

NEWS-BOY'S SONG.

(AIR :—DIXIE.)

Ho ! out of your beds every newspaper reader,
Now is the time for the *Globe* and the *Leader*,

A hoo ! A hoo !

But five cents for the two.

All the news that's going

You'll find is here,

And everything worth knowing,

So they are not too dear.

Only three cents, then, for the *Globe* or *Leader* !

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(CHORUS :—DANCE.)

Come out to the door, then, every pretty servant maid,
And come up, Master Sambo, from kitchen or the
cellar,

And hand me out the "dibs," you both, while neither
is afraid,

And do something sprightly for a young and hand-
some fellar.

Ho ! out of your beds every tosser and tumbler,
How is the time for the *Growler* and *Grumbler*,

A hoo ! A hoo !

But five cents for the two.

In them there's lots of frolic,

For that's their *forte*,

To cure the blues or cholic,

And trifles of that sort.