

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE, DEAR.



THO' I'M POOR I'M A Gentleman STILL.

DON'T think by my dress that I come here to beg
Tho' the sharp pangs of hunger I feel,
The cup of misfortune I've drank to the dregs,
I'm proud though I'm shabby genteel.
I once had good friends, who to me would say,
"Harry, old boy, come and dine;"
But now when they meet me, they look t'other way.
My presence of course they decline.

Chorus:

Tho' poverty daily looks in at my door,
I'm hungry I'm foot-sore, and ill;
I can look the whole world in the face and can say—
Though I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still.

Causes in business brought things to a stand,
Thinks I, there must soon be a smash,
My friends all advised me to fly from the land,
And seize upon all my loose cash.
But my reputation was dearer to me,
Than all the bright gold in the till,
So I paid what I owed, and then proudly I said—
"If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still."

One evening last week, t'other end of the town,
While wandering sadly along,
picked up a purse which a lady had dropped,
The temptation to keep it was strong.
My pockets were empty, but firmly I said,
She shall have her own, come what will,
As she took it, she look'd at my clothes and then said
"The' poor, you're a gentleman still."

Last evening I rescued a poor harmless girl,
Who had been insulted, I found,
My strength for the moment was something immense,
As I hurl'd the great brute to the ground.
He cried out "You beggar, don't meddle with me,
Or very soon you'll have a pill,"
Said I, "Lay a hand on that girl, and you'll find,
Tho' poor, I'm a gentleman still."

CLOSE THE SHUTTERS, WILLIE'S DEAD.

CLOSE the shutters, Willie's dead,
Whom we lov'd so dear,
Like a dream his spirits fled,
From our home now sad and drear.
When the spring time flowers were blooming,
And the happy birds sang sweet,
Angels call'd him to their home,
Up to Heav'n where we shall meet.

Chorus:

Close the shutters, Willie's gone.
Hope with him has fled,
From our home now sad and lone,
Close the shutters, Willie's dead.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead,
Gone in childhood's bloom;
Pillow'd now his little head,
In the cold and silent tomb;
O'er his grave daisies blossom,
Where his little form is laid,
And the murmuring streamlet plays,
Neath the willow's quiet shade.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead.
Death has claim'd him now;
Never more his smile will shed,
Sunshine on poor mother's brow
She is almost broken hearted,
And our home is sad to-day,
Life has lost it's hope and joy,
Since our Willie's gone away.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING,
ANNIE, DEAR.

WHEN the corn is waving, Annie dear,
Oh! meet me by the style,
To hear thy gentle voice again,
And greet thy winning smile.
The moon will be at full, love,
The stars will brightly gleam,
Oh! come my queen of night, love,
And grace the beautiful scene.

Chorus:

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,
Oh! meet me with a smile,
To hear thy gentle voice again,
And greet thy winning smile.

When the corn is waving, Annie, dear
Our tales of love we'll tell,
Beside the gentle flowing stream.
That both our hearts know well:
Where wild flowers in their beauty,
Will scent the evening breeze.
Oh! haste, the stars are peeping,
And the moon's behind the trees.

