

WHERE FLOWERY PRATIES GROW; OR, DENNIS CARNEY.

Sung by ARTHUR YOUNG, the Versatile Irish Entertainer, with Immense success throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

BEHOLD! a happy Irish gent,
With heart so gay and light,
Your smiling faces gives me joy,
To sing to you each night;
It's all about my native land,
I'm going to let you know,
It's where good whiskey is distilled,
And flowery Praties grow.

Chorus:
I come from sweet Killarney, by the
lake side,
Where the pretty little ducks and the
drakes slide;
M name is Dennis Carney, from the
of Killarney,
In the land where the flowery Praties
grow.

I don't believe in rioting,
Or kicking up a noise.
I believe in a harmless joke.
Among the girls and boys;
The call me merry Dennis—
And the reason is you know,
I banish care in Ireland.
Where the flowery Praties grow.

long to see the Irish boys,
From care and trouble free,
In harmony with everyone,
Who cares for *Unity*;
Then happily and pleasantly,
The time would ever flow,
And all the world respect the land,
Where flowery Praties grow.

It's myself that's got the money,
And I only think it fair,
To take a sleeping partner,
My heart and home to share;
If I can find a lady fair
Who back with me will go,
I'll do the grand in Paddy's land,
Where flowery Praties.

DON'T MAKE A NOISE OR ELSE Y' ULL WAKE THE BABY

*Written and Composed by G. W. HUSH
Sung by LEYBOURNE, the Lion Comic*

Music at HOWPOOD & CREW'S, London.

IF you perceive my bosom heave,
'Tis caused by proud delight,
For I'm a very different man,
To what I was last night;
For some time in my house a nurse,
Has aird her awkward charms,
But I'm glad to say this morning, I
Found something in her arms.

Spoken—When I enquired as innocently as possible "Lor nurse, whatever have you got there?" she said "Hush h-h-h!"

Chorus:

Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the
baby,
Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake
the child,
Don't make a row, or you'll disturb the
infant, *shall go wild.*
I feel so awfully awfully jolly I think I

As soon as e'er the news was told,
In every neighbour comes,
Some said "What a splendid child!"
Others "Bless its gums!"
My feelings were so glorious,
Describe them no one can!
And the ladies seemed to look on me,
As a very clever man.

Spoken.—They said "Mister Snooks, you ought to feel thankful, Sir," I said "I do, I do, I do!" then they said "Oh Sir, you ought to be proud" I said "I am, I am, I am!" and then they all said "Hush-h-h-h!"

On the day I married so was "Jones,"
Who said quite on the sly,
"Who'll be a happy father first,
I wonder, you or I?"
Jones always thinks he's number one.
To-day that bliss is mine,
So when we meet I'll have some fun,
And crack a bottle of wine!

Spoken.—And drink the darlings health, and with a look full of meaning I shall observe to Jones "Hush!"

With a parents fond affection now,
I feel all of a glow,
But what to name the lovely babe,
I don't exactly know;
I'd like to call him something grand,
And worthy of a "Snooks,"
And when he's christened you must come,
And see how nice he looks.

Spoken.—O you must come and see baby you shall have a "private view" and we're going have him weigh'd! so do come but mind. Hush-h-h-h!

