

# CALIFORNIA SONGSTER.



CONTAINING A SELECTION OF  
CALIFORNIA AND OTHER POPULAR SONGS.

SAN FRANCISCO:  
PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY  
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**CALIFORNIA SONGSTER.**

CONTAINING

**A SELECTION OF LOCAL AND OTHER  
POPULAR SONGS:**

**GIVING A TRUE SKETCH OF THE UPS AND DOWNS  
OF A CALIFORNIA LIFE.**

**THE WHOLE COMPILED AND ARRANGED  
BY D. E. APPLETON.**

**SAN FRANCISCO:  
PUBLISHED BY NOISY CARRIERS BOOK  
AND STATIONERY COMPANY,  
77 LONG WHARF.  
1856.**



## PREFACE.

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IN presenting this little work to the public, the compiler is but filling up a blank that has long existed for a California Song Book; and in so doing we have but few promises to make—but will say that it is our intention to enlarge and greatly improve the California Songster. And in the meantime, if any of the many sojourners in the mountains, while breathing the pure air, and contemplating nature from the lofty Sierra Nevada, kindle the spark of enthusiasm in praise of his country, please send them along, and we will render unto Cæsar those things that are Cæsar's,—or in other words, give every man the credit of his own work.

And now, trusting to a generous public, the Compiler leaves it in the hands of those better able than himself to judge.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25TH, 1855.

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## CALIFORNIA SONGSTER.

### CALIFORNIA HO!

#### I.

Well, California is the place  
Where all the world can see  
What Yankee boys are bound to do,  
And destined yet to be:

#### II.

For here a town burnt down to-day,  
To-morrow will arise,—  
And Yankee at such magic work  
Ne'er feels the least surprise:

#### III.

For Yankee here has seen such sights  
Since this place was begun,  
That nothing now surprises him  
Which has or can be done.

#### IV.

At home the people call us green,  
And think we barely stay,—  
While mothers wish their hopeful sons  
Were fed as well as they.

#### V.

While full six months they're drifted in,  
And freezing with the cold,  
Their hopeful sons are wallowing in  
The shining drifts of gold.

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And freezing with the cold,  
Their hopeful sons are wallowing in  
The shining drifts of gold.

## VI.

And thus we pick and dig away,  
 With fortune full in view,  
 And yet shall show our *ma's* at home,  
 We've learned a thing or two.

## VII.

We've made the fastest country here  
 That man has ever seen,  
 So let them laugh—one truth is clear,  
 'Tis those who laugh are green.

## ADIEU! ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE!

Adieu! adieu!—my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue;  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea,  
 We follow in his flight;  
 Farewell, awhile, to him and thee,  
 My native land, good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine;  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to—  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,  
 And, when ye fail my sight,  
 Welcome ye deserts and ye caves,  
 My native land—good night!

## FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The moon is beaming brightly, love,  
 Upon the deep blue sea;  
 A trusty crew is waiting near,  
 For thee, dear girl, for thee:  
 Then leave thy downy couch, my love,  
 And with thy sailor flee,  
 His gallant bark shall bear thee safe  
 Far o'er the deep blue sea;  
 Far o'er the deep blue sea; [sea.  
 Far o'er th' deep, th' deep, th' deep blue

The storm-bird sleeps upon the rock,  
 No angry surges roar;  
 No sound disturbs the tranquil deep,  
 Not e'en the dipping oar:  
 No watchful eye is on thee now,  
 Come, dearest, hie with me,  
 And cheer a daring sailor's love,  
 Far o'er the deep blue sea.  
 Far o'er, &c.

She comes, she comes, with trembling steps,  
 Oh! happy shall we be,  
 When landed safe on other shores,  
 From every danger free:  
 Now speed ye on, my gallant bark,  
 Our hopes are all in thee—  
 Swift bear us to our peaceful home,  
 Far o'er the deep blue sea.  
 Far o'er, &c.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes  
 from mouth to mouth.



## LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Written by Dr. Robinson, and sung by himself with great applause, at the Dramatic Museum, San Francisco.

Air—"Used up Man."

O I ha'nt got no home, nor nothing *else*, I 'spose,  
Misfortune seems to follow me wherever I goes;  
I come to California with a heart both stout and  
bold,

And have been up to the diggings, there to get  
some lumps of gold.

But I'm a used up man, a perfect used up man,  
And if ever I get home again, I'll stay there if  
I can.

I lives 'way down in Maine, where I heard about  
the diggings,

So I shipped aboard a darned old barque com-  
manded by Joe Higgins;

I sold my little farm, and from wife and children  
parted,

And off to California sailed, and left 'em broken-  
hearted.

But here's a used up man, &c.

When I got to San Francisco, I saw such heaps  
of money,

And the way the folks at monte played, I thought  
the game quite funny;

So I took my little pile, and on the table tossed it,  
And the chap who dealt me out the cards, says,

"My friend, you have lost it!"

So you're a used up man, &c.

I got into a steamboat and started up the river,  
Where I tho't the darned mosquitoes would ha'  
taken out my liver;

When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this rig-  
ging,  
And soon I found a decent place, and so I went  
to digging.

But I'm a used up man, &c.

I got into the water, were the "fever-n-ager"  
took me,  
And after I was froze to death, it turned about  
and shook me;

But still I kept to work, a hopin' 'twould be bet-  
ter,

But the water would'n't fall a bit, but kept a get-  
ting wetter.

But I'm a used up man, &c.

I 'spose if I should die, they'd take me to the  
Mission,

Or else the city 'd sell me to pay up my physi-  
cian;

I've tried to keep up courage, and swore I would'n't  
sprec it,

And here's my pile for five months' work, I'd lief  
as not you'd see it.

For I'm a used up man, &c.

I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm  
dodging,

To hunt up grub enough to eat, and find a decent  
lodging;

I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet  
me,

Who'll take me by the collar now, and kindly ask  
to treat me!

For I'm a used up man, &c.



## AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS.

After many roving years,  
 How sweet it is to come  
 To the dwelling-place of early youth—  
 Our first and dearest home!  
 To turn away those weary eyes  
 From proud ambition's towers,  
 And wander in the summer fields,  
 Among the trees and flowers!  
 After many, &c.

But I am chang'd since last I gaz'd  
 On yonder tranquil scene;  
 And sat beneath the old witch elm,  
 That shades the village green!  
 And watched my boat upon the lake,  
 As if it were a regal gally,  
 And sigh'd not for a joy on earth,  
 Beyond this happy valley!  
 After many, &c.

I wish I could recall again  
 That bright and blameless joy,  
 And summons to this weary heart,  
 The feelings long gone by!  
 I look on scenes of past delight,  
 Without my wonted pleasure,  
 As a miser on his bed of death  
 Looks coldly on his treasure!  
 After many, &c.

— o —  
 Why do negro minstrels dress better than any  
 other society? Because they put on a bran new  
 black coat every night.

## CALIFORNIA OVER THE LEFT.

Oh, California, land of gold,  
 Many a heart has come to thee,  
 When thy richness has been told  
 Over every land, through every sea.

Where there is one thy wealth made glad,  
 Who to thy shores did roam;  
 There are twenty it is made sad,  
 And cursed the hour they had come.

But still unto you from every land,  
 Does the emigration flow,  
 Beck'on'd by thy golden hand  
 To misery and woe.

The wealth that is hidden in thy soil,  
 Where ages it had laid,  
 It's only got through fatigue and toil,  
 And then but few are paid.

If upon thy native shore you can  
 Earn your daily bread,  
 Stay, and you will be thought a man,  
 But here that title is dead.

Here respect is paid to none,  
 That have not gold in store,  
 And favors are by interest done—  
 To be criminal is to be poor.

But if in preacher's garb come you,  
 Here the Lord to praise,  
 Your impudence may carry you through,  
 And superstition give you a raise.

Lawyers, too, can do well here,  
If they can steal and lie,  
And God nor man they do not fear,  
No others need not try.

Or if elected you could be,  
No talents does it need,  
To our Senate or Assembly,  
Your constituents do not heed.

Remember you did not hither roam,  
Upon the laws to doat,  
But to enrich your Atlantic home,  
By selling of your vote.

Of Editors we have enough  
To poison all the State,  
With their slander and their puff  
Of those they love or hate.

If not of those talents you are possess,  
But honestly inclined,  
Stay where you have both peaceful rest,  
For that here you cannot find.

Be advised by me this is not the spot,  
The World to you has told,  
Its wealthiest days are now forgot,  
Like the El Dorado of old.

JACK THE GRUMBLER.

---

Why is the blush of modesty like a little girl?  
Because it becomes a woman.  
Why is a market like a love-letter? Because  
they both contain tender-lines.

### KATY DARLING.

Oh, they tell me thou art dead, Katy Darling,  
That thy smile I may never more behold!  
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,  
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold!  
Oh, they know not the loving  
Of the hearts of Erin's sons;  
When a love like to thine, Katy Darling,  
Is the goal to the race that he runs.  
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy,  
For the wild flowers greet me, Katy Darling,  
And the love-birds are singing on each tree;  
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,  
Behold, love, I am waiting for thee.

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling!  
This world is all a blank world to me!  
Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,  
Or think, love, I am sighing for thee:  
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,  
By their soft and lambent light;  
And the heart would be melting, Katy Darling,  
Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.  
Oh, listen, sweet Katy!  
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,  
And the love-birds are nestling in each tree;  
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,  
Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee!

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katy Darling!  
But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide;  
And that when my life is spent, Katy Darling,  
They will lay me down to rest by thy side.  
Oh, a huge grief I'm bearing,  
Though I scarce can heave a sigh;  
And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy Darling,



Of thy love every day till I die.  
 Farewell, then, sweet Katy !  
 Far the wild flowers will blossom, Katy Darling,  
 And the love-birds will warble on each tree :  
 But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Darling.  
 For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me !

### OUR CITY.

#### I.

To other night when it was raining,  
 I was up on Montgomery Street,  
 With my boots so finely polished,  
 And my clothes so nice and neat,  
 When I wished to gain the other side,  
 I jumped with all my might—  
 But the planks I thought to light upon  
 Just let me out of sight.

#### II.

Soon the City Marshal came,  
 And with proud and lofty stride,  
 Marched me up to our Recorder's Court,  
 Where they had me scraped and tried ;  
 And they said my great misfortune  
 Really made them feel quite bad,—  
 Then they asked me how much change I'd got,  
 And fined me all I had.

#### III.

So they're taxing all the truckmen,  
 And I'm told they find it pays,  
 For the teamsters now fill up the holes  
 With horses, mules, and drays.

Such a stroke of financiering  
 I am sure is hard to beat,  
 As the fining teams for sticking  
 In some filthy, muddy street.  
 But the Council bear our burdens,  
 On their broad, capacious backs,  
 And just ask that we don't grumble  
 When we're called to pay the tax.

### THE LOW BACK'D CAR.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'Twas on a Market Day,  
 A low back'd Car she drove and sat,  
 Upon a tuft of hay.  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And decked with flowers of Spring,  
 No flowers were there that could compare  
 With the lovely girl I sing.  
 As she sat in that low backed Car,  
 The man at the Turnpike bar,  
 Good-natured old soul,  
 Never asked for his toll,  
 But looked after that low backed Car.

In battle's wild commotion, —  
 The proud and mighty Mars,  
 With hostile scythes demands his tythes  
 Of death in warlike scars, —  
 But Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
 Has darts in her bright eye,  
 That knocks men down in the Market Town,



As right and left they fly;  
 As she sits in that low back'd Car,  
 The battle more dangerous far,  
 For the doctor's art cannot heal the smart  
 That is hit from the low back'd Car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sirs,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
 By far outnumber these;  
 Whilst she among her poultry sits.  
 Just like a turtle dove,  
 Well worth a cage, I do engage,  
 With the blooming god of love.  
 As she sat in her low bac'k Car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chickens that Peggy is  
 picking,  
 As she sits in her low back'd Car.

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

---

Why is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Be-  
 cause they have both stopped quacking.

### RAMBLING BOYS OF PLEASURE.

You rambling boys of pleasure,  
 Give ear to these few lines I write,  
 It is true I am a rover,  
 And in roving take great delight.

I fix my mind on a fair maid.  
 Tho' oftentimes she does me slight,  
 My mind is never easy,  
 But when my darling is in my sight.

The second time I saw my love,  
 I thought she really would be mine,  
 But as the weather alters,  
 This maid did change her mind.

Gold is the root of evil,  
 Although it shines with glittering hue,  
 Causes many a lad and lass to part,  
 Let their hearts and minds be e'er so true.

There's one thing more I have to relate,  
 Before that I do go away,  
 In my own country where I was born,  
 Cupid would not let me free.

To leave my girl behind me,  
 Oh dear, alas, what must I do,  
 Must I become a rover,  
 And court some girl I never knew?

---

Why are lawyers the most intemperate peo-  
 ple? Because they are continually practising at  
 the bar.

## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

Meet me by moonlight alone,  
 Then I will tell you a tale;  
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
 In the grove at the end of the vale.  
 You must promise to come, for I said  
 I would show the night flowers their queen—  
 Nay turn not away thy sweet head,  
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.

Oh, meet me by moonlight alone,  
 Daylight may do for the gay,  
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free!  
 But there is something about the moon's ray,  
 That is sweeter to you and to me.  
 Oh, remember be sure and be there,  
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,  
 I care not for all in the air,  
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes:  
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

## NEVADA CITY.

Nevada, in California,  
 No place with hers compared,  
 She yields her thousands every day,  
 By all classes to be shared.

She stands high up in the mountains,  
 Her foundation is pure gold;  
 Clear is her crystal fountain,  
 And yet the half's not told.

Her walls are of crystal quartz,  
 Four ravines make her centre;  
 Her houses and tents are used as forts,  
 Where no thief can enter.

Her trees are of evergreen,  
 Tall and high as summer clouds;  
 Three costly churches to be seen,  
 To which thousands daily crowd.

The ladies, tho' they are but few,  
 Are ready by the disk,  
 To seat their lovers in a pew,  
 To serve their tea at brisk.

So all by labor cheerful made,  
 Her wells are as a flood,  
 Depressed from labor's champion,  
 We follow all that's good.

The miners by the break of day,  
 Take up their picks and shovels,  
 And with quick steps they march away  
 To wash out their golden gravel.

Then come from the east and west,  
 And seek for fortune's glory,  
 Of all the diggings seen the best,  
 With this I'll leave my story.

—o—

Why is a poor horse greater than Napoleon?  
 Because in him there are *many* bony parts.

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops  
 when a wagon stops? it aint no use to the wagon,  
 and yet the wagon can't go without it? Why, it  
 is the noise, to be sure.



## I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,  
Above the green elms that a cottage was near;  
And I said if there's peace to be found in the  
world,

The heart that is humble might hope for it here.

'Twas noon, and on flowers that languished  
around,

In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound.  
But the woodpecker tapping at the hollow beech  
tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,  
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep  
when I blam'd,  
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!"

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry  
dips,  
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to re-  
cline,  
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine."

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are  
regular, irregular, and defective.

Why is a restless man like a lawyer? Be-  
cause he lies on all sides!

Why are the audiences that visit minstrel cou-  
certs like a despairing man? Because they are  
looking at the dark side of the picture.

## CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.

Six score of right good fellows—

Paid by the people's dimes—

In Sacramento City,

Are having jovial times.

Freed from the curse of labor—

Absolved from want or care—

Life seems to them a pleasure trip,

And the people pay their fare.

The "Sovereigns" foot the "fiddler's bill,"

But some of them wish to know

Whether there's any prospect

Of getting a *quid pro quo*?

Six score of "public servants"—

Servants in nought but name—

Disport themselves like *Aesop's* beast,

In the garb of a nobler game.

Each sports a glossy "stove pipe,"

And twirls a flashy cane—

Each puffs the best Havanas,

And guzzles the best Champagne;

They loaf at the Orleans bar-room,

Or "smile" at the "Sazerac,"

Play billiards and pool at Johnson's,

Or ten-pins, further back.

Some dally with *Pharaoh*, up stairs,

Some buck at *monte* below;—

And thus the people who stake them,

Receive their *quid pro quo*!

Six score of downright leeches,

Suck at the public purse;

Some hundred thousand dollars

Their labors reimburse.

"Their labors?" yes, their LABORS!

For, like the mountain of old,



In the bringing forth of a tiny mouse,  
 The sum of their acts is told.  
 Go back, ye "one horse patriots"—  
 Go back from whence you came,  
 And from the People's gratitude,  
 Your proper guerdon claim!  
 Go to your dear constituents—  
 Tell what you have done below—  
 And, at the ballot-box next Fall,  
 Expect *vous quid pro quo!*

#### A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave!  
 A home on the rolling deep!  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep.  
 Like an eagle caged I pine,  
 On this dull, unchanging shore,  
 Oh, give me the flashing brine,  
 The spray, and the tempest's roar

Once more on the deck I stand,  
 Of my own swift gliding craft:  
 Set sail—farewell to the land,  
 The gale follows far abaft.  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean bird set free,  
 Like the ocean bird, our home,  
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
 The clouds have begun to frown,  
 But with a stout vessel and crew,

We'll say, let the storms come down!  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters rave,  
 A life on the heaving sea,  
 A home on the bounding wave.

#### THE CALIFORNIA WIDOW.

A widow bold was Betsy Brown,  
 That chanced Tom Young to know, sir,—  
 She was in flesh a *little gross*,  
 And he a *little grocer*.

Now Betsy rather fancied Tom,  
 And Tom was wont to utter,  
 While selling "firkin" and "fresh lump,"  
 He'd have no other *but her*.

So they were wed,—one *evening* 'twas,  
 Her *mourning* laid aside,  
 She at the altar *altered* stood,  
 A *flaunting*, dashing bride.

Awhile they happy lived, although,  
 She had a *teasing way*  
 Of getting what poor Tom had earned  
 In *weighing teas* all day—

It chanced, howe'er, one stormy night,  
 The rain was *fiercely pouring*  
 With savage force. Tom started up  
 As though he was struck by a bullet.

The door *ajar*, an ugly *mug*,

Appeared before his sight,  
Thought Tom, you're in a *dripping* state  
To *drop* in such a *pight*.

Then strode he in where Betsey sat,  
Despite all Tom's restraint;  
She gave one look, then shrieked, and swooned,  
'Twas real and no *feint*.

To *rub* her then each *took a hand*,  
And there was great *ado*,—  
One brought some water, one brought salts  
At last they brought her to.

"O John, my first, can this be you?"  
Said she, "that broke my napping,—  
It cannot be your *spirit*, for  
You entered without *rapping*."

"We heard you'd met an awful *fate*,  
On California's shore,—  
A stage upset, you'd *broke your skull*—  
And so we *gave you o'er*."

Said John, "No such *stage tragedy*  
E'er happened to me yet;  
A *plâcer* full of ore was all,  
The awful fate I met.

"And now returned, I claim my wife,  
So Young, you gay deceiver,  
As I put in a *prior* right,  
I think you'll have to *leave her*."

And so he did, for at a scene  
His nature weak revolted,  
In fond embrace he saw them *locked*,  
Then took his hat and *bolted*.

So it turned out, Tom Young "*turned out*,"  
That night a single fellow,  
While over a hot mug of punch  
The new-joined pair got *mellow*.

Brown with his gold now makes a show,  
As Californians must,  
And Bet, *holds high her head*, but then  
He *keeps her in the "dust."*

## LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE BOY.

AS SUNG BY MISS C. FISHER.

Love was once a little boy,  
Heigho! heigho!  
Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,  
Heigho! heigho!  
He was then so innocent;  
Not as now on mischief bent;  
Free he came, and harmless went;  
Heigho! heigho!

Love is now a little man,  
Heigho! heigho!  
And a very saucy one,  
Heigho! heigho!  
He walks so stiff and looks so smart,  
As if he owned each maiden's heart;  
I wish he felt his own keen dart,  
Heigho! heigho!

Love will soon be growing old.



Heigho! heigho!  
 Half his life's already told,  
 Heigho! heigho!  
 When he's dead and buried too,  
 What shall we poor maidens do?  
 I'm sure I cannot tell—can you?  
 Heigho! heigho!

### RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,  
 He was bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn,  
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
 And he thought the best way to do that was to  
 tease.

Now Rory, be aisy, sweet Kathleen would cry,  
 (Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,  
 With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm  
 about.

Faith you've teaz'd till I've put on my cloak in-  
 side out.

Oh, Jewel, says Rory, that same is the way,  
 You've threatened my heart for this many a day  
 And it's glad that I am, and why not to be sure,  
 For 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory O'More.

Indeed, then, says Kathleen, don't think of the  
 like,

For I gave a promise to soothing Mike,  
 The ground that I walk on, he loves I'll be bound,  
 Faith, says Rory, I'd rather love you than the  
 ground.

Now, Rory, I'll cry out, if you don't let me go,

Sure I'm dreaming each night that I'm hating  
 you so,

Oh, says Rory, that same I'm delighted to hear,  
 For dreams always go by contraries, my dear;

Oh, jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the

black lie,  
 And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not to be  
 sure,

Since 'tis all for good luck said Rory O'More.

Arrah, Kathleen, my darling, you've teased me  
 enough,

And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes  
 and Jim Duff,

I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a  
 baste,

So, I think after that I may talk to the priest.

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm around her  
 neck,

So soft and so white without freckle or speck,  
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming  
 with light,

And kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he  
 was right?

Now Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,  
 That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me

before,

Then here goes another, says he, to make sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers, says Rory

O'More.

Young Kate left her daddy and mam in the lurch,  
 And off with Young Rory she trudged to the

church,

When tied and made one he cried out with such  
 joy,

Arrah, Kate, won't we have a most beautiful boy.



O Rory, she cried, you're so full of your fun  
Since the first time I saw you, poor Kate was  
undone.

Botheration, cried Rory, what comes in your head;  
Sure you can't be undone till we're both snug in  
bed.

Then, Rory, come here now and kiss me again,  
I will, faith, says Rory, and that makes up ten,  
I'll kiss you and hug you till morning I'm sure,  
Since 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory  
O'More.

#### BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, whom Bruce has often led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour  
See the front of battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power;  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha will fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By our sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

#### FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE.

Fare thee well, thou lovely one,  
Lovely still, but dear no more;  
Once his soul of truth is gone,  
Love's sweet life is o'er;  
Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,  
Could scarce have thus deceived;  
But eyes that acted truth so well,  
Were sure to be believed.  
Then fare thee, &c.

Yet those eyes look constant still,  
True as stars they keep their light;  
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil,  
Of blushing always bright;  
'Tis only on thy changeful heart  
The blame of falsehood lies;  
Love lies in every other part,  
But there, alas! he dies.  
Then fare thee well, &c.

## MINER'S UPS AND DOWNS.

A pilgrim from way down east  
 Stood on Nevada's strand;  
 A tear was in his hither eye,  
 A pickaxe in his hand.

The pilgrim stood, and looking down,  
 As one who is in doubt,  
 He sighed to see how fast  
 His boots were wearing out.

Thrice have I left this cursed spot,  
 But mine it was to learn  
 The fatal truth, that dust we are,  
 To dust we shall return.

Once more returned, at close of day,  
 To a cheerless, dismal home,  
 He vows if he was back in Maine,  
 He never more would roam.

Now hunger makes his bowels yearn,  
 For yams, or Irish roots;  
 But these he looks in vain to find,  
 Then tries to fry his boots.

The night is passed in happy dreams  
 Of youth and childhood's joys;  
 Of times when he got flogged at school  
 For pinching smaller boys.

But morn dispels these fairy scenes.  
 And want arouses pluck;  
 He shoulders pick and pan once more,  
 Again to try his luck.

He digs in dark, secluded depths,  
 The spots where slugs abound;  
 And oh, what rapture fills his breast—  
 His pile at last is 'canned.

His wardrobe changed—behold him now  
 In affluence and pride,  
 Surrounded by the forms he loves,  
 With joy on every side.

Pressed closely to his heart, he holds  
 His wife and children dear;  
 The latter shouting gaily,  
 While the former drops a tear.

---

Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators? Because they are continually crossing the line, and running from pole to pole.

---

How many eggs can you buy for a shilling?  
 Eight or ten.  
 Why, I bought a million for a dime.  
 Where? How? In the market?  
 Yes—I bought a shad, and it was full of 'em.

---

Why were the Jews of old like bad debts? Because they killed the prophets, (*profits*.)

---

Why is a man in prison like a leaky boat? Because he wants bailing out.

---

What is smaller than a musqueto's mouth?  
 Why, that what he puts into it.



## HONEYMOON DIFFICULTIES.

Two months have fled since we were wed—  
 My dark-eyed wife and I,—  
 On that glad night she shone so bright,  
 Nor did she even sigh.  
 That joy so sweet I thought complete ;  
 I did not dream of pain,  
 Until my dear let drop a tear,  
 Which fell like wintry rain.

She had been told that I had gold,  
 And wealth of large amount :  
 But 'twas untrue—what should she do ?—  
 The foolish, false account !  
 Her flowing tears alarmed my fears—  
 Each moment she grew worse ;  
 I tried in vain her grief to soothe  
 About that sordid purse.

She felt so sad that such a lad  
 Should all her charms possess,  
 And wished to heaven the ties were riven,  
 That did me sweetly bless :  
 But 'twas too late to undo fate,  
 So she must surely toil  
 To earn the bread on which she fed,  
 By burning midnight oil.

Said I, "My dear, shed not a tear  
 About such false alarms ;  
 I love you more than all the ore,—  
 So come into my arms.

My love, you must not rage and rip  
 About the sordid ore ;  
 I kissed her little pouting lip,  
 And since she's cried no more.

## THE DARK-EY'D SAILOR.

'Tis of a comely young lady fair  
 Was walking out for to take the air,  
 She met a sailor upon the way,  
 So I paid attention to hear what they did say.

Fair maid, said he, why roam alone,  
 For the night is coming, and the day's far gone !  
 She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,  
 It's my dark-ey'd sailor that's proving my down-  
 fall.

These two long years since he left this land,  
 A gold ring he took from off my hand,  
 He broke the token, here is half with me.  
 And the other is rolling at the bottom of the sea.

Cried William, drive him from your mind—  
 As good a sailor as him you will find ;  
 Love turns aside, and cold does grow,  
 Like a winter's morning when the hills are clad  
 with snow.

These words did Phoebe's fond heart inflame  
 She cried, on me you shall play no game ;  
 She drew a dagger and then did cry,  
 For my dark-ey'd sailor a maid I'll live and die.



His coal black eyes and his curly hair,  
And flattering tongue did my heart ensnare;  
Genteel he was, no rake like you,  
To advise a maiden to slight the Jacket Blue.

But a tarry sailor I will never disdain,  
But always I will treat the same,  
To drink his health here's a piece of coin,  
But my dark-ey'd sailor still claims this heart of mine.

When William did the ring unfold,  
She seemed distracted midst joy and woe;  
You're welcome, William, I have lands and gold,  
For my dark-ey'd sailor, so manly, true and bold.

In a cottage down by the river side,  
In unity and love they now reside,  
So girls be true while your lover's away,  
For a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day.

---

Why is a gentleman engaged to a young lady,  
like a man going to France? Because he is going  
to Havre (*have her.*)

---

Why is Ireland likely to become the richest  
country in the world? Because its capital is al-  
ways Dublin, (*doubling.*)

---

Why is a vain young lady, like a confirmed  
drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied  
with a moderate use of the glass

### SAN FRANCISCO BOATMEN.

A Boatman is a merry blade,  
He's ready at your call, sir,  
But when he finds he's poorly paid,  
You can't budge him at all, sir;  
He's brave, gallant, and full of fun,  
And liberal to a fault, sir,  
And when a spree he's once begun,  
He don't know where to halt, sir,

A pretty girl a Boatman loves,  
And if she sings or dances,  
The fascinating little doves  
Just suit the Boatmen's fancies  
They sometimes send the girls bouquets,  
But never tell the givers,  
And for a shawl he sometimes pays  
To send to Clara Rivers.

Thus many a wealthy merchant here  
Were Boatmen once, I know it,—  
And I have owned a boat myself,  
And wan't ashamed to row it;  
The warmest heart I ever knew  
That heart a Boatman boasted,  
And oft around the flowing bowl  
I hear that Boatman toasted.

The Boatmen who have come to-night  
With kind, familiar faces,  
Round friendship's altar shed that light  
Which death alone erases;  
So when around the social bowl  
We come at beauty's call, sirs,

With goblets full well toast those lads—  
The boatmen of Whitehall, airs.

---

### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,  
And o'er the moor that's sedgy :  
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled,  
Since I have parted Madgy.

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

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

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

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

Each mutual promise faithfully made,  
By her whom tears doth blind me,

And bless the hours I pass away,  
With the girl I left behind me.

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

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

---

### TO BACKUS' MINSTRELS.

Now of theatres we have great plenty,  
There's the Metropolitan and one on the hill,  
And the brick one down on Sansom street,  
I am told is open still.  
But that temple of the Muses,—  
Brightest gem among them all,—  
Where you are welcome every night,  
Is San Francisco Hall.

While encouraged by your presence,  
And protected by your hand,  
You will find your kindness cherished  
By this old and favorite band.  
They're the biggest gun of Music  
Whose report you all admire,—  
For it takes old Eph. and Backus,  
And at night they are certain fire.



The Old Hall for excitement,  
 Has forever something new—  
 There's fun for the funny man,  
 And pleasure for the blue.  
 Now, all kind folks that are in doubt,  
 You have a cure for Nature's ills,  
 From all things down unto the goat,  
 Go one and all and get your fill.

### BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

A PARODY BY TOM BAR.

They're all my fancy painted them,  
 They're lovely, they're divine!  
 But they're destined for another's mouth,  
 They never can be mine!  
 I love them as man never loved,  
 Yet dare not touch or take;  
 Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,  
 For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

The dark brown cake is laid upon  
 A plate of spotless white;  
 And the eye of him who tastes it,  
 Now flashes with delight,  
 The cake was buttered not for me,  
 Of it I can't partake;  
 Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,  
 For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

I've revelled at the pastry cook's,

But I have ate my last;  
 If I can't get cake, I will have none—  
 My eating days are past!  
 And when the green sod wraps my grave,  
 They'll say who pity take,  
 Oh, his heart, his heart was broken,  
 For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

### OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Foud mem'ry brings the light  
 Of other days around me:

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love once spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad mem'ry brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one who treads alone,



Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are dead, whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!

Thus in the still night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me!

### THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was, and is to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

### HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED.

He oft hath said that I was fair  
As lily or as rose,  
He culled for me in summer time  
The sweetest flower that blows;  
He twined with care the virgin wreath,  
And smiled if I approved,  
But though he laid it at my feet,  
He never said he loved.

He seemed to feel when at my feet  
The rapture of delight,  
His eyes were lit with joyousness,  
When mine were glad and bright,  
He watched me in the festive hall,  
He trembled if I moved,  
But softly though his whisper fell,  
He never said he loved.

He left his home for sunny climes,  
Full many years had past,  
And the hopes that fanned my spirit flame  
Had faded all at last.

Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!

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He left his home for sunny climes,  
Full many years had past,  
And the hopes that fanned my spirit flame,  
Had faded all at last.



He came,—the wealth of other lands  
 Had crowned him as he roved ;  
 A star was shining on his breast,  
 And then he said he loved.

### JOHN CHINAMAN.

John Chinaman, John Chinaman,  
 But five short years ago,  
 I welcomed you from Canton, John—  
 But wish I hadn't though ;

For then I thought you honest, John,  
 Not dreaming but you'd make  
 A citizen as useful, John,  
 As any in the State.

I thought you'd open wide your ports,  
 And let our merchants in,  
 To barter for their crapes and teas,  
 Their wares of wood and tin.

I thought you'd cut your queue off, John  
 And don a Yankee coat,  
 And a collar high you'd raise, John,  
 Around your dusky throat.

I imagined that the truth, John,  
 You'd speak when under oath,  
 But I find you'll lie and steal too—  
 Yes, John, you're up to both.

I thought of rats and puppies, John,  
 You'd eaten your last fill,  
 But on such slimy pot-pies, John,  
 I'm told you dinner still.

Oh, John, I've been deceived in you,  
 And in all your thieving clan,  
 For our gold is all you're after, John,  
 To get it as you can.

### THE FALSE ONE.

I knew him not, I sought him not—  
 He was my father's guest :  
 I gave him not one smile more kind  
 Than those I gave the rest !  
 He sat beside me at the board,  
 The choice was not my own,  
 But oh, I never heard a voice ;  
 With half so sweet a tone.

Oh, little know I of the world,  
 And less of man's career :  
 I thought each smile was kindly meant—  
 Each word of praise sincere ;  
 His sweet voice spoke of endless love—  
 I listened and believed,  
 And little dream'd how oft before,  
 That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,  
 And in the same sweet tone



He breathes to her these winning words,  
 I once thought all my own;  
 Oh, why is she so beautiful,  
 I cannot blame his choice—  
 Nor can I doubt she will be won  
 By that beguiling 26.

# SAN FRANCISCO.

BY J. SWETT.

City full of people,  
 In a business flurry;  
 Everybody's motto,  
 Hurry! hurry! hurry!  
 Every nook and corner  
 Filled to overflowing;  
 Like a locomotive,  
 Everybody going!

Everybody active,  
 Foggyism dead—  
 All are "Young Americas,"  
 Bound to "go ahead!"  
 Dry or rainy season,  
 Cloudy day or sunny,  
 Citizens all driving  
 Bargains to make money.

Englishmen and French,  
 German, Dutch and Danish,  
 Chattering Chinese,

Portuguese and Spanish;  
 Men of every nation,  
 Birds of every feather,  
 Honest men and rogues  
 Hustled up together.

Dapper little Frenchman  
 Makes a smiling bow,  
 Calculating Yankee  
 Cannot stop just now;  
 Every mortal goes  
 Fast as he can dash on,  
 Never minding clothes,  
 Etiquette or fashion.

Three "Celestial angels"  
 Waddling hand in hand,  
 Pity they have fallen  
 Into—such a land!  
 Tipsy son of Erin,  
 Fresh from Linnavaddy,  
 Takes a running fight,  
 With a brother Paddy.

Gentlemanly gambler,  
 Wealthy city broker,  
 Taking brandy smashes  
 And a game of poker;  
 Gambler very cool,  
 Broker very dry,  
 Stocks are getting low,  
 Broker getting high!

Steamers leave to-day  
 For Atlantic States,  
 Great excitement raised  
 By reducing rates;

Miners in red shirts  
Shooting home like rockets,  
Bags of yellow "dust"  
Lining ragged pockets.

City of the West,  
Built up in a minute,  
Hurry and excitement  
Moving all within it;  
Like a locomotive,  
Everybody going,  
City in a hurry,  
Filled to overflowing.

— o —

Mr. Cesar, I took Sam to de rende'vou' do  
oder day, to have him 'listed, but dey wouldn't  
take him.

Why so?

Because dey said dat his leg was set so near de  
middle ob his foot, dat when he got a marching,  
dey couldn't tell which way he was going.

Mr. Crow, you're a ropemaker. Please to tell  
what kind of lines bring the most money?

Why, the steamboat and railroad lines, I  
should think.

— — —

Why is the station-house like the moon? Be-  
cause they are both surrounded with stars.

— — —

Why is a fiddle like a handsome young lady?  
Because it aint no use without a bow—(beau.)

## SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,  
Where the shrill winds whistle free,  
But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
And life in the woods for me.  
When morning beams o'er the mountain streams,  
Oh! merrily forth we go,  
To follow the stag on the mountain crag,  
And to chase the bounding roe.  
Yo ho, vo ho, &c

The deer we mark in the forest dark  
And the prowling wolf we track,  
And our right good cheer is the wild boar here,  
Oh! why should the hunter lack?  
With steady aim at the bounding game,  
And a heart that fears no foe,  
In the darksome glade, in the forest shade,  
Oh! merrily forth we go.  
Yo ho, yo ho, &c.

— o —

Snowball, why is that whiskey-jug of your  
father's like a favorite vegetable?

Can't tell.

Because it is 'pa's nips, (parsnips.)

— — —

Why is an interesting book with a leaf torn  
out, like a quarrelsome man?

Because they should both be bound to keep the  
piece, (peace.)



## RUSHING PANIC IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We are all rushing through the world,  
 And some are rushing fast,  
 For some by choice rush off the dock  
 That it may be their last.  
 The most are rushing to get rich,  
 But find their sad mistake,  
 For if they get a cool thousand or two,  
 The bank is sure to break.

The lawyers they are quick to rush,  
 If you can pay the fee,  
 But if you have no money got,  
 A prison you are sure to see.  
 The Justice he is sure to rush,  
 To catch a thief so sily,  
 But then they want the stealings in,  
 With honest HARRY MEIGS in Chili.

The doctors at the rich will rush,  
 To blister, bleed and cup,  
 But if you have not got the cash,  
 It's hard to make them up.  
 There're sharpers that rush for loaves and fishes,  
 For them you must look out,  
 For if you rush them up to drink,  
 They'll steal the rest no doubt.

There are many politicians rushing up,  
 But find their sad mistake,  
 They now are rushing back so fast,  
 It's doubtful who to take.  
 There are many too who fain would rush,  
 That never rushed before.

But now I hope this rushing time,  
 With rogues will soon be o'er.

The belles are rushing at the beaux,  
 And judge them by their coat,  
 But when they come to see their faces,  
 It's but a billy-goat.  
 The beaux are rushing at the belles,  
 Sometimes with little tustle,  
 But they in turn oft get deceiv'd,  
 And find the most is bustle.

Bankrupts are rushing at the act,  
 To pay their honest debts,  
 By signing blanks and making oath,  
 That they have no assets.  
 And now this song is rushing through,  
 I'll just rush off the stage,  
 You'll rush to hear it more I know,  
 As rushing is all the rage.

---

Sambo, I went a gunning tother day; I seed  
 four coons, and shot the biggest one out of the  
 lot. Now how many was there left?

Why, three, of course.

No, Pompey—there was only one left.

How so, Sambo?

'Case, after I shot him the rest all run away.

Well, can you tell me which side of the coon had  
 the most hair on?

Why, the outside, to be sure!

Yes, I spec so.

---

When is a baby like a cannibal? When it eats  
 its "pap."



## THE SILVER MOON.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day  
 About the beginning of June ;  
 'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,  
 And she sadly complained to the moon ;  
 Roll on silver moon, guide the traveler's way,  
 When the nightingale's song is in tune ;  
 But never, never more with my lover I'll stray,  
 By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, &c.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,  
 So handsome, so manly and clever ;  
 So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear ;  
 Oh, Edwin thy equal was never.  
 But now he is dead and gone to death's bed,  
 He's cut down like a rose in full bloom ;  
 He's fallen asleep and poor Jane's left to weep,  
 By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Roll on, &c.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,  
 And weep for my lover so brave,  
 I'll embrace the cold turf and wash with my tears,  
 The flowers that bloom o'er his grave ;  
 But never again shall my bosom know joy,  
 With my Edwin I hope to be soon ;  
 Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,  
 By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, &c.

— o —  
 When is a sailor not a sailor ? When he's a board.

## MINER'S LAMENT.

AIR—"IRISH DRAGOON."

I've just come down from the mines,  
 Where for months I dug and toiled,  
 In searching for that yellow dust,  
 Till all my clothes were spoiled :  
 I've picked and dug, and packed and lugged,  
 And every honest scheme I've tried on,  
 Till hunger made me eat at last  
 The mule I used to ride on.  
 With a whack.

11.

But still I kept at work,  
 'Till the rain in torrents poured,  
 The Grizzly's came and stole my grub,  
 And I was fairly floor'd,  
 'Till faint and sick I dropped my pick,  
 And off for Sacramento started ;  
 I found the houses there 'tis true,  
 But the streets had all departed.  
 With a whack

Then I got on ... t,  
 And to San Francisco came,  
 Where I found the rain and mud had made  
 The streets about the same.  
 In wand'ring round, a man I found,  
 With sounding lead and grappling gear,

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 In wand'ring round, a man I found,  
 With sounding lead and grappling gear,



And overhead these words I read :  
 "Last appearance of Divier."  
 With a whack.

## IV.

Being hungry I applied  
 At our City Fathers' Hall,  
 And was told they'd nothing there to give ;  
 Their wants required it all ;  
 I then went in and took some gin,  
 But soon I felt a gentle tapping,  
 Which made me feel as though I had  
 A touch of spirit rapping.  
 With a whack.

## V.

Tho' the rapper want no spirit,  
 He appeared and seemed to think  
 The chosen spirits of our State  
 Have alone the right to drink,  
 For soon he found beneath the ground  
 A filthy place, and there resigned me,  
 Where I lay that night till morning light,  
 When they took me up and fined me.  
 With a whack.

---

Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Because  
 it's a Jew-ill.

Why is a gunsmith's shop like a chicken pot-  
 pie? Because they both contain fowl in pieces.

Why is a ship that's loading like a locomotive?  
 Because they both make the car-go

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone ;  
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone :  
 No flower of her kindred—no rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the  
 stem,  
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with  
 them,  
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and  
 dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle the leaves drop  
 away,  
 When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are  
 flown,  
 Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone !

## HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle of Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumilie .



There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there they languish tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;  
As underneath her fragrant shade  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aye to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder.  
But O! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early;  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

THE END.

# **Paddy Haggarty.**

Twas at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel,  
Paddy Haggarty kept a neat shebeen;  
Beside pigs' meat and bread, kept a good lodgin' bed,  
And was liked round the country he liv'd in.  
Himself and his wife both struggled through life,  
In the week-days Pat mended his ditches;  
And on Sunday he dress'd in a coat of the best,  
But his pride was his old leather breeches.  
Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

For twenty-one years at least, so it appears,  
His father those breeches had run in;  
The morning he died he to his bedside  
Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in.  
Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave,  
He bid him take care of his riches;  
Says he, "It's no use to pop into my shoes,  
But I wish ye'd step into my breeches."  
Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

Last winter the snow left provisions so low,  
Poor Paddy was ate out completely;  
The snow coming down, he could not go to town,  
Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly.  
One night as he lay dreaming away,  
About creedougs, frogs and witches,  
He heard an uproar just outside of the door,  
And jump'd to steal on his ould breeches.  
Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

Says Bryan M'Guirk, with a voice like a Turk,  
"Paddy, come get us some atelag!"  
Says big Andy Moore, "I'll burst open the door,  
For this is no night to be waiting!"  
Scarce had he spoke when the door went in broke,  
And they crowded round Paddy like leeches;  
By their great mortal gob, if he didn't get them prog,  
They'd eat him clean out of his breeches!  
Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

Now Paddy in dread slipp'd into his bed,  
 That held Judy, his darling wife, in,  
 And there he agreed to get them some feed,—  
 He slipp'd out and brought a big knife in;  
 He took up the waist of his breeches, the baste,  
 And cut out the bottoms and stitches;  
 He cut them in stripes—by the way they were tripes,  
 And boiled them, his ould leather breeches!  
 Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

When the tripes were stew'd, on a diah they were  
 strew'd,  
 The boys all cried out, "Lord be thank'd!"  
 But Haggarty's wife was afraid of her life,  
 She thought it high time for to shank it.  
 To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had  
 Some mutton and beef of the richest; [boiled  
 But little they knew it was leather burgoo;  
 That was made out of Paddy's ould breeches!  
 Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

They wollip'd the stuff, says Andy, "It's tough;"  
 Says Patty, "You're no judge of mutton;"  
 When Bryan M'Guirk, on the point of his fork,  
 Lifted up a big ivory button!  
 Says Darby, "What's that? sure I thought it was fat;"  
 Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches:  
 "Be the powers above, I was trying to shove  
 My teeth through the flap of his breeches!"  
 Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

They made at Pat—he was gone out of that—  
 He run when he found them all rising;  
 Says Bryan, "Make haste and go for the praste,  
 By the holy Saint Jackstones I'm poisoned!"  
 Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke  
 All the chairs, tables, bowls and dishes;  
 And from that very night they will knock out your  
 daylight,  
 If they catch you with a leather breeches!  
 Whack fol de ral, lal de ral, fal de ral, &c.

As Sung by J. W. Conner.

I've often heard say there was plinty of sphort,  
 Fortwo hours ivvery morning at our Police Court;  
 I called there lasht week one morning at ten,  
 An' was shtruck wid surprise at our fine policemen;  
 They look l so important an' shtruttet about,  
 There was .ome tall an' thin, an' some short an' stout;  
 Wintet looking fellows, an' udthers quite coorse,  
 Ah, the pride of the city is our fine police force!

## Chorus:

I've sich an aversion to grog, that I think  
 We should sind aff to jail those too fond of dthrink;  
 So sicken'd was I wid all that I saw,  
 That in future I'll vote for the Maine liquor law.

Now the fusht great complaint that appear'd on the  
 liast,  
 Was that Barney O'Toole shtruck a man wid his fist;  
 Jidge Coon said 'twas a very wrong thrick,  
 For an Irishman always should use a nate shtick.  
 "He was dthrunk!" in a loud voice, the policeman  
 thin cries,  
 "Bymy sowl, thin yer honor, 'tis himself can tell lies!"  
 "What's that?" says ould Coon, "dthrunk, did ye  
 say?" [him away!"  
 "Thin, Paddy, ye're fined five dollars."—"So, take

## Chorus:

I've sich an aversion to grog, that I think  
 We should sind aff to jail those too fond of dthrink;  
 So sicken'd, was I at all that I saw,  
 That in future I'll vote for the Maine liquor law.

The nixt was a Scotchman, named Donald MacLean,  
 Made dthrunk wi' some braw folks frac old Aberdeen,  
 He promised if pardon'd an' vanst more set free,  
 On whishky he nivver would spind a bawbee:



"Ah, mon," says poor Scotty, "I'm quite free from blame,  
To refuse a gay laddie would be a muckle shame!"  
"Iv coorse," says his Honor, "I belave what ye say,

But, Donald, ye're fined five dollars,"—"So, take him away!"

Chorus: I've sich an aversion to grog, &c.

The nixt was a Frinchman, that looked rather blue,  
"Sacristi! yes sare, certainement, parley-vous!"

"What made ye git dthrunck," said ould Coon, wid a frown,

"An' dance like a maniac all through the town?"

"Sacre bleu!" said the Frinchman, "I've got nothin' to say—

You let me go, I be one Dashaway;"

"Ye'd better," said Coon, "for ye see it won't pay,

Monsieur, ye're fined five dollars,"—"So, take him away!"

Chorus: I've sich an aversion to grog, &c.

The last was a Chinaman, Chinka Ching Chee,  
Made groggy thro' drinking some very strong tea;  
Jidge Coon asked him a question, whin, as if in a thrance,

The Chinaman, laughing, began for to dance!  
The police rallied round him, an' seem'd in a fright,  
An' by the tail of his cocoanut held him quite tight,  
While in that position I heard the Jidge say, [away!]  
"Chinka, ye're fined five dollars,"—"So, tow him

Chorus:

I've sich an aversion to grog, that I think  
We should sind aff to jail those too fond of dthrink;  
So sick'n'd was I wid all that I saw,  
That in future I'll vote for the Maine liquor law.

I have lately returned from the ocean,  
Where the fire, blud and balls were in motion;  
For at fighting, shure, I niver tuk a notion—  
It wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

It's I cud box along the shore, like a great manny more,

It's I cud hurl and fight, and thin make the spalpeens roar;

But thin I niver thought it clever  
To see the balls knock out the liver  
Of poor Lawrence O'Brien.

Chorus—Arrah, thin, Larry, och! Larry,  
Blud and thunder to the girl that wud tarry,  
She wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

Oh! the midshipman was a bit of a milk-sop,  
Faith, he order'd me up to the tip top;

Shure, me head it whirl'd round like a whip top—  
Oh, it wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

Thin a sailor he wint up, and thin lowered me down a rope,

And they tied it roun' me body, and it's thin they hauled me up;

And they comminced a hauling, and I kept a bawling,

And I made the devil's own squalling  
On't poor Lawrence O'Brien.

Chorus—Arrah, thin, Larry, och! Larry,  
Blud and thunder to the girl that wud tarry,  
She wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

Thin the next thing they all got a fightin',  
Which was a thing I niver tuk delight in;

Be me sowl, you'll swear I was right in  
Securin' poor Larry O'Brien.

Wid their powder and their shot, and their bullets  
flew so hot,  
I was thinking every minnit I was biling in a pot;



And wid their gunning and their funning  
Shure, thin, I tuk to running,  
Did poor Lawrence O'Brien,

Chorus—Arrah, thin, Larry, och! Larry,  
Blud and thunder to the girl that wud tarry,  
She wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

'Thin the captain gave orders for sailing,  
But the ship's sides all wanted haling;  
Oh, it was thin sich pumping and sich bailing—  
Oh, it wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

Thin they put her in the docks, upon their big square  
blocks,  
And she looked for all the world like a divil in the  
stocks;

And wid their oakum and their kokum,  
And the sailors, divil choke 'em,  
For poor Lawrence O'Brien.

Chorus—Arrah, thin, Larry, och! Larry,  
Blud and thunder to the girl that wud tarry,  
She wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

Now I'm in wid the captain and the sailors,  
Likewise wid the coopers and the nailors;  
Faith, I'll jist go and apply at the tailor's  
To rig out poor Larry O'Brien.

I've escaped from all wonders, and I will, it's blood  
and 'ounds,

Go show meself to some widdy, who has about  
thirty thousand pounds;

Faith, I'll adore her, and I'll implore her,  
Be St. Patrick, I'll fall on me knees before her,  
For to marry Mr. Lawrence O'Brien.

Chorus—Arrah, thin, Larry, och! Larry,  
Blud and thunder to the girl that wud tarry,  
She wud niver do for Larry O'Brien.

## The Female Auctioneer.

Well, here I am! "And what of that?"  
Methinks I hear you cry;  
I am come, and that is pat!  
To see if you will buy.  
A female auctioneer I stand,  
But not to seek for pelf;  
For the only lot I've now on hand,  
Is just to sell myself.

Chorus—And I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?  
For I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?

Though some may deem me pert or so,  
They deal in idle strife;  
For where's the girl, I'd like to know,  
Would not become a wife?  
Indeed, I really think I should,  
In spite of all alarms;

So, bachelors, pray be so good  
As just to take me to your arms;

Chorus—For I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?  
And I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?

Ye bachelors, my way towards you  
Should not your thoughts mislead;  
I've never yet been called a flirt,  
Or coquette—no indeed!

My heart and hand I offer fair,  
And, if you buy the lot,  
I'll vow all *Caudling* I will spare,  
When Hymen ties the knot;

Chorus—And I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?  
For I'm going, going, going, going,  
Who bids, who bids for me?

# That's what's the Matter with Hannah.

"The price of gold's falling!" we hear people bawl-  
But it's up in an hour and a quarter, [ing,  
While we send it away to buy foreign array,  
To show off a wife or a daughter.  
Gold cannot come down while our gals sweep the  
town

With silks spreading out like a banner;  
And the longer their trails, the higher gold sales,  
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.

The drabble-trail dresses will no more distress us,  
As wipers for gentlemen's feet, sir;  
Tuck-ups are the fashion for those who would dash on,  
And make a big show on the street, sir.  
Each belle now must flirt in a fifty yard skirt,  
Festoon'd in upholstery manner;  
Now black tuck-ups float o'er a white petticoat,  
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.

The war being over, our brave troops discover  
A new field to strike a few blows, sir,  
And lead off the dance for sly Louis, of France,  
With his Dutch king in poor Mexico, sir.  
We want no more glory, nor more territory,  
But we'll stand by the old Monroe banner;  
And we'll have no king's nest in this world of the  
west,  
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.

The petroleum fever, that proved such a lever,  
To grease all the wheels of creation,  
Is simmering down overdone and done brown,  
Like a soap-bubble bustification.  
Some folks who struck "ile" made a blaze for a  
while,

With fast nags, champagne, and Havana;  
But wells pump'd too high are apt to run dry,  
And that's what's the matter with Hannah.

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Joe Bowers	The lively flea
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Oh, didn't she seem to like it	

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Black brigade	Paddy's secession
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De white pine tree	Swate Castle Garden
Don't be angry, mother	Take back those gems
Ever of thee	Teddy O'Neal
Fadden McFadden	The farm yard
Far, far upon the sea	The flag of our Union
Gentle Nettie Moore	The old veteran
Give me a cot in, &c.	The sword of Bunker Hill
Ham fat	The Union right or wrong
History of de banjo	Under the willow she's sleeping
Irishman's shanty	Viva l'America
Jockey hat and feather	We'll conquer as we go
Lecture on de eye	What will Grundy say
Little log hut	Willie has gone wid de soldiers
Mary of Argyle	With all my soul, then, let us part
Mickey's gone away	You'll remember me
Mother, dear, I'll come home	
Near the banks of that lone river	

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A life on the ocean wave	Our city
Bruce's address to his army	Rambling boys of pleasure
Buckwheat cakes	Rory O'More
California, ho!	Rushing panic in San Francisco
California legislature	San Francisco
California over the left	San Francisco boatmen
Fare thee well, thou lonely one	Some love to roam
Far o'er the deep blue sea	The California widow
He never said he loved	The dark-eyed sailor
Highland Mary	The false one
Honeymoon difficulties	The girl I left behind me
I knew by the smoke	The low-back'd car
John Chinaman	The sea
Life in California	The silver moon
Love was once a little boy	'Tis the last rose of summer
Meet me by moonlight	To Backus' minstrel
Miner's lament	

## BELLA UNION MELODEON SONGSTER.

Aunt Jemima's plaster	Millie of the vale
Bell Brandon	Miller's lament
Bonny, bonny Jean	My Mary Ann
Captain	Natural accomplishments
Cottage by the sea	Not married yet!
Der radish girl	Old arm chair
Don't be angry, mother	Old tom cat
Dumb wife	Oh whistle, and I'll come &c
Emma Jane	Paddy Haggarty
Erin is my home	Pen and ink
Ever of thee	Pull back
Exhibition fair	Rat-catcher's daughter
Female Auctioneer	Rosy Hannah
Florence Fay	Shells of the ocean
Go seek me there!	Some one to love
Hoops	Star of the evening
Hope that breathes of spring	Styrian lover
I'll return to the land of my fathers	Thou hast learned to love another
I will and I won't	Thy daughters, Columbia, are fairest
Jennie is my darling	Use of money
Kiss me quick, and go!	Wandering maid
Larry O'Brien	Way down in Maine
Lock of gray hair	Whisper what thou feelest

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All's for the best	Love me little, love me long
A national song	"Mother kissed me in my dreams"
Annie Laurie	Nancy Jane
Annie of the vale	Napolitaine
Bacon and greens	Nettie is no more
Battle-cry of freedom	On the field of battle, mother
Ben's opinion of the war	Our Union, right or wrong
Brother's fainting at the door	People will talk
Brother, tell me of the battle	Sambo, I have missed you
Call me not back from the echoless shore	Sammy Slap, the bill-sticker
Come in, and shut the door	Something to love me
Daisy Deane	Sound on the Union
Dear mother, I've come home to die	Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys
Den you'll remember me	Tappioca
Good ole times	The latest dispatch
Grafted into the army	The moon behind the hill
Happy-go-lucky	The poll-tax man
How do you do, Alabama?	The sunny hours of childhood
I'd choose to be a baby	The vacant chair
I have no mother now	Topics of the day
I loved that dear old flag the best	"Trust to luck"
I'm a young man from the country	We'll fight for Uncle Abe
I'm going to fight mit Siegel	We stand here united
Introduction	When I saw sweet Nellie &c
John Jones	When Johnny comes marching home
Johnny was a shoemaker	Who'll care for mother now?
Just before the battle, mother	Wouldn't you like to know?
Kiss me good night, mother	Write a letter to my mother
	Yes, I would the war were over

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California as it is and was	Seeing the elephant
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California legislature	The gambler
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Good news from home	Oh! I'm going home
Home again	Poker Jim
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John Chinaman in California	The miner's lament
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Last cake—parody	The miner's love
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Cottage by the sea	Seeing Nellie home
Do they think of me at home	Standard of freedom
Evangeline	The cot where I was born
Fairy Belle	The dearest spot on earth to me
Flag of the free!	The fair enchantress
God is with the right	The moon behind the hill
Happy be thy dreams	Then you'll remember me
Hark! I hear an angel sing	The old play ground
I have no mother now!	There's light on the wave!
I'm leaving thee in sorrow,	The widow's last prayer
Annie	The wife
Kiss me good-night, mother	The wife's dream
La Neapolitaine—serenade	Thou art far away
Let me kiss him for his mother	Viva l'America
Linger in blissful repose	Welcome home
Mother, oh, sing me to rest	When this cruel war is over
My lowland home	Who'll care for mother now?
My native home	Willie's on the dark blue sea
No one to love	Yes, I would the war were over

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California stage company	The last good bye
Hangtown gals	The miner's dream
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I am sad and lonely here	The sensible miner
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	War in camp
	You who don't believe it

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Fireman's chant	Peter Gray
Fireman's chorus	Polly Bluck
'Frisco Bay	Queer news from home
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I never does nothing at all	Sally Sly
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Mary Ann	The whistling thief
Mary Jane	The young carpenter
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Black brigade	Still float, spangled banner
Brothers, come and meet us	Smiggy McGuirel
Boys that wore the green	The army hymn
Cling to the Union	The dying soldier to his sword
Columbia for ever	The flag of our Union
Columbia, land of liberty	The goose hangs high
Columbia the gem of the ocean	The grave of Washington
Fort Donelson	The harp of old Erin and banner of stars
Hail Columbia	The land of love and liberty
John Brown	The New York Fire Zouaves
Little log hut	Three hundred thousand more
Little Mac	The Seventh
Marching along	The sword of Bunker Hill
My love he is a Zou-Zu, only 19 years old	The Union right or wrong
National song and chorus	Viva l'America
Off for a soldier	We'll conquer as we go
"Old Put" on the Union	We'll never give up Dixie
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