



## TEDDY O'NEALE.

I'VE seen the mad cabin he danced his wild jig in,  
As neat a mad cabin as ever was seen,  
Considering he used to keep poultry and pigs in,  
I'm sure it was always kept elegant clean;  
And now all around seems sad and most dreary,  
All sad, and all dreary, no piper, no reel,  
Not even the sun through the window shines clearly,  
Since I lost my own darling, sweet Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt last night, oh! bad cess to me dreamin'  
I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass:  
I dreamt, as the tears down my pale cheeks was  
streaming.

That Teddy was courting another fair lass,  
Oh, did not I wake with the weeping and wailing,  
The thought of my dhrame was too much to conceal  
And my mother cries, "Norah, child, what are you're  
singing?"

When all I could answer was "Teddy O'Neale."

Can I ever forget when the big ship was ready,  
The time it had come for my love to depart,  
I cried like a colleen, and said, "Good-bye Teddy,"  
With a tear in my eye, and a stone at my heart;  
He said, 'twas to better his fortune he went roving,  
But what is the gold to the joy I could feel,  
He would come back to me honest and loving  
These were his own words, Teddy O'Neale.



## A POUND OR A PENNY

Some very good sayings I've heard in my time,  
Some I believe to be true,  
There is one I will mention now in my rhyme,  
As one that is well-known to you,  
If you know a man that is in distress,  
And assistance you can give him any,  
Remember that many can help one they say,  
Where one cannot always help many.

Then do what you can for a man in distress,  
Let it be a pound or a penny,  
There's many can help one, I've heard people say  
Where one cannot always help many.

A man may be wealthy one end of the year,  
The next may be wretched and poor,  
He struggles his hardest to keep himself up,  
But has sunk down to poverty's door,  
It's that kind of man that needs your support,  
Go! give it where'er it's most needed,  
For those who've experienced poverty, know  
It's a very hard battle indeed.

How often a trifle may save a man's life,  
When he is near dying with want,  
He has tried to live honestly all the way through,  
But he finds in the end that he can't,  
At last he is tempted to steal—or must starve,  
While those that are rich pass him by,  
They know not his troubles, they heed not his want,  
He's left like a dog there to die.

I hope what I've mentioned to night in my song,  
There's nothing I've said out of place,  
A man may be poor yet honest be,  
For poverty's not a disgrace,  
Then assist all you can with a generous heart  
For how soon the tide it may turn,  
Just give him one chance to rise in the world,  
And your kindness better will return.

