

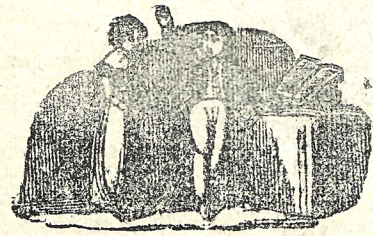
YOUNG WOMAN'S

A B C

A stands for Annie, she's a pretty girl I know,
 She has so many sweetheart's wherever she does go.
B stands for Betty, she's a servant understand,
 And when it is her Sunday out, oh, don't she do the grand
C stands for Caroline, she's a modest bit of stuff,
 And if you go to kiss her, she says, now that's enough.

So if you want a young man, you have only got to say,
 Mother says I musn't, father says I may.

D stands for Dolly, she's a playful little lass,
 She likes to go to the park, and romp upon the grass.
E stands for Emily, so quiet and so nice,
 And if she was a plumb cake, wouldn't I like a slice:
F stands for Fanny, she likes a bit of chaff, laugh.
 And when her young man tickles her, you should hear her
G stands for Georgianna, she is stuck up and proud,
 She never speaks to rubbish, nor stops to see a crowd.
H stands for Hannah, she's a girl to please the eye,
 She never takes a little drop like some girls on the sly
I stands for Isabella, she is so jolly stout,
 They call her Lady Tichborne, whenever she goes out.
J stands for Jane, she would make a proper wife,
 She would huddle you, and fondle you, and do you all your life.
K stands for Kitty, she's nimble on her pegs,
 She dances to the organs, and delights to show her legs.
L stands for Lucy, with a baby in her lap,
 Its daddy pays a crown a week, to find the baby pap.
M stands for Matilda, she wears a big chignon,
 They say it takes her just an hour to put the beauty on.
N stands for Nancy, she's got a funny nose,
 But noses they are out of sight, when underneath the clothes,
O stands for Olivia, a romantic lady gay,
 Who with her father's footman skedaddled right away.
P stands for Polly, she's the girl to have a lark,
 And doesn't think it naughty, to stay out after dark.
R stands Rachel, she's getting very stout,
 She wears her Grecian bend in front, oh what's she been about.
S stands for Sarah, a cookey, in this town,
 And when the supper it goes up, the Bobby he goes down.
T stands for Tilly, she's a naughty little puss,
 Her father is a tailor, and often on the loose.
U stands for Una, she works a sewing machine,
 And like a bit of wax, work is in the window to be seen.
V stands for Victoria, I musn't forget the Queen,
 She's one of those we read about, but very seldom seen.
W stands for Wilhemina, she's a teacher in this town,
 And when she walks her Grecian bend goes bobbing up & down
Z stands for Zelinda, the last one in my rhyme,
 And if you haven't heard your name, you shall another time.



Flora Bell

J. White, Printer, 10, St. James's Street, London, W.

IN Maryland I had a farm,
 And happy, O happy there did dwell,
 Till I fell in love with a coloured girl,
 They call her Flora Bell,
 I cast my eyes upon her face,
 She bound me like a spell,
 From that moment O how I loved that girl
 My pretty, O my pretty Flora Bell.

In joy, in joy, I married her,
 And happy, O happy there did dwell,
 There was none so happy in Maryland,
 As I and Flora Bell.
 A white man came to Maryland,
 Poor slaves to buy and sell.
 He saw, enticed and bore away,
 My pretty, O my pretty Flora Bell.

I was lonely when a month had passed,
 And music was musing in the dell,
 When a coloured girl fell at my feet,
 I saw it was my Flora Bell.
 Though lost to me I love her still,
 I raised her when she fell.
 And in these arms she smiled and died,
 My pretty, O my pretty Flora Bell.

MOTHER KISS'D ME IN MY DREAM.

Lying on my dying bed, through the dark and silent night
 Praying for the coming day, came a vision to my sight
 Near me stood the form I loved, in the sunlight's mellow
 gleam,
 Folding me unto her breast, mother kiss'd me in my dream.

Once again I long to see home and kindred far away;
 But I feel I shall be gone ere there dawns another day.
 Hopefully I bide the hour when will fade life's feeble beam,
 Every pang has left me now, mother kiss'd me in my dream.

Comrades, tell her when you write, that I did my duty well,
 Say that when the battle rag'd fighting in the van I fell.
 Tell her too when on my bed slowly ebb'd my being's
 stream,
 How I knew no peace until mother kiss'd me in my dream.

