

## DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT.

I am the laughing stock of all,  
No rest nor peace have I;  
The young, the old, the great and small,  
All at me have a shy.  
I thinks it wery, wery hard,  
And so vould you, no doubt,  
If they cried vhen'er you valk'd abroad,  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

My station is respectable,  
There's nothing about me,  
In the slightest vay detectable,  
Of the apeing wain cockney.  
I keeps me os, I dresses vell,  
But as I rides about,  
The cry is—'Ho! my precious svell!  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

Then if I ever fishing go,  
Folks vill not let me be,  
Vot's mirth to them to me is voe,  
Although p'rhaps but a spree.  
Intently ven I sometimes try,  
Fly-fishing, to catch trout,  
Some willain will come up, and cry—  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

It's really quite a misery,  
To be so much annoy'd,  
In fearing this wile quizzery,  
Friend and foe I alike avoid.  
From post to pillar I am chas'd,  
And driven like a scout,  
One to ask at ev'ry corner's plac'd—  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

I vonce the nuisance to escape,  
Vos fore'd a cab to call,  
But the fellers out of spite did gape,  
And vould'nt hear me bawl;  
Then my pursuers tipt the vink,  
The cads set up a shout—  
(I felt so queer you cannot think :)  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

For my part, nothing can I see,  
About my person flaring,  
Vy they should push their fun at me,  
And saucily be staring?  
'Tis shameful, and with rage I burn,  
That ev'ry stupid lout  
Should cry, whichever vay I turn,  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

To a ball last night I vent,  
And happy might have been,  
A pleasant ev'ning there have spent,  
With a damsel—beauty's queen!  
But as a valtz ve twisted,  
She with an artful pout,  
Ask'd, as not to be resisted,  
'Does your mother know you're out?'

My mind's made up I vill not stay,  
In town, to be derided;  
But to some silent glen away,  
Vere my grief may be subsided,  
P'n seek some shelt'ring peaceful nook,  
Vere none can come and root,  
Or question me vith fendish look—  
'Does your mother know you're out?'



## MARY OF THE DALE.

Let poets sound the high-flown praise,  
Of girls in fashion's ring;  
In humble strains I chaunt my lays,  
And humble beauties sing,  
A simple boy;  
I sing with joy,  
Sweet Mary of the Dale.

Her cheeks are like the blushing rose,  
Her bosom lilly white;  
Her breath the sweetest gale that blows,  
Her eyes the diamonds bright.  
Such charms as these,  
Delight and please,  
In Mary of the Dale.

Her heart is innate virtue's seat,  
And of wit, her mind;  
Her manners soft, her language sweet,  
Her sentiments refin'd.  
Yes, she's so rare,  
So chase and fair,  
Sweet Mary of the Dale.

By her once lov'd how blest the youth,  
What joys to him are known;  
To call a maid, all charms and truth,  
A heart like her's his own.  
O happy he  
Must surely be,  
With Mary of the Dale.

Walker, Printer, Durham

