

KISS ME MOTHER, ERE I DIE. Happy Irish Dan. [680]

IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE.

Sung by George Leybourne.

IN a house, in a square, in a quadrant,
In a street, in a lane, in a road,
Turn to the left, on the right hand,
You see there's my true love's abode,
I go there a courting and cooing,
Comparing my love to a dove,
And swearing on my bended knee,
If ever I ever I cease I love—

CHORUS.

If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May the moon be turned into green cheese,
If ever I cease to love.

She can sing, she can play the Piano,
She can jump, she can dance, she can run.
I fact she's a modern Taglioni,
And Sims Reeves rolled into one,
And who would not love such a beauty,
Like an angel dropped from above,
May I be stung to death with flies.
If ever I cease to love.

If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May little dogs wag their tails in front,
If ever I cease to love,

For all the money that's in the bank,
For a title of a Lord or Duke,
Wouldn't exchange the girl I love,
There's bliss in every look.
To see her dance the polka,
I could faint with radiant hope,
To see the Monument a hornpipe dance.
If ever I cease to love.

If ever I cease to love
If ever I cease to love,
May we all turn into cats and dogs.
If ever I cease to love.

May all the seas turn into ink,
May negroes all turn white,
May the Queen in Buckingham Palace live.
May we drink toomuch wine tonight,
May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk,
May the elephant turn a dove,
May bobbies refuse to eat cold meat,
If ever I cease to love.
May I be stuffed with sausage meat,
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May each old maid be blessed with twins,
If ever I cease to love.

No. 680.

Kiss me Mother, ere I Die.

—0:0:—

KISS me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Give me once again thy blessing.
As you blessed me when a boy,
When of life's bliss was dreaming,
Years have wreck'd those ships of joy.
And no star of hope is beaming.

Chorus.

Oh! Kiss me mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Kiss me mother, ere I die,
Kiss me mother, ere I die,
Once again your child caress,
Soothe, oh soothe my dying hours, dear mother,
Kiss me, kiss me, ere I die.

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
Never more on earth awaking,
Nay, I would not have you weep,
As my soul its fluff is taking.
Do not weep for him who goes,
From a world of care and sorrow,
To a sweet and last repose,
Where there comes no fading morrow,

Kiss me mother, ere I die—
Sweeter far will be our meeting,
Past the pearly clouds that lie,
Where the sun the morn is greeting.
Then upon my pallid brow,
Press thy loving lips with gladness,
Death is painless to me now,
Thy sweet kiss hath banished sadness.

HAPPY IRISH DAN.

Sung with immense success by Dan Collins

I AM a happy Irish boy, the pride of
all the land,
My mother's pet, the ladies joy, 'tis a fact now
understand,
I'm the natest boy on all the earth, a fact none
can deny,
I like to be jolly, and full of mirth, dull care is
all my eye.

Chorus,

I'm a boy that's always merry, no matter where
I go,
always manage to pay my way in spite of friend
or foe,
I like to dance along with the girls, it ever will
be my plan,
To be good tempered with every one, I'm happy
Irish Dan.

Now each purty girl seems pleased, when they
meet this Irish lad,
And how they do get teased it nearly drives them
mad;
I throw out some kind of hints, to make them
jealous if I can,
For that the sort of divelment, suits happy Irish
Dan.

Now I take them all by storm, by the style in
which I dress,
I am visited both night and morn, by many
purty miss;
But the girl I love, is a little girl called Nan,
She is the only sort of a dove, suits happy Irish
Dan.

