

*ASTON, PA.*  
*no. (189-?)* *but in weather*  
*very dense*

## P O E M S

### A Song Composed When a Lad of Fifteen.

'Twas on the last of June, brave boys,  
A peeler left his home,  
To have a spree in Mono  
To Devlin's he did come.

He fetched with him a brown jug,  
To treat Devlin's family,  
And that was the commencement  
Of all his jolly spree.

The whiskey, it was very good,  
And he did it enjoy,  
He cut up about the house,  
He was a droll old boy.

They wanted him to go to bed,  
He said it was too soon ;  
He hopped and skipped upon the floor  
Just like an old raccoon.

When I sat down beside his wife,  
To have a little chat,  
He staggered o'er to where I sat  
And said I was a brat.

My temper then began to rise,  
And I called him a liar ;  
I clinched him fast, and threw him down,  
And we both fell in the fire.

Come, all you jolly fellows !  
When'er you want a spree,  
Just come to Jimmy Devlin's,  
And welcome you will be.

And if you can behave yourself,  
You will have lots of fun.  
So now good-bye to my enduring friends,  
For my song it is now done.

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### The Old Pile Driver.

It was in the month of October,  
As you may understand,  
We shipped with Captain Gartley,  
Who gave the bold command.