



THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

(ELIZA COOK.)

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare,
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair,
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand ties to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start—
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat, with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest pray'r,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her cradle to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped;
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much my heart could bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past; but I gave on it now,
With quiv'ring breast and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nurs'd—'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is a folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek.
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

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Street, Seven

NONSENSE NON



SOME folks may talk, as well they may, of seeing wonder-
drous sights, sir,

Did you ever see donkeys making hay, or, the sun
shine out at night, sir,

Did you ever see a Montreal bear dance jigs in sum-
mer weather?

Did you ever see a married pair that lived and loved
together?

Nonsense, non,

Common sense is nothing else but nonsense, non.

Did you ever a gander sing, "God save our noble
Queen," sir?

Did you ever hear an oyster play Prince Albert's sera-
phine, sir?

In courtship did you ever know a man that could not
gammon? (salmon!)

Did you ever swallow raspberry jam along with pickled
Nonsense, non, &c.

Did you ever see a lobster write above ten thousand
pages? (tell their ages!)

Did you ever know when wrong was right, or women
Did you ever see a washing tub trimm'd up in lace and
bobbin? (bing!)

Did you ever know a minister that was not fond of job-
Nonsense, non, &c.

Did you ever see Sir Robert Peel eat rolls and treacle
funny? (Honey!)

Did you ever hear Deaf Burke confess his love for Mrs

Did you ever see a gas post fly, a dead marine a starter?

Did you ever see a Bishop try a game at fly the garter?
Nonsense, non, &c.

Did you ever hear the violin, play'd solo by a donkey?

Did you ever hear a sermon preached by Van Am-
burg's favourite monkey?

Did you ever know a jolly row where there was not a
jolly tustle? (bustle!)

Did you ever any lady know that own'd she wore a
Nonsense, non, &c.

Did you ever know a dandy gay that didn't suck cigars,
sir? (sir!)

Did you ever know a family without disputes and jars,

Did you ever know an author dine! an artist changing
gold, sir? (scold, sir!)

A pickled eel take cakes & wine, or a wife that couldn't
Nonsense, non, &c.

Did you ever know a song well sung, when it wasn't
sung at all, sir? (a call, sir!)

Did you ever hear a good encore, when they didn't make

Did you ever see a dark blue eye that turned black,
white, and grey, sir? (the way, sir!)

Did you ever hear a minstrel sing, when he wasn't in
Nonsense, non, &c.

Street, 7 Dial, London

