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COMIC
AND
Sentimental
LYRICS,

By R. ACTON.

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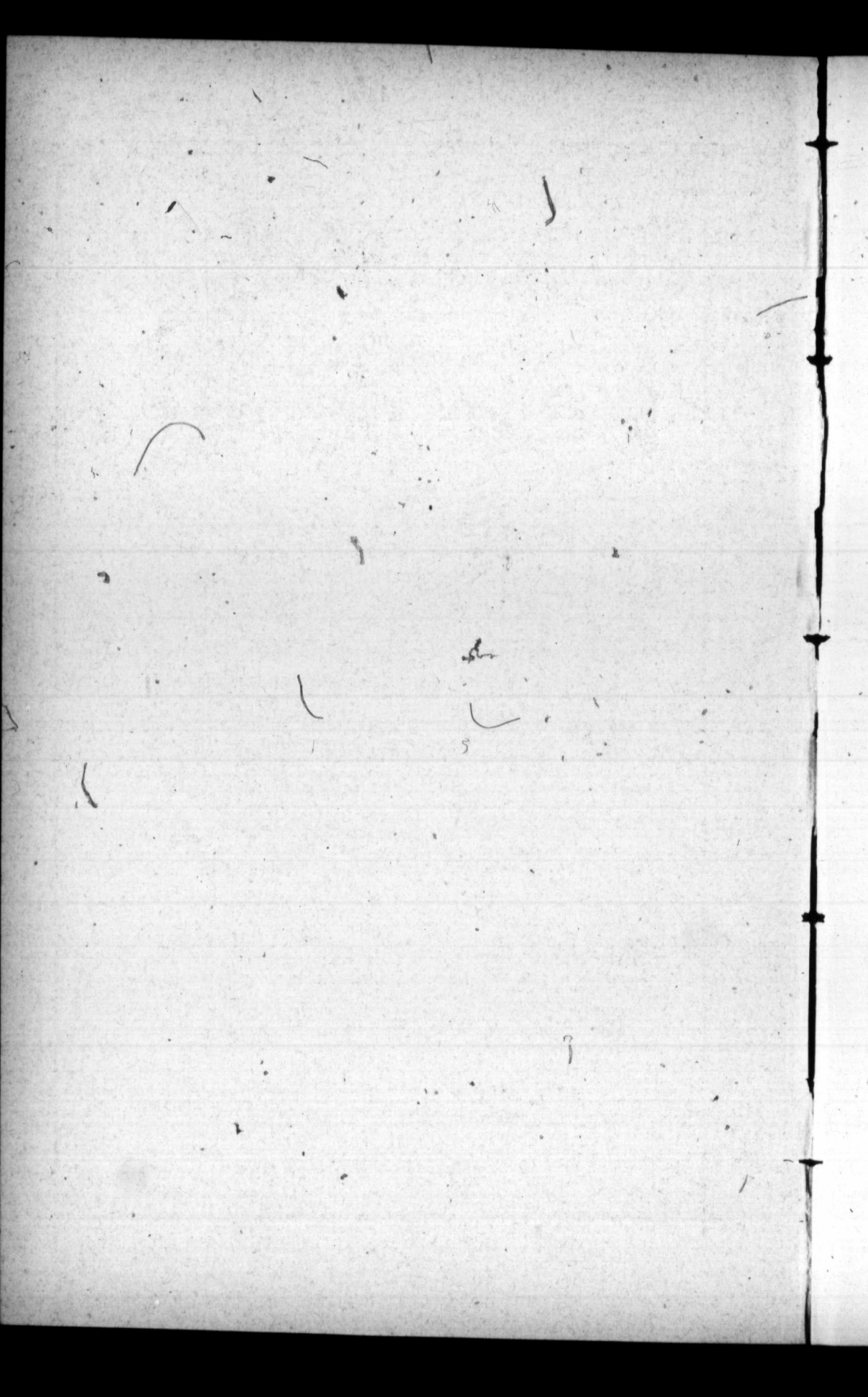
TO ELIDA.

Burlesque and Campaign Songs, and other Pieces.

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COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL LYRICS

By R. ACTON.

AFTER THE BALL.

WIFE,

"The Scripture says there is a time to dance ;
You know yourself, King David danced a jig !
Then why denounce it as a silly prance,
And always try on me to run the rig ?

"I've heard you say you liked the music sweet ;
You loved to see the girlies 'round you flit,
And trip it gaily with their dainty feet—
But now you act as though you had been bit.

"I *knew* before you left the ball to-night,
You had a snuffle in your ancient nose ;
Your savage eye appeared a perfect fright,—
Because I waltzed with Willie, I suppose.

"But, husband, (brute would be a better name !)
I will not have your nonsense any more ;
If you were not so old you might have shame—
And that's what makes my frolics set so sore !"

HUSBAND.

"Well said : you mean, you saucy little scamp !
Your *brazen* frolics ! O, but that's *so good* !
But, youthful jewel, I am bound to stamp
Those follies out, or I'll reduce your food.

" I do not mind to see you have a turn
 At "reels," or "steps," provided they be pure ;
 But, mark you, little dame, I'll show concern
 About the waltz, because I'm not so sure.

" I say, I'm not so sure! / What right had you
 To loll so languidly on Willie's breast?
 And then he hugged you far too tightly, too,
 You brazen little whelp!—you know the rest.

" I saw him kiss your *face*, down at the door,—
 If it had been your *hand*, I would not mind ;
 I never was so mad, I'm sure, before,
 Because you smiled, and took it all so kind.

" You tell me I am ugly, old and grey—
 Tell me I am a *brute*, and all that's *bad* !
 I have it in ; I'm bound you'll get your pay :
 A little fun ! a vulgar waltz, bedad !

" Say, wife ! be plain, and tell the honest truth :
 Will you allow your girls, when *they* grow up,
 To caper round, and dance with every youth,
 And let them waltz with every vulgar pup ?"

SWEET womanhood ! rise in majestic pride,
 And scorn to wallow in so deep a sin ;
 Give men no chance " thy follies to deride,"
 And from the dance thy weaker sisters win.

GORDON B.'S SOLILOQUY.

Weel, weel-a-day ! the bloodless battle's past ;
 But, by my kilts, I'm sorry sare to see
 The silly way the awfu' vote was cast ;
 It's tirmed, dear Grits, our fandest schemes agee :
 Sir John is back to steer our politics ;
 He wadna be but for his knavish tricks.

But, Sons o' Scotia, far out o'er the sea,
 Ha'e ye forgot the claymore and the clan?
 Ye ken it weel, ye sud be ruled by me,
 And show the warl' that Scottie is a man:
 But naw, ye sell yersel's, like BISHOP CRAIG,
 And listened tae that d—mt TORONTO MAIL.

Sir John! Sir John! Aye he's a Scottie too;
 But then, Sir John—ye ken he tirmed his coat:
 He sud be Grit, my freens, as weel as you:
 Tae raise vile self, he's ta'en anither boat,
 And fult it wi' a scapegoat mottled crew,
 And then he sneers, and bids ye a' adieu.

The GLAUB, ye say, has telt you mony a lee;
 I ken it weel,—I did it for your sake,
 And gif ye were na blin', ye'd may be see
 It mus' be done to keep you a' awake.
 My talk was muckle mixed: ye did na know
 Which pairt was false, and which was really so.

But by the tartan o' my granny's goon,
 Gif truth I never mair sud spak again!
 This moment I will nobly pen it doon,
 And in the N.P.'s skull leave not a brain:
 Sir John himsel', it's grave he pairtly dug
 When he killed not the vile potato bug.

The spring was cauld; the simmer noo is hot;
 Grain might have failed to graw; it noo may lodge;
 And gif it sud, it a' may go tae pot:
 Will Johnny halt it? naw, he'll try some dodge
 Tae keep his crowd wi' fingers in the till
 Tae rob, and let the poor maun pay the bill.

Spier at the price o' pease, the price o' rye—
 They gang tae English and tae German toons;
 And barley, it is up too, fearfu' high—
 It gangs tae spree the Yankee-doodle coons;

The poor maun's youngers a' for bread may pule
But stiff-necked Johnny still will play the fool.

The poor maun's wage, it is na up a bit ;
Why deil not raise it when ye raise his bread ?
Na matter who escapes, the poor maun's hit !
The 'facturer 's the boy that hauds his head
Above the rest : gif ony one assails
This king, some ither gawk will cry, "STEEL RAILS

The game is played ; we naething mair can do
But watch, find fault, despise, fib and condemn
And by neist time doon gangs the Tory crew ;
And then, O then, we'll have—just so—ahem !
But do na tell—ye ken it a'—the chest :
Of a' in politics, it is the best !

TO ELIDA.

When I roam by the seaside and list to the billows,
Or walk by the brooklet that flows through the willows,
Or hear the sweet whip-poor-will singing so lonely,
I think of thee then, and I think of thee only.

I see, in each flower that blooms in the wild wood,
The smiles that adorned thee in days of thy childhood ;
Thou art with me in joy, but oh ! when I'm lonely,
I think of thee then, and I think of thee only.

When I hear the night wind through the forest boughs creeping
Or look at the crystal lake tranquilly sleeping,
Or when the dim twilight makes everything lonely,
I think of thee then, and I think of thee only.

When I strive to forget thee, my soul seems to sicken,
The footsteps of sorrow doth deepen and quicken ;
The last look you gave me—that last look so lonely,
Brings tears that fall for thee, and fall for thee only.

When time has gone o'er us, and all hope has faded,
 Let me lie by thy side by an evergreen shaded ;
 Let the sweet bird that mourns, forsaken and lonely
 Sing its song o'er our graves, and sing to us only.

Where the angel, that constantly hovers above me,
 Shall tenderly whisper the words, that I love thee ;
 Where the rill that flows by our pillow so lonely,
 Shall plaint of our true love, and plaint of it only.

THE IRISH TENANT IN CANADA.

I'm watching the sun as it's slowly descending,
 And kissing farewell to the Ottawa hills ;
 While over its tide I am motionless bending,
 To catch the sweet sound of my own native rills.

Oh, Nora ! my Nora ! I fain would forget thee—
 Forget that I ever thy tenderness knew ;
 Oh, that I had died at the moment I met thee,
 And ne'er had the sorrow to bid thee adieu !

↳ The last ray of joy has completely forsaken
 My heart, and gi'en place to a maddening pain ;
 Then a faint beam of hope sometimes *seems* to awaken,
 And tells me I'll hear thee speak to me again.

Each child as of yore seems to linger around me,
 And some little tale to delight me they tell ;
 With kisses, and questions, and tears they confound me,
 And bring back the grief of our parting farewell.

Oh, Erin ! dear home ! I can never forget thee ;
 I long to tread proudly once more on thy shore ;
 I'd forgive all the ills that e'er did beset me,
 If I could but clasp the true friends I adore.

Ye lordlings that roll in luxurious splendor,
 How can ye not see that we're human like you?
 Although we are poor, still our hearts are as tender
 As thine, and it breaks them when bidding adieu.

In Canada, freedom is pure as the water
 That sparkles so bright in her pearliest lake;
 The west has a home for each son and each daughter
 Of Erin, if her they will only forsake.

But poverty presses her bitterest finger
 On many a home in that isle of the sea;
 The father *may* come, but his children *must* linger
 To weep with their mother, dear Erin, in thee.

Again my heart leaps, and a yearning comes o'er me
 To gaze on my darlings that's dearer than life;
 Their shadows all flit for a moment before me—
 I look—but I see neither children nor wife.

SANDY McKILTIE.

This Sandy was a noble man:
 He had a head like any pot—
 It was the biggest in his clan—
 That is, if I have not forgot.
 He had a beard, that swept his breast,
 As red as any fox's tail;
 His hair—I hate to tell the rest—
 His head was busy, I'll go bail.
 Upon the top it was as bald
 And polished as a marble slab;
 It sometime must have got a scald,
 Or, like poor Samson's, got a dab,
 Of some old lady's cusséd shears.
 He had a nose—a mighty nose;
 And then such grand, capacious ears,

And feet to match the hugest toes
 That ever weighed a mortal down.
 He had a mouth—O take me home,
 And let me die without renown:
 I care not now this world to roam.
 He had a voice like Balaam's friend,
 So full of strength in every word;
 It lacked a polish on the end—
 Which end I never really heard.
 And he could eat—Oh, goodness' sake!
 I well remember, when we sat
 At Timothy Malouney's wake,
 The way this monster gorged the fat.
 He ate a goose and pigeons two,
 And cakes and pies, till all was blue.
 I thought his stomach soon must fail,
 But, Sirs, he gulped a dainty quail.
 "But pleasures are like poppies spread:"
 Poor Sandy, I believe, is dead;
 Full many a drug, they say, he took
 Before his stomach ran amuck.
 Some people starve for want of food,
 But Sandy starved on what was good.

ODE TO EDUCATION.

OH, EDUCATION! brighten up thy brow,
 And smile benignly on the thoughtless youth;
 Let thy kind word be fitly spoken now,
 And strip the mantle of pure, sacred truth.

Let thy clear voice with words of wisdom ring,
 Till all mankind shall worship at thy shrine;
 Fan up the flame with an unceasing wing,
 Till' all have drunk from out thy fount sublime.

Bring peace to ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue,
 Till all are happy, kindly, pure and free ;
 Oh ! clasp thy gentle arms around the young,
 And let them lisp about thy sacred knee.

Teach them that life is nothing but a thought ;
 Teach them to revel in its endless world ;
 Teach them that pleasure is too dearly bought
 Where sin her gaudy banner has unfurled.

Speak ! let thy tongue no more in silence be,
 Till man will spurn to make his fellows bleed ;
 Speak, thou sweet angel ! teach mankind to see
 That thou canst work this glorious, godlike deed.

TOO LATE, MY BELOVED.

The sweet scenes of summer revive recollections
 Of thee and of pleasures whose absence I mourn ;
 They remind me of days when my youthful affections
 Were rapt in a bliss that can never return.

They remind me of days when the hills we ascended,
 To hear the soft zephyrs that sang in the grove,
 Those days when our spirits were fervently blended,
 Were sweetly entwined by the transports of love.

But, oh ! like the forest whose bloom is declining,
 The days of my summer are nearly all spent ;
 Though young, to the grave I am swiftly inclining—
 I feel that my soul with misfortune is bent.

My life is a desert beclouded with sorrow,
 The barque of my hope is o'erturned by the wave ;
 The ills of to-day will return with to-morrow,
 And nothing can silence my grief but the grave.

My steps to thy tomb I have oftentimes hurried,
 To see the wild flowers that there did appear,
 Then I leaned o'er the spot where thy ashes are buried
 And paid them a tribute of love with a tear.

If a thought ever come to rejoice or relieve me,
 It will be when our spirits immortally rise :
 When we wake from our graves I will hasten to greet thee
 And then, still united, we'll speed to the skies.

But, too late, my beloved, too late I've forsaken
 The wine cup, and all that embittered my life ;
 I weep when I think how thy senses were shaken,
 At feeling thou wert an inebriate's wife.

THE EXILED DAUGHTER.

Oh father, I'm so sad to-night,
 I feel my heart will break ;
 I feel as though no pure delight
 Would e'er in me awake.

My love to thee is yet as true,
 As when we two did part ;
 But with remorse I bid adieu,
 I'm exiled from thy heart.

I think of childhood and of home,
 Of lovely streams and flowers,
 That charmed where I was wont to roam,
 That bless'd my youthful hours.

Oft on these scenes my mind doth dwell,
 Then bursting tears doth start ;
 For then revives the cold farewell
 That sent me from thy heart.

I'll wander down life's gloomy vale,
 Lamenting o'er the past,
 And welcome in the freshening gale,
 That chills life with its blast,

Adieu to thee, a fond adieu,
 Still dear as life thou art,
 I bid, in grief, the last adieu,
 I'm exiled from thy heart.

THE DYING FAREWELL OF A FRIEND.

Farewell, farewell dear friends, farewell,
 My quivering lips, my faltering tongue,
 Can scarcely bid the last farewell,
 My limbs are weak, my nerves unstrung,
 My eyes are dim and darkly see
 The friends that weep so sore for me.

Weep not, dear friends, oh cease to weep,
 I leave a world of grief and pain;
 This clay will only tranquil sleep
 Awhile to brightly rise again.
 Beyond the shades of death I see
 A lovely bright futurity.

I see, away beyond the gloom,
 Grand orient skies and pastures green,
 Where my free'd spirit shall be soon,
 Adorned with robes of glittering sheen;
 To blend, in sweet and heavenly song,
 Its voice with all the blood-washed throng.

There's nought save Jesus can erase
 My father's grief and mother's woe;
 Sad tears my brother's cheeks will trace
 When my poor dust is cold and low,

And from my sister's eyes will start
The emblems of a broken heart.

I know remembrances of me
Will linger on your memories' crest :
I prattling at my father's knee,
Or hanging on my mother's breast,
Or at some artless childish play,
Be seen to spend the livelong day.

Those thoughts will live when I am dead,
Still, still I pray you do not weep
For him whose bloom of life is shed,
For him who now in death must sleep ;
A lingering, longing last farewell
I'll bid you all—farewell, farewell.

ORLANDO'S LAMENT.

The gloom of night is 'round me now,
All, all is solitude to me ;
Though thou art wed, to thee I bow,
For there is none I love like thee.

I know thy heart did for me burn,
And thou didst shed fond tears for me ;
No heart but thine could e'er return
The perfect love I feel for thee.

And, fair, sweet girl, thou hadst been mine
If to thy will thou hadst been free ;
But gold did make another shine,
And took a priceless gem from me.

The bird that loves its little mate,
With it unhindered joined can be ;
But I, a sinless child of fate,
Must be, for aye, deprived of thee.

Where shall my grief a solace find?
 Oh! when shall sorrow cease to be
 The inmate of my harassed mind
 And bleeding heart, that beats for thee.

My sky by clouds is overcast,
 And, like a solitary tree
 Exposed to winter's biting blast,
 I trembling stand and weep for thee.

Oh! that I ne'er had loved at all—
 A heartless wretch I fain would be—
 Oh! would that I could ne'er recall
 The blissful hours I spent with thee.

THE BOMBARDED CITY.

How trim the vessel looks, as to and fro
 She swiftly glides upon the mighty main!
 She seems so peaceful that she would disdain
 To stir those homes that sit like drops of snow;
 Surrounded by a garb of softest green,
 And harmless as a babe's delightful dream.

But hush! list to that dreadful thund'ring boom
 That makes earth quake; and hear the fearful crash
 That breaks the air at each successive flash;
 Which tells too plainly that the sudden doom
 Of some bright home is met: then all is still
 The vessel reels: she's struck from yonder hill.

She struggles bravely and overcomes the stun,
 When boom on boom breaks forth with vengeful ire,
 Till that vast city teems with specks of fire,
 Which, with forked tongue doth spread and wildly run
 To play with frantic glee, its savage game,
 Till block on block melts in a sheet of flame.

Then hear the piercing cry, the sob, the moan,
 The tramp, the surge, the rush, the fiendish yell,
 That bursts from devils in this raging hell
 As they gloat o'er their victim's dying groan
 Oh God! is man so vile, so wicked still
 That he will laugh his fellow's blood to spill.

See that old man just trembling o'er the tomb!
 The wretch, he falls beneath the rabble's tread:
 See that young maid coiled on her dusty bed
 She lately was a gem of sweetest bloom
 With eye once soft, but now of ghastly stare,
 With lips apart o'erstrewn with bloody hair.

Behold the mother from her home depart
 With grief depicted on her bloodless face!
 Her babe she fondly clasps with close embrace
 And tears descend, wrung from her feeble heart;
 The madden'd mob rush on; she fails for breath
 And trampled, sinks into the arms of death

But death must come: why mourn its ruthless tread?
 In war's wild din, or plague's relentless sweep—
 It only takes us to our last long sleep;
 But still when men each other's blood will shed
 It makes the welkin ring with sorrows cries;
 And angels weep as the unholy dies

PINKERTON AND HIS WIFE.

"Dear wife, I'm sorry to see you look,
 So dreadfully like a string;
 It seems to me, if a trip you took,
 Away to a lovely spring,
 It would rest you out, and you'd grow fat
 And return a different thing.

'I'll buy you a shawl to suit your taste,
 And a jaunty little hat;

And a splendid wig down to your waist :
 Now what do you think of that ?
 You have always been so kind to me ;
 I'm giving you tit for tat."

"O husband, now you're a dear old boy ;
 It's charming to hear you talk ;
 I'll buy what 'ill fill my heart with joy,
 When I am out for a walk,
 And the Blacks and Browns I'll scarcely see
 For I'll proudly by them stalk."

"Dear mother," the little daughter said,
 When her ma returned at night ;
 "I think papa must have been afraid
 That our maid had got a fright ;
 For he took her in his lap a while,
 And he fixed her ringlets right."

"He smoothed them over many a time,
 And he kissed her too, you bet ;
 And said, we'll have the jolliest shine,
 My beautiful little pet ;
 For you could not keep my wife, at home
 As soon as her mind is set.

"As soon as I went into the hall,
 My father nursed me as well ;
 He said he'd buy me a splendid doll,
 That is, if I would'nt tell ;
 I tried to not as well as I could,
 But mother sure *you* won't tell.

"The morning broke, and a broomstick too,
 On Pinkerton's hateful pate ;
 He said, 'I won't buy a thing for you ;'
 She said 'you have spoke to late ;
 The Spring may go to the mischief too
 As well as your darling Kate."

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

If the following Campaign Songs are not perfect little gems their authors are to blame, I am not.

ONTARIO.

"Row de dow, dow, dow," says the drummer,
 "Fie! O fie! fie! fie!" says the bummer,
 "Shy, O shy, shy, shy," says the *shyster,
 "Lie, O lie, lie, lie," says the liester.
 I will let the tories see
 That I will lie and save this summer,
 Sweet Onta-ri-o-i-ee!

* Shyster, a grade of lawyer below a pettifogger.

MOWAT.

THE BENEFACTOR.

Who is he that makes the money
 Float around like milk and honey—
 Makes the days so very sunny?—
 Big-nosed Johnny.

Who is he that makes the grass grow?
 Who's the chap can give them sauce, O?
 Who gets off the bestest gas, O?
 Big-nosed Johnny.

Johnny, he's the re-al stingo;
 He's so full of gallant lingo;
 He's the boy I'll bet, by jingo,
 Big-nosed Johnny.

SIR JOHN'S OLD FRIEND

AFTER THE STORM

The Tories have the battle won,
 They're going to have all the fun
 As true as I'm a son of a gun,
 "But de'il may care."

I'll give them heavy grief in time,
 As true as I have writ this rhyme ;
 I'm bound, you'll see to make them climb,
 I'll be their snare.

SIR A. F. SMITH.

ARISE YE SONS OF CANADA.

Arise, ye Grits, and let us bend
 Close to the wark, and let us send
 A hornet, with his business end,
 To give a poke

To thievish Tories, who shall be
 All topsy-turvy turned agee,
 Losh maun, by gosh, we'll let them see
 That we're no joke.

Away with all the tory band,
 I say, by Gorden's own command,
 They sud be sunken in the sand,
 " Low i' the dust.

Away in some bit dirty hut,
 Old boy, Sir John, he sud be put ;
 He sud be skelpit on the back,
 By a' that's just !

MACKENZIE.

