



## I'm always Gay and Free Boys.

I'm always gay and free my boys, wherever I  
may go,  
A fig for every grief I say, and every petty woe,  
I laugh at what the world calls care, am always  
gay and free,  
Look always on the brighter side, that is the  
style for me.

I'm always gay and free boys,  
Happy as can be boys,  
"That's the style for me boys,"  
Always gay and free, I'm free.

The fleeting years go swiftly by, and life is but a  
span,  
To treat it's troubles lightly is by far the better  
plan,  
Brave hope will cheer us on our way on land or  
stormy sea,  
Look always on the brighter side, that is the  
style for me.

Tho' troubles often bore us, and the world seems  
dark and drear,  
We've better days before us if we only persevere,  
Behind life's darkest clouds, a silver lining we  
may see,  
Look always on the brighter side, that is the  
style for me.

Tho' gay and free as I have said, you always  
may depend,  
That I will do my best to soothe the troubles of  
a friend,  
A kindly word works wonders, I assure you will  
agree,  
Look always on the brighter side that is the style  
for me.



## PRETTY POLLY, IF YOU LOVE ME, DO SAY "YES."

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They say 'tis only love that makes the world go  
round,  
Where love is found those joys abound.  
And lover always dance upon enchanted ground  
At least it was with me.  
I know a charming girl, quite a pearl, hair in  
curl,  
Fit for a Duke or Earl, and she is going to marry  
me.

Spoken.—The first time I saw her I remark'd  
Pretty Polly if you love me, do say "yes,"  
do say "yes," do say "yes,"  
Pretty Polly, if you love me do say "yes,"  
do say "yes."

I met her at a West-end ball, oh! happy night!  
Her eye was bright, her step was light,  
Her conversation charming, and her figure slight  
In fact my style to a "T."  
By jove, you should have seen, this fairy Queen's  
enchanting mien,  
Like me it would have been with you, quite  
"Up a Tree."

Spoken.—Yes, It was a case of love at first  
sight, and I was always saying—

I told her I'd enlist, if she'd not list to me,  
Or to go to sea a tar to be  
Said she you silly fellow, better marry me,  
And stop at home for love,  
Next day to her Ma I went, gained consent,  
quite content,  
The invitations all are sent, and I'm going to  
marry my dove.

Spoken.—And I'm going to occupy my mind  
cheerfully in remarking—