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BALLADS,
POEMS & RECITATIONS

BY

E. DARBYSHIRE

SHEFFIELD.



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**Ballads,
Poems, and Recitations,**

BY

E. DARBYSHIRE,

SHEFFIELD.

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SHEFFIELD:

J. WRIGLEY, PRINTER, 12, HARTSHEAD.

1885.

B U S I N E S S .

To many enquirers I beg to state,
Other ballads of mine, other tales I relate,
Can be had by applying to me ;
And my songs, unto simple music wed,
Arranged for piano, can also be had
At Twenty-one, Bow Street. You'll see
The spectacle shop there, just in the bend ;
But to give them publicly, stranger or friend,
Must first get permission from yours, E. D.

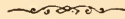
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P R E F A C E .

JUST to please myself and neighbours
I have sang my simple verse,
Little thinking my poor babies
Would be given out to nurse.
None know better than their dada
Of their many little sins,
Of their want of education,
And the want of other things:
So be merciful, ye nurses,
Don't get pricking them with pins.

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Ballads, Poems, and Recitations.



D E P A R T U R E .

THOU poor little minstrel,
Rehearsed in the slums,
Thy music, the rattle
Of grindstones and drums;
With nothing but Nature's
Old harp at command,
Go sing, so the toilers
Can well understand
Thy melody and meaning.
In the dusty workshop,
Where the steel tools ring,
Where, for years, 'twas thy lot
To toil and to sing,
Give them some chorus singing
In the brain-worker's cot,
When the day's work's done,
Should thy rough, tender tale,
Or wee bit of fun,
Cause a cloud to depart,
Or a smile to come,
And thou earns a few pence
For thy dad, dear son,
Then, poor little minstrel,
Thy mission is done.

MY HOBBY HORSE.

I HAVE a little Hobby Horse,
Whose back I often get across,
And he's so willing you must know,
He needs no whip to make him go.
I have no saddle for his back,
I have no reins to guide his track,
For he of all the world alone,
Knows best the paths I love to roam.

And trot, trot, trot, we gaily go,
On through life and few doth know,
What fun we have, what sights we see,
My old Hobby Horse and me.

When first I saw him prancing by,
A young romantic boy was I,
Wild, free, untam'd -- and he was same,
With frisky tail and flowing mane.
With all a school boy's love and pride
I learnt to mount him, then to ride :
And though his bony back was bare,
I felt at home when mounted there,

And trot, trot, trot, &c.

Whenever fancy leads the way,
We go and have no toll to pay
'Mongst singing birds and dancing rills,
Sunlit vales and snow crown'd hills.
If sad sometimes the world appears,
We meet with far more smiles than tears ;
If trouble comes we don't bewail,
We don't give in and drop our tail,

But trot, trot, trot.

I've heard him called a lame old nag,
Whose tail was never worth the wag ;
But for such critics need I care ?
I know he's not a Turpin's mare.
So on through life while we hold breath,
We'll ride together until death,
And buried in one grave will be,
My old Hobby Horse and me.

So trot, trot, trot.

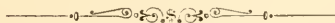


TO THE MUSE.

I HAVE tried to forget thee,
My darling of old ;
I have tried to replace
Thy dear image with gold.
But when gold is forgotten,
And fancy roams free,
My mind will keep wandering,
My old love to thee.

In the soft singing streamlet
Thy sweet voice I hear ;
In the tender young flow'ret
Thy form will appear.
And the rugged old mountain,
Or echoing glen,
Will awaken the old love
Again and again.

Oh, then play on for ever,
Sweet fountain of bliss ;
Let me drink in thy beauty—
Thy lips let me kiss.
Throw your dear arms around me,
As fond as of yore,
And the mad race for riches,
Shall part us no more.



COME, SING THE OLD SONGS AGAIN.

'TIS now thirty years Bob, how time seems to fly,
Since I a young wondering boy,
Sat on your knee, whilst you chanted for me,
The old songs that filled me with joy—
The old sailor songs to me then so dear,
A sailor boy longing to be :
And oft as I listened with fanciful ear,
The voice of the ocean came murmuring near ;
And music so sweet ne'er fell on my ear,
As your jolly old songs of the sea.

Come, sing the old songs, Bob, for me,
The jolly old songs of the sea ;
They bring back to mind
The happy old time,
When listening I sat on your knee.

Yes ! sing me the old songs, and when you have done,
Some new ones I'll sing Bob, to thee ;
For rooted and grown is the seed that was sown,
And sheds fairest blossom for me,
I've whistled and sung through life's busy throng,
Just like a bird or a bee.
The fair fields of romance I've rambled among,
Searching for beauty, for poetry, and song ;
With heart ever light, lad, that ne'er led me wrong,
And its lightness I owe, Bob, to thee.

GOLDEN DAYS GONE BY.

ONE night whilst softly slumbering,
To rest my weary brain,
Dear memory brought on angel's wing
My boyhood back again.
My young companions smiling came,
With little sweethearts nigh,
To spend with love and mirth again,
The golden days gone by.

We roamed each well remembered scene,
Our roving minds at rest ;
We pulled the foxglove by the stream,
We robbed the song bird's nest.
And through the flowery fields again,
We chased the butterfly,
With every joy that could reclaim,
The golden days gone by.

We met once more in evening sport,
Around the bedlam den ;
And tired of play we sat and talked
Of what we'd do when men.
But whilst our castles rose in air,
I awoke, alas ! to sigh ;
Life's sweetest, dearest moments were—
The golden days gone by.



THE ROSE OF RIVELIN GLEN.

O'ER Rivelin Glen the sun was sinking,
In silence slept the mill ;
The lark his last sweet song was singing,
And every leaf was still.
When first entranced with beauty's power,
The happiest of men,
I learnt to love my fairy flower,
The Rose of Rivelin Glen.

Her violet eyes that softly sparkle,
Reveals her inmost thought ;
Her voice so like the woodlark's warble,
Is music's sweetest note.
Oh, hasten on, dear twilight hour,
And I shall meet again,
My bonny blue-eyed fairy flower.
The Rose of Rivelin Glen.



COME GRANNY, PUT BY THY NEEDLE.

COME Granny lass, put by thy needle,
Ne'er mind tho' the world says we're old ;
We'll wander once more through the meadows,
Where first our young love tales were told.
Were it not that our footsteps are feeble,
And our once dark hair snowy white ;
We could fancy ourselves just as youthful,
As we were on that fair summer night,

When under the hawthorn blossom,
Scenting the evening gale,
With nobody near us to listen,
We told the old, old tale.

The hawthorn once more is inviting
Young lovers their sweet tales to bring ;
And the birds like our bards are rehearsing,
That story they so love to sing.
But the lasses and lads in the meadows,
Will remind us we have grown old ;
For we know that our children's children,
Are telling the tales that we told,

When under the hawthorn blossom,
Scenting the evening gale,
With nobody near us to listen,
We told the old, old tale.



DON'T SPEAK LIGHT OF THE GAY AND
THE JOYOUS.

SUNSHINE and showers bring midsummer flowers,
 Yet some look gloomy when others look glad ;
 Just as we meet in this fair land of ours,
 With hearts ever cheerful and hearts ever sad.
 Some laugh as they ramble through briar and bramble,
 Others sigh ever in serious tones,
 But they the soonest awake to the flowers,
 Are always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

Then never speak light of the gay and the joyous,
 Or think nothing noble such nature adorns ;
 For they that are soonest awake to the flowers,
 Are always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Are waters less pure that dance down the mountain,
 Because 'tis their nature to laugh as they leap ;
 Oh, no ! freedom flows when pure is the fountain,
 And streams that are silent run muddy and deep.
 And of all the fair flowers, in flora's sweet bowers,
 The white water lilies look purest you'll say ;
 But there are wild, yet innocent flowers,
 That sport in the sunshine as pure as they.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

ATENTION give, my tale is true,
And not without a moral too ;
At least as far as fables go,
'Twill teach a lesson all should know.

A little bird sang on a tree,
As happy as a bird could be ;
Some little boys who heard it sing,
Threw stones and broke poor birdie's wing,
And down their little victim fell,
Among the bracken in the dell.
The boys went looking for their prize,
The bird saw them with timid eyes,
And hopped towards a running brook,
Where over in a sheltered nook
Its nest was, but it could not fly,
Nor float across, so there must lie
Till borne off by the boys with glee,
Their tortured prisoner till death to be.

Just then, a frog peep'd out the brook,
And on the bird with pity look'd ;
Then whispered, " Come to the water side,
And I will tow you o'er the tide."

'Twas kindly meant—the bird saw that,
And while the boys were on its track,
With steady and with skilful oar
The wounded bird was ferried o'er
And left there, after thanks expressed,
Safe at home, in its little nest.

Some time after—many a day,
The boys were there again at play,
And found that frog, the kind and good,
Romping merrily in the wood.
The boys look'd round for sticks and stones
Wherewith to break their victim's bones,
And that poor thing gave one sad look
Around, to find its native brook,
But no!—too far the wood was cross'd—
It saw its fate, and knew 'twas lost!

Just then, a bird flew from a tree
And whispered, " Kind one come with me ;
You once gave me a helping hand ;
'Tis my turn now to play the friend ;
To save your life I know a plan,
Cling to my feet—fast as you can."

And soon upon a leafy tree,
They both were lodged in safety—
Nestling in friendship; hear them now
Chatting upon the topmost bough;
Thanking his friend, the frog is heard.
But hark! what says that grateful bird?
“If thou hadst not assisted me,
How could I have assisted thee”?

So let us learn the simple fact,
That man to man should kindly act;
For the humblest thing in nature born,
Will not forget a favour shewn



HOW CAN SHE CARE FOR ME?

I LIVE but for one little maid,
My playmate of childhood so fair ;
When by the old river we strayed,
For lilies to twine in her hair.
But time hath estranged us since then—
The queen of all lilies is she ;
Woo'd by the gayest and wealthiest men,
How can she care for me ?
Care for me.

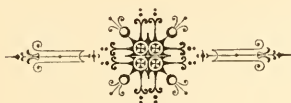
We meet yet, and sometimes a smile
Makes heaven her dark eyes of blue ;
I know that her heart knows no guile,
I know that she 's noble and true ;
But, ah, I can see with regret,
A lady she only should be ;
Would that to heaven we never had met !
How can she care for me ?
Care for me.



WHY DOES HE TURN FROM ME?

HE thinks that I love him no more,
Or worse, that I live but for gold ;
The one of all men I adore,
If the truth of my heart dare be told.
Oh! what though the rich and the gay,
Remind me that beauty is mine !
Friend of my childhood, turn not away,
Know that my heart is thine,
Only thine.

One glance from his eyes I prize more
Than all the bright smiles others give ;
And till life's long journey is o'er,
His form in my memory shall live.
Oh! that we were once more as free,
As we were in the dear olden time ;
How sweet to my soul the confession would be—
Take it, my heart is thine !
Only thine !



COME, LET US ROAM.

COME, let us roam 'ere the summer is o'er,
Once more to the wild woodland dell ;
Sweet honeysuckles are blooming once more,
The wild winning roses as well.
I'll gather the fairest flowers for thee,
The wild birds will greet us with song,
And the cares of life forgotten will be,
As we wander the woodlands among.

Come, little wife, and wander with me,
Away from the world's busy throng ;
And the cares of life forgotten will be,
As we wander the woodlands among.

Ten years ago, love, a day such as this,
Perhaps you remember it well ;
Down in the woodlands I stole the first kiss
From lips that I knew would not tell.
Modest wild flowers were blushing around,
The birds set our love tales to song ;
But we were dead to their beauty and sound,
Our young hearts with love were so throng.



REUNITED.

WE'LL linger awhile to-night, love,
Under the whispering trees ;
We never shall meet with moments,
More beautiful than these.
Like yonder sky above us,
Our path through life appears,
To-day all smiles and sunshine,
To-morrow clouds and tears.

We'll linger awhile to-night, love,
Under the whispering trees ;
We never shall meet with moments,
More beautiful than these.

Midsummer, one year ago, love,
Here by the star-lit stream ;
Two lovers first learnt to know, love,
How fond they both had been.
They parted nigh broken-hearted,
Their future drear and dark ;
But now they are reunited,
No more to drift apart.



THE ROBIN AND SWALLOW.

A ROBIN and swallow, two friends of the summer,
Conversing together one dull autumn day,
Arrested my steps as I strolled through the meadow,
And I stood just to hear what the birds had to say.

“Dead leaves are falling old friend,” said the swallow
“And the berries are scarce on the hawthorn tree;
But cheer up, old fellow, we’ll fly off together,
To the fair land of sunshine just over the sea.”

“Tis well,” said the robin, “for you to go roving
That care not for old haunts and hearts that are true;
But I love old faces, as well as old places,
And will never desert old friends for the new.

“Then go, restless rover, the sunny seas over,
Have no care for me when the snow-time comes;
For the old haunts of summer will find me a cover,
And the poorest will give me a handful of crumbs.”



AN OLD MAN'S DARLING DREAMS.

WHEN the thrush begins to sing,
And to think of nestling,
'Mong the hollies that alone can shelter him ;
When his wild and winning note,
Full of music seems to float,
To the ears of her he fondly hopes to win ;
In the land of darling dreams,
I am young again it seems,
Getting ready life's long journey to begin.

We are happy you and I,
Not a cloud is in our sky,
And yet we look for brighter days to come ;
I have whispered in your ear,
Let us marry, Mary dear,
And never mind the means to make our home ;
We can manage like the thrush—
Just to line the thorny bush—
And will prize it more since roughly we begun.

But your thoughts were wiser far,
Why not tarry as we are,
Like the linnets that are pairing in the wood ?
To wed they are not so bold,
For they know the world is cold,
And are waiting till the trees begin to bud ;
But the love-beams in your eye,
Seem'd to silence all reply,
And the echoes only answered—so you should.

Full of hope and trust we wed,
And we found it as you said—
The world was cold and starved our tender young ;
And in weathering the storm,
Just to keep her darlings warm,
Still weaker grew their mother—never strong ;
But they called her to the skies,
Where the storm will never rise,
Oh, tell her, angels, I shall not be long.



FLY NOT YET, PRETTY SWALLOW.

O, FLY not yet, pretty swallow,
Bright days are going with thee ;
Wait till the coming of winter
Hastens thy flight o'er the sea.

Wild flowers are drooping in sadness ;
Storm-clouds their dark shadows fling ;
But thou art all sunshine and gladness,
Fleeting from autumn to spring.

Sweet, birdie ! tho' sad is our parting,
Promise before you take wing,
To come, with the flowers returning,
Bringing us tidings of spring.

Oh ! who that had wings little rover,
Would not play the truant like thee ?
When the reign of the roses is over,
And the leaves are falling you see ?



TEMPERANCE.

OF wine from the Rhine let the rich man sing,
 And puff his havannas so awfully dear ;
 But sent for the poor man as well as the king,
 Is a pipe of good weed and a glass of good beer.
 When trouble perplexes and little things vex us,
 There's naught like the weed boys to waft care away,
 And when gloomy sorrow seems coming to-morrow,
 A glass of good Bass keeps us jolly to-day.

My bacca and beer, my bacca and beer,
 We've roughed it together thro' ,many a year ;
 And as long us I live and a copper to spare,
 I'll stick to my bacca and jolly brown beer.

Fanatics may rail against jolly brown ale,
 And say 'tis the root of all sorrow and sin ;
 But the man who can touch without getting too much,
 There's no better model of Temperance than him.
 What nonsense to tells us that steady going fellows,
 Will never drink anything stronger than tea ;
 For while I can feast like a sensible beast,
 They are not going to pin the blue ribbon on me.

'Twould puzzle a lawyer however expert,
 The virtues of bacca and beer to explain ;
 For the mind that is lazy 'twill set it to work,
 And give sweet relief to the world weary brain.
 So when that I'm weary and not over cheery,
 A glass of good beer is the grog that I like,
 And when that my mind is uneasy I find,
 Both comfort and peace in the puff of my pipe.

THE OLD TALE OF TELL TALE PARROT.

WIDOW Brown in the town kept a snug little shop,
With a snug little parlour behind,
Where the best of her customers quietly dropt
For a glass of her light British wine.
The shop was well-stocked with most things in season
That is in the fruiterie line,
Such as peas, kidney beans, cauliflowers, curled greens,
Oranges, apricots, apples, and pine,
Potatoes of every description, likewise
Many a swede, turnip, and carrot ;
But the fruit most attractive the old dame had got,
Was a beautiful plum coloured parrot.
Poll, hung o'er the counter, as ripe as could be,
In a brass cage that glittered like gold ;
A well-favoured pet of the ladies was she,
Yet a very shy bird I am told.
But Poll loved her mistress, and she adored Poll,
And taught her when quite a young bird,
To whistle and sing the most popular songs,
And repeat every saying she heard.
Something new every week : " How's your poor feet ?"
" I'll have your hat," or, " I'll tell your wife,"
Polly would learn from the boys in the street,
Who took a delight in such sayings when ripe.

But one little thing more than all Poll was taught,
And that was to notice and tell
Every move of the servant when missis was out
Both in love affairs, business, as well ;
So when Sarah's sweetheart, the policeman, called,
Making love to a piece of fruit pie,
And with blessings divine poured down the cheap wine,
Pretty Polly was playing the spy ;
And as certain as fate everything would relate
That had passed ; and the grumbling old dame
Oft swore what she'd do for the glutton in blue
If he ever called there on duty again.
But the girl cared little—I'll tell you for why—
There was something attached to their trade
That bound the old dame with-a-self-interest tie
To bow down to and honour her maid.
That something I'll tell ! not content doing well
In her business with honesty's pleasures,
She was cheating her customers, both rich and poor,
By the using of short weights and measures.
Some time she had followed this game with success, ;
Fortune seemed every smile to bestow,
But justice was waiting her nevertheless,
As the thread of my story will shew.

Standing one day at the shop front door,

Not far down the street she espied
The public Inspector of measures and weights
Coming up on the opposite side.
In a moment, she entered the shop, closed the door,
And called to her servant girl, Sarah,
“Take away the short weights from the counter, love,
And run with them down in the cellar.”
And scarce had the hasty command been obeyed,
When in walked the downy inspector,
And finding, my lady, somewhat confused,
Of course, he began to suspect her.
He noticed few weights on the counter, then asked,
“Are these all the weights, mum, you’ve got?
She nodded reply, but Polly spoke out,
“Short weights ar’it cellar, old cock.”
“Short weights in the cellar my fine little fellow,”
The wily inspector repeated,
And with no more to do went and found it was true,
What the innocent bird had stated.
Mrs. B. in a rage then tore down the cage,
And without the slightest regard
For her dear old pet, she pulled out its neck
And threw it to die in the yard.
To die? no, not yet! Its neck was’nt broken,
For soon in the ashpit at back

Polly opened her eyes, and to her surprise

Beheld there a dead Tom cat.

Now the feelings of Polly of course can't be told,

But if true what an eye witness states,

She stroked down poor puss, shook her head and said,-

“Poor pussy's been hung for short weights.”

Now here is a lesson of feeling worth learning,

A moral worth thinking of to,

Never to teach or encourage tale tellers.

Or some day they'll tell tales of you.

But to wind up my tale as novelists say :

Polly, my heroine, lives to this day ;

Mrs. Brown lost her trade, Mr. Blue wed the maid.

The young ones are jolly and stout ;

But poor Mrs. B. like a poplar' tree,

Grows thin with remorse and gout.

So wherever you're found when the tale travels round,

In the kitchen, nursery, or garret ;

For the children's sake just try to relate.

The tale of the tell tale parrot.

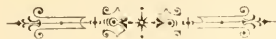


HOPE.

I HEARD a lone bird singing
 One dull December day,
 And thrilling notes of beauty
 Rang softly through its lay ;
 And like a voice heard in a dream,
 It seemed to whisper near,
 “ However sad the world may seem,
 There’s one friend left to cheer.”

Sweet voice of hope, dear friend unseen,
 Thou art ever whispering near,
 However sad the world may seem,
 Thy little voice can cheer.

The giant oak stood shivering,
 Yet that wee bird could sing,
 While bitter winds were blowing
 And frost was on its wing.
 Its summer friends were distant gone,
 No loving mate was near,
 Yet seemed to sing that lonely one,
 “ Bright days will soon be here.”



UNCLE'S STORY,

I KNOW you often marvel at
Your uncle's lonely life,
And wonder why through all these years
He never took a wife.
And I as often promised you
The secret kept so well,
Sit down my, little neice, and I
To-night the tale will tell.

Two brothers once a maiden loved,
Their claims were wide apart :
She chose the proud and handsome one,
But not the truest heart.
He cruelly deserted her
Ere long she'd been his bride,
And with her first born in her arms
Of broken heart she died.

That babe, a lovely maiden now,
With hair of shining gold,
Sweet eyes of blue and heart so true,
Made from her mother's mould,
Reminds me of the one that's gone
To that bright land above :
Thy mother, and the only one
Thy uncle ever loved.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

BEAUTIFUL spring-time, beautiful spring,
Come back again like a bird on the wing,
Telling our young hearts be happy and gay,
Chasing the tears of the sad one's away :
Waking the flowers that slept in the snow,
Bidding the ice-bound rivulets flow.
Well may the woodland choristers sing,
Beautiful spring-time, beautiful spring.

Beautiful spring-time, beautiful spring,
Charmed with thy fair face how fondly we cling.
While thou art with us our deep love we own,
Still, though we forget thee when summer is come :
But when the flowers are ceasing to blow,
And beauty once more lies cold in the snow,
We long for the pleasure thy coming will bring—
Beautiful spring-time, beautiful spring.



BAITED TOO MUCH.

WHEN yo've listen'd my wonderful ditty,
Yo'll think that it's now't but a tale,
Or else ah wor' trubbled wi' t'neet mare,
Thro' gettin' a tub full o' ale.
Be that as it may, one reekin' hot day
Ah sanmed up my taklin' and went
For a day or two's fishin' ; ah'l tell yo't' spot,
'T'wur a place they call Laneham, by't' Trent.
Ah got theer at noon, and thow't it too soon,
To begin baitin' fishes just then ;
And feelin' reight dry, in a public close by
Ah went for a baitin' mysen.
And their ale wur so good and ah wur so hot,
After ah'd guzzled 'em many a pot,
Ah ax'd t'owd lass if a bottle shu'd got
That 'ud owd hauf a gallon. She had.
Then off ah went trudgin' through't paster fields,
As reight as a mutty cauf's dad,
Darn to't Trent side, theer under some trees,
Ah put darn my luggage ah'd got,—
My basket and bottle, my maggots and tackle.
Then ah baited a nice little spot
Wi' grains ; and while ah wur baitin' mysen
Ah wur tittled wi' this idea,—

Thinks ah, this is just har we share things,
They're gettin't grains, ah'm gettin't beer.
Well, ah'd two or three nibbles t'first hour,
And ah got owd o' one but it went,
T'biggest iver wur seen i' that quarter :
And yo' kno' there's some woppers i't Trent.
But they're all big fish that we miss yo'll say,
And a fisherman's not to a fib,
So ah'l not weigh in what ah didn't catch,
Ah'l just weigh in what ah did.
Ah collard a nice little gudgeon, and ah
Used it like a crack fisherman
Do for a bait, and it sarved me first rate,
But ah neer got a bite after then ;
It must a' tell'd t'others to keep ah't o'road,
Ah fancy ah heerd it mysen.
But ah nibbled at some bread and cheese ah'd got,-
And ah drunk till ah'd drunk all my ale.
At last ah begun feelin drowsy,
And nar comes t'strange part o my tale,—
Ah wur just dozing off when, mark what I say,
Tho' ah niver heerd fish talk 'afore,
A bream and a pike stuck the'r heeads aht o' t'dyke,
And one said to t'other, " Ah, sure,
Nar's the time, for he's just gone to sleep,

Go down and tell t'others below."

Well, my eyes wur hauf shut, but ah took a good peep.

Thinks ah to mysen, "Here's a go,

They're in for a lark, and meean me for t'mark.

Oh, sploggers, shan't ah have some fun,

If they'l cum art o' t'watter a minnit,

My basket 'll owd two or three ston ;"

Well, ah'd just thow't this when ah saw what ah wished,

A big flander that look'd abart ten

Pound weight cum crawlin up t'bank,

And a eel twice as big as mysen ;

Thinks ah, Mr. Eel, what a weight thah'l feel,

When ah get thee at Sheffield, ah'l book

Onny odds at my pals there 'll tell me

Thah wur collar'd wi' t'silver hook.

Then up cum another eel, bigger than that,

And a barble, a regular plugger ;

Then five or six pike jump'd cleean aht o't dyke,

And a sturgeon, oh, crickey ! a stunner.

Next ah saw wur five or six devil fish,

And rum lookin' devils they wor,

For they grinn'd and said, "Thar't him we've cum for."

Ah wur scarr'd, but ah axed 'em "Wot for?"

"Why, we're just goin' to see ah tha'l relish

A float on thee owu little hook—

Kickin' i't' water wi' t'point thro' thee ribs,
Like thar sarved that poor gudgeon tha' took."
Well, ah saw very well 'at they meant it,
And ah knew 'at ah'd on'ey one chance ;
So ah oppen'd my bag and my basket,
Determined to fill 'em at once.
But they stopp'd me at that, for they got on my back,
My legs, and my arms, in a minnit ;
And talk abart onny one bein' stuck fast,
A thief in a mill isn't it.
Then they brought a prop and a cloas line,
Wi' a great big hook stuck at end,
And me they put on for a maggot,
Sayin', " Ah does ta like it owd friend."
Then reight into t'middle they threw me,
But ah must o' brocken ther line,
For ah wur ah't o' t'mud and bulrushes,
And up t'bank side i' noa time.
But strange, when ah cum to look round me,
Nother perch, pike, barble, nor bream,
Nor them ugly-looking devil fish
Wur onny weer neer to be seen.
Thinks ah then ah must ah been dreamin',
And tumbled heead first into t'stream.

But ah'l tell yo' when next ah go fishin',
Ah'l 'ave plenty o' maggots and such
Like things that a fisherman baits wi',
But ah'l not bait mysen quite so much.



WE MEET AS STRANGERS.

WE meet no more with glances,
Telling more than words can tell :
Our interviews have ended
Down the silent shady dell.

I think of all the happy past,
I wonder love, dost thou ?
But, oh ! the dream is over,
And we meet as strangers now.

We meet no more when twilight
Spreads her mantle o'er the grove,
Nor wander in the starlight
Happy in each other's love.

Sweet were the stolen kisses,
And sweet each whispered vow ;
But, oh ! the dream is over,
And we meet as strangers now.



THE LASSIE THAT LIVES ROUND THE
CORNER.

A LASSIE lives just round the corner,
The one, only one, I adore ;
I wish in my heart I was owner
Of hers, and I'd ne'er wish for more.
But, oh ! with such beauty, how can she
Care for a fellow like me ?
No, no ; it is foolish to fancy,
But fit for the heavens is she.

The lassie that lives round the corner,
The one, only one, I adore ;
I wish in my heart I was owner
Of hers, and I'd ne'er wish for more.

I see her sweet face at the window,
All smiles every morning I pass :
And hard at my work I can picture
The form of that sweet pretty lass.
Her memory lightens my labour,
And home as I whistling come,
The blue eyes are there at the window
Waiting to welcome me home.

COME WITH YOUR ANSWER.

COME with your answer, come, this evening,

Leave me no more with doubt and fear,
Whether for weal or woe I listen,
Tell me all I have longed to hear.
If you think that I'm unworthy,
Just breath the thought, and thou art free :
But, oh ! if fate decides against me,
Mine a wandering life must be.

Give me your answer, oh, my darling,
Leave me no more with doubt and fear,
Whether for weal or woe I listen,
Tell me all I have longed to hear.

'Tis not with honied words I woo thee,
Rude is my speech to blend with thine :
But, oh ! I know that none can bring thee
A love more deep, more pure, than mine.
Still, if in thine heart reposes
Another's love, I leave thee free ;
And may thy path be strewn with roses,
Tho' mine a wilderness should be.

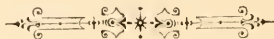


MATING.

COME, let us wander, Eliza, my love,
 As far as the church on the hill ;
 We'll follow the path thro' the silent grove,
 And rest by the rippling rill.
 Once more the song-birds, delighted will be,
 To hear your melodious lay :
 Once more the flowers will blush, love, to see,
 A lovier blossom than they.

Come, let us wander, Eliza, my love,
 As far as the church on the hill :
 We'll follow the path thro' the silent grove,
 And rest by the rippling rill.

How dear is the spot 'neath the chesnut tree,
 I learnt there the heart I had won :
 How sweet are the moments spent there with thee,
 Eliza, my beautiful one.
 But with all sunshine flowers would decay,
 And music would soon leave the rill,
 So let's prepare for a change, love, to-day,
 At the dear little church on the hill.



MARRIED.

I'M weary of business to-day, Liza, love,
Draw near the piano and play
Our favourite songs, and with harmony, love,
We'll pass a bright evening away.
I've battled all day with trouble and strife,
My head and my hands closely tied,
But now I've a partner in thee, little wife,
Worth all other partner's beside.

Just sing me that ballad of beauty I heard,
When first our acquaintance begun ;
You know that I called you my own pretty bird,
And kissed your sweet lips when they'd done.
If gone is the romance that gave such delight,
When we sat 'neath the old chesnut tree ;
My darling your smiles are as winning to-night,
And your voice still is music to me.



BLUE BELLS : TWENTY FOR A PIN.

BLUE bells, blue bells, twenty for a pin,
I heard a little school boy one bright morning sing,
Down a street where flowers seldom catch the eye ;
And, pleased with his sweet song, I thought of days
gone by.

How well do I remember when such another boy,
Bringing woodland flowers armsful home with joy
Among my little playmates, business to begin,
Selling pretty blue bells, twenty for a pin.

Blue bells, blue bells, twenty for a pin,
Stolen from the woodland dells without a shade of sin :
Where's the man so happy that would not envy him,
Selling pretty blue bells, twenty for a pin.

Blue bells, blue bells, happy little elf,
With thy trade of beauty and market to thy self ?
Whilst the little lasses come with pins to buy,
Mark the joy that shines in each flower-loving eye.
And there's one among them without a pin in store,
Thou would give thy flowers to and ramble miles for more ;
Ah, yes, we know 'twas beauty that led thee to begin,
Selling pretty blue bells, twenty for a pin.

Blue bells, blue bells, listen as we will,
That sweet song reminds us men are children still :
And how like comparing sunny smiles with tears,
The joys of our school days and those of after years.
Grown up now to manhood the merchant once who sold,
For pins his pretty flowers now trading but for gold :
Will the shining profit the pleasure give to him,
As when he sold his blue bells, twenty for a pin.

THE MILL CAN'T GRIND WITH THE WATER
THAT'S PAST.

A PROVERB once fell from an old dusty miller,
The mill can't grind with the water that's past,
A proverb to guide us o'er life's mighty river,
Whether below deck or high on the mast.
We need not be told by our dreary romances,
That journey thro' life is a difficult task :
So like the miller, make use of your chances,
For the mill can't grind with the water that's past.

Then row, laas, row, o'er life's mighty river,
Don't pull too slowly, or yet pull too fast,
But row in good time like the old dusty miller,
For the mill can't grind with the water that's past.

'Tis years since the world saw the old dusty miller,
Minding his mill at the foot of the hill,
Fresh and as free as the fast flowing river,
Constant and true as the click of his mill.
He found time for all things, for work and for pleasure,
He never began but he finished his task ;
And these were his thoughts when taking his leisure,
The mill can't grind with the water that's past.

How many among us, they that have faulted,
Would like to row back o'er life's troubled main ?
Yes, many a wasted life would be altered,
Could we but live our time o'er again.
The wild and the thoughtless ne'r think of the morrow,
Till ruined and wrecked on some bleak island cast.
'Tis then, when too late, they learn to their sorrow,
The mill can't grind with the water that's past.

WATCHING THE STREAM.

I SIT by the side of the dear old stream,
The stream that I loved long ago,
Silently musing like one in a dream,
And softly my thoughts come and go.
I'm painting the past, too lovely to last ;
No dreamer so happy as I,
Once more I'm a boy, brimful of joy,
Watching the stream run by.

Familiar still is the dear old nook,
Where under the low drooping trees,
Boy like we stood in the clear running brook,
Our trousers turned up to the knees.
The grayling and trout were chasing about,
For backward old time seems to fly,
And whiteheaded men are youngsters again,
Watching the stream run by.

The world may laugh at this hobby of mine,
And call it a romantic dream,
But the faded flowers of the far off time,
Fond memory will ever keep green.
The miser his gold may treasure tenfold,
And only for it live and die,
But dearer to me is the beauty I see,
Watching the stream run by.

WILL A DUCK SWIM.

SOME twenty-five years ago, a lady
That had not been blest with a baby,
Adopted a lamb from a neighbouring fold
That had lost its dam, and the tale is told
That my lady was lovely and wealthy, but then,
Through past experience was full against men.
She had loved, was deceived, when a maid of eighteen,
And ever since then a man-hater had been.
But to shew you her mind we'll backward roam
To the time when baby was first brought home.
So please to imagine that I am the lady,
Thinking aloud to the unconscious baby.
"Will these men ever wheedle round thee,
My darling, as they wheedled round me?
No, not if I know it, for I'll work out my plan:
Tho' it cost me a fortune thou shalt see no man
'Till full five and twenty, a woman complete,
Armour-plated and proof against man's deceit:"
And she sealed up her vow by kissing its cheek.
Now, you'll think that her plan was unworkable, but
There's nought beats a woman when her mind's
 made up.
And so in the country soon was erected,
A house like a nunnery—nought was neglected:

A big boundary wall was run up so high,
That it shut out the world excepting the sky,
But that was no use, for our bird could'nt fly.
It would take a long time to spin out in rhyme,
The life of this miss ere she got to her prime :
But she saw no man save the man in the moon,
And her twenty-fifth birthday coming on soon,
She to see the great world was anxious indeed,
So was mamma, to see how her plan would succeed.
Well, the day came at last, the carriage got ready,
And out of the big iron gates, rode steadily
Both miss and mamma, and as townward they ride,
Their different feelings I'll try and describe.

“ Oh ! ma ; what is that, that funny thing there ? ”

“ Oh ! that is a man, man-monkey my dear ! ”

“ Man-monkey, mamma, and can walk with such
grace : ”

“ Yes, love, don't you see it has hair on its face. ”

“ Oh ! yes ; but what is that, ma, that with hair,
such a bit ? ”

And it curls so prettily on its upper lip. ”

“ Oh ! that's what the world calls a beardless boy—
A young lady-killer—a dangerous toy. ”

“ A young lady-killer, oh ! ma, how you frighten me,
'Tis well I have you to teach and enlighten me ; ”

For at night in my dreams I've seen such things,
And thought they were angels, waiting with wings,
To fly off with me."—"And they will if they've chance.
But come, we have just had enough of this nonsense ;
If you'd see the great world, and the good things
in it,
You must shut out these men from your mind this
minute."

Then they drove to the town, and made sundry stops,
At the jewellers, milliners, and other fine shops ;
But the young lady's eyes left the costliest gem,
To roam o'er the counter, and up to the men.
At last she said, "Ma, how handsome they are."
Ma, thinking of jewels, made answer, "They are."
"And how very kind and obliging, too,
I should like one to live with, ma, wouldn't you?"
Dumbfounded, disgusted, mamma, with a groan,
Ordered the coachman to drive quickly home.
Then the story was told from beginning to end,
How the mother her daughter had tried to befriend.
But the daughter mixed up in her prayers that night,
"Our Father, in Heaven, are these men all alike?"
'Deliver us from all evil,' 'tis said her thoughts ran,
But the handsomest thing in the world is a man.

Now my tale has a moral, so I'll moralise,
Nature is nature, howe'er we disguise ;
We may try hard to beat her but e'er we begin,
Let 's go and think of it " will a duck swim."



BY THE BRIG O' DOON, JULY 1884.

WHY sigh so sadly, dear old Doon,
And glide so gloomily along?
Why stand in tears, ye wee wild flowers,
And summer yet so fair and young?

The very birds seem out of tune,
That hop about from spray to spray,
And thro' the gloom of summer storm,
The sun looks down in tears to-day.

Am I but dreaming, dear old Doon?
And are you dreaming just the same,
Of Him that kept you all in tune,
That sweet wild warbler naught could tame.

But change your song and dance along,
Your bonny banks and braes once more,
For he your bard still lives and sings
Your name and fame the wide world o'er.



COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME.

H YOUNG light-hearted lad am I,
A careless country bird,
And back again I mean to fly
When once my song you've heard.
Among the country lanes and fields,
To whistle and to sing,
Poor, but yet contented,
I'm happier than a king.

Where the merry spring time
Brings the budding of flowers,
Where the golden sunshine
Charms the summer hours ;
Where the fruits of autumn
Smile on every tree,
Poor, but contented—
A country life for me.

Now what care we for music halls,
For operas or the play ;
Or what care we for fancy balls,
To dance the night away :
When we have lots of lovely sports,
To court a pretty lass,
And many a night, with love's delight,
Right merrily we pass.

We never touch the Squire's game,
But what he has to spare ;
A brace of partridge, now and then,
A rabbit or a hare ;
Pheasants, too, we take a few,
And think there is no sin,
For Nature must have sent them
For us as well as him.

I would not live a prisoner here,
To share Victoria's throne ;
A dear old spot in Derbyshire,
Will ever be my home :
And if some day you pass that way,
A call will make me glad ;
Then you may find no heart unkind
Beats in a country lad !



DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

WHEN the clouds hang heavy round us,
And the sun has lost its rays,
And our eyes with tears will moisten,
Looking back to brighter days.

When our fairest hopes deceive us,
And our summer friends have flown,
There's a thought that should not leave us—
Dark's the hour before the dawn !

There are stars that brightly twinkle
Through the silence of the night ;
And the angels treading lightly,
Coming forth with golden light.

While among life's dreary shadows
There are fairest flowers born ;
And a thousand things to tell us,
Dark's the hoar before the dawn !



SHEFFIELD, FAREWELL!

OLD Sheffield, my birthplace, I'm leaving behind me,

Her forest of chimneys now fade from my view ;

I would not desert her, but fortune, unkindly,

Tells me, in tears, I must bid her adieu.

Lonely I go to the land of the stranger,

Faithfully trusting that fate may prove kind ;

Fearless, I feel, I shall brave every danger,

Yet sigh for the dear ones I'm leaving behind.

The city of sulphur that strangers hath found thee,

And black as thy smoke were the tales that they told ;

Had they but climbed on the hills that surround thee,

They'd know thy black mantles have trimmings of gold.

Here are thine outskirts, oh, what can be fairer ?

These sweet hills and dales know no factory din ;

While cottage and villa, and palace of splendour,

All speak of the home-joys that labour must win.

How full is my heart as I look thro' the window,

While, round the hill side, the train rushes on

Past the green fields, where the sons of hard labour,

Are meeting for pleasure their day's work is done.

Oh ! play on, dear friends, in cricket and football,

Sweet be your sport in the meadow and dell ;

One, who has joined you, now bids you good-night all ;

One, who still loves you, now bids you farewell !

LEAP YEAR.

'TIS merry leap year, so girls lend an ear,
 You that have lovers that's bashful ;
I once was afraid I'd die an old maid,
 Believe me, the story is truthful :
My Joe he was shy, the years had rolled by,
 And tired was I of being single,
When one day he came, I felt all aflame,
 And I thought as I pulled off my thimble :
 Long courtship is naught but a swindle,
 A swindle, big swindle,
 Long courtship is naught but a swindle.

We went for a stroll, just over the knoll,
 There, among blushing wild roses,
I whispered to Joe, 'tis leap year, you know,
 The year when the lady proposes.
Then, down on my knees, his hand I did squeeze
 Though my laughter I scarce could smother,
I sighed like a saint, my darling, don't faint,
 Be mine, and I'll go to your mother,
 Refuse, and I'll bring my big brother,
 Big brother, big brother,
 Refuse, and I'll bring my big brother.

But Joe, like a man, in earnest began
His first bit of love-making nonsense ;
He spoiled my new hat—I didn't mind that—
For he hasn't been stupid and shy since.
I think 'twas in June he started to spoon—
We were one whilst the corn was in ear ;
So girls have a try if your lover be shy,
Get off if you can in the leap year.
Just practice my plan in the leap year,
The leap year, the leap year,
Propose like a man in the leap year.



WHILE THE SUN SHINES MAKE YOUR HAY.

WHERE'S a wise little bird in the woods, I've heard,
 Prepares for its winter in spring ;
 Yet more, I'm told, that starve in the cold,
 Not caring what dull days may bring.
 For all there's a time when the sun will shine,
 And the earth look blooming and gay ;
 So if you'll be wise, 'neath the bright blue skies,
 While the sun shines make your hay.

Dame Fortune is fickle, and partial a little,
 But when she comes tripping your way,
 Meet her with a smile, and remember while
 The sun shines make your hay.

If naughty young Cupid should make you feel stupid,
 And his arrows seem likely to kill,
 Don't blush like a rose, but boldly propose,
 If you don't, why someone else will.
 If she's fair, have a care, of rivals beware—
 'Tis dangerous long to delay ;
 Then don't be a dunce and miss a good chance—
 While the sun shines make your hay.

If married, and blest with a full little nest
Of youngsters, and promise of more,
Rock the cradle and sing, for the cherubs of spring
Will be feathered ere summer is o'er.
'Tis better, by far, to be called dadda,
Before you are gouty and grey ;
So bear this in mind, and don't lag behind,
While the sun shines make your hay.

After years well spent, how serenely content,
You can look from the top of the hill ;
So while you are young, and the arm is strong,
Work on with a right good will.
When winter is come, if the harvest is home,
You may smile on your store, and say,
I don't care a straw how the winds may blow—
While the sun shone I made my hay !

Dame Fortune is fickle, and partial a little,
But when she comes tripping your way,
Meet her with a smile, and remember while
The sun shines make your hay.



TIME FOR PARTING.

COME, come, we must part, Lottie, darling,
The sun has gone down in the west ;
And the birds that 'round us were warbling,
Have kissed and retired to rest.
We've nestled with beauty around us,
Till darkness hath shut out the scene ;
And the spirit of love that bound us
Is gone like a beautiful dream.

Come, come, we must part, Lottie, darling.
The song-birds have all gone to rest ;
And 'tis time mine own bird of beauty
Was dreaming of love in its nest.

The stars seem to say Lottie, darling,
'Tis time that we both were at home ;
But since we are loath love at parting,
Why not have a time of our own ?
Have you never thought, little treasure,
Like flowers of sweet delicate bloom,
Are these moments of exquisite pleasure,
Oh, why should they leave us soon ?

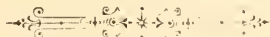


GOLDEN WEDDING—SWEETHEARTS YET.

FIFTY years of wedded blisses,
Fifty years of smiles and kisses ;
Wife and husband truly proving
Fond companions, always loving
As the time when first we met,
We are dear old sweethearts yet.

Eyes are dim that shone so brightly,
Forms are drooping once so sprightly,
Footsteps like our voices feeble,
Fingers cannot ply the needle,
Hair is white that once was jet,
But we're dear old sweethearts yet.

Warm with sunshine, wet with showers,
Nought can alter love like ours ;
Starting when the sun was rising,
Ending not though 'tis declining,
Up in heaven when 'tis set,
God will find us sweethearts yet.



THE OLD, OLD STORY ONCE MORE.

WHEY wandered down the country side,
 Hand in hand together;
 His eyes were pleading, her's replied,
 Thine, alone, for ever!
 The sun went down, the shadows fell,
 The stars came peeping o'er,
 And the tale that only truth can tell
 Was sweetly told once more.

The old, old story was told once more.

A cloud came o'er the lovely scene,
 They, that nought should sever,
 Were parting love's young happy dream
 Over, and for ever.
 Their summer's sky was overcast,
 The storm came sweeping o'er;
 And the tale oft told, too bright to last,
 In tears was told once more.

The old, old story was told once more :

'Tis May once more, the country side,
 Gilt with golden hours,
 Smiles upon a fair young bride,
 Her pathway strewn with flowers.
 A proud youth leads her down the date :
 Their darkened days are o'er,
 And wedding bells ring out the tale
 So often told before.

The old, old story was told once more.

T'OWD GRINDLE COWK.

I N the glen stood the old grinder's cot,
With ivy and moss overgrown ;
So pleasant and still was the spot,
A monk might have made it his home.
'Twas filled with an old fashioned lot
Of furniture, splintered and broke :
In the corner an eight-day clock,
By the fire, the Old Grindle Coke,

I called, out of curious desire,
The cot and its owner to see ;
'Twas winter, and sat by the fire,
The grinder gave welcome to me :
And so glad was the white-haired old man,
To offer a glass and a smoke,
I accepted, and soon he began
A tale of the Old Grindle Coke.

Ah've lived i' t'owd cot, let me see,
Why, seventy years, gettin on ;
But Grindle wur here afore me,
And will be, ah no, when ahm gone.

T'owd wheel into ruins es fell,
 Her pulleys and drums are all broke ;
 So it would'nt be easy to tell
 The age o' that Owd Grindle Cowk.

Me grondad, and gronmother too,
 Hev set there wen't fire burned breet,
 And tell'd me such tales, tho' not true,
 Ah think ah could listen to-neet.
 And 'twere there, we his legs fixed across,
 Me gronfather, fond o' the sport,
 First larnt me to ride a cock-horse,
 On top o' that Owd Grindle Cowk.

'Twer a fav'rit, too, wi me dad,
 Ah remember him tellin his son,
 That one time, when trade wor reight bad,
 And flour five shillings a ston,
 T'owd landlord sent baileys to't cot,
 But me dad's big heart worn't broke.
 Tho' they sell'd every stick that he'd got,
 They left him that Owd Grindle Cowk.

Years after, in good times, me dad
Bow't cottage, and left it to me,
Wi this good request:—" Johnny, lad,
Ne'er slight foaks that's poorer then thee ;
But when a poor feller shall pass
This way, seekin work, lad, ah ope
Tha'll find him a crust and a glass,
And a smook up'at T'owd Grindle Cowk."

Me mother too, often set there,
Undressin us youngsters for bed,
And she spoke o't big blanket fair,
As we ahr sleeping prayers said :
And 'twere there, round her gentle knee,
We larn't both to toddle and talk ;
So, for her dear sake, sir, yo see,
Ah'm proud o' that Owd Grindle Cowk.

An 'twere there little Jinny, the flower
O' me sisters, that dee'd when young,
Kept her playhouse in childhood's hour.
And her sweet simple ditties sung.

Poor Jinny, so gentle, so sweet —
The tears from me heart first were browt,
When we saw her gettin to weak,
To sit upa't Owd Grindle Cowk.

The last of all lov'd uns, me wife,
Set there wi't babe on her knee ;
O, could she but come back to life,
How happy t'owd grinder ud be.
But its noa use wishing it, sir,
For Mary's in heaven, ah hope ;
And some day, when thinkin of her,
Ah'sol dee upa't T'owd Grindle Cowk.

Thus ended the old grinder's tale ;
The clock in the corner struck ten ;
We finished our bacca and ale,
And parted, to meet ne'er again.
But whilst I have power to scan
Good feeling and generous thought,
I shall think of the white-haired man,
And his love for the Old Grindle Coke.

THE ROD AND LINE.

WHAT though I'm called a townsman, I'm fond of
country sport,

And like to breathe the pure air as all townsmen ought,
Out of soot and sulphur I spend my leisure time,
Down by the river with my rod and my line.

Let others say whate'er they may, and, laughing, ridicule
The slender end that holds the worm, the other end a fool,
With willing heart I'll play the part, a fav'rite one of mine,
Down by the river with my rod and my line.

I like a bit of fun with my dog and my gun ;
I like a bit of hunting when the cold days come ;
But through the summer time another sport is mine,
Down by the river with my rod and my line.

Where the willows gracefully stoop to kiss the stream,
And the waving rushes grow to beautify the scene ;
Where the linnet's music floats softly on the air.
Though some may call it solitude, I'm happy when I'm
there ;

And though 'tis quiet sport at times, like someone in a
dream,

I gaze upon my float and think what changes I have seen :
Dear friends grown old and warm ones cold, but there's
two friends of mine,

I ne'er found a change in yet, my rod and my line.

There's poetry in the river, there's music in the reel,
When playing with a Barbel or a merry twisting Eel ;
There's lots of fun when Jack has run—not fun for him,
alas—

For soon his sport will end up with a dance upon the grass.
So you that like to dabble, with the maggot or the fly,
Go seek the shining waters of the Witham, Trent, or Wye.
If trout and pike refuse to bite, 'tis health-recruiting time,
Down by the river with the rod and the line.



SEVEN-AND-SIX.

SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE a year, dus ta 'ear?

Fur a good-fur-nowt dog like thee ;

Thah kno's very well thah't not worth it,

Er why dus ta' blink so at me ?

Come, lift up them ears o' thine, wil'ta,

And 'eer what thee gaffer's to say ?

Thah's been a good useful sarvaut,

But, for all that, thee time's up to-day ;

Thah's fowt for thee friends like a tiger ;

Thah's play'd wi' these bairns like a lamb—

But we can't find brass for thee license.

Thah'll a' ta be throw in t'dam.

Why, thah't whinin ! Thee tail's stop'd waggin—

Thah must understand what ah say ;

Very well, then, thah shan't go i't watter,

We'll tak thee and gi' thee away :

Else loise thee—but thah't owt but a beauty—

Foaks al' say thah wur best lost ner fuu ;

But we, that have reared thee and kno' thee,

Al' loise a good friend when thah't gone.

When we come dahn stairs in a mornin,
We s'll miss thee owd friendly wag,
And at neet when we come thro't factory,
Thah'll not meet us so fussy and glad.
And these childer, how they'll but miss thee,
When they hav'nt thee long ears to pull ;
Here, come and lig dahn upo' 'tarston--
Can't ta' see that me heart is full ?
But thah't not gone yet, and thah kno's it,
Er, why are 'ta waggin thee tail ?
Can't 'ta see what ah've just been thinkin
To do wi' less bacca an ale ?
Ay, thah't an owd 'un ! where's me hat ?
Thah's helped me to get ah't o't fix :
Stop here ; tak care o' these childer,
Ah'll go and get Seven-and-Six.



IMPROMPTU LINES ON THE DEATH OF
A FAVOURITE DOG.

H MOTHER, parted from her children,
Broken-hearted, died to-day—
Only a dog—but true to nature.
Only a dog! why do I say that?
Mother never loved her children
More, or yet more mother shown
That she did, tho' we took them from her
So soon after they were born.
In vain we tried to pacify her
In her weakness, full of pain.
From her home and friends she started
A journey through the snow and rain,
To try and find her little lost ones—
Noble mission! but in vain.
All day thro', and all night too,
Where she wandered, no one knows,
For many friends around us knew,
And would have sheltered, bonny Rose.
But, oh! for fully twenty hours'
Searching, in her weakened state,
The cold and heavy grief it killed her,
Food and fire came too late.
So dogs, like all things, true to nature,
Have hearts to love, and hearts to break.

GRANNY TO HER SPECS.

COMPANIONS of my later days,
Accept poor Grannie's grateful praise,
I now must trust to you always—
My Spectacles!

Like dogs that lead the blind about,
You are to me, beyond a doubt,
For the day were as night without—
My Spectacles!

What duties in the little cot
Would be neglected; and forgot
The dear old faces, had I not—
My Spectacles?

'Tis you that wins my daily bread;
That guides my needle and my thread,
Without you Grannie's use were fled—
My Spectacles!

There was a time when you were new,
Firm and elastic, bright and blue,
But time is even wearing you—
My Spectacles!

Look at your old and rickety limbs,
They're patched up now with pins and strings,
But cared for more than many things—
My Spectacles!

Your glasses, too, are scratched and dim,
And sometimes tumble from the rim;
But to grumble it were a sin—
My Spectacles!

Opticians, if they tell me true,
Have newer things, and better too;
They may have, but I'll trust to you—
My Spectacles!

Together we have both grown old,
And not for pebbles, rimm'd with gold,
Shall your long services be sold—
My Spectacles!

We were not old when first we met,
I felt ashamed to wear you—yet,
The help you gave, I can't forget—
My Spectacles!

I know you are but glass and steel,
But cannot, in my heart conceal,
The love, the gratitude I feel—
My Spectacles !

To-night, when in the chinney nook,
The Bible in my hand I took,
I blessed you as I closed the book—
My Spectacles !

But come to rest, labour has fled,
And you have left my weary head,
To share with me my peaceful bed—
My Spectacles !

I'll know, before I say good night,
Beneath my pillow you are right,
For I shall need at morning's light—
My Spectacles !



THE GRINDER NOT A MAN.

WHERE'S a rollicking grinder, that I know well,
Works at the Union Wheel ;
A rough ready blade, like a many in the trade,
But he's made of the right sort of steel ;
He can work, he can play, he can drive care away,
Just as they, the jolly fellows can ;
He can spend, he can lend, he can feel for a friend,
Altho' the grinder's not a man.

He can work, he can play, he can drive care away,
Just as they, the jolly fellows can ;
He can spend, he can lend, he can feel for a friend,
Altho' the grinder's not a man.

He puffs his pipe of clay, and you'll hear him say,
If it wasn't for his bacca and his beer,
His drum would soon rust with the swarth and the dust,
And he'd have to leave the good things here.
But he wipes off his shot, and provides for the pot,
A little beef and mutton for the pan ;
And any one that's lame he'll help to run again,
Altho' the grinder's not a man.

Diamonds, in the rough, may be coarse enough,
Perhaps why the grinder's not a man ;
He calls his wife owl lass, and as brazen as brass ;
He winks his eye at naughty Mary Ann.
But the rough may be smooth, and affectionate prove,
For when his daughter brings the breakfast can,
As gentle as a dove, he shows a father's love,
Yet they say a grinder's not a man.

He can work, he can play, he can drive care away,
Just as they, the jolly fellows, can ;
He can spend, he can lend, he can feel for a friend,
Altho' they say the grinder's not a man.



SONG OF WHITSUNTIDE.

WHEN we see the lovely blossom,
Red and white, upon the Hawthorn ;
And the flowers come to court us
On every country side.
When the leafy woods are ringing
With a thousand voices singing ;
Once again, our praises mingling,
We greet thee, Whitsuntide !

Sweet Whitsuntide, lovely Whitsuntide,
Season more fair than all the year beside ;
How these scenes of beauty, remind us of a duty,
To praise Him who sends us glorious Whitsuntide.

We have left the gloomy city
For the country, pure and pretty,
Just as happy as the song birds
Now singing in our parks ;
And we join their merry madness
With our songs of love and gladness,
Not a voice is toned with sadness,
For sunshine fills our hearts.

Nature's God, and beauty giver
To the streamlet and the river,
To the hill, and dale, and mountain,
 And all the world beside.
Thou, who forms our merry meeting,
Year by year the same repeating,
Will accept our joyous greeting
 For this, Thy Whitsuntide.



DON'T FLY YOUR KITE TOO HIGH.

A BRAVE young boy, with pride and joy,
Was flying once his kite,
And pleased, was he, to stand and see
It nearly out of sight.
An old man shook his head, and said,
My boy, a warning take,
You must not fly your kite too high,
Or else the band will break.

Then have a care, tho' wind be fair,
My simple warning take ;
You must not fly your kite too high,
Or else the band will break.

The mansion great, and fine estate,
May tempt our monied men,
Thus to commence, at great expense,
A home as fine as them :
And, rearing up the building, they
May reckon well the cost ;
But oft forget the gilding— where
A fortune soon is lost.

Adventurers, and the would-be-grand,
 May live in style and dash ;
But what is that they're aiming at ?
 Why, naught but fraud and smash !
'Tis not because of their downfall,
 That I appeal to you,
But for the honest tradespeople,
 They drag to ruin too.

We know these days have crooked ways,
 That lead to wealth and fame ;
But rich is he, who climbs the tree,
 With honour round his name.
We know, to enterprising men,
 Life's ladder must be tall ;
But let us climb it gently, then
 We're certain not to fall.



THE OLD HOME BY THE DON.

I DREAM of my childhood, of days long since gone,
And once more I see my old home by the Don ;
Its pretty embankments, and rails white as snow,
Come back with the memory of long, long ago.
The river, like silver, is bounding along,
And sweetest bird-music is swelling its song ;
And lovely as ever sweet wild flowers grow,
That gladdened our young hearts so long, long ago.

In my dream, the old school-house and scholars have
come,
The lads and the lasses, all frolic and fun,
Down to the river side romping we go.
But where are they gone since the long, long ago ?
Some born to soldiers now peacefully sleep—
Some born to sailors are berthed in the deep ;
And there's a sweet-voiced angel, I know,
Pleads for me in heaven, I loved long ago.

The old cot is there still, the river glides on,
But the birds, the flowers, and white rails have gone,
And o'er its dark waters red furnaces glow,
Where grew linnet-bushes so long, long ago,
And man, like everything nature hath made,
All promise in spring time, in autumn must fade :
Here, am I drooping, with hair white as snow,
And naught but a dream seems the long, long ago.

WHAT WERE YOU DREAMING ?

DUET.

WHAT were you dreaming, that fair summer evening,
 Out in twilight long years ago ?
 Were you but reading the man who stood pleading ;
 Or was it the form of another you saw ?
 The form of some handsome, earlier lover,
 Filling your gentle soul more and more,
 With love you could never transfer to another—
 Many a maiden hath dreamt so before.

Yes, I was dreaming, the night you stood pleading,
 One, that I worshipped, stood in my view,
 Whose eyes, darkly gleaming, had set believing
 That I had no love left worthy of you :
 Save as a sister-love for a brother.
 And till my wounded heart was healed o'er,
 How could I ever have faith in another ?
 Many a maiden hath dreamt so before.

Yes, maids are believers, and men but deceivers,
 So it was ever, and and ever will be.
 Nay, nay, my darling, when cold winds were snarling,
 And life seemed a burden, 'twas well I found thee.
 But woman's affection, was ever perfection,
 True as the stream runs the meadow lands o'er ;
 And man's firm devotion is more like the ocean—
 Many a maiden hath learnt so before.

THE OLD CORNER CUPBOARD.

W^HO-NIGHT, all alone, in my snug little cot,
What old fashioned faces I see ;
The big warming-pan, the time-worn old clock
Still ticking as true as can be.
And other old faces, as round me I look,
Seem holding sweet converse with me.
My mother's big bible, her favourite book,
My dad's bacca jar and the pipe that he smoked ;
But the old corner cupboard that stands in the nook,
Is dearer than all else to me.
The hands, that have made it, have long been at rest,
My father, who fixed it with pride,
True teacher of all life's lessons, the best,
Safe pilot o'er life's morning tide.
And she that stored there, her sugar and plums,
In heaven is anchored with he,
My mother, that long since the angels have took—
I think of her kindness, e'en now as as I look
On the old corner cupboard that stands in the nook,
Far dearer than all else to me.
Old friend, in the corner, thy face often flings
Me back to young roguery's time,
When, sly as a burglar, to steal the sweet things,
I up on the chairs used to climb :

And history repeats itself even there,
My grandchildren now climb to thee,
When grandad, they think, is asleep in his chair,
Young rascals, they purloin the goods things that's
there ;
But if poverty told me thy shelves were all bare,
Thou would still be as dear unto me.

I'M STANDING AT YOUR GRAVE, MARY.

I'M standing at your grave, Mary,
My own, my long-lost bride,
A worn out wanderer now returned,
To slumber by your side.
I've met with smiles that most meet,
With friendship warm and kind ;
But, never yet, a face so sweet,
A love so pure as thine.

How pale have grown the violets blue
I planted, wet with tears ;
The little drooping willow too,
Like me, is bent with years.
But, darling, if you see above,
The life I'm plodding through,
You must not weep, I'm coming, love,
To sleep in peace with you.

TRIED AND TRUE.

IF the flowers of friendship bloomed everywhere,
The world would be better to cross ;
For who, among men, meet not with hard fare,
Assorting the gold from the dross.
I know there are virtues that most men possess,
I know we are all faulty too ;
But he I make friend, must be nothing less,
Than one of the tried and the true.

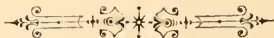
Give me the tried and true,
One of the faithful few ;
No matter to me, how humble he be,
If one of the tried and true.

Rank'd with mankind, how many we find
That are such, but only in name ;
Selfish, ungrateful, ignoble of mind,
They think that all others are same :
Lost to all honour, they cannot be just,
No good kindly act can they do,
So from them we must turn off with disgust,
To welcome the tried and the true.

We see the big swindler doing the grand,
A king among women and wine ;
Living in style on the best of the land,
Thro' scheduling many a time.
We see the poor victim of commerce cast down,
With elbows and toes peeping through ;
All honour to him, he paid his last crown—
Is he not the tried and the true ?

In love's pretty garden of various flowers,
Some look for a figure of grace ;
While others, they think, to sweeten life's hours,
With naught but some beautiful face.
Some little care, whether lovely or not,
For gold their affections are sold ;
But she, best to share man's uncertain lot,
And better than beauty or gold,

Is one that is tried and true—
One of the faithful few ;
No matter to me, how humble she be,
If one of the tried and true.



LETTER TO AN OLD FRIEND.

WHEN you and I were youngsters, Bill,
Lighthearted, gay, and free ;
It took some time to tame us, Bill,
Such dare-devils were we.
'Twas then our rule, no work, no school,
But now we've sense to know,
That each have been a little fool
Some twenty years ago.

Young Wicker roughs and romps we were,
So were the youngsters round ;
The woodyard and the muckyard there,
To us were fairy ground.
Our trousers worn out at the knee,
Behind, as well, you know ;
Such ragamuffins, Bill, were we,
Some twenty years ago,

I know you've not forgotten, Bill,
The dear old Nursery lane,
Where we have played hot cockles, Bill,
And many a bedlaim game.

We played at mabs and potties too,
Likewise at tip, tap, toe ;
For gamblers both, were I and you,
Some twenty years ago.

And, Bill, when on the old Champs Hill,
We went to fly our kite ;
You know we climbed the rock side, Bill,
For the danger gave delight.
And we slided down the railway slope,
Where, had we fell, you know,
Our little necks might have been broke
Some twenty years ago.

And, Bill, when mischief-night came round,
When mops and props were stole,
And water tubs turned upside down,
Our share, lad, was not small.
For bobbies, we did little care,
Our running was not slow ;
And artful little scamps we were
Some twenty years ago.

Aye, lad, we've done a deed or two,
But then I may be bold,
To say there's worse than I and you,
If all young lives were told.
But now, we're men of thought and care,
'Tis gladness, Bill, to know
We're friends as faithful as we were
Some twenty years ago.



LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

LITTLE wild flower, pretty wild flower,

Fair as the lilies down in the dell ;

Ever the same in sunshine and shower,

Thou art a beauty none can excel.

Angels, above thee, know thou art lovely,

And watching over will shield thee from harm ;

Lonely thy cot, but sweet is the spot,

Sheltered and safe from every storm.

Little wild flower, pretty wild flower.

Long may the sunbeams smile upon thee ;

But when they are gone, and dark is the hour,

Come with thy beauty and blossom with me.

Brighter the brook, and lovelier look

Nature's own gems when thy smiles are there ;

Birds on the wing, joyously sing,

As if thy presence made summer more fair.

Free as the fountain flows from the mountain,

Gentle and pure as the trickling stream,

Life love should be to one such as thee,

Naught but a bright and beautiful dream.

A COUNTRY JOSKIN AM I.

I LIVE on the farm at the foot of the hill,
Where the Don runs merrily by,
Singing its song, the happy day long—
And like the old river am I :
Just jogging along, in comfort secure,
Because I'm neither rich nor poor,
My little is plenty—a king has no more—
So who can be happier than I?
Ah, ah! who can be happier than I?

I like your town, for a few merry hours,
I'm fond of a marketing spree ;
But the music of birds and beauty of flowers
Have still their enchantment for me.
And when winter comes, with its harvest of snow,
As welcome as May, is the season I know,
As hunting we go with a loud tally ho !
That none can be happier than I
Ah, ah ! none can be happier than I.

The long nights I pass, with my pipe and my glass,
At home with a sweet tempered wife ;
I married a lass for love, and not brass,
And found a good partner for life.
Now, lads, I'm off, on my galloping mare,
Home, to its comforts, my pipe and my chair,
And the lass that's longing to see me there,
So who can be happier than I?
Ah, ah ! who can be happier than I ?



TIME TRIES ALL.

TIME tries all, to-night, lads, shall be
The theme of my song, so listen unto me ;
Don't boast too loudly if plenty you've got,
Nor look with contempt upon those who have not.
The first may become last, last become first ;
Some may get blessings, while others get curst ;
But the flowers in autumn leaves as they fall,
Whisper around us that—time tries all.

Time tries all, time tries all,
Sooner or later, time tries all ;
Altho' the weak go first to the wall,
'Tis well to remember—time tries all.

Time tries all : to-morrow we may
Need help from those we're helping to day ;
The poor lost wretch, we found in the cold,
Our sympathy, soon, may return tenfold.
Who knows what future days have in store,
How soon misfortune may come to his door ?
Then steady the stumbler, don't see him fall,
Have mercy, remember—time tries all.

Yes, time tries all ; the rich and the great
Must, like the poor man, bow down to fate.
Build up our castle, bar well the gate,
Still we are all in the hands of fate.
Fair speculation may turn out a thief,
Cruel temptation may bring us to grief ;
But let us remember, whatever befall,
That man is but mortal, and—time tries all.



IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN ON THE OPENING OF FIRTH PARK.

O H, let our hills re-echo,
While thousands breathe the prayer,
God bless the Prince and Princess ;
God bless our noble Mayor.
The royal pair of England
With pleasure lead the van,
Nor blush to make acquaintance
With Nature's nobleman.

He is the best of princes
Who plays a princely part,
The noblest of the noble,
Who owns a noble heart.
We've seen its finest feeling,
Engraven on Ranmoor ;
And felt its kindly beating,
Have they, the old and poor.

When years have clothed in history,
The opening of our park,
It will not be forgotten
Who played the leading part.
And tho' our Prince and Princess,
Their page in history claim ;
Our noble Mayor and Mayoress
Will honoured be the same.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

AS on we go through life's long years,
Mixed up with care and pleasure ;
We can't be always bathed in tears,
Or live in smiles for ever.
To-day we may be sorrow-bound,
Without a coin or friend ;
To-morrow, perhaps, with plenty found—
'Tis never too late to mend.

Then what's the good of giving way,
To any little sorrow ;
The clouds that gather round to-day,
Will clear away to-morrow.
The darkest night hath morning light,
The dullest day an end ;
Then don't sit down with Fortune's frown—
'Tis never too late to mend.

In any enterprise don't fail,
Because of one dead letter ;
When times of trouble will prevail,
Look forward, boys, for better.

Still persevere, though losing ground,
Don't fear what fate may send ;
For while the wheel of life goes round—
'Tis never too late to mend.

If numbered with the struggling poor,
And times are hard and trying ;
To keep the wolf from off the door,
It won't be done with sighing.
The world's big book doth oft relate,
Till life is at an end,
'Tis never too late to fight with fate—
And never too late to mend.



MY PLAYMATES, WHEN A BOY.

I LOVE the dear old faces,
The friends of long ago ;
Through life, with all its changes,
No change should friendship know.
What tho' the golden suns have set,
That gilt young life with joy ;
They're one and all remembered yet,
My playmates, when a boy.

With kindness well requited,
In days of early youth ;
True friends were we, united
With honest love and truth.
We shared each other's sorrow,
And shared each other's joy ;
And now, with glee, my toast shall be,
My playmates, when a boy.

So shall the fount of friendship
For ever swell the stream,
And ring with sweetest music
Through every changing scene.
Tho' years may bring new friends to share
Its sorrow and its joy;
Still in my heart of hearts I'll wear—
My playmates, when a boy.



Parodies, Satires,
Comic Songs, &c.



NAP.

SOME like to play at billiards,
Some like to play at chess,
But I prefer a hand at cards,
My leisure time to pass.
There's crib and whist, I can't resist,
There's put, all-fours, and don,
There's twenty-fives,—but I like best—
To play Napoleon!

Nap, Nap, Napoleon for me,
Pass one, two, I'll try three;
Four, four, lucky, lucky Tom.
There's no game like Napoleon!

There never was another game
So changeable as this;
Not even loo, although 'tis true
She has her fickle miss.
There could not be a simpler game—
A child might learn to play—
If a dunce, of course, 'tis just the same,
For learning he must pay.

I've played at Nap till, in my dreams,
I've seen such life-like things ;
I've seen the four young lovely queens
Get beaten by their kings !
I've seen the knaves, with such delight,
Laugh as they looked on ;
And awoke my wife at midnight,
Calling Nap, Napoleon !

Napoleon makes me quite a rake,
But I don't mind for that,
When home I'm rolling, drunk and late,
I lay the blame on Nap!
My wife sometimes says 'tis too bad
To Nap till twelve and and one;
And I know she's wished the devil had
The dam'd Napoleon !



THE LADIES.

THE ladies, ever truly dear,
I've chosen for a theme ;
Man may be lord and master here,
But woman must be queen.
Her majesty she likes to show,
Where is the one that don't ?
For when they will, they will, you know,
And when they won't, they won't.

Such are the ladies, blame them don't,
For when they will, they will, you know,
And when they won't, they won't.

The lover, with his little miss,
May find her rather cross.
And should he try to steal a kiss
Her lips are sealed of course ;
But when again he meets her
In a different humour quite,
With kisses he may smother her,
And eat her if he likes.

My wife's a perfect lady,
And of course she has a tongue,
When leaving her alone at home
She lets me know 'tis wrong :
And yet when I entreat her
Put her bonnet on and come,
Invariably she'll say to me,
Your wife is best at home.

But here's to lovely woman,
Nature's masterpiece so grand :
What though she has a humour
That we men don't understand.
Far, far above mankind is she,
I've heard good judges say,
That woman, she's an angel,
If we let her have her way.



THE "LONDON JOURNAL."

I ONCE read the opening chapters,
Of a romance, written well :
'Twas a maiden, poor, but honest,
Betrothed to a rich young swell.
But his father, cross old buffer,
Meant his lad to wed another,
So to cure the young boy lover,
He sent him over the sea,
And she, the blow to recover,
Went into a nunnery.
Years had passed, when a bearded man
Came to that nunnery door—
Oh ! lives she yet, called Mary Ann ?
Deserted, because she was poor.
The lady Abbess made answer, yes ;
The lady Abbess—perhaps you'll guess—
Is Mary Ann herself.
She started, and her voice arose ;
'Tis he ! those lips, those eyes, that nose.
'Twas her long-lost lover, you'll suppose,
And don't suppose no more :
For the author knew his text—
It was not he, but 'twas to be
Continued in our next.

THE DARLING NICKERPECKER.

MY song is not a touching one,
And yet a cutting lay :
The offspring of a file cutter
Has cut my heart away.
A nickerpecker, too, is she,
But, speaking more genteel,
My love's a pretty chaser on
The best of common steel ;
And like many a Sheffield slave,
Works hard for every meal.

But the tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap tap,
Like music, rings all day ;
The tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap,
Seems naught to her but play.
With hammer light, and stithy bright,
And chisels, such a lot ;
As you'll suppose, my pretty Rose,
She's flower of the stock.

In a little cottage window,
Thro' the day she may be seen,
Defying British slavery,
And as happy as a queen.

She works and sings, in chorus,
To a sweet canary bird,
That's caged with her in the window,
And the duet often heard,
Between my little darling
And that sweet canary bird.

But to be constant cutting,
Her's must be a rough, hard lot ;
Without the pay on Saturday,
She always works on stock.
The fault lies with her dear dadda,
His nose is red with ale ;
While her sweet lips and pretty cheeks
Are growing thin and pale :
Without a doubt, she's far from stout,
Or anything like hale.



IF THERE WERE NO OPTICIANS.

GIVEN AT A PARTY OF FRIENDS IN THE TRADE.

IF there were no opticians -- the subject shall be
 Of my little song--so listen unto me :
 However weak-sighted, 'tis plainly to see
 That thousands, without them, would be up a tree,
 The wisest of men cannot always see right,
 The strongest, sometimes, are weakest in sight ;
 So the far-seeing man and the short-sighted tool
 Should look with respect on the optical school.

If there were no opticians, that story of old,
 Of the impious lady, would ne'er have been told,
 How the minister found her, in such a sad way,
 Looking for spectacles, lost many a day.
 The Bible being opened, we're told with surprise,
 The minister turned up the old lady's eyes :
 That spoke of soul duties being neglected sore,
 But they spoke of home duties being neglected more.

If were there no opticians, what would our swells do?
 For fancy nose pincers or eye-glasses, to
 Quiz the ladies, their charms magnify,
 How could they without a convex in their eye?

And the theatre-goers, could they engage
To eye the box beauties and those on the stage?
Their very sly glances they never could pass
Without the assistance of opera glass.

If there were no opticians, how many well-paid
Would fail, before forty, to follow their trade?
But since there are many opticians, I will
Just say a word of their wonderful skill :
Far more, than our doctors, 'tis known they can do,
Mend a nose that is broken, or put one on new—
Can furnish new joints, new temples likewise,
And can put in, when needed, a pair of new eyes.
So, then here's to the makers, grinders, glaziers,
And all in the optical school likewise.



BELL MAHONE.

PARODY.

JUST beyond the Hunter's bar,
Where the half-grown poplars are,
Lives a widow, sweeter far
Than a sweet sixteen.
She, oh, she has cash in stock,
And a nicely furnished cot,
Pigs and poultry, such a lot,
The finest I have seen.

Oh, home, sweet home ;
Whitewashed cot, and all she's got,
Soon will be my own.

How we met 'twas strange, just so---
Looking at the poultry show ;
In the window, there I saw
Lodgings for single men.
Single men to board and lodge,
Seemed to me a widow's dodge ;
So in I walked, as green as hodge,
And squared things there and then.

How she wept her husband, John,
Praised his virtues, every one ;
But she sighed, the dead and gone
 Never can come back.

In that chair he used to sit,
He would smoke whilst I would knit ;
His slippers were about your fit,
 And there he hung his hat.



STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

MY wife, one morning, said to me, Brown, if I was you,
I'd take my wife an airing, and the little children too ;
The day's too hot and sultry to be stewed up in the town.
Too hot, says I, for walking too, wait till the sun goes down.
Now taking wife and children out was not the thing for me,
And tho' I said I'd take them, for a ta ta after tea,
I knew quite well, but dare not tell, that I and Charley
Green,
Were going in the country for some strawberries and cream.

Strawberries and cream, boys, strawberries and cream,
Ripe and sweet, oh, what a treat, are strawberries and cream.

According to arrangement, I called for Green at nine,
And found he'd just gone out, and left his wife in sulks like
mine,
Because she never could go out as other wives can do.
Says I, its very wrong of Charles ; I'd go if I were you.
And go, I will, she quickly said, if you, dear Mr. Brown,
Will take me and the little ones a ramble out of town.
Agreed, says I, since Charley's gone, we'll go to Shiregreen,
And please our summer appetites on strawberries and cream.

Well, off I went with Charley's wife, forgetting mine at home,
And carried her the youngsters, tho' I never do my own ;
We took the path across the fields, and over every stile,
I handed Mrs. Green, who always thanked me with a smile.
The strawberry beds were reached at last, and just as we
sat down,
Says I, if Charley knew of this ; says she, or Mrs. Brown :
And whilst we sat enjoying ourselves, I looked on Mrs.
Green,
And thought her lips were sweeter far than strawberries
and cream.

'Twas well I did'nt kiss those lips, for, oh ! just then was
seen,
Coming in the garden gate, my old friend Charley Green.
A youngster he held in his arms—the next that met my
view,
Was Mrs. Brown, my wife, oh, lawks ! they'd got the
youngster too.
I stared at Charley with my kid, and Charley stared at
me ;
The women also looked as if it really could not be ;
But very soon, my loving wife, to show it was no dream,
Sent spinning in my face a pint of strawberries and cream.

A war of words was soon commenced, the fighting it was
fine ;

What brought you with my husband, madam? What
brought you with mine ?

Come Charley, that's my wife, you know, your conduct,
sir, explain ;

Well, Willie, you are here with mine—the case is just the
same.

Then Charley said he took my wife because that I left him ;
The very reason I took his, and never dreamt of sin.

Well, the ladies they were witnesses that gentlemen we'd
been,

And so we squared things nicely o'er some strawberries and
cream.

Since then we've heard, quite often, from the partners of
our lives,

Its wonderful what feeling men have for each other's wives ;
Which ought to prove a lesson both to Charley and to Bill,
If they won't take their wives a walk, others there are
that will.

And now, when Charley's wife's inclined to leave the
smoky town,

She'll say to Charley, come, let's go, or shall I call for
Brown ;

And mine will say, Brown, take me out, or shall I call
for Green,

And so we never hear the last of strawberries and cream.

THE CUTLER'S DAUGHTER.

I'M a blade, roughly handled, fluted and spangled,
My heart is entangled with love, true as steel,
For a poor cutler's daughter, who lives in the quarter,
Where rough Sheffield grinders work many a wheel.
She's made of such metal, wild hearts she can settle,
She's pretty well polished—she's everything nice ;
For when I first met her, and worked hard to get her,
I felt like a pocket knife screwed in a vice.

She's a poor cutler's daughter, and lives in the quarter,
Where rough Sheffield Grinders work many a wheel ;
And made of such metal, all hearts she can settle,
For mine she has tempered as truthful as steel.

Industrious, rather, she works with her father,
Pinning on scale-tangs from morning till night ;
And charming Susannah, she sings to her hammer,
And needs no piano to keep her notes right.
The grinders have made her as sharp as a razor,
A witty young shaver, so careless and free ;
She's a blade for a sportsman, a match for a foreman—
In fact, she's too good for a waster like me.

I'll make her my dear wife, then, like a penknife,
I'll flourish my feathers where'er duty calls ;
And polish my manners, like charming Susannah's,
To take her to Tommy's, to concerts and balls.
And should Fortune's chances e'er lop off the branches,
Of our little business, tho' poor we may be ;
You cutlers shall never say you put together,
Round tangs, or scale tangs, paired better than we



WHERE ARE MY EARLY COMPANIONS?

O H, where are my early companions,
Young playmates that never knew care,
And promised so much in the future,
The echoes may well answer, where?
I've met with a few that have prospered,
But many that ne'er will do well ;
And if you have time just to listen,
Their strange avocations I'll tell.

Harry Holmes, he's a Saint Monday tailor,
Worn out at his elbows and knees ;
Jerry Jones he's a government gaoler
Or gaol-bird, whichever you please.
Frank Foster's a begging impostor,
At the fair with a collier's pick,
He shows you the work of a miner,
Tho' he ne'er was down in a pit.

Gentle John, he's a billiard marker,
A billiard sharper as well :
Honest Tom, he's a long firm starter,
And, of course, he's a regular sell.
Jack Elshar's a race meeting welsher,
And often been pumped on, has he ;
A tenner he'd bet to a fiver,
That you don't pick a card out o' three.

Matthew Lamb, he's a merchant of mutton,
He deals in sheep trotters, I mean ;
And their Sam, who at work was no glutton,
Now stands with hot tater machine.
Jim Younger's a famous fishmonger,
I meet him in many a pub ;
He goes about selling black natives,
Eight a penny, for his bit of grub.

Sam Stringer's a great comic singer,
In tap-rooms he oft takes the chair ;
Orlando became a great actor,
And he stars at a show in the fair.
Ted Tozer's a clever composer,
His ballads he sings in the street ;
You can buy his last song for a penny,
And the money is well worth the sheet.

Bill Bowler he's gone for a soldier,
A militia man private is he ;
Ned Naylor's an overland sailor,
Often shipwrecked without going to sea.
And though hard rough work is my portion,
My dwelling a three shilling cot,
When I think of my early companions,
I'm quite satisfied with my lot.

EAST END MASHER.

I'M an evening star, an evening star,
A regular dazzling light, ah, ah !
Round Burngreave road and Pitsmoor bar,
I always shine at night.
I love the girls, the pretty pearls,
With swimming eyes and floating curls ;
And many a lark, in Firth's new park,
We end up with delight.

Come along boys, come along boys,
I am an evening star ;
If you're pals of mine, with girls and wine,
To-night we'll shine, ah, ah, ah !

I've done the pretty Western park,
I've done the glorious west ;
But when I'm out for a lark, my boys,
The east end I like best.
The darlings there are quite as fair,
And a few times merrier, I declare ;
In style they wear their borrowed hair,
Coek'd hats and all the rest.

Weather dark or fair, I'm always there,
With Susan or with Jane ;
It never takes much time to square
A stroll to Sheffield lane.
No lamps are lighted there, you know,
A pair of proper spoons to show ;
And then, by Jove, we pledge our love,
At the Pheasant, in Champagne.

Being fond of wine, and woman too,
I've done the landlords round,
For when their little bill comes due,
I'm seldom to be found.
And now, before I say good night,
There's one thing will give me delight—
The landlord keeps a chalking board,
So I'll stand bottles round.

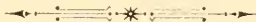


MOTHER KISS'D ME IN MY DREAMS.

PARODY.

WHEN a five year old was I,
And 'twas time to go to bed,
If I only piped my eye,
Mother gave to me a meg :
And I hugged it with delight,
Longing for the morning beams ;
But, oh ! that meg's mysterious flight—
Mother prigged it in my dreams !

Happy father, now am I,
Of twins, two little dears ;
And at bedtime when they cry
There's a meg to dry their tears,
And the old dodge works so well :
When they wake, with morning beams,
Their coins are gone, and who could tell ?
Mother prigged them in their dreams !

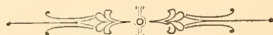


THE MINSTREL BOY.

PARODY.

THE cutler's boy to the ranks is gone,
In the "Third West York" you'll find him,
In the knock-kneed squad he's number one,
And he's Charley slung behind him.
"Goodbye, shopmates all," cried he,
"I go to light and liberty ;
One month, in twelve, I will be free,
Tho' I spend the rest in slavery."

The cutler's boy he returned again
To the girl he left behind him ;
And, oh, how pleased was his Sarah Jane,
Such an altered chap to find him.
His legs were straightened up again,
And Charles had left his shoulders ;
Oh, if I were Queen, said Sarah Jane,
I'd make all young cutlers soldiers.



LUCIETTA LITTLE.

A VERY LITTLE SONG.

I'LL sing a little ditty,
If you'll list a little while,
Of a pretty little beauty,
Who lives a little mile
From a quiet little village
Of very little fame,
And Lucietta Little
Is the little darling's name.

Sweet little Lucy, dear little Lucy,
I love her little figure, her little face the same ;
She is a little beauty, a little duck that suits me.
And in a little while she'll change her little name.

One day, at Little Matlock,
I met this little dear ;
And being a little merry,
And a little touched with beer,
To show a little love for her
I made a little start,
And with a little trouble,
I won her little heart.

We had a little ramble,
By the little stream ;
Of love and little nothings
We had a little dream ;
Till, in a little while, I vowed
To end my little life,
As her loving little husband,
If she'd be my little wife.

Though little is my income,
Little do I care,
For little shall I want for,
With little Lucy, dear.
Some little whitewashed cottage
In a pleasant little spot,
With little offsprings, we shall be
A happy little lot.



SPRING-HEEL'D JACK.

Hearing of the wonderful doings of this mysterious person in a village near Matlock, these lines were sung a few nights after to amuse some friends with whom the Author was visiting.

GOING home, rather tight, from the wakes t'other night,
 The wakes, down at Matlock, I mean,
 I met with a chap they called Spring-Heel'd Jack,
 So some of his antics I've seen.
 You've heard of his jokes, of him frightening folks,
 By leaping o'er mountains and that ;
 But I'll tell, if you like, what I saw that night,
 Of that fellow called Spring-Heel'd Jack.

Believe me, its true, when at Black Cooley Noo,
 I felt that I'd had a good sup ;
 And losing my way, determined to stay
 In the wood till the moon had got up.
 I had not sat long, the bracken among,
 When something came tapping my back,
 And turning with fear, a voice, loud and clear,
 Hissed in my ear, Spring-Heel'd Jack !

Well, something I saw, like a big black crow,
 And making a terrible row ;
 It flew for a time round the old lead mine,
 Then changed to a milk-white cow.
 I scarce could believe—my eyes must deceive—
 To make sure I took hold of a pap,
 And gave a good pull, when it turned to a bull,
 And roared down its horns, Spring-Heel'd Jack !

Now to save broken bones, the bull by the horns,
I held on, as fear only can ;
But the moon getting up, as it started to tup,
The mad bull turned into a man.
He had springs on his heel, for he asked me to feel ;
Then, said he, get on to my back,
And quickly prepare for a trip thro' the air,
And I'll pay the fare, Spring-Heel'd Jack !

As upward we flew, quite giddy I grew,
When Jack, in a cloud, disappears ;
And I found myself sat on a blind donkey's back,
With nothing for reins but its ears.
Its ears coming loose, of its tail I made use,
But that, too, I pulled off its back ;
When down on my head, I fell out of bed,
Shouting out, half asleep, Spring-Heel'd Jack !

Tho' real it did seem, 'twas only a dream,
But I hope you won't tell what I've said,
Or the chaps about here, will chaff me, I fear,
For getting such stuff in my head.
At Matlock I'd heard, strange stories absurd,
That day of that wonderful chap ;
But when next on the spree, I'll soberly be,
Then I'm sure not to see Spring-Heel'd Jack !

Here, and there, like a spirit of air,
A vision first white and then black,
Frightening folks with his hideous jokes ;
Sure the devil is Spring-Heel'd Jack !

SHE WORE A TAM O' SHANTER.

WHO think me wide awaken,
Are very much mistaken ;

For Mary Ann, a niece of mine, is wider wake than me ;
In Angel street I met her,
The little angel, bless her,
She called me Uncle Charley, and as free as free could be,
Exclaimed, why you've forgot her,
Your little niece, Miss Trotter,
Whom years ago, old boy, you know, you trotted on your
knee.

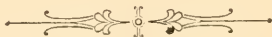
She wore a Tam o' Shanter,
Forget her, oh, I shan't, her
Eyes were blue, the ribbon too
Around her Tam o' Shanter,

Fair time, I chanced to meet her,
'Twas fair that I should treat her,
I might go further fairing and yet be faring worse ;
I told her my intention,
And then, for her selection,
We stepped into a fancy shop, she choose a little purse,
And the darling had a fancy
For one like mine exactly ;
But how my niece her lamb did fleece, I'll tell in another
verse.

I paid, we left the counter,
And down the street did saunter,
When all at once she said, oh, dear! I've gone and left my
glove.

Said I, my dear, don't bother,
I'll go and fetch it for you,
Just wait upon the curbstone, I'll soon return, my love ;
But judge of my amazement,
When I reached the pavement,
Where I left her standing, she had winged it like a dove.

In less than minutes, twenty,
I found my purse was empty,
In fact I'd got the new one, she'd got the old ;
I don't like telling strangers,
My niece had rung the changes,
But with that little niece of mine I was bought and sold.
So, if you chance to meet her,
In custody just keep her —
She's tall and stout, and, just about, seventeen years old.



THE MODERN CAVALIER.

LADY Jones, your husband's snoring,
And the youngsters are asleep ;
Round his beat the watchman's going,
Fly with me, my own, my sweet.
Far away from here, my honey,
We can live as man and wife—
Don't forget to bring the money,
And I'll love you more than life.

Bring the cash box, darling, with you
Watches, chains, and all the lot ;
And I'll never, never leave you,
While a penny you have got.

Don't disturb your sleeping partner,
Should you leave a parting kiss ;
Soon enough he'll wake to find—ah !
What a wicked world is this.

Write a note to soothe his sorrows,
Bid him as a last request,
Not to send detectives for us,
And his memory shall be blest,

Never dream that I'll deceive you,
When you've spent the cash you've got ;
No, I'll never, never leave you
While there's anything to pop,
If, at last, I should forsake you,
Never mind the parting pain ;
Go to Jones, you know he'll take you
To his loving arms again.

THE FUNERAL CARD.

THE boy was young, but fate unkind,
Had tumbled him about ;
His trousers they were torn behind,
His shirt was peeping out.
We met him with a merry lot ;
But, oh, his case was hard,
Downhearted, he was reading what
Looked like a funeral card.
We asked him was his mother dead,
Or was his father gone ?
He shook his little curly head,
And sorrowful passed on.
Thinking his heart too full to speak,
Again his path we crossed,
And asked him if some sister sweet,
Or brother he had lost ?
He answered " nowe, it is'nt that,
Ah've lost my blooming tin ;
Ah've backed two men for't handicap,
And nather on em's in."



Christmas Pieces.



I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

“I WISH yer a Merry Christmas and a 'Appy New Year,”
These words, one Christmas evening, fell so softly
on my ear :

I turned to see who uttered them—a little ragged boy—
Without a cap, bare-footed too, and yet he spoke with joy.
“ You wish me a Merry Christmas,” I said in accents slow,
“ Shivering there, with naked feet, upon the melting snow.
Come, tell me, little starvling, how Christmas you will
spend ;

Have you a place called home, a relative, or a friend ?”
He saw that I was looking down upon his muddy feet,
And, lifting up his eyes, he said, “ I must be in the street
To sell my evening papers, sir, and take the money home ;
Tho' mother says 'twill not buy boots, 'twill buy but bread
alone.

But what care I for the weather, let it rain, snow or blow,
My head and feet are warm enough, if coppers come but
slow ;

For every paper that I sell I feel both warm and glad,
So don't, because I'm ragged, think I'm a wretched lad.
Besides, I've had good luck to-day, my papers are all sold,
And I should not feel warmer if I were clothed in gold.”
I listened to him thoughtfully, and thus my reasoning ran.
That he was just the sort of boy some day to make a man.

Then, said I, "little stranger, as 'tis customary, to
You wish me a Merry Christmas, I wish the same to you ;
And here is twopence, take it, lad," he took it with a smile,
Then, thanking me, he turned and ran—I watched him for
a while,

Leaping merrily down the street, nay, dancing full of joy,
And I thought, what prince in England now is richer than
that boy ?

For he is rich with Nature's gifts, a warm heart he has got,
That makes him so contented with his miserable lot.

And I thought too, at that moment, tho' glad it is to give,
One half of this world knows not, nor cares, how others
starve to live ;

And yet, considering all things, 'tis plain for all to see
That God makes life endurable e'en to such poor things as
he.

Some Christmes times I've seen since then, and on my path
through life,

Whenever trouble crosses me and I am sad with strife,
The music of that merry voice comes ringing in my ear,
" I wish yer a Merry Christmas, and a 'Appy New Year."



CHRISTMAS INVITE.

COME, nestle with us, pretty Robin,
And melt the cold snow from thy wing;
Our welcome to thee will be given
As free as the song that you sing.
We court not thy beautiful feathers,
Nor covet the gold on thy breast;
For if thou were poor we would make thee
An honour'd and most welcome guest.

'Tis Christmas with us, little Robin,
Our spirits are lighter than thine;
But come and be merry among us,
Come, join in our festival time.
We'll fit thee a snug little chamber
In the heart of the Christmas tree;
And we'll spare, 'midst the kissing and laughter,
A smile and a kind word for thee.

When the song goes round, gifted Robin,
Be sure that we listen to thine,
As we would some ballad of beauty,
We love to hear time after time.
And when we're engaged with the dances,
Our partner, sometimes, thou shalt be;
For we'll come from our fav'rite Lancers
So spend a sweet moment with thee.

Oh, do not refuse, faithful Robin,
Be with us, if but for to-night ;
And they that should marvel thy presence,
Shall learn why we gave thee invite.
When sunshine and flowers were with us,
We heard thy familiar strain ;
Now sunshine and flowers have left us,
And yet thou art with us the same

If all we call friends, little Robin,
Were only as constant as thee,
The same in the snow and the sunshine,
Much warmer this cold world would be.
Then, come, be our guest, little Robin,
And melt the cold snow from thy wing ;
Our welcome to thee shall be given as free
As the summer-like song that you sing.



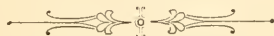
JEALOUS JIM AND THE CHAP THAT
CURED HIM.

JIM Prince, a young farmer, as rich as a king,
Wed a smart country lassie from Parkwood Springs,
And, proud as a peacock, he took his fair bride
To be queen of his farm up at Grenoside.
Just seventeen summers the lassie had seen,
And Jim, quite a lad yet, was scarcely nineteen ;
But favoured with fortune, to him it occurred,
My nest is well feathered—Ah mun hev a bird :
So a bird he took home, a gay, light-hearted thing,
Quite lovely to look at, and a treat to hear sing.
But I'll tell you in words, neither German nor Dutch,
Jim loved his wife Jessie, not well, but too much ;
That is, he was jealous, and without any cause,
A wrong way of loving as too many knows.
Now the first time she spoke of the sweethearts she had
Before she knew him, the poor fellow went mad ;
And among many other ridiculous things,
He cursed every young chap in Parkwood Springs.
This brought to her blue eyes the first bitter tear,
She knew that her love for him was sincere ;
And Jim thought so too, but like many beside,
He forgot what a girl is before she's a bride.
A frolicsome kitten, a merry coquette,

Just ready to flirt with each lad that she met.
 And this she told Jim, but he said, with a leer,
 "Tha'd better not av them chaps comin 'ere,
 For if ah wor to see sheep's eyes thrown at thee,
 Ah think ah should—well, doant let em cum, dus'ta see?"
 She promised they should'nt, yet thought it was hard,
 But, obeying her husband, she got her reward
 Much sooner than dreamt of:—It was Christmas eve,
 The first of their wedded life, I believe,
 Jessie came down to Sheffield to purchase some things,
 And called, on returning, at Parkwood Springs,
 Just to see the old folks and the young ones at home,
 And when she reached Grenoside darkness had come.
 There Jim had been waiting, impatient, for full
 Two hours, as wild and as mad as a bull.
 But she chanced to pop in, as Jim had popped out
 To see if the mare and dog-cart was about;
 And so, to surprise him on some future day,
 She put all the nice things, she had brought, safe away.
 And scarce had she done so, when in entered Jim,
 She saw in a moment the plight he was in.
 He looked daggers at her, and said with a frown,
 "Then thah's called at t'owd neighbourhood comin thro'
 t'ahn."

"Ah did," she replied, "An ah'll tell thee another thing,
 Ah've brought a young chap wi me thro' Parkwood Spring."
 Thah's wot!" shouted Jim, "then weer as ta put him?"

Weer 'av ah put him?" she echoed, "why i't cellar, Jim!"
"Thah's put him i't cellar, woman; oh, what a cheek,
Then thah thowt ah wer goin away for a week,
Did'ta? an thah'd av him thee comp'ny to keep."
Jim said nothing more, but took down his gun,
Which hung, ready loaded, to the cellar he ran,
And before she had time to warn the poor fellow,
Bang, bang went both barrels of shot through the cellar.
His wife thought 'twas time, now, that she interfered,
So she shouted "Jim! Jim! as'ta gon off thee heead?
Thah't throwing both powder and shot, mun, away,
For t'chap ah browt wi me wur killed yesterday.
Aye, killed yesterday, mun! ah'm telling noa fib,
'Towd foaks, at Parkwood ud been killin a pig,
An gen me a chap to bring hoam, dus ta see?
An a nice young chap thah't as fond on as me."
Jim went to his wife, looking blue, feeling green,
And he said "niver snitch what a jackass ah've been,
An ah'll niver be jealous, wi'aght cause, any more."
"Then thah'll niver be jealous," his wife said, "ah'm sure."
There's little now left of my story to tell,
Save this, they spent Christmas jolly and well;
And a party they had to let in the New Year,
And lots of old faces from Parkwood was there.
And there, on the table among other nice things,
Was the chap she brought with her from Parkwood Springs.



TURKEY STUFFING.

WAS Christmas day, and farmer Grey,
 Unto his dairy-maid did say,
 " Now, Nancy, do the best to-day,
 We're going to have a party :
 At eight o'clock they'll all be here,
 Reight full o' fun and Christmas cheer,
 I'm weel prepared wi home-brew'd beer,
 An ah've killed me finest turkey."
 Now, it happened on that very day,
 The farmer's wife had gone away ;
 The worse for them, likewise, you'll say,
 For that fine Christmas Turkey.

Now, Nance, like many a Yorkshire lass,
 Could make a pudding that would pass ;
 But stuffing turkey seemed to be
 Beyond her comprehension.
 But as she searched the cupboard through,
 For sage and time, and onions too,
 A vegetable met her view,
 Its name I'd better mention :
 " 'Twas Turkey rhubarb," then this said she,
 Is what they stuff their turkeys wi,
 An none being near to tell her, she
 Must use her own discretion."

At eight o'clock the bird was served,
Legs and wings, and trunk were carved ;
And hungry, every guest observed,

He'd take a little stuffing.

And stuffed, they did, with all their might,
That fine fat bird was put to flight—

I mean 'twas soon put out of sight,

Likewise a Christmas pudding.

But, after grace, what most men likes,

The time for chatter, beer, and pipes,

One half of them were took with gripes,

And in the yard kept running.

The other half was soon, Oh, lor !

Screwed up with pains ne'er felt before,

And rushed toward the outer door,

But were refused admittance.

That House of Parliament, you'll guess,

Was full, the ins were right, well, yes ;

But the outs, poor outs ! were in a mess,

Excuse my parly nonsense.

But Whig and Tory did compete,

And peace with them was not complete,

Till every member took his seat,

And poured out his eloquence.

Now I must own, 'twixt you and me,
They shunned all foreign policy ;
Home-rule was just enough, you see,
 To claim their whole attention
At last our worthy host spoke out,
“ We've all been poisoned, there's no doubt ;
Murder ! murder ! is Nance about ? ”

 And when her name was mentioned,
She came and told them every herb
With which she stuffed that fine fat bird,
Sage and time, and Turkey rhubarb,
 So good for their digestion.

Well, they before, who felt so ill,
In fact, beyond the doctor's skill,
Instead of writing out a will,
 Began to roar with laughter.
And Nancy joined them in their glee,
As merry as the maid could be ;
Their rhubarb sauce she could'nt see,
 Though heartily they chaffed her.
But now I'll end the song I sing,
And one broad fact to you will bring,
That Turkey rhubarb's not the thing.
 To stuff your Christmas Turkey.

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