

UNCLE NED'S VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION

Come all you buxom swells who in England do dwell,
And you ladies so frolicsome and gay,
Who are in a position for the grand Exhibition,
Which opened in the sweet mouth of May.

CHORUS.

For you ought to see the wonders of the day,
See the sights and carriages so gay ;
See the strangers run and the foreigners come,
To the grand Exhibition of May.

So grand was seen Britannia's gracious queen,
With her husband and royal children,
And gallant Lord John her little servant man,
And the Duke with his big cannon ball.

There was browns, there was blacks, & the wak-ma-craks
And the little piccaninnies for to run ;
There was bugs, there was fleas, and the proud Portuguese
And the great King of Chum-chum-chum.

There was rice puddings hot, cocoa nuts, and gingerpop
And Turks smoking large wooden pipes ;
There was crocodiles and seals, pickled salmon, and cow
heels,
And a waggon load of trollabobs and tripe.

There was foreigners with mouths twice as big as Tem-
ple Bar,
And noses as long as Saffron hill ;
And what a bit of fun, for to grind old women young,
There's a new fashioned cast-iron mill.

There was gutta percha rings, & some pretty little things
With boas made of buffaloes tails ;
Oh, dresses like sacks, and bustles made of wax,
White whiskers and India rubber veils.

Then you English ladies fine, now or never is your time,
If you want a husband, huzza,
You can have one if you choose, with a stunnin turn up
nose,
Blue, black, yellow, green, or grey.

Then you ought to see the wonders as they be,
See such again perhaps you never may,
See the strangers run and the foreigners fun,
At the grand Exhibition so gay.

CHORUS.

Now the Exhibition's closed, I'm sorry for to say,
No more you'll see the strangers seen,
For the blues, the blacks, the yellows, and the greens,
They have all gone to the kingdom come.



DESERTED WIFE'S LAMENT.

Hush my darling, leave off weeping,
Thy brother slumbers on my breast,
Thy sister's in the cradle sleeping,
May angels watch and guard their rest :
Call not his name thy father left me,
To this sad and wretched life,
Of peace and joy he has bereft me,
I am a lone and sad deserted wife.

False were his words when first he wooed me
False were his vows when we were wed,
O how he swore he'd never grieve me,
And I believed the words he said.
William has thou well repaid me ;
Thou wert the dog star of my life,
See the being thy falsehood made me,
A lone and sad deserted wife.

Could another's arts have won thee,
From thy wife and children too ;
The righteous and the just will shun thee,
Was it well to serve me so.
Do not think that she will slight thee,
When care and sorrow clouds thy life,
Remember her who ne'er did chide thee,
Thy lone and sad deserted wife.

When affliction's heavy finger,
Presses on thy throbbing brow,
Around thy couch she will not linger,
As I have done, I tell thee no ;
When death our earthly ties shall sever,
And stills the heart that loved thro' life,
My wrongs they will upbraid thee ever,
Then think of thy neglected wife.

