

# SUGAR SHOP

I love a very pretty girl,  
Her name's Sally Sewing Cotton,  
Oh! isn't she a cherubim,  
With her best Sunday frock on;  
My Sally has a lovely dress,  
With frills around the bottom  
And when I first spied Sally,  
By jingo, I was struck,

Chorus.

Oh my! she lodges at a sugar shop,  
Oh my! I guess that I'm in luck,  
Oh dear! she's sweet as any lollipop,  
I am in love with Sally, she is a darling duck

First time I met Miss Sewing Cotton,  
Down Regent Street, was walking,  
Gazing in the bonnet shops,  
While I was often balking;  
I smiled at her, and she at me,  
And then of course came talking,  
I felt so fascinated,  
Just like a stupid struck.

Chorus, Oh my, &c.

She'd curly hair, I do declare,  
'Twas vain my love to smother,  
And when at last I told her so,  
She said, "I'll introduce my mother;"  
Lor, how I leapt for joy,  
When she said she loved no other,  
It made me feel quite faint,  
She was such a darling duck.

Chorus, Oh my, &c

Her mother has a mangle, and  
Her eldest brother is a baker,  
My darling, ducky, Sally, she's  
An arti-floral maker;  
I the question popp'd to Sally, and  
For worse or better take her  
To have so sweet a charmer,  
I guess I am in luck.

Chorus, Oh my, &c

And now for my conclusion,  
We have long dilly dallied,  
My Sally too she thinks,  
Too long a maid she's tarried,  
And on Sunday next at ten o'clock,  
Both of us will be married,  
I'd rather it was to-morrow.  
Oh! she's such a darling duck.

Chorus, Oh my, &c.



## MY DEAR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Tune—"Gentle Annie."

By the side of a crystal river,  
Where the old village church stands near,  
On a tomb deck'd with flowers 'neath a willow,  
'Neath this spot lies a tender mother dear,

Chorus.

I shall never see thee more, gentle mother,  
In the fields where the wild flowers wave;  
My grief for thy loss I can't smother,  
'Neath the willow is my dear mother's grave.

I remember the days of my childhood,  
I was happy by my dear mother's side;  
Gathering flowers, I roamed through the wild wood,  
With childish glee then all sorrow I defied.

A mother to her children—she's all kindness,  
Are there none who have caused their mothers pain,  
And when old they are sorry for their blindness,  
But her like they will never see again.

The worth of a mother there's no telling,  
Not until that dear mother's gone,  
Every hair of her head we're then missing.  
Her loss is felt by a daughter or a son.

I am alone without sister or brother,  
The one I loved dear I sadly miss;  
There's no friend in the world like a mother,  
But she's gone to that bright world of bliss.

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