



Cho. -Good-bye, Charlie, &c. Ere long will cease to roam. and so I can but hope my love For all to stay at home, ob ton bluow it seoqque I tu The wide and stormy seas, Who stay at home at ease, The while my darling has to sail It's hard to see such swarms of swells,

Arrive by ev'ry post!

The whilst poor me can but expect How nice to have sweet billet-doux How nice to have one's love " drop in" How nice the drive, the game at chess,

Do not for-get your Mellie darling. Send me a letter, love. Good-bye Charlie, when you are away Good-bye Charlie, when you are away

and hope he'll ne'er forget my words
When last he went to sea. Contented I must be, hould I but see him twice a year, Who o'er the seas must roam; Their lovers at home, Thile distance keeps me far from mine, Oh, how I envy girls who have OF DOXT FORGET YOUR MELLY DARLING GOOD BYE CHARLIE;

IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE. In a house, in a square, in a quadrant,
In a street, in a lane, in a road,
Turn to the left on the right hand,
You see there my true love's above. You see there my true love's above.

I go there a courting and cooing,
To my love like a dove,
And swearing on my bended knees,
If ever I cease to love.

May sheep's heads grow on apple trees,
If ever I cease to love,
Chorus.—If ever I cease to love,
May the moon be turn'd into green of
If ever I cease to love.

If ever I cease to love. She can sing, she can play the piano,
She can jump, she can dance, she can ru
In fact she's a modern Taglioni
And Sims Reeves rolled into one.

And Sims Reeves rolled into one.

And who would love such a beauty
Like an angel dropped from above
May I be stung to death with flies,
If ever I cease to love.

May I be stung to death with flies,
If ever I cease to love.

May I be stung to death with flies,
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,

If ever I cease to love,

May little dogs wag their tails in front,

If ever I cease to love.

For all the money that's in the Bank,

For the title of a lord or a duke, I would'nt exchange the girl I love,
There's bliss in every look.
To see her dance the polks,
I could faint with radiant love, May the Monument a hornpipe dance If ever I cease to love.

May we never have to pay the Income Tax,

Mollie, fairest, &.

When the states afternay, when the states are again.

I will met you here again.

O! good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one, When you're dreaming, Mollie darling, When you're dream of me. I must leavy you, Mollie darling, Tho' the parting gives me pain: When the stars shine, Mollie darling,

While they hang their heads in shame, The are medest, Mollie darling, O! no one listens but the flowers, Thro, the mystic veil of night;
They seem lenghing, Mollie darling,
While fair Luna hides her light.

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest, Look up, darling, tell me this; Do you love me mollie darling, Let your answer be a kiss.

O i tell me darling, that you love me, Put your little hand in mine, Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling, Say that you will give me thine. That you love none else but me, For I love you, Mollie darling,
You are all the world to me, Won't you tell me, Mollie darling, MOLLIE DAIRLIN'G.

May all the seas turn into ink.

May the elephant turn a dove, May Bobbies refuse to eat cold meat,

THE OLD SEXTON.

His work was done, and he paused to wait

The tuneral train through the open gate.

N'gh to a grave that was newly made,

I LOVE TO BE A SWELL. May negroes all turn white, May the Queen in Buckingham Palace live One day while strolling Pall Mall east, In the blooming month of May, May we drink too much wine to-night In the blooming month of May,
I walked and gave my eyes a feast,
On the girls who passed that way.
And soon a charmer, gaily dressed,
With eyes sweet hazel brown—
With tender words I her addressed,
While we were walking down. May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk,

If ever I cease to love.

May I be stuffed with sausage meat, SPOKEN—So politely raising my hat to her, I persuasivly got her to put her arm in mine. Thoras .- If ever I cease to love, If ever I cease to love, CHO.—For I love to be a swell, to roam about Pall Mall, Here or there, or anywhere, so long as I'm a swell. May each old maid be blessed with twins, If ever I cease to love.

A bonnet shop, oh! we must stop—
What beauties there arrayed;
My lady fancies one, of course
For it I quickly paid;
And next a splendid shawl of lace
Of fashion new as day,
It suited figure well as taste,
For that, too, I did pay. Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade; SPOKES—The price was rather stiffed, but you know couldn't decline, as I love to be, &c.

So fond of gasing at the shops,

To see what's to be bought,
A pair of fancy kids, with tops
So smart, her fancy caught.
Inside the shop our way we went;
I hoped that they would fit—

[Pointing over left shoulder.]
And they did—another sovereign went;
For grief my lips I bit. A relic of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the foamy sea And these words came from his lips so thin-" I gather them in-I gather them in!" " I gather them in, and their final rest Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast." The sexton ceased, for the funeral train

SPOKEN—The promenade was getting exceedingly expensive; but I couldn't complain, for I love to be, &c. Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain ; And said to my heart, "When Time is old, A moire dress next charmed her gase ;
So sweet, 'twould suit the bonnet,
Ten guiness, too, not very high,
And such a gase upon it— A mightler voice than the sexton's old, Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful dia-" I gather them in-1 gather them in!"

Don't cross the sea, Mollie, &c.

But sh! many evils will lurk at your side;
Let me kias you, perhaps for the last time on earth,
For we are old, and our days are but few,
There's tears in your eyes, I see you'll not go—
Heav'n pour sweet blessings, dear Mollie on you. Ob! Mollie, my darling, say what will you do, Alone in a land where but strangers abide, No kind words you'll hear of advice, Mollie dear,

Don't cross the sea, Mollie, &c.

Remember the days when I sang you to sleep, Don't leave us, Mollie, to cross the blue sea. Oh! come to my arms, let me fold you again, Close to the heart that is throbbing for thee, He stands by your side in our sorrow and pain, And tears tell the anguish that lies in his heart, h! Mollie, my darling, your father is ill, But still he has come down to see you depart,

Don't cross the sea, Mollie, and leave us alone, For dreary our beautiful home then will be. We've no one to care for but you, Mollie dear, Don't leave us, darling. Oh! listen to me.

Off to the land that is tar o'er the foam,

We've no one but you to gladden our hearts—
Don't leave us, Mollie, sweet light of our home. Oh! Mollie, darling, the anchor is weighed,
The ship is now ready to sail o'er the sea,
Each moment is precious and time will not wait,
Oh! Mollie my treasure do listen to me;
You're going far away from kindred and friends, DON'T GO, MOLLIE DARLING.

I eried, my love pray draw it mild,
I can stand no more.
With wants she drove me nearly wild,

SPOREE—She was coming it too strong, but of course iten't tell her so, for I love to be, &c

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle voice again, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The stars will brightly gleam O come, my queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous scene

When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle voice again And greet thy winning smile.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Beside the gentle flowing stream, That both our hearts know well When wild flowers in their beauty Will scent the evening breeze, Oh haste, the stars are peeping, And the moon, behind the trees.

CITY OF KINGSTON, C. W.

Time & Distance Indicator,

3 4 July 6 7 8 910 11

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

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16 17 18 19 20 21 : 23 24 25 26 27 28 :

THE JOLLY CATS. There are a lot of jolly cats, at often meet at nigh To hold a concert on the tiles Or else to squall and fight.

CEO.-And they always are so noisy, oh, 80.—And they always are so noisy, oh,
So noisy oh, so noisy oh,
They always are so noisy, oh,
Whilst on the tiles they be,
They fight, they bite,
They swear and tear each other's hair,
They call, they squall,
Such noisy cats are they.
With their mol, row, row, mol, row, row,
Mol, row, row, mol, row, row, and
Kwatchk, phutt! there they are again,
There they are again, there they are again,
Kwatchk! phutt! there they are again.
Such jolly cats are they.

They kick up such a jolly row,
In vain to sleep I tries,
Their little claws I'm bus; were made
To scratch each other's eyw.—For they always, &c. They wander round the chimney pots, And off I have thrown a brick,
To put them to the rout.—For they always, &c.

To watch their gambols and their pranks Some times is jolly fun,
Although I never shot the cat,
I mean to buy a gun.—For they always, fc. They drink our milk and steal our meat,

Upon'the Grand Parade, &c.

pick and choose,
pick and choose,
tainans, Greeks, and Jews,
And nice old English gentlemen, who have a fortune Now, girls who want a sweetheart, that's the place to

Upon the Grand Parade, &c. We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting song. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast. The rapids are near, and the day-light's past. There are some naughty fibs oft told upon the Grand Such lots of dashing fellows, with lots of funny talk; Such pretty little speeches, though I'm dreadfully Soon as the woods on shore look our voices keep tune and our oars beat time. Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime, What can be more delightful, than the c rming THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

on! such a jolly set you meet upon the Grand Parade, The Grand Parade at Brighton throws our West End

By Brighton in the season, there to walk the Grand And rattling, dashing London, too, is quite thrown in the shade, its joys,
But continental gaiety to me's all empty noise!

But continental gaiety to me's all empty noise! Let some folks talk of foreign life, its pleasures, and UPON THE GRAND PARADE.

CITY OF QUEBEC.

Mc—Now, my love, if you would understood me, find, &cd.

I vould feel shoost so heapy as a lord,

Out you vas so kleiner as you could be,

I vouldn't give dot for leetle Fraud.

Sac.—I don't can tell vast ish der metter,

For dere you est pretales vars you horid,

For dere you est pretales vars you horid,

Who dere you never get ber,

I had sometimes I herve you never get ber,

Mac—De I Fraud.

Sac.—Leetle Fraud.

He—Oh I vers is det gel—

Sac.—I don't know.

Grand.

Sac.—I don't know.

Desche Fraud, (abe) chews terbaccer, Leetle Fraud, (abe) chews terbaccer, Leetle Fraud, (abe) chews terbaccer, Vas der pootiest leetle vatet gal of all.

Leetle Fraud, (abe) dunner vater.

Leetle Fraud, (abe) dunner vater.

Vas der pootiest leetle deitcher gal of all.

Sac--I thought I heard somebody spoken,

Und vat kind of kind of liquors do you like;

Mein lieber shoots vill gif you such a shooking.

As make you face so plack as plue as vhite,

So dely mag gracious:

Losome onder part by dis town,

In some onder part by dis town,

A shmaok dat yould shoots knock you down—

A shmaok dat vould shoots knock you down—

A shmaok dat vould shoots knock you down—

Leetle Fraud, &c

Re-Ol vere is dat leetle deiteher darling.

Der pootiest leetle sniter gall of all;

Ol vere is der pickles by der garten,

Det mock oranges hanging by der vall;

How sweet she used to wait on der table,

Mit aarsaparilla vater by her tray;

Und sometimes put bottles by der labels,

Und sometimes put bottles by der labels,

LITTLE FRAUD.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

If ever I gret married, oh! I hope that it will be To some nice jolly captain, who's been all his day at

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream, &c

Blow, breeses blow, the strenm, &c.

ant us cool heavens and iavoring air

Utawa tide! this trembling moon :

Shall see us float over thy surges soon :

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayer,

Generat us cool bear one prayer,

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our wearied oar.

And her eyes are as blue as the deep rolling sea;
She's a fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water,
She's going to be married next Sunday to me.
She's as rare as the salmon, there's really no gammon,
As sweet as shrimps newly served up for tea;
My soul she has caught, and a place I have bought,
Where a ray of bright sunshine for ever will be.

She's a fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water, She's going to be married next Sunday to me. She's a fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water. She's going to be married next Sunday to me.

She's bare-footed and pretty, she's lively and witty,
She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea;
She'll dance on the sands where the fisherman stands,
And join in the music of a wild swelling glee.
She sits in her boat and sings o'er the billow,
And fifts with the sitay like a sea-skimming gull;
She laughs at the winds, whose revels are music,
And beats to the time with the stroke of her scull.

The bells they shall ring and the sailors shall sing, Y-heave ho, y-heave ho, boys, for time's on the wing. To see pretty Barah, the pride of the sea, Who's going to be married next Sunday to me. Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright sea-weed; I'll plant in her bosom a blooming moss-rose; She shall go like a fay with sweet tinkling music, With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY. I'm very fond of music—to me its quite a treat.
Unless it be from German Bands or Organs in the street.
Thro' list'ning to a band one day, I fairly lost my heart.
The leader 'twas who found it and he now with it won't

O! I feel so awfully jolly when the band begins to play, When the band begins to play, when the band begins to play,
I'm very fond of music, I could listen all the day,
Especially when my Charlie leads the band—Pom, pom.

My Charlie is my darling—the beau sdeal of loves, With his hair so black and curly, and his whitest of white gloves.

My love stands in the middle, with his baton in his hand, And leads the instrumentalists in a style that I think grand.
O! I feel so awfully jolly when the band begins to

They play such jolly music-walts, polks, and quadand sometimes playe so feelingly, it gives me a quiet thrill,

The leader sometimes give a frown, and looks as though

a crash.

O! I feel so awfully jolly when the band begins to Now where my Charlie's to be seen, I don't intend to For fear that he might captivate some other belle as well. He's asked me "one small question,"-I gave him my Treply—
In about a month there will not be a happier wife than I.
O! I feel so awfully jolly when the band begins to

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF The fairest girl in all the world Has oft been praised in song, But all who say they've seen the one The girl I love outshines the rest, A perfect darling elf,
I'd like to tell you where she lives,
But you know how it is yourself.

I never can, I never will, My charmer's name roveal,
For only those who love like me,
Can tell just how I feel;
I love her for her charms alone, And not for gain or wealth The both would suit me just as well, For you know how it is yourself. (Dance

The first time that we ever met, Was at Delmonico's,
She thought that I had lots of cash,
She judged me by my clothes.
The waiter brought me in a bill,
That wasted all my wealth; I paid it though it sent me broke, For you know how it is yourself.

I called one day to see my love, And quickly rang the bell,

My charmer she came to the door

When on my knees I fell,

A lengthy tale of love I told,

Quite free from thoughts of self.

Of course I won her on the spot, For you know how it is yourself.

I never can, &





