

THE OLD BEDSTEAD

'T was down in Bedfordshire, in an old fashioned town,
I stood an old fashioned house that my father used to own;
Both my father, and his father, in the same old house were born,
And from the windows I have watched the field of corn.
At Christmas time I often made the fogots blaze up higher,
When a happy family party would all circle round the fire,
There was an old oak table, and some good old fashioned chairs,
With a good old oaken bedstead in a room up stairs.

'T was a four posted bedstead, but as solid as a rock,
And it stood in a room with an old fashioned clock,
And a bright patchwork quilt o'er a feather bed was spread,
But a relic in the family, was the old bedstead.

The curtains round the bedstead were as white as driven snow,
And off on the bedstead, my mother did me throw,
Then I had to climb the arm chair, to get up on the bed,
With my toys I have passed hours, on the old bedstead.
But those were days of infancy, and childhood's happy hours,
That passes like the summer cloud, or like the fleeting showers,
In my fancy I can see the room, where first I lay my head,
The patchwork quilt and curtains round the old bedstead.

When a boy I recollect, my old granny being ill,
How my good mother tried to keep us children still,
And I saw the kind old doctor go so gently to her bed,
Where he'd sit and talk to granny on the old bedstead;
And I recollect the vicar, did my granny come to see,
Then I was quite a little boy it's like a dream to me,
Ah! well do I remember, when her gentle spirit fled,
For, when dead, I saw her lying on the old bedstead.

THE NOBLE 24TH.

A story came one morning, from a far and distant land,
The Savages had massacred, a small but gallant band,
Gainst twenty thousand foreign foes 'mid thunder shot
and shell. [fell.

Five hundred valiant English fought and nobly fighting

All honour to the twenty fourth of glorious renown,
England avenge your countrymen and strike the foe-
men down.

We fought at Balaclava and the glory ne'er will fade,
Of the great and brilliant action of our splendid Light
Brigade;

And now we have to tell the tale that every nation know
Five hundred British soldiers slew five thousand savage
foes.

'Gainst overwhelming numbers with sabre and the gun,
They never flinch a mussel though they're forty foes to
one; [track.

Our soldiers soon will quickly march upon the despot's
Avenge their brave companions and they'll bring their
colors back.

We weep for those who've fallen for their country and
their Queen,

With everlasting honour we will keep their memories green
Their bravery from history shall never be effaced,
True English men in heart and soul though vanquished
not disgraced.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Printed by John White, Rose-place, Scotland-road,
Liverpool. Shops and Country Orders supplied
Cheaper than any house in the trade.

IT IS many years ago in Ireland you must know,
Since happiness sat down upon the land,
Her sons they once were free, and the star of liberty
Shone gloriously on every Irishman,
But let us bar the door on the days that are no more,
There's a light beaming o'er us from afar,
If you listen unto me, I will tell you, dy'e see,
The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

Then hurra for Erin's isle, her sons you can't beguile,
Because you know the wolf is at the door;
Let the flag once more be seen aloft on Collego Green,
And Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

In London they can boast our Parliament is lost,
And say that we never should complain,
Would you have our hearts be gay when we know
this very day,

Our countrymen are rushing o'er the main;
Gladstone vow'd to be our friend, but we find out in the
end.

That he'd gag us and coerce us, more and more,
But O'Connell he did say before he passed away,
Home Rule for old Erin's injured shore.

There was one, now in the grave, who struggled hard
to save

His country from oppression long ago,
Henry Gratton was his name, may heaven be his gain,
His energies for Ireland did bestow.

His voice he never gave the people to enslave,
Or drive them to a strange and distant shore;
May the flowerets ever wave upon the hero's grave,
And Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

There's a laurel for the brow of one that's striving now
To bring our Legislature back again,
Mr. Parnell ever bold her miseries to unfold,
Ireland for the Irish will maintain.

Then let us all unite to drink this toast to-night,
May happiness re-visit Erin's shore,
From our humble cabin home, we should never wish to
roam,

So heres Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

