NELL AN' ME.

I'M no great shakes at rhymin',
An' my spellin's sca'ce up to th' mark,
An' I'm on'y a newsboy climbin'
Each night thro' the cold an' dark ;
An' I ain't much account to no one,
'Nless it's mother an' father an' Nell—
An' the editor says I'm a slow one,
But I don't think he knows me as well
As mother an' father an' Nell.

Nell's my sister : mebbe you know her ?
I tell you she's peaches an' cream ;
An' p'rhaps—if you pay well—I'll show her—
You can bet she's as han'som's a dream,
An' you see I'm Nell's big charmer,
An' Nell's my lady-love fair,
An' we play I'm a knite in armor,
An' thet Nell's got golden hair
Like every knite's lady-love fair.

Now you see to be gallant an' great
I've got to buy presents an' such ;
So I tho't 'nless I passed 'round the plate
I might'nt be able t' do much.
For I know that on New Year's you folks
Talk's a heap 'bout reformin' an' that ;
An' I know I won't hev to coax
Fer a nickel when your purse is fat,
An' you're talkin 'bout good will an' that.