Dowling : "Just so—well, to prison you go,
 To convince you that's where you are wrong.
 Yes, I'll show you that's where you are wrong."
 Ninety-four years ago, as, of course, you all know,
 King George o'er these colonies reigned ;
 But the Yankees awoke, and their shackles they broke—
 Our liberty Washington gained.
 John Bull o'er the main boldly ventured again,
 But he found out Columbia was strong :
 Andrew Jackson they met, and they'll never forget
 How he showed them that's where they were wrong.
 Yes, he showed them that's where they were wrong.

It's a pleasure to me your kind faces to see,
 Brightly beaming each evening around,
 While here, on the stage, I am bound to engage
 Every novelty that's to be found.
 We'll all do our best, and myself 'mong the rest,
 Always happy to sing you a song ;
 But if you think it's right, here to keep me all night,
 I can tell you that's where you are wrong.

Mollie Darling.

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
 That you love none else but me ?
 For, I love you, Mollie darling,
 You are all the world to me.
 Oh ! tell me, darling, that you love me,
 Put your little hand in mine,
 Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
 Say that you will give me thine.

CHORUS : Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest.

Look up, darling, tell me this :
 Do you love me, Mollie darliug ?
 Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
 Through the mystic veil of night ;
 They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
 While fair Luna hides her light ;
 Oh ! no one listens but the flowers,
 While they hang their heads in shame,
 They are modest, Mollie darling,
 When they hear me call your name. CHORUS :

I must leave you, Mollie darling,
 Though the parting gives me pain ;
 When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
 I will meet you here again.
 Oh ! good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one,
 Happy may you ever be !
 When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
 Don't forget to dream of me. CHORUS :

Dumpty Humpty.

I'm a proken-hearted Dutchman,
 A boor old blayed oud Dutchman :
 My vife's she's vent und gone,
 Und run away, und gife to me der shake.
 She's gone and jined Sorosis,
 Der Vommen's Righd's Sorosis :
 Und vile she's hafing pully dimes,
 I dink my heart vill preak.

CHORUS :

Oh ! my Dumpty Humpty's gone oud from my sighd,
 Und ve mighd hafe been so habby, yes ve mighd,
 Put now she's gone away to peen a vommen's righd,
 Und I bed dat she's got a dozen husman's more.

She vas so nice und poody,
 So shblendid und so poody—
 Ven I married her I nefer dinked,

Dat she can use me so.
 Pud she's goned away und greaved me,
 Gone righd off und leaved me,
 Und now my heart's dat pusted,
 I vant you all to know.

CHORUS :

Put I must go und find her,
 Go on der shly und find her,
 Shust go righd up pehind her,
 Und to her I vill say:

“ You dought dat I vas shoooken,
 Put you find you are mistookken ;
 You can't fool me, Louisa,
 'Cause I voon'd pe fooled dat vay.”

CHORUS :

Now, my friends, took a varning,
 Led my fade pe a varning ;
 Dem vommens dem is all alike,

Und I ped you dad its drue.
 You can loaf dem and caress dem,
 Fix dem up und dress dem,
 Dey vill bead you if dey got a shance,
 Und go vay und shook you, too.

CHORUS :

Der Excise Law; or, My Gal und I.

Von day I vent out mit my gal,
 To drink some lager-bier ;
 Ve vent oud to der Lion Park,
 Far, far away from here.

Ve ate, und drank, und sang and laffed,
 Und ve felt sholly glad ;
 Ve tought of olden dimes gone by,
 Ve tought of noting pad.

I put mine hand around der vaist
 Of mine dear little Anna ;
 She laffed so sweet, she grinned at me
 In a most telishous manner.

She said she loved, oh ! so much—
 Und I pelieved it, too ;
 She hugged me tight, und I hugged her—
 Ve hugged as none else can do.

Put you cannot imagine all
 Der nature of my pliss :
 I tought I vas in heaven ven
 She gave my mout a kiss.

Her lips felt nice, dat kiss so sweet—
 Mine heart coms to mine mout :
 I asked her for anoder one,
 Put she told me "git oud !"

While ve vere den in rapture sitting,
 I heard a noise vas here ;
 Dere came dwo boliche who den say :
 "Vy you drunk lager-bier ?"

I cursed und swore like every tinks,
 I said I vould drink more ;
 I cried aloud, und spoke der words :
 "Oh ! tam dat Excise law !"

Den dat boliceman kot me py
 Der throat, und hold me tight ;
 I told him let me go, I'd stay
 At home next Sunday night.

That's Where the Laugh Comes In.

Augustus Don Pedro, a handsome young man,
 Who traveled on shape, I am told,
 Determined to get, if he possibly could,
 A wife who had plenty of gold.
 So filling his noddle with many a plan,
 By which he the lady could win—
 He hit upon one, which I shortly shall tell,
 And that's where the laugh comes in !

CHORUS : That's where the laugh comes in, ha ! ha !
 That's where the laugh comes in.
 'Twas owing all to the Income tax,
 And that's where the laugh comes in !

He borrowed a watch and a massive gold chain,
 Rings, studs, and, in fact, all he could ;
 Then sold them for greenbacks, and, shortly, before
 The Income Assessor he stood.

He handed the money to one of the clerks,
 Who entered his name with a grin :
 He thought him a nabob, and set him down such—
 And shortly—the laugh comes in ! CHORUS :

While eagerly scanning the paper, next day,
 To his great delight, did appear
 His name, with his income in figures set down
 At full twenty thousand per year.

The plan was successful—he married the girl,
 And, though he was not worth a pin,
 His wits got a wife who had plenty for both,
 And that's where the laugh comes in ! CHORUS :

The father, enraged at the terrible sell,
 Determined the young man to shoot ;
 But, turning the matter again in his mind,
 Concluded Augustus to boot.

When calmer he grew, he thought he would do
 The best he could for his kin :
 So, he gave them the cash, and they cut quite a dash,
 And that's where the laugh comes in ! CHORUS :

An Old Man's Advice.

A jolly old man of seventy-three
 Am I, as plainly you can see,
 As blithe as a lark, and brisk as a bee—

No doubt you will think it surprising
 How I manage to carry my years so well,
 As hard as a rock and sound as a bell:

It's accomplished by early rising.

CHORUS:

Then if you would be wealthy, you must always do as I do:

Save a penny, spend a penny, and a penny give;

And if you would be healthy, you must always do as I do:

Take a lot of exercise, that's the way to live,

I trouble my head with my own affairs,

I've very few wants, and I've very few cares;

The bloom on my face my life's habit declares,

I always keep steady and sober.

A fig for your Burgundy, Moet, Champagne,

The brandies of France, and the vintage of Spain—

Give me but two things, and I cannot complain:

That's a pipe and a jug of October.

CHORUS:

The merchant may toil from morning till night,

And turn all to profit that comes to his sight;

But what is his wealth, if his health isn't right?

His riches he then will be scorning.

Perhaps by good living he grows corpulent: [repent,

Then when twinged by the gout, he'll sit down to

And wish that his youth in the fields had been spent,

And breathed the fresh air in the morning. CHORUS:

The Doctor with me will never agree,

It deprives him of practice and lessens his fee;

But what is his practice? it's nothing to me,

All potions and pills I am scorning.

The proof of my maxim it needs no alloy.

Three things upon earth man should care to enjoy—

Health, plenty, and peace! I believe you, my boy!

And they're yours, if you're up in the morning.

CHORUS:

She was Fair, She was Fat, She was Forty.

I'm full of dejection and woe ;
 Upon me I'm sure you'll take pity,
 The cause of my grief, you must know,
 Is a widow who lives near the city.
 Her name it was Jones—Mary Jones ;
 How my heart has gone flipperty flop,
 When I've heard the fair widow's sweet tones,
 And my love kept a snug chandler's shop.

SPOKEN : And over the door of the same was the following poetical inscription :

“Mary Jones, Licensed Dealer in Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Pepper and Vinegar, to be drunk on the premises”—and

She was fair, she was fat, she was forty,
 And I thought that one day she'd be mine ;
 But she served me uncommonly naughty,
 And left me to grieve and to pine.

I often had dealt at her shop,
 When her manner appeared rather strange ;
 She'd smile, or a soft word let drop,
 And forget p'rhaps to give me my change.
 I began to feel funny myself,
 And, one day, with my heart in a flutter,
 I told the dear creature my love,
 The while she was patting her butter.

SPOKEN : Ah ! you should have tasted her celebrated
 “Eight-penny fresh”—Oh ! but—

She was fair, &c.

She at first seemed to not understand,
 Smiled as though it her fancy did tickle ;
 And in trying to squeeze her dear hand,
 I knocked down a jar of mixed pickle !
 I begged of her ten thousand pardons,
 And offered the damage to pay ;
 But she wouldn't allow it, and hinted
 That the lot might be mine some fine day.

SPOKEN: Oh! blissful visions of bloaters, pickles, and hair-oil, bundle-wood and cheese, tin-tacks and treacle, Fuller's earth and figs, hair-pins and butter, Flanders brick and bacon, black-lead and German sausage—and there was full twenty stone of the darling herself, for—

She was fair, &c.

Next door to my love lived a baker—

Confound him—too partial to chat ;

I so oft found him in at the widow's,

That I fancied some game he was at.

The worst of it, too, he was single,

And, as I thought, made rather too free:

One day, how it made my ears tingle,

When I heard him invited to tea.

She was fair, &c.

The next time I called at the widow's,

She was in at the baker's next door,

But she left a small note which informed me

That I needn't call there any more.

Widow, shop, and all snatched from grasp—

By the baker I'd nicely been done ;

He married the widow last week—

Now they've knocked the two shops into one.

She was fair, &c.

Norah O'Neal's Reply.

You say you are lonely without me,

That you sigh for one glance of my eye ;

You're blarneying always about me—

Oh ! why don't you to papa apply ?

You beg me to go galavanting,

To meet you at the foot of the lane—

With a kiss, too ! why man you are ranting :

Do you think that I'm wholly insane ?

When you woo a young lady of sense, Sir,

Don't whine about sorrow and tears :

It's a matter of dollars and cents, Sir,

No tale of romance interferes.

Oh ! poverty's not at all funny—

My style I will never conceal :

If I can't get a husband with money,

Then I'll live and die Norah O'Neal.

The Funniest Man in the Ring.

Dedicated to my friend BEN MAGINLEY.

BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

The throng have assembled, the canvas is full,
 The brass band have played twice or more ;
 The crowd are impatient the show to begin,
 As the Ringmaster comes out from the door—
 And enters the circle, as they only know how,
 And announces the rider in turn ;
 Also, the Jester, who makes a low bow,
 And the Equestrian starts off on his run.
 Swift as thought round the ring flies the stallion of grey,
 The jolly old Clown close behind ;
 The Ringmaster's whip continually cracks,
 Making you dizzy, and seemingly blind.
 The music stops short, the horse stops its run,
 This act great applause quickly brings ;
 But wait for the Clown to "get in his work,"
 And then a good song he will sing.

The funniest of jokes he rattles off fast,
 As tho' he ne'er told them before ;
 His grammar is good, elocution the same,
 Now see how the audience roar.
 Miss Flory McFlimsy busts her big Grecian bend,
 Josh Talbot's suspender has broke ;
 Off, by himself, sits the old village Squire,
 Who laughs like a "solid old bloak."

The vast canvas resounds, with shouts and applause
 At jokes and *bon mots* of the Clown ;
 A terrible commotion is quickly kicked up
 At the funniest man in the town.
 Then comes the song, the best of the act,
 For the words and the tune's just the thing,
 All are attention, to *pick up* the "snap"
 Of the "Funniest man in the Ring."

This is "Old Ben Maginley," whom many have seen—
 A man of great wit and renown,
 Who makes people laugh, wherever he's been,
 He's the "Funniest man in the town."
 Long may he live, to make people laugh ;
 May his *small* shadow e'er grace the town—
 A *true* friend of all, who "act on the square,"
 Is "Jolly Maginley the Clown."

Under the Gaslight; or, Poor Little Laura.

Under the gas-light, while the snow falls,
 And the chill night-wind wearily calls;
 When the lone beggar creeps to his shed,
 And the rich miser lies in his bed,
 Hear little Laura making her moan,
 Poor little orphan-child weeping alone :
 "Pity me, stranger ; help me, I pray ;
 Father and mother have sent me away !"

Under the gas-light, Laura's asleep,
 While the snow's mantle round her doth creep ;
 Louder the night-wind—no help is near—
 No one to calm her—no one to cheer ;
 But, in her dreaming, wanders she, now,
 Where the bright angels will smooth her fair brow.
 Well ; for the life-tide's ebbing so fast,
 All earthly suffering soon will be past.

Under the gas-light, rescue is near ;
 Poor little Laura, hush every fear !
 Kind hands have borne thee, far from the storm,
 Up to yon mansion kindly and warm.
 Dearer, far dearer love shall be thine ;
 Through tears, the future so brightly will shine,
 Now, among strangers, rest thy worn feet,
 Poor little orphan-child found in the street !

The Gypsy's Warning.

Trust him not, O gentle lady,
 Though his voice be low and sweet ;
 Heed not him who kneels before thee,
 Softly pleading at thy feet.
 Now thy life is in its morning ;
 Cloud not this thy happy lot—
 Listen to the Gypsy's warning—
 Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
 Young and pure, and like thee, fair ;
 Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
 Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
 Then—he heeded not her weeping,
 He cared not her life to save !
 Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
 In the cold and silent grave !

Lady, turn not from me so coldly,
 For, I have only told the truth—
 From a stern and withering sorrow,
 Lady, I would shield thy youth.
 I would shield thee from all danger—
 Shield thee from the tempter's snare :
 Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger—
 I have warned thee—now, beware !

Take your gold, I do not want it :
 Lady, I have prayed for this—
 For the hour that I might foil him,
 And rob him of expected bliss.
 Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder
 At my looks, so fierce and wild—
 Lady, in the churchyard yonder,
 Sleeps the Gypsy's only child !

Do Not Heed Her Warning.

Answer to the Gypsy's Warning.

Lady, do not heed her warning—
Trust me, thou shalt find me true ;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.

Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe ;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish,
In this world of storm and blast—
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night ;
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark-green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn, a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours—
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
For, he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft white hand in mine ;
For, I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

Would You be Surprised ?

Wonders every day we see
 Start before our eyes :
 Tho' they're common enough, yet we
 Can't repress surprise.

Take the papers up and read
 Where they're advertised :

If there you don't find half a score,
 Would you be surprised ?

CHORUS: Nothing under the sun is new.

So we're all advised ;

But if you'd nothing to wonder at,

Would you be surprised ?

Read the papers—if you want cash,

Lots of folks, you see,

Lend you money at nought per cent—

What could nicer be ?

Pay the fees that the place requires,

Be well catechized,

And if you never receive the cash,

Would you be surprised ?

CHORUS:

How to live on a groat a day,

If the way you'd learn,

Send six stamps, and the secret then

Is posted by return.

If, however, you practise it,

When you are apprised,

And get as fat as a drayman's horse,

Would you be surprised ?

CHORUS:

Beyond the Golden Door.

When the stars were shining dimly,

At the peaceful close of day,

And a veil of pearly dew-drops

O'er the sleeping blossoms lay,

Little baby's eyes were closing,

And her sweet and patient smile

Seemed to tell us of the angels,

Who were watching all the while.

Now her laugh no more is ringing
 In our lone and quiet room,
 And the robins miss her foot-fall
 In the orchard bright with bloom:
 I can hear their voices calling,
 As among the clouds they soar,
 For the little baby angel,
 Who passed the golden door.

Ever near me, waking, sleeping,
 Seems the little cherub form,
 That the shining hosts have sheltered,
 Safe from every earthly storm:
 And in dreams, the wee lips smiling
 Press my forehead as of yore,
 While they whisper of the glory
 Just beyond the golden door.

I am Lonely To-night.

I am lonely to-night in my sad little chamber,
 While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear,
 They are gone from their home with the bold fearless ranger,
 There's a void in my heart, for they are not here.
 Oh, why did they leave me alone and deserted,
 To risk their dear lives on the blood-sprinkled plain?
 Should they never return, this poor heart will soon wither,
 And never know joy or comfort again.

CHORUS : I am lonely to-night, I am lonely to-night,
 While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear.
 I am lonely to-night, I am lonely to-night.

I am lonely to-night, but ere Spring birds shall warble
 Their matinal song in the wild forest tree,
 And the bright limpid brook with sweet music shall babble,
 My heart will grow lighter while thinking of thee.
 Then fleet by dull hours, and bring back the loved ones,
 Who parted from friends with a tear-moistened eye;
 For, then, this sad heart will no longer be lonely,
 But joyous and happy as the mild azure sky.

Dressed in a Dolly Varden.

While promenading the other day,
I chanced to stray, in a careless way,
I met a pretty girl, she looked so gay,
Dressed in a Dolly Varden.

I said: "My dear, now draw it mild;
I like your style," she gave a smile;
I followed her fully a mile,
Eyeing her Dolly Varden.

CHORUS:

Dressed in her Dolly Varden, dressed in her Dolly Varden,
On the 'luminated pier, I saw my little dear,
Down, down, yes, down on the beach at Brighton,

The band was playing on the pier.
It enchanted the ear of my little dear:
I thought the music I'd like to hear,
So I followed the Dolly Varden.

I said: "My dear, can I dance with you?"
"That would never do—with a stranger, too:
What would ma say if she knew
I had on my Dolly Varden?"

CHORUS:

Her Dolly Varden looked like silk,
Or London milk, which is finer than silk:
She said: "Sir, it's out of ma's bed-quilt
I've made a Dolly Varden."

I saw her home, that very night,
The moon shone bright, my heart was light.
I popped the question, and now it's all right,
I'm to marry the Dolly Varden.

CHORUS:

Loafer's Advice.

In this town they call me a loafer,
A swindler and cheat,
Whilst others, still harder upon me,
They call me a regular dead beat;
But then they may call me what they please,
It makes no difference to me;
For, I'm always taking my ease,
While ever I have a penny.

CHORUS : Now what is the good of hard working,
 While you love whiskey?
 You may work hard all your life-time,
 And then will have no money.
 Some loafers you will see go to work,
 And work till they get paid.
 And then around bar-room will lurk,
 Until their money is played :
 They will ponder their thoughts when sober,
 And think of the work they have done,
 But something yet is still lacking,
 And that is the board bill to come— **CHORUS.**
 But if you want to be prosperous,
 And lay your money in store.
 Go join some temperance society,
 And then drink whiskey no more.
 Next day start off to your work,
 And do whatever you can :
 You will think it is very hard,
 But bear it like a man.

CHORUS : In less than one week you will say :
 " Working with me does agree :
 I never have seen a hard day,
 Since I left off from whiskey."

Pretty Little Maggie.

Pretty little Maggie, there's none that's half so fair:
 None's got such pretty eyes, and none such pretty hair:
 Of all the pretty maidens that in this down do well,
 There's none that's half so pretty as little Maggie Snell.

CHORUS: Maggie dear! Maggie dear, Maggie bright and fair,
 Maggie with bright blue eyes and pretty hair!
 Pretty little Maggie, as good as pretty, too;
 Heart that's ever beating warm, and heart that's ever true:
 Oh! what are all the pleasures that on my pathway shine
 To one sweet smile from as sweet a face as thine! **CHORUS.**
 Pretty little Maggie, if I could only tell
 All the happy thoughts of thee that in my fancy dwell—
 I know you'd fondly listen, as maidens always do,
 To all the tender stories that I'd softly breathe to you. **CHO.**

The First Dear Thing that ever I Loved.

The first dear thing that ever I loved
Was a mother's beaming eye,
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch,
That cradled my infancy:
I never forgot the joyous thrill
That smile in my bosom stirred:
Nor how it could charm me against my will
Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved
Was a bunch of Summer flowers,
With odors, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as Eden's bowers—
I never can find such hue again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume ;
And if there be odors as sweet as they,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love,
Is tenderer far to tell :
'Twas a voice, and a hand and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell ;
And the loveliest things that I had loved before
Were only the landscape now,
On the canvas bright where I pictured her
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er those lovely things,
Forever, forever flown—
And the last dear thing I was fond to love
Was that holy service nigh,
That lifted my soul to joys above,
And pleasures that do not die.

Always Make the Best of It.

Winter snows bring Summer flowers,

Harvest and the rest of it ;

Pleasant is this world of ours,

If we make the best of it.

Misfortune boldly met by man,

Adds but to the zest of it—

Our life at most is but a span,

Always make the best of it.

CHORUS : So bear trouble like a man,

Never go in quest of it ;

Life at most is but a span,

Always make the best of it.

Some fret and fume a long life through,

While some are always jolly ;

And some give up old friends for new,

And find their wisdom folly.

Love often fades 'neath Fortune's ban,

Poverty the test of it ;

Our life at most is but a span,

Always make the best of it.

CHORUS :

No money means but money's worth,

Tho' money's power is great ;

While silver spoons are good at birth,

Wooden ladles fight 'gainst Fate ;

Castle or cottage in life's plan,

Host, or but the guest of it—

Our life at most is but a span,

Always make the best of it.

CHORUS :

Friends, love, and money pass away,

Mere bubbles on life's river ;

And soon for us must come the day

When we leave all forever.

So let's be jolly while we can,

Hang care—make a jest of it ;

Our life at most is but a span,

Always make the best of it.

CHORUS :

The Soap-Boiler's Daughter.

Down by a clear and cooling stream,

A maid-u-en did dwell:

She was beauteous as a bright sunbeam,

Her name was Cymanthe Pell.

She came 'way across the sea,

She was a heavy loss to me ;

I tell you she was a hummer, zounds !

She weighed, in her stockings, three-hundred pounds !

CHORUS : I loved her fondly and most true,

Her hair was red, her eyes were blue ;

You bet, right straight in love I fell

With the soap-boiler's daughter, Cymanthe Pell.

Her father I thought had the soap,

And 'twould wash our way through life ;

I told Cymanthe not to moap,

And I'd marry her for life.

I never saw a girl so pleased :

She laughed, she sighed, she giggled, she sneezed ;

She says: " Now, do you sure mean that ?"

But as I spoke, she fell in the vat !

CHORUS:

We put in ropes, with big hooks on,

And fished this way and that ;

But all that was left was her skel-i-tu-on,

As her flesh had gone to fat.

Now, you maid-u-ens who now hear me,

You see how Cymanthe I mourn ;

If you'll agree to marry me,

I'll grieve the same when you are gone. CHORUS

Fair, Fair Without Compare.

The best little girl that ever I met

Was one on a steamer, I can't forget,

I was caught like a little fish in a net,

When to Gravesend I went for the day.

She sat by my side with her waving hair,

I thought I should like her my bread to share ;

I felt I could kiss her, and did—but there—

"Twas love that had led me away.

CHORUS : Fair, fair without compare—
 A squint in her eye, and carrotty hair.
 One eye looked here, and the other looked there,
 Beautiful, beautiful girl !

She had a felt hat, with feather dark green,
 Her age, I should say, was about nineteen ;
 And she was not too crummy, nor yet too lean,
 Just the sort of a girl for a wife.

Her waist was as round as a wedding-ring,
 Like a bag of sawdust tied round with a string,
 She whistled the notes she couldn't sing,

And I wished she was mine for life. CHORUS

When Gravesend was reached, we went for a ride,
 And in a small boat went down with the tide ;
 But, when I looked behind me, some men I spied

Rowing after us two with might and main:
 They pulled very hard, and she screamed with fright,
 I shook like a leaf, and felt rather white,
 But I tried to defend her with all my might,

And I wished myself home again. CHORUS:

These men for a lark then boarded my boat,
 And collared my waist-coat, my girl and my coat,
 Took my sculls and my rudder, and set me afloat,
 And I drifted right down to the sea.

They dragged her away, she began to cry,
 The boat sprang a leak, too, oh ! crikey my !
 And but for a fishing-boat that was nigh,

It soon would have been all U. P. CHORUS:

I got up to town the following day,
 And for my diversion I had to pay
 The expense of new clothes—so advice take, pray,

Mind and don't do the same thing as me.
 'Twas love at first sight, tho' I must confess
 To see her again I a wish possess.

And if I could find out that girl's address,
 Delighted indeed I should be. CHORUS:

Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye sing, ye little birds,
 While I'm sae weary fu' o' care?
 Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That warble on the flowry thorn;
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return!

Oft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka-bird sing o' its love
 As fondly sae did I o'mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
 Sae sweet frae off the thorny tree:
 But my lause lover stole the rose,
 And, ah! he left the thorn with me.

Oh! blow, ye flowers, ye bonnie bloom
 And draw the wild birds to the burn!
 For, Lumon promised me a ring,
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn:
 Oh! na, na, na, ye need na bloom!
 My een are dim and drowsy warn:
 Ye, bonnie birds, ye need na sing:
 For, Lumon never will return!

My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
 At dawning day, by Doon ye'se hear,
 At mid-day, by the willow green:
 For him I'll shed the silent tear.
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
 While echo wakes to aid the mane
 I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

Thou Hast Learned to Love Another.

Thou hast learned to love another—
 Thou hast broken every vow—
 We have parted from each other,
 And my heart is lonely now.
 I have taught my looks to shun thee,
 When coldly we have met;
 For another's smile had won thee,
 And thy voice I must forget,
 Oh! is it well to sever
 This heart from thine forever,
 Can I forget thee?—never!
 Farewell, farewell forever.

We have met in scenes of pleasure,
 We have met in halls of pride,
 I have seen thy new-found treasure,
 And I've gazed upon thy bride.
 Thy looks were stern and altered—
 Thy words ran cold and high,
 How my traitor courage faltered,
 When I dared to meet thine eye.
 Would I ne'er had met thee,
 Fain, fain would I forget thee,
 'Twere folly to regret thee—
 Farewell, farewell forever.

We have met, and we have parted,
 Yet I uttered scarce a word;
 Like a guilty thing I started,
 When thy well-known voice I heard.
 I have marked the timid lustre
 Of thy downcast happy eye,
 I have seen thee gaze upon her,
 Forgetting I was nigh.
 Oh, woman's love may grieve her,
 And woman's pride will leave her,
 Life is fled when love deceives her—
 Farewell, farewell forever.

Sergeant Cop, the Pet of the New York Force.

As Sung by the Great LINGARD.

Don't start, I beg, and hear me swear,
 My hand upon my breast,
 That only your attention
 I am going to arrest!
 My beat is in Fifth Avenue,
 Where 'mong the haughty swells,
 Aristocratic tastes prevail,
 And so my figure tells!

CHORUS:

For, who's the pride of all the force?
 Sergeant Cop! Sergeant Cop!
 That's the answer, quite of course,
 Sergeant Cop! Sergeant Cop!

I look upon street children,
 And my glance is stern and high,
 And on the Sunday groggeries,
 I keep my weather eye:
 But sometimes all my vigilance
 My feelings overcome,
 And Mercy seasons Justice with
 A little drop of rum. CHORUS:

I'm tender as a turtle, though,
 With all my warlike look,
 And in a certain area,
 Beside a certain cook;
 Her heart is warm, her victuals cold,
 And both are mine she swears,
 Together with her savings which
 She puts in Erie shares. CHORUS:

Do as Near Right as You Can.

Dedicated to MR. BEN MAGINLEY,

BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

The world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscle and brain,
And tho' clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you,
Push forward thro' all like a man ;
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember the *will* to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound ;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of night never waver,
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes, darkest scandal may utter,
And strive with their utmost of tact,
To injure your fame, never mutter,
But justly and honestly act,
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven,
To save your fair name as a man ;
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.