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NORR. N.Y.

# SONGSTER

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RODEY MAGUIRE'S  
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SONGSTER.

A COLLECTION OF

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Eccentric Songs,  
As Sung by the  
Celebrated Comic  
Vocalist and Delineator,

RODEY MAGUIRE.



NEW YORK:

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TO JOHN YARBELL  
NORTH CAROLINA

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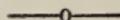
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# RODEY MAGUIRE'S COMIC VARIETY SONGSTER.

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## ALONZO THE BRAVE AND HIS FAIR IMOGENE

Chant.

AIR—"Fine Old English Gentleman."

I'LL relate to you a story I suppose you all do know,  
At least 'twas told to me a very long time ago;  
It is all about a friend of mine named Alonzo,  
Who among the female population was quite the beau.

AIR—"Promised a Lover."

Now this young swell a sweetheart had, as fair as e'er  
was seen—  
She had light-blue eyes and flaxen hair, and was only sev-  
enteen;  
And he was just turned twenty-one, and what you might  
call green,  
To place his young affections on the faithless Imogene—  
This foolish, soft young countryman, the subject of my  
theme.

AIR—"Norma."

Alonzo the brave and his fair Imogene conversed as they  
sat side by side,  
And, squeezing her hand—you all know how I mean—  
Said, "Dearest, dearest, wilt thou be my bride—wilt thou  
be my bride?"

## ALONZO THE BRAVE.

AIR—"Sprig of Shillalagh."

Sounds so joyful, blest, revealing  
 Chloroform-like, o'er his senses stealing,  
 So she answers him in tones of feeling,  
 "You must ask my respectable pa-paw!"

Then went Alonzo to seek the old man,  
 And to gain his consent tried to hit on a plan  
 By which he could marry his fair Imogene;  
 The wars they were on, the Baron was bold—  
 He had once been a soldier, but now's rather old.  
 Said he to Alonzo, "If you will but go there,  
 And join our brave army, I do not much care."

AIR—"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

"But ah," said the youth, "since to-morrow I go  
 To fight in a foreign land,  
 Some other may court you, and you may bestow  
 On some wealthier suitor your hand."  
 "Oh cease those suspicions," fair Imogene cried,  
 Ere for another my heart should decide,  
 Forgetting Alonzo the brave——"

AIR—"Lord Lovel."

He had not been gone but a year and a day,  
 To fight in a foreign countree,  
 When a Baron, all covered with jewels and gold,  
 Came and asked her his spouse to be, be, be,  
 Came and asked if she'd marry he.

The Baron he certainly bothered her so, oh oh, oh oh,  
 That to the church she consented to go,  
 Which was very wrong of her, you know.

The guests were invited, and every thing done;  
 The moments flew by with "uproarious fun,"  
 Till the bells in the castle at length sounded one,  
 Bow wow, wow wow—oh oh, oh oh!  
 The guests in a fright from the table did run—  
 The reason you shortly shall know.

## AIR—"Mistletoe-Bough."

A figure unearthly the hall up did glide,  
 And seated himself at fair Imogene's side;  
 His air was terrific—he uttered no sound;  
 He moved not, he spoke not, he gazed not around;  
 His visor was down, in black armor he shone,  
 And Imogene's features grew ghastly and wan;  
 The lights burned blue, and the ladies, they say,  
 As is usual in such cases, fainted away:  
 Oh, for poor Imogene's vow—poor Jimmy, you're in for it  
 now!

(*Spoken.*) This is what the ghost said (his air was terrific):

## AIR—"Lucrezia Borgia."

"Behold me! you told me you'd be true, but you've sold  
 me—

List to your own broken vow:  
 You said that, to punish your falsehood and pride,  
 My ghost at your wedding should sit by your side,  
 Charge you with perjury, claim you as bride,  
 And bear you away to the grave beside!  
 Since you did your oath forego,  
 Down amongst the dead men, down amongst the dead men  
 you must go!"

(Rollicking randy dandy O!)

Now, ladies all, pray take a moral  
 From my delightful history;  
 When your lover fights for a warrior's laurels,  
 Never give way to perjury.

Tol de rol de rol, etc.

For in these days of table-turning,  
 They may be turned on you;  
 Don't think ghosts can't be returning,  
 For we showed you that they do.

Tol de rol de rol, etc.

If doubt on this tale you're throwin',  
 The original parties can be seen:  
 Just call on Robert Owen,  
 And he'll fetch up Alonzo and Imogene.  
 Tol de rol de rol, etc.

---

BRUDDER BONES'S LAMENT.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

I'VE wandered around Yorkville,  
 I have wandered to the shop,  
 And listened for your footfall,  
 And yet you cometh not.  
 There was no sound of fire-bells,  
 No sound of engines near,  
 But the tinkling of the old bones  
 Was all that I could hear.

*Chorus*—But the tinkling, etc.

I sat down in the stable,  
 And gazed upon the trees—  
 And as it grew still darker,  
 I thought I heard you near;  
 When I think I hear your footfall,  
 I listened for a word,  
 But the tinkling of the old bones  
 Was all the sound I heard.

But the tinkling, etc.

You did not come, and I was sad,  
 The night even darker grew fast;  
 The police eyed me surprised,  
 And even dogs howled as I passed.  
 I once again struck up that tune—  
 You thought I sang so like a bird!  
 But the tinkling of the old bones  
 Was all the sound I heard.

But the tinkling, etc.

## THE COUNTRYMAN'S VISIT TO LINDENMULLER'S.

Written and sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Sprig of Shillalah."

A COUNTRYMAN coming to New York one day,  
Determined at night to go see the play.

(Symphony.)

So he asked a stranger, he chanced to meet,  
If he'd show him the Bowery, and he'd stand treat;  
He had heard that the show of the city was there—  
The performers the best, and the girls charming fair

(Symph.)

The man answered "Yes," and up Spring street they went,  
To the famed Lindenmuller's their course it was bent.

(Symph.)

The newly-made friends then quickly walked in,  
Just as the performance was about to begin.  
The countryman stared, and with mouth opened wide—  
"This place must be heaven, and no spot beside."

(Symph.)

Now the girl whom an angel the countryman thought,  
Had just from the waiter a brandy-punch sought.

(Symph.)

He gazed on her figure so plump and so round,  
While she, feeling bashful, but looked on the ground.  
But he, growing bolder, aside modesty flings—  
Commenced touching her stocking, to find had she wings

(Symph.)

The girl I'm alluding to I can now see—  
She's winking and blinking and nodding to me.

(Symph.)

I would tell you her name, but she's bashful I know,  
And indeed it might get me just into a row;  
But she told him the mad-house was his just deserves,  
If he thought to find wings growing out of her calves.

(Symph.)

Now, all you young fellows, take warning by me—  
Do not think all is heaven where angels you see.

(Symph.)

There is so much beauty now visits this hall,  
'Tis likely each night into love you will fall;  
But mind what you're after, if they you inspire—  
If you want to know more, come to Rodey Maguire.

(Symph.)

---

### DINAH'S LAMENTATION.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"The Girl I left behind me."

'WAY down beside Francisco bay,  
My true-lub's gone a-minin';  
He ran away wid a yaller gal,  
And left me here repinin'.  
O Pompey dear, how could you go,  
And leab poor Dinah weepin'?  
Her breff grows short, her cheeks turn pale,  
And at nights she hab no sleepin'.

(*Spoken.*) O Pompey, I neber tought dis ob you. My dear Pompey, when we war conversin' togeder dem moon-shinin' starlight nights, under de old pine-tree near de swamp, where de frogs am singin' wid such clear voice trough de whole night, till I falls asleep in Pompey's arms, and wakes up in a dream all ob a sudden, and finds Pompey am not dere.

---

### THE STAGE-STRUCK SCHOOLBOY.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

WHEN I was a boy, I went to school gayly—  
I did not care for the birch, though I tasted it daily;  
At school-times I ranted, and whirled my shillalah,  
For I was always playing the fool.

*Chorus*—Oh dear, what's to become of me?  
 Oh dear, what's to become of me?  
 Oh dear, what's to become of me?  
 I am quite a disgrace to his school.

(*Spoken.*) "Come up," says the master to me one day,  
 "and spake that piece I taught you to get off." Divil a  
 mind did I mind the ould master, but gave him what come  
 first.

(*Spouts.*) My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills  
 My father fed his flock on frugal swine.  
 He was a man, take him for all in all,  
 I ne'er will look on his like again! What says  
 The fool of Hoburst's offspring? I do remember  
 An apothecary lived here somewhere about,  
 But no more like my father than I to  
 Hercules. O my prophetic soul! my uncle,  
 Give me a horse—bind up my wounds. To be or  
 Not to be, that is the question. I am weary  
 Of conjectures, and this must end them!—

"It must!" quoth the master, with rage his head tossing;  
 "Is this any place to give me your saucing?  
 Instead of a horse, I will give you a horseing!"  
 And he tied me quite fast to a stool.

Oh dear, etc. ✓

(*Spoken.*) "Since there is no more of the birch left, I'll  
 bate you no more at present."—"Thank you, sir," says I.  
 I thought I would give the master a piece of my mind. I  
 mounted a form, with shillalah in hand, and held it forth  
 thus:

(*Spouts.*) Most potent, grave, and reverend seignior, my  
 very novel and approved good master, thou hast wronged  
 me by a vile blow; I have been your faithful slave too  
 long. I'll set my life upon a cask, and stand the hazard  
 of the die. Hence, babbling dreams! thou threaten here  
 in vain. Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again.—  
 Is that a dagger I see before my eyes, with the handle  
 towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have ye

not, and yet I see thee still. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Be thou a spirit of hell or goblin damned? bring thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell? unkind me, gentlemen, or I'll make a ghost of him who lets me! I go; who follows, dies upon the pot!—What pot?—My father's shaving-pot!

This said, I went off with the air of a Rolla—  
The master jumped up and determined to follow;  
But I got the start, and I beat him quite hollow,  
And I left the ould chap to cool.

(*Spoken.*) As I walked away, I heard the ould chap cry,  
“Oh dear,” etc.

## SAMBO'S VOYAGE WITH MASSA LOWE UP TO THE MOON.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

I'SE gwine a voyage up to de moon,  
Wid Massa Lowe, in de big balloon;  
When he gets ready he will start,  
And we bof will leave dis arth.

You'll see him go up in de sky,  
Old Massa Lowe along wid I;  
What course he'll sail nobody knows—  
Depend which way de souf wind blows.

Perhaps he will not go till spring,  
When de old blue-jay begin to sing;  
But sometime or oder he will go,  
And loike his cullud friend Sambo.

If dis balloon don't get on fire,  
We mean to go a great deal higher;  
I guess he go up to de sun,  
When de voyage once he hab begun.

## VERY POLITE OF HER.

Written and sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

ONE night to a concert I went,  
 I was dressed in my best from top to toe;  
 As merry an evening I spent—  
 Among the ladies, dear creatures, I love to go.  
 I walked up the room in good style—  
 There sat a sweet girl, I caught sight of her;  
 She said, "Take a chair"—gave a smile—  
 Now wasn't that very polite of her?"

*Chorus*—Fol lol, etc.

As we sat side by side on the chair,  
 My very heart-strings seemed to crack again;  
 I threw a sheep's-eye at the dear,  
 And she in return threw it back again.  
 I called for two glasses of lager-bier,  
 Which very much gladdened the sight of her;  
 She finished her glass and mine—oh, dear!  
 Now wasn't that very polite of her?

Fol lol, etc.

Says I, "Miss, take something to eat?"  
 I thought she would like a nice taste, so I  
 Went into a shop down the street,  
 And bought half a dollar's worth of pastry.  
 A puff, tart, or gooseberry-pie,  
 She said it was quite the delight of her;  
 They were gone in the wink of an eye—  
 Now wasn't that very polite of her?"

Fol lol, etc.

To drink brandy-smashes I gained her consent,  
 Forgetting my landlord had called that day;  
 When every shilling I had spent—  
 My God! then thinks I, "There's the rent to pay!"

I did not expect her abuse,

Which you must all know was not right of her;

She says, "I am married, you goose!"

Now wasn't that very polite of her?

Fol lol, etc,

With rage I began for to stamp,

When she came in and bounced about,

And said if I did not decamp,

My head she would quickly trounce about.

She hit me a box on the head,

And knocked me down on top of her;

Says she, "You are down, stay all night"—

Now that was very polite of her.

Fol lol, etc.

There was somebody about smelt the rat,

Through the key-hole he took sight of us;

It was her husband—who would have thought that,

That beheld the beautiful sight of us?

He stood outside in amaze—

He thought it not right at all of us;

So he got himself very near crazed,

For he thought it very impolite of us.

Fol lol, etc.

At length the police he called in,

And all over the room they did follow me;

Not knowing the cause I fell in,

Two metropolitans did collar me.

For assistance and mercy I prayed—

She said I intruded, in spite of her;

To the watch-house they had me conveyed—

Now wasn't that very polite of her?

Fol lol, etc.

Next morning the fine was twenty dollars,

To give this sweet damsel to quiet her;

No money nor friend could be found—

To prison they sent me as a seducer.

My landlord a letter next sent,  
 He had seized on my sticks every mite of them,  
 'Cause I owed ten dollars for rent—  
 Now wasn't that very polite of him?

Fol lol, etc.

I have now got out of the jail,  
 Wherein I've shown my agility;  
 Folks say I'm wonderful pale,  
 Yet have the look of respectability.  
 If I could see a fair damsel to-night,  
 And my figure and form please the sight of her,  
 If she would consent to be mine,  
 I'd take a little bit to-night of her.

Fol lol, etc.

---

### KILL OR CURE.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"O'Shaughnessy."

OH, I'm an Irish lad, I was born in Ballyregan,  
 And christened with much joy after my father, Patrick  
 Fagan;  
 I had a sweetheart Katy, and I courted her gayly;  
 The divil a thought had I trouble, as I twisted my shilla-  
 lah.

*Chorus.*

Musha, Kate O'Shaughnessy, she is the girl for me,  
 Whack fal de laddy da, musha Kate O'Shaughnessy!

It was herself I courted, a girl both nate and cosy;  
 She said she loved me in return—her cheeks were round  
 and rosy;  
 Of sovereigns I had twenty; said she, "I've seventeen."  
 "Then we'll put ourselves and them together, and live like  
 king and queen."

Whack fal de laddy da, etc.

We both set sail for Liverpool, and packed our kits together,  
 And married got so nate and cool, in spite of rain or weather;  
 With our money we opened shop, and in business not amiss—  
 We sold oysters, cockles, mackerels, praties, herring, and fried fish.

Whack fal de laddy da, etc.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill,  
 sirs;  
 The doctor almost ruined me with bringing in his bill,  
 sirs;  
 But I made a bargain wid him—kill or cure for twenty pounds so frisky:  
 He was dacent sort, so I stood a noggin of good Irish whiskey.

Whack fal de laddy da, etc.

She grew worse and worse, which made me quake with fear, sir;  
 The doctor he attended her for more than half a year,  
 sir—  
 Till one fine morn she died, and myself it did bewilder:  
 The doctor wanted his twenty pounds—(*spoken*) says I,  
 “You never cured her”—“No,” says he.—“Then (*sings*) you dare not say you killed her.”

Whack fal de laddy da, etc.

So, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, the whiskey drink like thunder!  
 You cannot help but own, yourselves, there's mirth in Irish blunders;  
 But when for your wives a doctor yez want, mind and be sure—  
 Make the bargain like I did meself wid the doctor—“kill or cure.”

Whack fal de laddy da, etc.

## SCENES IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

As sung by, RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"The Lazy-Club."

GOOD gentlefolks, give ear, I pray,  
 And listen to what I've got to say;  
 The truth I'll tell you, one and all,  
 Of what I've seen in a concert-hall.  
 First came a fellow to dance a jig—  
 One shoe was little, the other was big;  
 He made a hit, and the boys did call  
 To do it again in the concert-hall.

*Chorus*—Tol de rol de riddle la, etc.

Then the orchestra began to fill  
 Their instruments for a quadrille:  
 A chap with a cornet loud did play  
 "We won't go home till the break of day."  
 Then the waiter-girls, dressed neat and gay,  
 Like full-blown flowers in the month of May,  
 Some were short and others tall,  
 But the lager flew about in that concert-hall.

Tol de rol, etc.

Then out came a girl to dance a fling,  
 The men to her did bouquets fling;  
 The boys cried out, "She's a bully egg,"  
 Because she showed a handsome—foot.  
 But what pleased me most of all that night  
 Was the burlesque international fight;  
 They fought in a ring, and each other did maul,  
 And both won the fight in that concert-hall.

Tol de rol, etc.

Then came a fellow to sing a song,  
 A very old one—Lord knows how long;  
 And every verse sung by that scrub  
 Was something about the "Lazy-Club;"

But what it was I could not hear,  
 My head was so full of lager-bier;  
 So for a cocktail I did call,  
 To steady my nerves in that concert-hall.

Tol de rol, etc.

Then a waiter-girl asked me to treat,  
 And by my side she took a seat;  
 So, to cut a dash, and not look small,  
 For a bottle of wine I had to call.  
 Then I asked if I could see her home,  
 Where we could sit and chat alone;  
 Said she, putting her hand to her nose so small,  
 "You can't buzz me in the concert-hall."

Tol de rol, etc.

To finish the show, up struck the band  
 With "I wish I was in Dixie's Land;"  
 Then on the stage the nigs were found,  
 Going it strong in a walk around.  
 Then I got up and staggered out—  
 I hardly knew what I was about;  
 In the streets the boys did call,  
 "Old boy, you've filled your keg in that concert-hall."

Tol de rol, etc.

---

## IF A DEUTCHER MEETS A DEUTCHER.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Comin' through the Rye."

If a Deutcher meets a Deutcher  
 Drinking lager-bier,  
 "Wiegates, Mynheer," says t'other Deutcher,  
 "Sehr Gut," says Mynheer.  
 Every Deutcher has his brauer,  
 Each his baker too;  
 Künsler, Schneider, Schreiner, Maurer,  
 Drink till all are blue.

If a Deutcher meets a Schneider  
 Early in the morn,  
 Then the Deutcher sprachts mit Schneider,  
 "See my breeches torn!"  
 Deutcher, Schneider, take more lager,  
 Harrenge, kase, und mehr;  
 Breathing sweets like balm of lilies,  
 Snoring in each chair.

Fader, mutter, bruder, schvester,  
 Round the table throng;  
 While the lager's freely flowing,  
 All join in the song.  
 Künsler, Schneider, Schreiner, Maurer,  
 Feel sick in der head;  
 Provost-marshal says, "'Tis midnight—  
 Deutcher, go to bed."

---

 THE CONTRACTOR.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Pat of Mullingar."

OCH! I'm a swate contractor, who supplies the army-boys,  
 To chate the public of this land is the chief of all my joys;  
 From Kay Wist to Virginny many a little job I've done—  
 I've starved them on th' Potomac, got my cash in Wash-  
 ington.

*Chorus.*

For I'm a boy—it is my joy to come from Erin's sod,  
 Making greenbacks is asier much to me than carrying the  
 hod.

I've dipped in ivery contract since the war it first begun,  
 And often wondered why the "grub" didn't pizen ivery  
 mother's son;  
 But what the divil did I care? their cash was what I got;  
 Och! I'm a bould contractor, and I knows well what is  
 what. For I'm a boy, etc.

We give carrots without scraping, cabbage-stalks and  
 'tater-peels,  
 And when it's stewed down in a pot, what a smell it then  
 reveals!  
 They call the food "solidified," and little do I care;  
 It acts for food and physic, so the bargain is but fair.  
 For I'm a boy, etc.

They once complained to Father Abe, but it did end in  
 smoke,  
 For that darling boy did side with me—when I told a little  
 joke.  
 I laughed at every thing he said, and passed the Bourbon  
 round—  
 And be jabbers, jist before I left, he raised the job a pinny  
 a pound!  
 For I'm a boy, etc.

The way to make our Ginerals win is, to give them sol-  
 diers' soup;  
 They'll fight like divils to get back, or soon themselves  
 will slope;  
 And if you want a glorious peace in our land of liberty,  
 Hang aitch contractor that you've got upon the nearest  
 tree!  
 For I'm a boy, etc.

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### CELTIC AND TEUTONIC;

Or, Lager-Bier and Irish Whiskey.

Written expressly for and sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

Now, boys, if you'll listen, I'll sing you a good song,  
 And its merit you'll find is, it's not very long;  
 It's of this and of that, of the country and times,  
 Secession and Union, and them kind of rhymes.

*Chorus*—For there's nothing but trouble about now,  
 Though Secession is almost played out now;  
 For the lovers of "praties" and "kraut" now  
 Shake hands for the Union and laws.

When first from old Sumter the smoke of the fray,  
 With a thundering echo, rolled out on the say,  
 And the Yankees awoke from their dreaming and rest,  
 And found out they'd stirred up a young hornet's nest—  
     Oh, then was hoping and fearing,  
     Oh, then was the quick volunteering,  
     And in rushed the sons of Old Erin,  
         To fight for the Union and laws.

But bedad it's not me that's going to brag—  
 For along wid the boys of the Emerald flag,  
 Wid a fire in their eye and a smile on their face,  
 Bent the red-whiskered sons of the Teutonic race.  
     Oh, 'twas whiskey and lager combined then,  
     While the old Yankee blue intertwined then;  
     Ah, sure by the gods 'twas designed then  
         To save the Union and laws.

It was then that Secession grew pale with affright,  
 As the GERMANS and IRISH march firm in the fight;  
 And with Meagher to lead them, and Sigel to save,  
 Sure 'twas many a rebel went down to his grave.  
     Oh, 'twas then that ould Jiferson Davis  
     Swore Secession was all gone to blazes,  
     And in that same on dit he gave us  
         In saving the Union and laws.

Now the war is 'most over, and bloody ould Mars  
 Smiles continuedly down on the Stripes and Stars;  
 And the boys to their homes will soon be marching back,  
 Their good lager to quaff and their whiskey to smack.  
     And if France takes a notion to growl then,  
     Or Johnny Bull round us should prowl then,  
     They'll find we are cheek by jowl then,  
         To fight for the Union and laws.

---

SAM, where does Neptune stable his horses?  
 Why, in the sea-mews, of course.

## TRAVELLING BY STEAM.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

SITTING in a steam-car,  
 Going with a whiz,  
 Tallest kind of music  
 Singing in your phiz!  
 Hear the breaks a-squeaking  
 When she gives a scream—  
 Bless me! ain't it awful,  
 Travelling by steam?

Dust and smoke are flying,  
 And fill your pretty hair;  
 Fat old lady fainting,  
 Because she wants fresh air;  
 Lovesick miss a-reading  
 From a magazine—  
 Dear me! ain't it funny,  
 Travelling by steam?

Milestones past are flying—  
 Lord, what an awful speed!  
 Lots of babies crying  
 For their precious feed;  
 Country bumpkins chewing,  
 "Guess she is a team"—  
 Gracious! ain't it charming,  
 Travelling by steam?

Gray old chap is nudging  
 Miss slyly with his knee,  
 The Frenchman is a-snoozing  
 Over his rapparee;  
 Lovers sit a-sparking,  
 Eyes with rapture beam—  
 Golly! ain't it funny,  
 This travelling by steam?

Jolly newsboy screaming,  
 Cries the morning papers,  
 With his rags a-streaming,  
 And cuts all sorts of capers.  
 Creation! hear the squealing,  
 When we go to cross a stream;  
 Now there's a precious lot of fun,  
 Travelling by steam.

Hungry sharpers eyeing  
 The crowd with eager look;  
 Gouty gent is trying  
 To hide his pocket-book.  
 The hackmen flock around you,  
 And, thinking you are green,  
 They will try to steal your baggage  
 When you're travelling by steam.

---

NO ONE TO DRINK—NO ONE TO SMOKE.

Written for ROBBY MAGUIRE, by J. R. RAYMOND.

No one to drink—no one to smoke,  
 Except an old bummer, or else an old moke;  
 And if you get drunk, you must do it alone,  
 For in your drowsiness you're as snug as a bone;  
 No watchman's voice (or cod-liver oil)  
 Makes you rejoice, or your cares beguile.  
 No one to drink—no one to smoke,  
 Except an old bummer, or else an old moke.

No one to dance with, or to theatre go,  
 Except that old bum who sticks to you so;  
 And if you feel sick, and go there alone,  
 You feel just as if you'd have sooner stayed home.  
 No gentle voice, no loving smile,  
 Make you rejoice, except you have a "pile."  
 No one to drink—no one to smoke,  
 Except that old bum, or slumbering moke.

## A BAG OF NAILS.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Bow, wow, wow."

My merry, gentle people, pray  
 Come listen to me a minute:  
 Although my song it is not long,  
 There is something comic in it.  
 To sing of nails, if you'll permit,  
 My sport it must intend, sir—  
 A subject that I now have got  
 Here at my fingers' end, sir.

*Chorus*—Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The women are a bag of nails,  
 And some are mighty queer, sir;  
 And some are tall and some are small,  
 And some are plaguy dear, sir;  
 Some like nails with monstrous heads,  
 And some have none at all, sir!  
 Some do simper out their words,  
 And some give a loud squall, sir!

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Now an old man he's a hob-nail,  
 He'll rust for want of use, sir;  
 A miser is no nail at all,  
 He's but a rusty screw, sir.  
 An enemy would get some "clouts"  
 If to Washington they'd roam, sir;  
 For our volunteers, like hammers, would  
 Be sure to drive them home, sir!

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The doctor nails you with his bill,  
 Which oft times proves a sore nail, sir;  
 The undertaker wishes you as dead  
 As any door-nail, sir!

You'll often see each agent  
 Nailing his employer ;  
 The lawyer nails his client,  
 But the devil nails the lawyer †

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Dame Fortune is a brad-awl,  
 And oft times does contrive it  
 To make each nail go easy  
 Where'er she choose to drive it.  
 So if I've gained your kind applause,  
 For what I've sung or said, sir,  
 Then you'll admit that I have hit  
 The right nail on the head, sir!

Bow, wow, wow, etc.

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### THE BOW-WOW-ER-AY.

Written and sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Goose hangs high."

Now, kind friends, I pray you all draw near—  
 A song I'll sing to you, I want you all to hear ;  
 So give me your attention for a little while, I pray,  
 While I sing you something new about the Bow-wow-er-ay

If you're coming up the Bowery at ten o'clock at night  
 (Perhaps you have been drinking, and got a little tight),  
 You may chance to knock agin a man—when not a word  
 he'll say,  
 But he'll send you flat upon your back, up the Bow-wow-  
 er-ay!

Then, as you are proceeding towards your home,  
 A-humming to yourself some familiar little tune,  
 Some young lady will step up to you, and so nicely say,  
 "You, George?—would you like to take a walk with me,  
 up the Bow-wow-er-ay?"

But then, on rainy days, what pretty sights you see!  
 The streets they are so nasty, you'll get mud up to knee;  
 The gals all like to promenade upon a rainy day,  
 For they can show their pretty ankles on the Bow-wow-  
 er-ay.

Joe Coburn sends a challenge all on to Jamie Mace,  
 Saying, money and man are ready to fight him any place:  
 If these gladiators meet, and Joe should win the day,  
 What a bully time the boys will have on the Bow-wow-  
 er-ay!

Now if you want good lager-bier, to Lindenmuller's go,  
 Where you can hear good singing, and see a great show;  
 I will do my best to please you, when on me you call,  
 So three cheers for brave Sigel, and Lindenmuller's Hall!

Now, kind friends, my song it is done,  
 And with these few remarks hope I've offended none;  
 So, if you'll call to-morrow night, all I've got to say  
 Is, that I'll have a new edition of the Bow-wow-er-ay.

---

### QUIET LODGINGS.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

ALL you who love retirement free,  
 I'm very sure you'll pity me,  
 Who all my life have been used, you see,  
     To a very quiet lodging.  
 You must know that word was sent me down,  
 That my good old Uncle Brown  
 Had died, and left me every crown,  
 So I must go and live in town.  
 I wrote to my cousin, Jemmy Wood,  
 To ask him if he'd be so good  
 As to find me, in his neighborhood,  
     A very quiet lodging

All right—in town I arrived next day,  
 And to my lodging went straightway;  
 And I found it really was *au fait*—

A very quiet lodging:

'Twas in a street without any thoroughfare,  
 Close to the Dry Dock, I declare,  
 Where the river runs at the end so clear,  
 And sends up such refreshing air!  
 Says my landlady, with looks demure,  
 "You'll find them clean and very pure;"  
 So I took them for a twelvemonth sure,  
 Those very quiet lodgings.

Next morning, just before I rose,  
 Or poked my head from out the clothes,  
 I heard a brute chanting, "Off she goes!"

In front of my quiet lodging;  
 And he had hardly moved away,  
 And I hoped to be quiet all the day,  
 When a barrel organ began to play  
 "Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!"  
 And he had hardly left the place,  
 When there came two fifes and a double bass,  
 A-blowing away in my very face,  
 In front of my quiet lodging.

To rave and curse I did begin,  
 To find how I'd been taken in,  
 When another infernal musical din

Saluted my quiet lodging:

A man with bagpipès now had come,  
 And blowed out of his bag such a rum-te-tum,  
 'Twas enough to strike the old one dumb;  
 Just like an owl it screeched, by gum!  
 And not content with number four,  
 He kept the street in a wild uproar,  
 And played five tunes at every door,  
 As well as my quiet lodgings.

My dinner I hoped to get in peace,  
 But, Lord! the nuisance wouldn't cease—

It seemed rather more to increase,  
 Around my quiet lodgings.  
 A German brass band now hove in view,  
 With drums, trombones, and cornet too  
 And they kicked up such a phillaloo,  
 I wished they'd split their throats in two  
 And just when they had hardly fled,  
 Two chaps, as if by instinct led,  
 Began punching each other's head,  
 In front of my quiet lodging!

With rage I then did puff and swell,  
 Out by the roots I jerked the bell;  
 My landlady rushed up pell-mell,  
 In my very quiet lodging.  
 "Are these your quiet lodgings, pray?  
 I'll leave your house this very day!"  
 "Ah, sir! but before you go away,  
 A twelvemonth's rent you've got to pay!"  
 I paid the cash with a sad grimace,  
 And rushed out of the cursed place;  
 I slammed the door in the old hag's face,  
 And I cursed her quiet lodgings.

---

 LOVE AND BACON.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

THE spruce Mister Clark was a young Essex spark,  
 A farmer uxorious and rich;  
 He loved, dearly as his life, fried bacon and his wife,  
 And says he, "My duck, we'll claim the fitch."

Mistress Clark ('twas in bed) loved bacon, she said,  
 But she vowed she'd no more see it spoiled;  
 Crying, "Clark, you're quite mistaken if you think to fry  
 that bacon,  
 I insist that every bit shall be boiled."

Mister Clark, though 'twas night, jumped in bed bolt upright,

Quite enraged at his rib by his side;  
And says he, "Now, madam, mark! though I love you,  
Mistress Clark,  
I'm d——d if it shan't all be fried!"

The dispute ran so high, 'twixt a boil and a fry,  
That Clark, though he argued it roundly,  
Put an end to all turmoiling, as to frying and to boiling,  
By basting Mistress C. very soundly.

The turtles, no doubt, very soon found out  
That their claim to the flitch must be shaken;  
They had children blithe as larks, but all the little Clarks  
Were marked with a rasher of bacon!

---

### ACTING MAD.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Bow, wow, wow."

I'm called upon to chant a stave, which now I'll try to do,  
sirs;

And, since they say new brooms sweep clean, I'll give you  
summat new, sirs.

The world is all gone acting mad, which I will now be  
proving;

So, then, as madness is the go, push on, my boys, keep  
moving. *Chorus—Ri fol, etc.*

The schoolboy, he is acting mad, his blood is all in rage,  
sirs,

His very soul is up in arms to get upon the stage, sirs;  
He makes his first *debut* as soon as e'er he leaves his  
school, sirs,

But soon, as friends forsake, too late he finds he acts the  
fool, sirs. *Ri fol, etc.*

The lawyer acts his part so well, his pockets soon are  
lined, sirs;

Which acts upon his client's purse, as clients often find,  
sirs:

But as bad actions very rare do unrewarded go, sirs,  
The devil makes his *mittimus*, and then he acts below,  
sirs. Ri fol, etc.

The parson acts the judge's part, and quite forgets his  
own, sir,

So few the way to heaven know, because so seldom  
shown, sir.

Jack Ketch, he acts a tragic part, and often stops the  
breath, sirs,

And all allow that he too oft enacts the part of Death,  
sirs. Ri fol, etc.

The doctor acts a certain part, for he's a man of skill  
sirs;

For if his patient he can't cure, he's pretty sure to kill,  
sirs.

Then next the undertaker comes, who acts his part so  
clever,

He ends all animosity, and buries it forever.

Ri fol, etc.

The cobbler, he's a lad of wax, and has such great con-  
trol, sir;

The understandings he repairs, and even mends the sole,  
sir.

The tailor acts a boyish part, the ninth part of a man, sir,  
But acts upon his standing rule, to cabbage all he can, sir.

Ri fol, etc.

The baker acts a roguish part, puts alum in his bread,  
sirs,

So shortly we shall not have left a tooth within our head,  
sirs.

The barber acts like other men, he shaves you very close,  
sirs;

The sailor acts a glorious part, and drubs his country's  
foes, sirs. Ri fol, etc.

My song, good folks, is at an end, my act is now to leave  
you;

My own acts I say naught about, for fear that they should  
grieve you:

May every man act honestly in every situation,  
And then the acts of Congress will all benefit the nation.  
Ri fol, etc.

THE IRISHMAN'S THEATRICAL DESCRIPTION;

Or, an Apology for a Song.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

WITHOUT the help of gamut, note, demisemiquaver, crotch-  
et, or minim,

Or any other sort of sounds that have no meaning in 'em;  
Without going round the bush and round the bush, play-  
ing at hide and go seek,

A man, without any tune at all at all, may sing just as  
well as he can speak.

*Chorus.*

Tiddy dol lol lol lay, tiddy dol lol lol lay,  
Phillelu, subbaboo, drimandu, mushagrah!

When singing and spaking was such a sort of undertaking  
as was executed according to nature,

He or she who attempted to execute either was something  
like a rationable creature;

And your stage-players of old (to be sure we are told they  
would strut like a turkey or bustard),

But they knew no more about grinning and grunting, and  
making faces at one another, than they did about  
making of mustard.

Tiddy dol lol lol lay, etc.

The great Turk, in a pet—I mean Bajazet—when by Tamerlane he was taken in battle,  
 Like a bear with head sore, blood and turf, how he'd roar,  
 While his chains did melodiously rattle!  
 And old Shylock the Jew, his long knife he drew, to be  
 sticking in the poor merchant's beef;  
 But divil a Christian soul but what said to him in their  
 hearts, "Bad luck to yez, ye butchering old thief!"  
 Tiddy dol lol lol lay, etc.

Then thick-lipped Othello, that sooty-faced fellow, that  
 choked his poor wife in her bed, sir,  
 Would have made all the blood in your body run cold, and  
 the hair almost stand on end on your head, sir;  
 And when crooked King Dick bid his kingdom for a horse  
 —it's true, upon my life, it's no fable—  
 The divil a one in the whole place would lend him a jack-  
 ass, though they'd half a score in the stable.  
 Tiddy dol lol lol lay, etc.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor king in his sleep, with a  
 pair of d——d French-looking daggers,  
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that he spilt,  
 Like a horse when he's struck with the staggers;  
 And Macbeth sung, when he was going to be hung—a  
 man can die bolder by brandy—  
 And the ladies in the boxes, from the duchess to the dex-  
 ies, would be saying, "To be sure, he's quite the  
 tippy and the dandy."  
 Tiddy dol lol lol lay, etc.

Now, to make an end of my song—to be sure, it's rather  
 long—but then, as to the words and the tune,  
 You're not only welcome as the flowers in May, but wel-  
 come as the roses in June;  
 Now, don't take it in your noddle to say it is all twaddle,  
 nor let any of it put you in a passion;  
 Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense,  
 now-a-days, is the tippy and pink of all fashion.  
 Tiddy dol lol lol lay, etc.

## WOMAN.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

(By transposing the second and third lines of each verse of this song, the sentiment will be reversed. As it now stands, it is any thing but flattering to the merits of the fair sex; while, with the transposition suggested, it will be found to contain a high and just encomium on woman.)

HAPPY a man may pass his life,  
While free from matrimonial chains;  
When he's governed by a wife,  
He's sure to suffer for his pains,

What tongue is able to declare  
The feelings that in woman dwell?  
The worth that falls to woman's share,  
Can scarce be called perceptible.

In all the female race appear  
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,  
In women seldom can abide.

They're always studying to employ  
Their time in vanity and prate;  
Their leisure hours in social joy  
To spend, is what all women hate.

6 Destruction take the men, I say,  
Who make of women their delight!  
Those who contempt to women pay,  
Keep prudence always in their sight.

---

 HARDLY THINK I WILL.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

I WILL tell you of a fellow,  
A fellow I have seen,  
He's neither white nor yellow,  
But he's altogether green.

## BEAUTIFUL SLIGO.

His name it is not Johnny,  
 It's only common Bill;  
 Yet he urges me to marry,  
 But I hardly think I will.

He came last night to see me,  
 He made so long a stay,  
 I began to think the stupid head  
 Was never going away!  
 At first I learned to hate him,  
 I know I hate him still;  
 Yet he urges me to marry,  
 But I hardly think I will.

He sent to me a letter,  
 And in it did say  
 That if I did not marry him,  
 He'd throw himself away!  
 But you know the blessed Bible says  
 It is a sin to kill;  
 So I thought the matter over,  
 And—I rather think I will!

## BEAUTIFUL SLIGO.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

My father and mother was gintlefolks true,  
 But all their affairs did awry go,  
 Because they could not make their whiskey-shop do  
 In the nate little city of Sligo.  
 Trade went on badly, they both fretted sadly,  
 My father looked down, and let many a sigh go;  
 Sure niver a man's luck, he swore, went so madly  
 Ill in all the county of Sligo.

(*Spoken.*) No; bad luck to the likes of as ever you saw!  
 We was a dacint family, so we was. Now there was me,  
 and my sister Jimmy and my brother Judy, my father  
 and my mother, the brindled cow, the cat and dog, an old

sow and thirteen little pigs, all sitting round the floor and waiting to be served with their praties and butthermilk. "Silence!" says my father, "bad luck to yez! not a word out of one o' yez but Irish, and dam little o' that!"—"Who'll say grace?" says my mother. "I will," says my sister, and so she did; and she said, "May we not bust our bellies with what we eat!"—"Amen!" says the pigs. "Arrah," says my brother Phelim, "the pig's run away wid my praties!"—"There, niver mind, acushla," says my mother, "niver mind, he'll drop it as soon as it burns his mouth. There, he's dropped it already."—"Bad luck to ye!" says my father, "why can't you be like your mother there, contented with the peelings?"

*Chorus.*

And thus day after day the time passed away,  
 And all our affairs did awry go;  
 Though by poverty bent, we were all content,  
 In the beautiful city of Sligo.

Soon I grew up a big man, do ye see,  
 And to learn all my letters did I go  
 To Father Fogarty's, for faith it was he  
 Kept the very best college in Sligo.  
 All sorts of larning quickly discarning,  
 The rest of the scholars I soon gave the by-go;  
 For reading or writing, jumping or fighting,  
 I was the best scholar in Sligo.

(*Spoken.*) So I was, so I was, and Father Fogarty himself tould me so. "Pat," says he. "Sir," says I. "You're a clane and dacint youth," says he, "so you are, and I'll make you my head teacher, so I will."—"Thank you, sir," says I. And he did make me the head teacher—and I taught all the boys and the girls. Now, thin, there was one girl named Biddy McGee. Och, beautiful Biddy!—I used to tache Biddy, and Biddy used to tache me, and the divil a bit of taching did either one of us want. All at wunst I got pale in the face, and could not drink my praties or eat my butthermilk. "What's the matter wid ye?" says my mother. "Faith, mam," says I, "I dunno. Whin

I goes to bed at night and gets asleep, I lays awake all the time."—"How do you feel?" says my father. "Faith, sir," says I, "I'm in a feeling from the sole of my head to the crown of my feet."—"Fire and turf!" says my father, "the boy's in love." And so I was, up to my armpits.

Thus day after day, etc.

My father he took me directly from school,  
 And bid me to clean the pig-sty so;  
 He said that such hot work would make my love cool,  
 And I'd bring no disgrace upon Sligo.  
 My pride it was hurted to be so diverted,  
 To clane the pig-sty divil a bit would I go;  
 And so wid my parients I got quite at variance,  
 So I resolved to bid good-by to Sligo.

(*Spoken.*) Yes, I made up my mind to lave home, because I found out my father was only my uncle. My mother, God bless her, gave me a handful of tin pennies for a blessing, and she says to me—"Pat, my son, behave yourself nate and clane and dacent, wherever you go, and the divil a father will you want as long as your mother's alive."—"Thank you," says I. So I packed up my Sunday clothes in a bundle. All I had was a pair of stockings and a cotton handkerchief. I threw them on my shillalah, and took a dutiful lave of the poultry, such as the pigs and the cow. And I thought, "Before I dig, I'll go and see Biddy." So I wint down to the beautiful clabin where she lived by the side of the bog; so I took up a handful of pebbles and threw 'em at the window—not at the window, but inside, for divil a window was there in the whole house! "So come out, Biddy," says I. "Is that yourself, Pat?" says she. "Divil the one else," says I. "Where are yez going?" says she. "On a tramp," says I. "Where to?" says she. "Oh, a long way from here," says I. "Will ye write me a letter when ye get there?" says she. "The divil a wun!" says I. "Why?" says she. "Because there is no mail runs," says I. "Och, worra, worra, what will I do at all at all?" says she. "Begad," says I, "the best ye can do is to come wid me."—"Will yez marry me,

if I do?" says she. "I will," says I. "An' faith, then," says Bidy, "I'll go wid ye, even if it is to the other end of the world."—"Bad luck to yez!" says I, "for ye have just hit the nail on the head, for that is the very place I am going to."

Thus day after day, etc.

So we packed up our trifles and away we wint,  
 Our relations gave all the by-go;  
 And we are married, and though we are poor, we're con-  
 tint,  
 Far away from the city of Sligo.

---

### THE WIDOW MAHONEY.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

OCH! love it is murther, I wish it was further,  
 For faith I'm inclined to get rid of my life;  
 I'm out of my senses, arrah! beside the expenses,  
 And only because I'm in want of a wife.  
 The Widow Mahoney, she was my crony,  
 Only her heart was so hard and so stony;  
 "Och, widow," says I, "stop my bachelor's trade,  
 Or as sure as I live, I shall die an old maid!"

*Chorus*—Och, Widow Mahoney!

The Widow Mahoney was tall, stout, and bony,  
 Her husband had left her to plough the salt seas—  
 He'd gone to the bottom, his guineas she got 'em,  
 So without any labor she lived at her ease;  
 A beautiful cratur as any in nature,  
 And just like myself, too, in every feature.

"Och, widow," says I, etc.

I scorned to be scaly, so I treated her daily,  
 As sure as the night came, to whiskey and tea;  
 And there in a noddy, her beautiful body  
 Would sit cheek by jowl o' one side behind me.

So, to finish the matter, Mr. Rooney was fatter,  
 And then with his blarney he threwed his eye at her.  
 "Och, widow," says I, etc.

Ere long they had tarried, they 'greed to be married,  
 So lovingly went to the priest to be wed,  
 When who should be stalking to stop their sweet walking,  
 But the widow's live husband, the man that was dead!  
 Mr. Mike was confounded, the widow she swounded,  
 The man picked her up, and the neighbors surrounded;  
 So there I was left to my bachelor's trade,  
 And through Widow Mahoney must die an old maid.  
 Och, Widow Mahoney!

---

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

WHEN I was a lad,  
 I had cause to be sad,  
 My grandfather I did lose, oh!  
 I'll bet you a can,  
 You have heard of the man,  
 His name it was Robinson Crusoe!

Perhaps you have read in a book,  
 Of a voyage that he took,  
 And how the raging whirlwind blew so,  
 That the ship with a shock  
 Drove plump on a rock,  
 Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.

Poor sool! none but he  
 Remained on the sea—  
 Ah, Fate, Fate! how could you do so?  
 Till ashore he was thrown,  
 On an island unknown,  
 O poor Robinson Crusoe!

He wanted something to eat,  
And he sought for some meat,  
But the cattle away from him flew so—  
That, but for his gun,  
He'd been surely undone,  
O my poor Robinson Crusoe!

But he saved from aboard  
An old gun and a sword,  
And another odd matter or two, so—  
That by dint of his thrift,  
He managed to shift—  
Well done, Robinson Crusoe!

And he happened to save,  
From the merciless wave,  
A poor parrot—I assure you 'tis true so;  
That when he'd come home  
From a wearisome roam,  
She'd cry out, "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"

He got all the wood  
That ever he could,  
And stuck it together with glue so,  
That he made him a hut,  
In which he might put  
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.

He used to wear an old cap,  
And a coat with long nap,  
With a beard as long as a Jew, so—  
That by all that is civil,  
He looked like a divil  
More than like Robinson Crusoe!

And then his man Friday  
Kept the house neat and tidy—  
To be sure 'twas his duty to do so;  
They lived friendly together,  
Less like servant than neighbor—  
Lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

At last an English sail  
 Came near within hail—  
 Oh, then he took to his little canoe, so—  
 That on reaching the ship,  
 The captain gave him a trip  
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.

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PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AH, then, mam dear, did you never hear of purty Molly  
 Brallaghan?

Troth, dear, I've lost her, and I'll never be a man again,  
 Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,  
 Since Molly she has left me all alone for to die.

The place where my heart was, you might easy rowl a  
 turnip in,

It's the size of all Dublin, and from Dublin to the Divil's  
 Glin;

If she chose to take another, sure she might have sent  
 mine back again,

And not to leave me here all alone for to die.

Mam dear, I remember, when the milking-time was past  
 and gone,

We went into the meadows, where she swore I was the  
 only man

That ever she could love—yet, oh! the base, the cruel  
 one,

After all that, to leave me here alone for to die!

Mam dear, I remember as we came home the rain be-  
 gan;

I rowled her in my frieze coat, though divil a waistcoat I  
 had on,

And my shirt was rather fine-drawn; yet, oh! the base  
 and cruel one,

After all that, she left me here alone for to die.

I went and tould my tale to Father McDonnell, mam,  
And thin I went and axed advice of Counsellor O'Connell,  
mam—

He tould me promise-breaches had been ever since the  
world began.

Now, I have only one pair, mam, and they are corduroy!  
Arrah, what could he mean, mam?—or what would you  
advise me to?

Must my corduroys to Molly go?—in troth, I'm bothered  
what to do;

I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches too;  
Yet what need I care, when I've only to die?

Oh, the left side of my carcass is as weak as water-gruel  
mam—

The divil a bit upon my bones, since Molly's proved so  
cruel, mam;

I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a duel, mam—

Sure, it's better far to kill myself, than stay here to die.  
I'm hot and detarmined as a live salamander, mam!

Won't you come to my wake, when I go my long mean-  
der, mam?

Oh, I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander,  
mam,

When I hear yez crying round me, "Arrah, why did ye  
die?"

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## THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,  
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;  
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,  
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;  
For mistakes WILL occur in a hurry and shock,  
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock—  
Till with all their cross-questions, sure no one could know  
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.



HE.—Why, Peggy, what makes thee thus scared like an  
elf? Fal de ral la, etc.

SHE.—Why, you'd be scared too, if you slept by yourself.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—Not at all would I fear—give the devil his due,  
It's only, dear maid, when I'm thinking of you.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

SHE.—But maids, when they're maids, should not talk to  
the men. Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—Pray, Peggy, what would you have them to do, then?  
Fal de ral la, etc.

SHE.—Why, I'd have them get married as honest girls  
ought.

HE.—Why don't you, then, Peggy?

SHE.— It's none o' my fau't.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—You know I've been axing you all this long while,  
Fal de ral la, etc.

SHE.—La, John, how you make a lone body to smile!  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—I'm serious——

SHE.— Now be ye?

HE.— Why do you doubt?

SHE.—I see very plain, then, my dream is made out.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—Well, what did you dream?

SHE.— That the church was close by.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—The church! so it be——

SHE.— And that you married I.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—How comical!

SHE.— Be'ant it? and then the best joke  
Was, when married——

HE.— What then?

SHE.— Why, then, John—I woke.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

HE.—Well, now you're awake, let's to church in a crack.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

SHE.—I knew you would go——

HE.— And when we come back?  
Fal de ral la, etc.

BOTH.—We'll live as good-humored, and free from all  
blame,

And I hope all you sweethearts will do just the same.  
Fal de ral la, etc.

### THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

DESCEND, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish bard,  
You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,  
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf  
With a song ready made—he'll compose it himself—  
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,  
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in,  
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,  
Which happened at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day,  
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,  
When Patrick the bridegroom and Oonagh the bride,  
In their best bibs and tuckers, set off side by side:  
Oh, the piper played first in the rear, sir,  
The maids blushed, the bridesmen did swear, sir;  
Oh! Lord, how the spalpeens did stare, sir,  
At this wedding of Ballyporeen!

They were soon tacked together, and home did return,  
To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn;  
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,  
Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group!  
There were turf-cutters, thrashers, and tailors,  
With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,  
And peddlers, and smugglers, and sailors,  
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan McDermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,  
 With Terence, and Triscol, and platter-faced Pat;  
 There was Norah McCormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,  
 And the fat, red-haired cook-maid who lives at the inn;  
     There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius  
     With Pat's uncle, old Darby Dennis,  
     Black Thady, and crooked McGennis,  
     Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,  
 And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration:  
 They were welcome, he said, and he swore and he cursed  
 They might eat till they swelled, and might drink till they  
     burst!

“The first christening I have, if I thrive sirs,  
 Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs;  
 You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,  
     To a christening at Ballyporeen.”

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,  
 But she twittered and felt so—she could not tell how—  
 She blushed and she stammered—the few words she let  
     fall,

She whispered so low, that she bothered them all;  
 But her mother cried, “What! are you dead, child?  
 Oh, for shame of you! hold up your head, child;  
 Though I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child—  
     Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen!”

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said grace;  
 Smoking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face;  
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,  
 And they elbowed and jostled, and walloped away;  
     Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs;  
     Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;  
     They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs,  
     At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled,  
 Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled

Hogs' puddings, red herrings—the priest got the snipe—  
Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heels, and tripe!

Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,  
And the whiskey came pouring *galore*, sirs;  
Oh, how Terry McManus did roar, sirs!—  
Oh, he bothered all Ballyporeen.

Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters did roar,  
Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung "Molly Astore;"  
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,  
And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to shake:

Then the piper and couples advancing,  
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing;  
Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,  
Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,  
Let the harp of Old Ireland be sounded with pride,  
And to all the brave guests, young or old, gay or green,  
Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen!

And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,  
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,  
I wish you may be half so merry  
As we were at Ballyporeen!

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### BETSEY BAKER.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Head Man at Mrs. Grundy's."

FROM noise and bustle far away, hard work my time em-  
ploying,  
How happily did I pass each day, content and health en-  
joying;  
The birds did sing, and so did I, as I trudged o'er each  
acre—  
I never knew what 'twas to sigh, till I saw Betsey  
Baker.

At church I met her, dressed so neat, one Sunday in hot  
 weather,  
 With love I found my heart did beat, as we sung psalms  
 together:  
 So piously she hung her head, and while her voice did  
 shake—ah!  
 I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Betsey  
 Baker.

From her side I could not budge, and sure I thought no  
 harm on't,  
 My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me mind the  
 sarment;  
 When church was over on she walked, but I did overtake  
 her;  
 Determined I would not be baulked, I spoke to Betsey  
 Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool; I found, on conver-  
 sation,  
 She'd just come from boarding-school, and finished her  
 education:  
 But love made me speak out quite free—says I, "I've  
 many an acre,  
 Will you give me your company?"—"I shan't!" said  
 Betsey Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forced to leave  
 her;  
 I got no sleep all that there night, for love had brought a  
 fever.  
 The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long face like a  
 Quaker;  
 Said he, "Young man, pray where's thy pain?" Said I,  
 "Sir, Betsey Baker."

Because I was not bad enough, he bolused and he pilled  
 me,  
 And if I had taken all his stuff, I think it must ha' killed  
 me;

I put an end to all the strife, 'twixt him and the under-  
taker,  
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life? why, thoughts  
of Betsey Baker.

I then again to Betsey went, once more with love attacked  
her,  
But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping mad play-  
actor.  
If she would have him, he did say, a lady he would make  
her;  
He gammoned her to run away, and I lost Betsey Baker.

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so undone,  
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I came up  
to London;  
But though I strive another way, my thoughts will ne'er  
forsake her—  
I dream all night and think all day of cruel Betsey Baker.

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O'BLARNEY.

A Parody.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Kate Kearney."

OH, have you not heard of O'Blarney,  
Who came all the way from Killarney?  
If you fear a black eye,  
Take warning and fly,  
For a broth of a boy is O'Blarney.

When the potteen, that's whiskey, is steaming,  
'Tis naught but of fighting he's dreaming,  
And och, I can tell  
Where mischief does dwell—  
The shillalah of Paddy O'Blarney.

## THE THREE FLIES.

49

Then should you e'er meet this O'Blarney,  
Who rode all on foot from Killarney,  
    Beware of his smile,  
    Mind your eye all the while,  
A shillalah has Paddy O'Blarney!

Though he looks so bewitchingly simple,  
Och, faith! he'd soon crack your pimple;  
    And, should he inhale  
    A drop of the "rale,"  
Then fatal's the blow of O'Blarney!

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## THE THREE FLIES.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

THERE were three flies, once on'a time,  
Resolved to travel and change their clime;  
For they neither cared for father nor mother,  
For uncle nor aunt, nor sister nor brother.  
The first was a yellow one, the second was blue,  
And the third was a green one to the view:  
So off they set with their merry hums,  
In search of sugar and of plums.  
But they too saucy were, by half—  
I can't sing if you do laugh;  
So shut your mouths, and list to me,  
Tiddle liddle lol, and tiddle liddle lee,  
And take a lesson from a fly—  
Don't give way to lux-u-ry.

They had not got far when the yellow one cries,  
"Look down, my boys! a dinner I spies."  
But the bluebottle answered, "Upon my word,  
I see nothing but a large dead bird."  
"A dead bird? well, there's good in that—  
I'm sure it looks monstracious fat;

And I wish as how I may go to Davy,  
If I don't have some of that rich gravy!"  
But the others too dainty were by half—

I can't sing, etc.

Away then flew the other two,  
Jacky Green and Tommy Blue;  
They *flowed* on fast, and did not stop  
Till they came opposite to a butcher's shop.  
"Oh, oh," says the bluebottle, "here's a treat!  
I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat."  
Says t'other, says he, "Then off I go,  
For I don't care for meat, you know."  
But he too dainty was by half—

I can't sing, etc.

Far off then by himself he *flowed*,  
And into a grocer's shop he *goed*;  
And there he played some saucy rigs,  
For he danced among the sugar, and the plums, and  
the figs.

The day being hot, he took a whim,  
And thought in some treacle he should like to swim;  
So, without considering consequences, in he goes,  
And didn't even stop to take off his clothes!  
But the treacle he found too thick by half—

I can't sing, etc.

The other two passed by the door,  
And heard a voice they'd heard before;  
So nearer to the sound they got,  
Till they 'lighted on the treacle-pot.  
There they saw him almost dead,  
And thus to him the bluebottle said:  
"O Greeny, all our powers can't save ye,  
You'd better have had our beef and gravy;  
But you too dainty were by half"—

I can't sing, etc.

#### MORAL.

Now all young men inclined to roam,  
Take my advice, and stay at home;

And be your fortunes dry or wet,  
 Be content with what you get;  
 And 'bout trifles make no fuss,  
 Farther on you may fare worse:  
 And mayhap when a great way off you've got,  
 Like that poor fly, you'll go to pot;  
 For he too dainty was by half, etc.

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THE GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Wha'll be King but Charlie?"

I'm Paddy Whack, of Ballyback,  
 Not long ago turned soldier;  
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,  
 None will than I be bolder.  
 With spirits gay I march away,  
 I please each fair beholder;  
 And now they sing, "He's quite the thing,  
 Och! what a jovial soldier!"  
 In Londonderry, or London merry,  
 Och! faith, ye girls I charm ye;  
 And there ye come at beat of drum,  
 To see me in the army.

*Chorus.*

Rub-a-dub-dub, and pilli li loo,  
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo,  
 I laugh and sing, "God bless the King,"  
 Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls  
 Would form a pleasant party:  
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,  
 And Suke, and Peg McCarthy;

Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,  
 And Martha Scraggs, all storm me,  
 And Molly Magee is after me,  
 Since I've been in the army!  
 The Sallys and Pollys, the Kittys and Dollys,  
 In numbers would alarm ye;  
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,  
 Admires me in the army.  
 Rub-a-dub-dub, etc.

The roaring boys who made a noise,  
 And thwacked me like the divil,  
 Are now become before me dumb,  
 Or else are very civil;  
 There's Murphy Roake, who often broke  
 My head, now daresn't harm me;  
 But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,  
 Since I've been in the army.  
 And if one neglect to pay me respect,  
 Och! another tips the blarney  
 With "Whist! my friend, and don't offend  
 A gentleman of the army."  
 Rub-a-dub-dub, etc.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,  
 Good-humor seems to warm me:  
 I've now become with every chum  
 A favorite in the army.  
 If I go on as I've begun,  
 My comrades all inform me,  
 They soon shall see that I will be  
 A general in the army.  
 Delightful notion, to get promotion—  
 Then, ladies, how I'll charnt ye!  
 For 'tis my belief, commander-in-chief  
 I shall be in the army.  
 Rub-a-dub-dub, and pilli li loo,  
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo;  
 I laugh and sing, "God bless the King,  
 My country, and the army!"

## PADDY'S GRAVE.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Death of Nelson."

## RECITATIVE.

O'ER Paddy's grave the boys and girls all pressed,  
 To have a peep, and lull the boy to rest;  
 But all their sighing, and their bitter woes,  
 Was turned from mourning into kicks and blows.  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

## AIR.

'Twas at the Pig and Cat,  
 Where Judy met her Pat,  
 With his big nose so red;  
 "Och," says she, "you are untrue,  
 And faith I'll punish you,"  
 And then she broke his head!  
 Her brother Ted was standing by,  
 Who nately blacked her father's eye,  
 For 'he was bold and frisky;  
 Yet through the bogs this was the cry:  
 "Ireland expects you won't be shy,  
 But die for love and whiskey!"

The whiskey now went round,  
 While hundreds decked the ground,  
 With many a broken crown;  
 Then Judy, danger mocking,  
 A stone put in her stocking,  
 To knock the devils down:  
 She beat Tim Connor o'er the sconce,  
 Floored Dirty Dick and Joe at once,  
 And she killed poor Corney Dickey!  
 Yet through, etc.

At last a dreadful row  
 Began—I'll tell you how—  
 And Paddy's nose it bled;

## CALAGHANS, BRALAGHANS.

It was a dreadful knock,  
 And Patrick felt the shock,  
     And then he hung his head.  
 "O Lord," he cries, "I'm kilt, I fear;  
 See how my nose is bleeding here,  
     But still, my boys, I'm frisky!"  
 He died blind drunk upon the field,  
 Crying—"Ireland expects you will not yield,  
     But die for love and whiskey!"

---

## CALAGHANS, BRALAGHANS.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

To be sure, I can't sing an oration,  
 To show how I'm greatly allied,  
 But a pair of black eyes, botheration!  
     Has bothered my family pride.  
 My mother ne'er did as they bid her,  
     Such rank did her lineage adorn;  
 And she took just nine months to consider,  
     Before she would let me be born.

*Chorus.*

Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, Bralaghans,  
 Dowlans and Nowlans likewise;  
 But what's birth to the lustre of beauty  
     That peeps from my lady's black eyes?

My father sold mouse-traps and rabbits,  
     Pigs, treacle, and all other game;  
 Would you know the sweet town he inhabits?  
     'Tis jolly Dungarvon by name.  
 My grandfather there married a Quaker,  
     My uncle made hay with a fork;  
 My brother's a great grand brogue-maker,  
     In that beautiful city called Cork.

Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, etc.

At chapel I first saw my darling,  
 I'll ever remember the day;  
 She sung like a peacock or starling,  
 Which made me unto her to say:  
 "I'm related to all the Macartneys,  
 All meniality I do disdain;  
 If you miss such a husband, so hearty,  
 You never will get him again."

For I'm akin to the Calaghans, etc.

These words being moving and tender,  
 Which no female woman could stand,  
 I determined a letter to send her,  
 So took up my pen in my hand;  
 But just on the point of inditing  
 (By the powers, it was rather too bad),  
 I forgot that I hadn't learned writing,  
 And she could not read if I had!

Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, etc.

O Judy, arrah, you're my honey,  
 Your coldness sets me in a flame;  
 I'll marry you if you have money,  
 In spite of my family name.  
 Myself I was reared very tender,  
 A gentleman born, too, and bred;  
 And my sister now lives in great splendor  
 With one Justice Mooney, that's dead.

Yet I'm akin to the Calaghans, etc.

So now, without any bother,  
 My mind on the thing being bent,  
 I'll marry herself, and no other,  
 And afterwards ask her consent.  
 Politeness an Irishman's trade is—  
 So, on that sweet day that we're wed,  
 I'll hand cakes and tea to the ladies,  
 And dance till we're all put to bed.

And we'll visit the Calaghans, etc.

## THE GAMECOCKS.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Oh, cruel!"

Two gamecocks lived in Westminster, one black, the other  
 brown,  
 They both loved a little white hen, with feathers all of  
 down;  
 So every morning to her roost these rivals went to woo,  
 And roused her from her pleasant dreams with "Cock-a-  
 doodle doo!" Doodle, doodle, etc.

Little hens love little cocks, because they're bold and  
 tough,  
 But for one little tender hen one little cock's enough;  
 So, though she liked the brown cock's shape, his manners,  
 and his hue,  
 The black cock was her favorite, with his cock-a-doodle  
 doo. Doodle, doodle, etc.

No wonder that the black cock and brown cock used to  
 fight—  
 Miss Hen looked BLACK at the brown cock, though she was  
 lily white;  
 At last the jealous brown cock cried, "Black cock, I chal-  
 lenge you,  
 To battle for the white hen—death or cock-a-doodle doo!"  
 Doodle, doodle, etc.

The black cock and the brown cock met, the white hen  
 stood to view:  
 The rival cocks fought furiously, and out their feathers  
 flew—  
 They pecked and spurred, and spurred and pecked, and  
 blood like butchers drew,  
 Till the brown cock killed the black cock, and crowed,  
 "Cock-a-doodle doo!" Doodle, doodle, etc.

The victor brown cock sought his prize, the white and  
 pretty hen,  
 And saw her with a dunghill cock running off just then:  
 He lost his prize, so bravely won, too wounded to pursue,  
 And died, while loud the dunghill cock crowed, "Cock-a-  
 doodle doo!" Doodle, doodle, etc.

Now, cocks and hens, remember, when you together flock  
 (For every cock will have his hen, and every hen her cock),  
 If peaceful hens join fighting cocks, divisions will ensue,  
 So match your tempers when you wed, and "cock-a-doodle  
 doo!" Doodle, doodle, etc.

---

### THE BOLD DRAGOON.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

THERE was an ancient fair, and she loved a nate young  
 man,  
 And she couldn't throw sly looks at him, but only through  
 her fan;  
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
 Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle,  
 Oh, she loved a bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle,  
 bridle. Whack! row de dow.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none;  
 Would you know the reason why? it was because she had  
 but one;  
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
 She couldn't keep her one eye idle—  
 So she leered at this dragoon, with his long sword, saddle,  
 bridle. Whack! row de dow.

Now he was tall and slim—she squab and short was  
 grown;  
 He looked just like a mile in length, and she like a mile-  
 stone:

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
 Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle,  
 Oh, she sighed to this dragoon, "Bless your long sword,  
 saddle, bridle!" Whack! row de dow.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn,  
 Who a walnut might have cracked 'tween her lovely nose  
 and chin;

Oh, then such winks, in marriage links,  
 The four-foot bride from church did sidle,  
 As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword, saddle,  
 bridle. Whack! row de dow.

A twelvemonth scarce had passed, when he laid her in  
 the ground;

Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and touched ten  
 thousand pound;

For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,  
 He does not let her cash lay idle;  
 So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword, saddle,  
 bridle! Whack! row de dow.

---

## CHAPTER ON NOSES.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"Lord Cathcart."

'Tis a very queer thing I'm going to sing,  
 As you'll find ere I come to a close;  
 Whether mankind, all those who are blind,  
 Are the better or worse for a nose.  
 I've bothered my brains, and taken great pains,  
 To grapple each thought as it rose;  
 And now, as you'll find, I have made up my mind,  
 A man is a gainer by losing his nose.  
 A good reason is here—it makes him see clear,  
 At least so I think and suppose,  
 As, if he is wise, he'll go by his eyes,  
 For he never can follow his nose.

He bears without rout the loss of his snout,  
It does not exempt him from woes,  
But into the cares of his neighbors' affairs  
He ne'er can be poking his nose;  
And though in his dress he cannot do less  
Than wear, just like other folks, clothes,  
Pocket-handkerchiefs he does without, and we see  
There's a saving in soap, for he ne'er blows his nose;  
And to say it I'm bold, if he catches a cold,  
By winds, by rains, or by snows,  
He may make his heart glad, for though ever so bad,  
He's never stuffed up in the nose.

He smokes well enough, though he cannot take snuff,  
And when he's inclined for a doze,  
He sits in his chair, goes to sleep without care,  
For no one can tickle his nose.  
And further, now, mark, if he runs in the dark,  
Though darkness will many folks pose,  
He may by surprise knock out both his eyes,  
But you know very well that he can't break his nose.  
Should he drink day and night, and in liquor delight,  
Till he cannot stand up on his toes—  
Though his neighbors may say whatever they may,  
They can't say he's got a red nose.

If he gets a nickname, he comes off the same—  
They can't call him "Nosey," he knows;  
And though he is vexed, and by trouble perplexed,  
He never can bite off his nose!  
And though his false friends, for their own private ends,  
His suspicions may lull to repose,  
Disappointment they'll gain, and find it in vain  
And useless to try to lead him by the nose.  
Nay, more—this is sure, if he's rich or he's poor,  
When fighting with five or six foes,  
He'll bear off the bell, for proud I'm to tell,  
Not one can take him by the nose.

Perhaps you'd surmise he'll be weak in the eyes,  
But ere blind he entirely goes,

Think with what grace he bedecks his odd face,  
 With a bran-span new famous false nose!  
 With spectacles on, he looks quite like a Don,  
 And his head up he tosses and throws;  
 His mind to amuse, reads over the news,  
 While all folks admire his astonishing nose.  
 He smiles at each scoff, takes his spectacles off,  
 Not minding the "ahs" nor the "ohs;"  
 But firmly does stand, puts up his right hand,  
 And silently pockets his nose!

---

I'VE NOT A SINGLE CHANCE.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

THIS is my birthday—I'm afraid,  
 As I so long have tarried,  
 'Tis just as my papa has said,  
 I never shall get married.  
 Oh, I could cry to think that I,  
 Who travelled Spain and France,  
 Should thus be left alone to sigh,  
 Without a single chance!

When I came out—nine years ago  
 (Nine years ago!—how vexing,  
 That folks *can* count the seasons so!)—  
 I'm twenty-nine!—perplexing!  
 I'd many beaux, but no one chose—  
 Would I had never flirted;  
 Not one of them *could* e'er propose,  
 And now I'm quite deserted.

There's Mr. Jones, I thought too old,  
 Has married a young wife;  
 And Mr. Belton, as I'm told,  
 Is also tied for life;

But worst of all, is Mr. Thrall,  
 His CHILDREN visit us!  
 I own I liked him best of all—  
 Why did he use me thus?

Young Mr. Watkins courted me,  
 But ran off with my sister,  
 One evening while I made the tea,  
 And wedded ere we missed her.  
 How often, too, they gave me rings,  
 But yet I ne'er was told  
 That I should change such gaudy things  
 For one of pure plain gold.

Would I had half a chance!—alas,  
 I who had once a score,  
 Study in vain before my glass,  
 In hopes to catch one more.  
 You whose young hearts are light and gay,  
 Whose love-lit eyes entrance,  
 Take heed lest you should have to say,  
 "I've not a single chance!"

---

PADDY CAREY.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,  
 That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;  
 A claner boy was never seen,  
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy—  
 His brawny shoulders four feet square,  
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;  
 His legs would make a chairman stare!  
 And Pat was loved by all the ladies.  
 Old and young, grave and sad,  
 Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,  
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,  
 Light, brisk, and airy—

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,  
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!  
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,  
 Och! cushlamachree, did you never see  
 The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy,  
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed  
 Paddy Carey!  
 O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!  
 Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey!

His heart was made of Irish oak,  
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;  
 His tongue was tipped with a bit of the brogue,  
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.  
 Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen,  
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legged Mary,  
 A shilling slipped, so nate and clane—  
 By the powers! he 'listed Paddy Carey!  
 Tight and sound, strong and light,  
 Cheeks so round, eye so bright—  
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,  
 Light, tight, and airy—  
 All the sweet faces, etc.

The sows wept loud, the crowd was great,  
 When waddling forth came Widow Leary;  
 Though she was crippled in her gait,  
 Her brawny arms clasped Paddy Carey!  
 "Och, Pat," she cried, "go buy the ring;  
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey."  
 Says Pat, "You sow! I'll do that thing,"  
 And clapped his thumb upon her money.  
 Gimlet-eye, sausage-nose—  
 Pat so sly, ogle throws—  
 Leering, tittering, jeering, frittering,  
 Sweet Widow Leary!

All the sweet faces, etc.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,  
 He pressed the lips of Mistress Leary;

And mounting straight a large cockade,  
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!  
 He grateful praised her shape, her back,  
 To others like a dromedary;  
 Her eyes, that seemed their strings to crack,  
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey!  
 Nate and sweet, no alloy—  
 All complete, love and joy;  
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,  
 Dear Widow Leary!  
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races,  
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
 At Paddy's promotion did sigh and melt.  
 The sows would cry, etc.

---

 FOLLOW THE DRUM.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
 When bees from flower to flower did hum;  
 Soldiers through the town marched gay,  
 And all resolved to follow the drum.  
 From windows lasses looked a score,  
 Neighbors met at every door;  
 Soldier-lads charmed every sight,  
 For eyes beamed pleasure, hearts danced light.

*Chorus.*

'Twas in the merry month of May, etc.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,  
 His team and tillage—"all, by gum!"  
 O' a country life he'd had enow—  
 He'd leave it all and follow the drum.  
 He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,  
 To thrash his foes right soon he'd larn;  
 He swore he never would turn tail,  
 When he'd a musket for his flail.

'Twas in, etc.

The pedagogue his school forsook,  
 And with the others forth did come;  
 He'd give up pencil, pen, and book,  
 And sally forth and follow the drum.  
 He'd never more return again,  
 His sword to come should be his pen;  
 He'd try to do his country good,  
 'Stead of black ink, he'd use red ink—blood.

'Twas in, etc.

Robin he laid by his scythe,  
 For soldier's life he'd leave his 'oam;  
 He'd march away to music blithe,  
 From town to town, and follow the drum.  
 Like conqueror, he would never yield,  
 For barley he'd seek the battle-field;  
 "Our foes I'll quickly bring to book,  
 When I've a sword for reaping-hook."

'Twas in, etc.

The cobbler he threw by his awl;  
 When all were glad, he'd ne'er be glum,  
 But quick attend to glory's call—  
 He'd leave his work and follow the drum.  
 No more at home he'd be a slave,  
 But take his seat amid the brave;  
 He'd leather our foes, they'd find—good Lord,  
 When he'd changed for his awl a sword!

'Twas in, etc.

The tailor he got off his knees,  
 And to the ranks did boldly come;  
 He said he'd never sit at his ease,  
 But like a man would follow the drum.  
 The "Rebs" should find he didn't wheedle  
 When he'd a musket for a needle;  
 He'd face his foes right well abroad,  
 When for his bodkin he'd a sword.

'Twas in, etc.

The lasses all looked down and sighed,  
 To stay behind they would be glum;  
 But one and all, at last they cried,  
 "We'll follow the men, and follow the drum."  
 And when they got to battle, then  
 They every one would fight like men!  
 Our foes they'd very soon defeat,  
 And make them kneel down at their feet.

'Twas in, etc.

ENCORE VERSES.

The bricklayer he threw by his hod,  
 His level, his square, his trowel, and plumb,  
 And off he ran to join the squad,  
 To beat his foes to the beat of the drum.  
 The ladder of glory he said he'd climb,  
 His gun his hod—present and prime;  
 "Our foes," said he, "shall soon cry 'Quarter!'  
 For I'll stick to them like bricks and mortar."

'Twas in, etc.

The barber he shut up his shop,  
 And with the others forth did come;  
 The enemy's ears he swore he'd crop,  
 And make 'em run 'fore the sound of the drum.  
 From honor's call he'd never lag,  
 But on his pole he'd stick his flag;  
 He'd never be backward in the fray, sir,  
 But strap his foes instead of his razor!

'Twas in, etc.

The blacksmith he left off his work,  
 And came as black as an Indian's chum;  
 He'd fight with John Bull, French, or Turk,  
 Or the devil himself, to the sound of the drum.  
 He'd strike the iron while 'twas hot,  
 When one of his foes for an anvil he'd got;  
 He'd hammer away well in the fight,  
 He'd deal his blows out left and right.

'Twas in, etc.

The carpenter he left his bench,  
 To face the foe with their cannon and bomb;  
 He'd saw his way through the ranks of the French,  
 Or through the world, to the sound of the drum.  
 He'd hammer his foes on the head like a nail,  
 To drive them home he'd never fail;  
 He'd knock away with his hammer and chisel,  
 That they'd soon all be glad to mizzle!

'Twas in, etc.

The publican he left his bar,  
 His brandy, his wine, his gin, his rum;  
 A soldier's life was best by far;  
 He'd follow their trade, and he'd follow the drum.  
 He'd load his gun without dread or fear,  
 Although his barrel might be his bier;  
 Some 'bacco in the muzzle he'd poke it,  
 For his enemies' pipe, and tell 'em to smoke it!

'Twas in, etc.

Says the parson, "Here's an empty church,"  
 So closed his book, and out did come;  
 He swore he'd ne'er be left in the lurch,  
 He'd follow his flock, and follow the drum.  
 Like priests of old, in the Holy Land,  
 The Saracens beat till they couldn't stand;  
 "Our foes," says he, "I'll soon caphoozle 'em—  
 I'll beat 'em from Jericho to Jerusalem."

'Twas in, etc.

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### GOING A-SHOOTING.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

COME listen to me, one and all,  
 I'll tell you what did to me befall,  
 When I left my shop in Leadenhall,  
 And toddled out a-shooting.

I called upon a friend or two,  
 To go in style, as gem'men do,  
 Our shooting-jackets all vere new,  
 Vith pockets made to hold a few.  
 Our dogs they vere of different kind—  
 Spaniels—bulldogs!—never mind,  
 Ve'd got one pointer, though 'twas blind,  
 It *had* been out a-shooting.

So valking, talking, all the day,  
 And roving o'er the fields so gay,  
 I'm sure ve Cockneys have a vay  
 Of going out a-shooting.

So valking, etc.

Ve valked as fast as ve could tear,  
 Until ve got to Brixton—there,  
 Oh, crikey!—I saw sich an 'are,  
 When ve vent out a-shooting.  
 "Just vait a bit, my chick," said I;  
 "I'll prime my gun, so mind your eye!"  
 When, just as I vas letting fly,  
 I fired my ramrod in a sty!  
 The pigs they all began to roar—  
 I thought the sow a horrid bore,  
 For they made me pay a pound or more,  
 Though ve licensed vere for shooting.

So valking, etc.

Now as ve cursed our awkward lucks,  
 Old Muggins spied a lot of ducks;  
 Says he, "I'll clip your wings, my chucks,  
 Now ve've come out a-shooting.  
 Those ducks are geese—of vits without,  
 In shooting-time to swim about—  
 They'll be *made game of*, not a doubt,  
 So let us pick a good 'un out."  
 Beneath a hedge ve quickly shrank,  
 The ducks into the water sank,  
 And ve shot a donkey on the bank,  
 When ve vent out a-shooting!

So valking, etc.

## MEG OF WAPPING.

Now getting farther down the road,  
Our guns again we gan to load,  
For sich a lot of birds—I'm blowed,

Ve came down there for shooting,  
Our dogs they vere so blamed perverse,  
Ve vopped 'em, but it made 'em worse,  
They wouldn't in the woods disperse,  
But vent as slow as any hearse.  
Ve fired a random shot or two,  
To see what damage ve could do,  
And ve shot our pointer through and through,  
When ve vent out a shooting.

etc. So valking

So valking, etc.

Ve didn't take a bit of game,  
Although ve valked till nearly lame,  
So ve thought as how ve'd been to blame,  
By going out a shooting.

Just then a sportsman coming past—

A bag was o'er his shoulders cast—

Ve bought the lot and held 'em fast,

O'erjoyed to have some game at last!

Ve vowed ve'd shot 'em, every one,

And then to ope the bag begun—

'Twas filled yith cats!—so ve vere done,

By going out a shooting.

etc. So valking

So valking, etc.

## MEG OF WAPPING.

As sung by ROBEY MAGUIRE.

'Twas Landlady Meg that made such rare flip,

Pull away, pull away, my hearties!

At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the Ship,

Where tars met in such jolly parties!

She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,

All rigged out so gay and so topping;

For she married six husbands, and buried them all,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—

What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The first was old Bluff, with a swinging purse,  
 Pull away, pull away, jolly boys!  
 He was cast away; says Meg, "Who cares a curse?  
 As for grieving, why, Lud, that's a folly, boys!"  
 The second in command was blear-eyed Ned:  
 While the surgeon his limb was a-logging,  
 A nine-pounder came, and smacked off his head,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—  
 Rare news for my Meg of Wapping!

Then she married to Sam, and Sam loved a sup,  
 Pull away, pull away, brother!  
 So groggy Sam got, and the ship it blew up,  
 And Meg had to look for another.  
 The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,  
 Till his courage a crocodile stopping,  
 Made his breakfast on Ben, on the banks of the Nile;  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—  
 What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

Stay, who was the fifth? Oh, 'twas Dick, so neat;  
 Pull away, pull away, so merry!  
 And the savages Dick both killed and eat,  
 And poor Meg she was forced to take Jerry:  
 Death again stood her friend, for, killed in a fray,  
 He also the grave chanced to pop in.  
 So now with my song I shall soon do away—  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay,  
 The six husbands of Meg of Wapping!

But I did not tell you how she married seven;  
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly!  
 'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heaven,  
 And her strong box he rummaged sweetly;  
 For Meg growing old, a fond dotard she proved,  
 And must after a boy needs be hopping:  
 So she popped off; and Tom, with the girl he loved—  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—  
 Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

## THE CORK LEG.

As sung by RODEY MAGUIRE.

I'LL tell you a tale, without any flam :  
 In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,  
 Who every morning said, "I am  
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

*Chorus*—Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

One day he'd stuffed him as full as an egg,  
 When a poor relation came to beg ;  
 But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,  
 And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.

Ri too ral loo ra' etc.

A surgeon—the first in his vocation—  
 Came and made a long oration ;  
 He wanted a limb for anatomization,  
 So finished his jaw by amputation.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

Said Mynheer, says he, when he'd done his work,  
 "By your sharp knife, I lose one fork ;  
 But on two crutches I'll never stalk,  
 For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri too ral loo ral, etc,

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,  
 Had made cork legs his study and theme ;  
 Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,  
 The springs a compound of clockwork and steam.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

The leg was made and fitted tight,  
 Inspection the artist did invite ;  
 The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,  
 As he fixed it on, and screwed it tight.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

He walked through squares, and past each shop,  
 Of speed he went to the utmost top;  
 Each step he took with a bound and a hop,  
 Till he found his leg he could not stop.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

Horror and fright were in his face,  
 The neighbors thought he was running a race!  
 He clung to a post to stay his pace,  
 But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

He called to some men with all his might,  
 "Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite!"  
 But though they heard him aid invite,  
 He in less than a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain;  
 To ease his weary bones, he fain  
 Did throw himself down, but all in vain—  
 The leg got up, and was off again

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

He walked of days and nights a score,  
 Of Europe he had made the tour;  
 He died—but, though he was no more,  
 The leg walked on the same as before!

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,  
 A skeleton on a cork leg tight!—  
 No cash did the artist's skill requite,  
 He never was paid—and it sarved him right.

Ri too ral loo ral, etc.

---

### VILLIKINS AND HIS DINA.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,  
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal:  
 Her name it were Dina—just sixteen years old—  
 With a very large portion of silver ar d gold.

*Chorus*—Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

As Dina vas a-vaiking in the gardin one day,  
 Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say:  
 "Go, dress yourself, Dina, in gorgeous array,  
 For I've got you an 'usband, both gallant and gay."  
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

"O papa, O papa! I've not made up my mind,  
 And to marry just yet I'm not quite inclined;  
 And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,  
 If you'll let me be single just one year or more."  
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,  
 "If you won't consent for to be this man's bride,  
 I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin,  
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin!"  
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

As Villikins vas a-vaiking in the gardin one day,  
 He spied his dear Dina lying dead on the clear—  
 And a cup of cold pison vas a-lying by her side,  
 And a billet-dux to say that for Villikins she died.  
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

He kissed her cold corpis a thousand times o'er;  
 He called her his Dina, though she were no more:  
 And swallowed the pison like a lovier so brave,  
 And Villikins and his Dina were bu-ri-ed in one grave.  
 Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

#### MORIALE.

Now all ye young ladies, take heed to what I say,  
 And never, not by no means, your gúv'nors disobey;  
 Now all ye young men, mind whom ye cast your eyes on,  
 Think of Villikins and his Dina, and the cup of cold  
 pison. Singing, Too ral la loo ral, etc.

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