

There's a gentleman there now, who should be at home,
Rocking the cradle of babes he does own.

SPOKEN.—Yes, that gentleman there, who wears the blue
cravat, and has a rose in his button-hole.

No wonder you blush, Sir, married man as you be,
To sit here all night and keep winking at me—

Winking at me—winking at me ;

And how can I sing while he's winking at me ?

There's a gent sitting there, dress'd with elegant taste,
By the side of a lady, his arm round her waist,—
An artful deceiver I fear he must be,—

For while he makes love to her, he keeps winking at me

Winking at me—winking at me ;

And how can I sing while he's winking at me ?

But now I conclude with my silly rhymes,
I hope I've not offended, or wasted my time ;
'Twas meant in a jest, for you plainly can see,
There's a boy in the gallery keeps winking at me—

Winking at me—winking at me ;

And how could I sing while he's winking at me ?

Naughty Prince Pippin.

BY MISS ELIZA WEATHERSBY.

OH, a sadly pitiful story's mine,
Just listen and you shall hear,
How naughty Prince Pippin, a gay young swell,
Has treated his love so dear.
I fancied his heart was mine, and thought
How happy we both should be,
Perched up at the top of the royal court,—