

1819.

SONGS OF THE OLD COUNTRY.

1879.

THE SONGS

— OF —

“OLD CENTRE.”

“ Now, leaving awhile every feeling of sadness,
With spirits that echo the songs that we sing;
We'll yield the swift moments to pleasure and gladness,
And heed not the labors to-morrow may bring.”

— COLLECTED BY —

CHARLES S. BEAR & WILLIAM H. JANNEY.

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SONGS OF OLD CENTRE:

INTRODUCTORY SONG.

AIR: AULD LANG SYNE.

Come, let us now in Centre's name
Our voices raise, and sing
Her old and well deserved fame,
And let the echoes ring.

CHORUS.

And let our voices ring, dear friends,
For Alma Mater thine;
We'll have a thought of kindness yet
For Alma Mater mine.

Long from her old and spacious halls
"Old Centre's" wards have gone,
To answer to their duties' call—
And we come marching on.

CHORUS:

And let our voices ring, dear friends,
For Alma Mater thine;
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For Alma Mater mine.

NANCY LEE.

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

See, there she stands an' waves her hand upon the quay,
An' every day when I'm away, she'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

CHORUS: The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo ho! we go across the sea!
The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet for Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

CHORUS: The sailor's wife, etc.

The boatswain pipes the watch below,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
Then here's a health a-fore we go;
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones, where'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!

CHORUS: The sailor's wife, etc.

MENAGERIE.

Van Amburgh is the man who goes to all the shows,
He goes into the lion's den, and tells you all he knows,
He sticks his head into the lion's mouth, and keeps it there
awhile,
And when he takes it out again, he greets you with a smile.

CHORUS:

The Elephant now goes round, the band begins to play,
The boys around the monkey's cage, had better keep away.
First comes the African Polar Bear, oft called the Iceberg's
daughter,
She's been known to eat three tubs of ice, then call for soda
water;
She wades in the water up to her knees, not fearing any
harm,
And you may grumble all you please, and she don't care a
"darn."

CHORUS.

That Hyena in the next cage, most wonderful to relate,
Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female mate;
He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys,
For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes this awful
noise.

CHORUS.

Next comes the Anaconda Boa Constrictor, oft called Ana-
conda for brevity,
He's noted the world throughout for his age and great ben-
gignity;
He can swallow himself, crawl through himself, and come
out again with facility,
He can tie himself up in a double bow-knot, and wink with
the greatest agility.

CHORUS.

Next comes the Vulture, awful bird, from the mountain's
highest tops,
He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick his
chops,
Oh, the show it can't go on, there's too much noise and con-
fusion,
Oh, ladies, stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll injure
their constitution.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

AIR: BY MARYLAND.

Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum,
Fugit Euro etius,
Tempus edax rerum.

CHORUS: Ubi sunt, O, pecula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Rubentis puellæ.

Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit;
Sed postea turpiter,
Siliens emuescit.

CHORUS.

Quid iuvat æternitas,
Nouimus amare,
Nisi terre filias,
Licet, et potare.

RIG-A-JIG.

As I was walking down the street,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS:

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go, away we go, away we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
heigho,

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go, heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I to her, what is your trade,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,"
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS.

LITORIA.

Old Centre is a jolly home,
Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum ;
We love it still where'er we roam
Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum ;
The very songs we used to sing,
Swe-de-le-we-chu-hi-ra-sa,
'Mid memory's echoes long shall ring,
Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum.

CHORUS :

Litoria, Litoria, Swe-de-le-we-chu-hi-ra-sa,
Litoria, Litoria, Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum.

As Freshmen first, we come so hale,
Examinations make us pale,
But when we reach our Senior year
O' such things we have lost our fear.

CHORUS.

As Sophomores we have to toil ;
Oh ! how those lessons make us boil ;
Dire Mathematics, our greatest grief,
But Latin and Greek are not much relief.

CHORUS.

In Junior year we study " Dutch,"
Our tasks this year are not very much,
Now college life begins to please,
For we can loaf and take our ease.

CHORUS.

As Seniors we are very proud,
We smoke our pipes, and scorn the crowd,
The saddest tale we have to tell
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

CHORUS.

And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends and studied some,
And till the Sun and Moon shall fade,
We'll love and reverence Centre's shade.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.

CHORUS:

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free over the bright, blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time for play.

WHEN I WAS A LAD.

When I was a lad I serv'd a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I clean'd the windows, and I swept the floor,
And I polish'd up the handle of the big front door,
I polish'd up the handle so carefullee,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navvee.

CHORUS:

He polish'd up the handle so carefullee
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navvee.

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a juror's clerk;
I serv'd the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand,
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
And now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navvee.

MY LITTLE DOG.

Oh, where, oh, where is my little dog gone?

Oh, where, oh, where can he be?

With his ears cut short, and his tail cut long,

Oh, where, oh, where can he be?

CHORUS:

La, la la, la la, la la, la la, la la,

La la, la la, la la, la la, la la,

La la, la la, la la, la la, la la.

Bologna Sausage is very good,

And many of them I see;

Oh, where, oh, where is my little dog gone?

I guess that they make 'em of he.

CHORUS.

We drink lager beer three times a day,

Mine frow, mine childer, and me;

We rides in our carriage, and feels so gay,

'Cause nobody's better as we.

CHORUS.

The moon was shining so bright and clear,

My mother was looking for me;

She may look, she may sigh, with a watery eye,

She may look to the depths of the sea.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, ladies; good night, ladies;

Good night, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

CHORUS:

Merrily we roll along, roll along,

Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;

Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;

Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over;

Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over.

CHORUS:

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,

For to-night we'll merry, merry be;

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,

To-morrow we'll get sober.

The man who drinks good whisky punch,

And goes to bed right mellow,

Lives as he ought to live,

And dies a jolly, good fellow.

CHORUS.

The man who drinks cold water pure,

And goes to bed quite sober,

Falls as the leaves do fall,

So early in October.

CHORUS.

But he who drinks just what he likes,

And getteth "half seas over,"

Will live until he dies, perhaps,

And then lie down in clover.

CHORUS.

SON OF A GAMBOLEER.

Come join my humble ditty,

From Tipperary town I steer,

Like every honest fellow, I take my lager beer,

Like every honest fellow, I drink my whisky clear,

I'm a rambling rake of poverty,

The Son of a Gamboller.

The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gamboller,

The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gamboller,

Like every honest fellow, I drink my whisky clear.

I'm a rambling rake of poverty,

The son of a Gamboller.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

When we first came on this Campus,
Freshmen we, as green as grass;
Now as grave and reverend Seniors,
Smile we over the verdant past.

CHORUS:

Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelayle,
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelay,
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelayle,
Hi? o, chichachelunk, chelay.

Some will go to Greece or Boston,
Some to Egypt or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
More, perhaps, will stay at home.

CHORUS.

We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that held us,
We must cut our sticks and slide.

CHORUS.

When we come again together,
Vigilantial to pass;
Wives and children all included,
Won't we be an uproarious class.

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

I am going far away, far away to leave you now,
To the Mississippi River I am going,
I will take my old banjo, and I'll sing this little song,
Away down in my old cabin home.

CHORUS:

Here is my old cabin home,
Here is my sister and my brother,
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life,
And my child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land, with this, our darkey hand,
The wide world over to roam;
And when I get tired, I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my old cabin home.

JACK AND GILL.

Jack and Gill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

CHORUS:

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon,
Spoon, spoon, and the dish ran away with the—
Oh, no, we'll never get drunk any more,
Oh, no, we'll never get drunk any more,
Oh, no, we'll never get drunk any more,
Never get drunk, never get drunk, never get drunk
any more.

Mother, may I go out to skate,
Yes my darling daughter,
Don't sit down upon your "pate,"
But sit down where you "orter."

CHORUS.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

CHORUS.

OLD DOG TRAY.

Old Dog Tray ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle and he's kind,
You'll never, never find,
A better friend than old Dog Tray.

MOUSTACHE.

AIR: ANNIE OF THE VALE.

My moustache is growing, its genial warmth bestowing,
Its beauty fills the eye of all Broadway ;
Come forth like a fairy, so stiff and so hairy,
And ramble o'er my upper lip so gay.
Come, come, moustache come,
Come, ere the dye on thee pale ;
Oh, come, in thy strength, thou marvel of length,
Moustache, oh, dear moustache, never fall.

CHORUS :

Come, come, come, oh, come,
Come e'er the dye on thee pale ;
Oh, come in thy strength, thou marvel of length,
Moustache, oh, dear moustache, do not fall.

CHORUS.

The charms I inherit are caused by thy merit,
I hope thy color ne'er will fade away ;
The watch dog is snarling, for fear, moustache darling,
The tip end of his tail you'll steal away.

CHORUS :

But when I am drinking I often am thinking,
There's one thing that you hinder very much ;
The rapturous blisses of sweet stolen kisses,
You'll scarcely let the girls our two lips touch.

CHORUS.

ITS A WAY WE HAVE AT "OLD CENTRE."

AIR: WE WON'T GO HOME UNTIL MORNING.

It's a way we have at old Centre,
It's a way we have at old Centre,
It's a way we have at old Centre,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
It's a way we have at old Centre, etc.

For we think it is no sin, sir,
To take the Freshmen in, sir,
And ease them of their tin, sir,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
It's a way we have at old Centre, etc.

For we think it is but right, sir,
On every Saturday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
It's a way we have at old Centre, etc.

UPIDEE.

The shades of night were a-coming down swift, updee, upida,
And the snow was a-heaping up drift on drift, updee, ida,
Through a Southern village a youth did go,
Carryin' a flag with this motto :

CHORUS :

Updee, idee, ida, updee, upida,
Updee, idee, ida, updee, ida,
R, r, r, r, r, r, r, r, r, r, r, r, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh.
Updee, idee, ida, updee, upida,
Updee, idee, ida, updee, ida.

O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose, and complexion fair;
He'd a bright blue eye, and auburn lash,
And he ever kept a-shouting through his moustache:

CHORUS.

Oh, don't go up, said an old man, stop,
It's blowing gales up there on top,
You'll tumble off on the t'other side,
But the hurrying stranger still replied :

CHORUS.

Oh, don't go up such a shocking bad night,
Come rest in this lap, said a maiden bright,
A tear on his Roman nose did come,
But still he remarked, as upward he clumb :

SONG OF FAREWELL OF '79.

AIR: AULD LANG SYNE.

My comrades dear! we've met to-day,
In Centro's classic hall,
We give the parting hand, and say,
God bless you, one and all.
God bless you, one and all, my boys,
God bless you, one and all.
We give the parting hand and say,
God bless you, one and all.

CHORUS:

We are a band of brothers dear,
The Class of Seventy-Nine,
We give to each a hearty cheer,
For auld lang syne.

We've climbed the hills of science steep,
We've plunged in classic lore;
We've tried to sow as we would reap,
In basket and in store.

CHORUS.

We've gone to see the pretty girls,
We've blushed, and smiled, and sighed,
We've served bright eyes and rippling curls,
Till we have almost died.

CHORUS.

Oh! happy are the times we've had,
And many pranks we've played;
We've known our seasons good and bad;
We've waited and we've strayed.

CHORUS.

So now that we are called to part,
From classes, friends and chums,
God bless you, boys, says every heart,
And fit you for what comes,
Prepare you for what comes, my boys,
Prepare for life's broad field.
God bless you, boys, says every heart,
And be your life long shield.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis Summer the darkeys are gay,
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hard Times comes knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS:

Weep no more, my lady!
Oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song, for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.
They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The dog goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar corns grow.
A few more days, for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days 'till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie;
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la compagnie.

CHORUS.

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie.

We've finished our course; it is over and past,
The longed-for Commencement has come now at last.

CHORUS.

To College professors we bid adieu,
And launch on life's billows to us rough and new.

CHORUS.

Here's health to our class, so hearty and hale,
May "Old Centre" endure till the Sun's brightness pale.

CHORUS.

Here's health to the ladies, whose beauty ne'er fades,
A tutor apiece to all the old maids.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish'd to see,
Wish'd for to hear,
Where's all the joy gone and mirth?
Made life a Heav'n on earth,
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair;
But now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

GAUDEAMUS.

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Transas ad superos,
Abas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flora.

SINE TANGENT, CO-TANGENT.

AIR: "VILLIKENS AND HIS DEAH."

There was a Professor in New York did dwell;
His name it was Loomis, we know him quite well
He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines,
With chapters on spheres, surveying and sines.

CHORUS:

Sine tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
Sine tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
Sine tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
Sine tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.

Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed thro',
Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew,
Some round like an apple, some shaped like an egg
Some rounded like sand hills, some pointed like pegs.

CHOR.—Sine origin, focus, directrix and curve.

Old Robinson added the third of the three,
An Algebra hard as the hardest could be,
With theorems difficult, problems like steel,
Intended, of course, for the student's good weal.

CHOR.—Sine Robinson, Homer, Prof. Napier, Sturm.

I CAME AN EMERALD FRESHMAN.

AIR: DERRY RAM.

I came an Emerald Freshman,
With just a dozen shirts,
A face unknown to whiskers,
A coat devoid of skirts.

CHORUS:

Oh, a coat devoid of skirts, sir,
A coat devoid of skirts;
Oh, a coat devoid of skirts, sir,
A coat devoid of skirts.
On knowledge I was bent, sir,
For learning I did pant,
So, to College I was sent, sir,
To see the Elephant.

CHO.—Oh, To see the Elephant, etc.
The animal is some, sir,
I've scrutinized him through,
From trunk to tip of tail, sir,
I rather think I'll do.

CHO.—Oh, I rather think I'll do, etc.
Oh, College is the place, sir,
For jollity and fun,
For four years take your ease, sir,
Repent when you have done.

CHO.—Oh, Repent when you have done, etc.
But now old Centre, I leave her,
To breast the waves of life,
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife.

CHO.—Oh, And sport a pretty wife, etc.
When I get into business,
And count my numerous boys,
I'll send them to old Centre,
To taste to her bunkum joys.

CHO.—Oh, To taste to her bunkum joys, etc.

NOAH.

Old Noah built himself an ark,
Luddy fuddy ip I uddy I, oh,
Old Noah built himself an ark,
He built it out of a hickory bark,
Luddy fuddy ip I uddy I, oh.

He drove the animals one by one,
They all went in at the top of the drum.

He drove the animals two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.

He drove the animals three by three,
The cat, the rat, and the humbly-bee.

And then he nailed the hatches down,
And told outsiders they might drown.

And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail.

Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
She kicked the old gentleman out of the bunk.

Old Noah got on a great big spree,
He banished Ham to Afrikkee.

Full forty days he sailed around,
And then he ran the old scow aground.

He landed on Mount Ararat,
Just three miles south of Barneygat.

O, Eve, she did the apple eat,
She smacked her lips, and said 'twas sweet.

When Adam walked the garden round,
He spied the peelings on the ground.

And when he saw them, he looked blue,
And vowed he'd have some apples too.

So he and Eve did strip the tree,
And chanked away till they could see.

And then they saw how they'd got sold,
In sucking down what Satan told.

And since old Brimstone sold them so,
Most devilish sells have been the go.

Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there nist.

COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
In visions bright rebeaming
The fleeting joys of day;
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away.

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away,
My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away,
My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber, thoughts bright and free,
Dance through her dreams like gushing melody ;
Light is her young heart, light may it be,
Come where my love lies dreaming.
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away.

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away,
My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming,
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.
My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming,
My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away,
Dreaming the happy hours away.

LORELEI.

Ich weiß nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet,
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldenes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kammt ihr goldenes Haar.
Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme,
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er senkt nicht die Felsenaiffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh' ?
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende noch Fischer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

AIR: HEBREW CHILDREN.

Where, oh, where are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, oh, where are the verdant Freshmen?
Where, oh, where are the verdant Freshmen?
Safe now in the Sophomore class.
They've gone out from very hard study,
They've gone out from very hard study,
They've gone out from very hard study,
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

Where, oh, where are the jolly Sophomores?
Safe now in the Junior class,
They've gone out to see the ladies,
Safe now in the Junior class.

Where, oh, where are the nobby Juniors?
Safe now in the Senior class.
They've gone out from "saw my leg off,"
Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, oh, where are the reverend Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world,
They've gone out from the Doctor's,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

By and by we'll go out to meet them,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

BABY MINE.

I've a baby in Kalumazoo,
Baby mine, baby mine!
He can skip the tra-la-loo;
Baby mine, baby mine!
He swings on our back gate,
Tuckles punchies by the grate,
On a fish ball he can skate,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He can eat a barrel of cake,
Baby mine.

He makes faces at the women,
Baby mine, baby mine!
In a soup bowl he goes swimming,
Baby mine, baby mine!
Out of the ash pan we do "yank" him,
In his high chair we do plank him,
Oh, heavens how we spank him,
Baby mine, baby mine!
And his face would cave a bank in,
Baby mine.

At the table he is queer,
Baby mine, baby mine!
Stuffs the pan cakes in his ear,
Baby mine, baby mine!
Rubs the mustard on his nose,
Spills molasses on his clothes,
Jabs the lard between his toes,
Baby mine, baby mine!
And we wash him with a hose,
Baby mine.

MATHEMATICAL JORDAN.

Matthew Maties was a peet, it must be confessed,
He used to like to plague us, accordin' ;
Could he only make us grieve, he would laugh in his sleeve,
But he's gone to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS :

Away with your cards, boys, down with your sleeve,
There's no danger of flunking, I believe.

He used to have a wife—the plague of our life—
Her name was Anna Lyrical, accordin' ;
She used to like to bore us, and try to come it o'er us ;
But she's gone to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

He'd a son—so they say—whose name was Alger Bray,
But the last time we saw him, accordin' ;
In Charon's boat he sat, with a ticket in his hat,
Marked, "through to the other side of Jordan."

CHORUS.

Now Charon had knowledge—for he'd been thro' college,
And studied Navigation, accordin' ;
So he struck a Rhumb-line, in double quick time,
And took him to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

He'd a short-lived relation, with a big appellation,
Sir Veying was his title, accordin' ;
He took a short airing, but soon reversed his bearing,
And started for the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.