



Can your Mother PAY HER Rent?

SEC. 26.

Can your mother pay her rent, my boy?
Can your mother pay her rent?
For father has not sent, my boy,
And all the money's spent.
I'm sure you won't know what to do,
Unless some money's lent—
You'll have to pop your crinoline
To help to pay the rent!

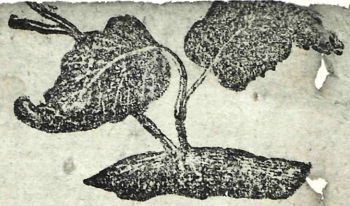
CHORUS.

Can your mother pay her rent, my boy?
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For father has not sent, my boy,
And all the money's spent.

Last week you went out on a spree,
All on pleasure bent;
I saw you treat a girl to tea—
That's how the money's spent:
If people will have luxuries,
Like any other gent,
They cannot keep the brokers out
If they will not pay their rent.

I know that you have tender feet
And cannot walk about,
I hope you keep them clean and sweet,
For your shoes you'll have to spout.
You must not go to Highbury barn,
Where so much money's spent,
Or you'll have to take a board about
To help to pay your rent.

And now with joking I have done
This good advice I give,
I'd have you take it, everyone,
To teach you how to live:
Don't throw your hard-earn'd cash away,
Like many a foolish gent,
But keep the broker's man away,
And learn to pay your rent.



THE LITTLE SHAMROCK GREEN.

Who dare run down old Ireland
When Irishmen are near?
Who dare run down that little plant
That Ireland loved so dear?
If such there was there's not a man
But, standing, would be seen,
To defend their dear old Ireland,
And the little shamrock green.

Oh! Irishmen, remember
What your fathers did of old!
Oh! Irishmen, remember
Tales we often have been told,
How Danish thieves and other curs,
With every rage and spleen,
Thought to run down our little plan:
I mean the shamrock green.

Remember Tara, Irishmen,
When they fought hand in hand;
Think on the walls round Berry town
How nobly they did stand,
When the green flag of old Ireland
O'er its ramparts could be seen,
And the boys around it said,
They'd die or save the shamrock green

Remember all the Irish blood
Was shed at Wexford Cross;
Think how their wives and children bled—
We've often felt their loss, [brave,
Their minds were pure, their hearts were
In them there was no spleen;
Their heart's-blood sprinkled o'er the soil
That reared the shamrock green.

Who scorns to speak of Kildare's fame,
Or think of poor Clonmel?
Who fears to mention Limerick's name,
Where thousands fought and fell,
Where our Irish boys, like diamonds bright,
In splendour they were seen?
Their cry was "Death or Victory!"
To save the shamrock green.

Then let us remember all the deeds
Our Irish boys have done,
And let us remember all the fame
Their Irish courage won:
We still have got that courage yet,
Though with ragged coats we're seen,
Our hearts beat still as warm
For the little shamrock green.



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