

A NEW SONG CALLED THE PUBLICAN'S LAMENT

As I was walking up Pimeco say A publican's wife I heard sorely complain In a mountul accent these words d d explain I'm pineng in anguish this fortnight For norter or whiskey we are getting no call I fear th re's no use in housekeeping at all The most of my th ngs I have stuck in t e pawe I fear I can never release them

ince Father died it was easy for me
To st to our briekfast bread lutter and tes
While the poir drunk ard's children were in p verty
And I spending their fathers earning,
I had servants to wait for a rap in the hall.
And quarters of beef coming in from the stall
piy pocket-hook ready at every call,
But alas now my pocket is empty

Before Father Mack began temperance I h d mony

Fit beef in my pot, free from trou de or dare A large crinoline in the tashion i d woor Ând all by the drunkard's expense Inside my shop window th re bung a fifth a recu, The like with my mother I never have seen A two-arm chair th t was fit for the ducen And every thing that t' at I wanted

When lown to the well with my friends 1 could ge To skip like a lady the time passed away To inhale the fr sh breese of the water My husband in fashion could dre a like a squire With his watch in his fob and his shi a by the fire A long pipe in his gob without pension of care And all by the poor drunkards wages

It grieves me to see those man passing my door Well clad that was n ked and rattered before Buaning to me for a adggin in score before the delig t in the moraling Now to my grief I am sorry to say Those foo ish in a left me this many a long day Its foom me like the f am of the of the sen Which leaves me alas to mourning

Who cried wi on she looks at her black book second Of delite that were satered to a certain mount. That he never will get or the sight of discount. The return she had for her dangetter. She swore on her of the list she'd esther be dead. Than eating the 1 mpers instead of go diread. Her he mack is week there is a pain in her head. Since the go, the ten in the morular.

Now to conclude and to daish siy fid Ab advice I would give give give give y read Oct a cup of ten and hit ak in the pan For the price of this * lakey and not r Believe me for truth a from dr. k yet a rain Your children and wide can will out not a dicited You know that your presently aftern have draited Add your doorn at the end at the bride of

P. Bretterin Print of the conk street

Marrie China