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Mother, mother, let me kiss thee Once again before I die,
Let me clasp my arms around thee, On thy bosom let me lie.
Earth is fleeting, fast decaying, From my weary, weary sight;
Dearest mother let me kiss thee, Ere 1 say a long good-night.

CHORUS.

Mother, mother, let me kiss thee Once again before I die, Let me clasp my arms around thee, On thy bosom let me lie.

Oh ! how sorely it doth grieve me, Gentle mother, this to know, That I may not live to cheer thee, When thou art oppress'd with woe. Thus to leave thee, and for ever, From my home and friends to part,

Every tie of love to sever, . That hath bound my youthful heart.

Mother, mother, let me kiss thee, &c.

Hark ! the little birds are singing Sweetly now their evening lay;See, the glorious sun is setting, Oh ! how beautiful the ray.

Ah, the peaceful lovely haven Of that blessed land's in sight:

Mother, dearest, angels call me, I must go, good-night, good-night.

Mother, mother, let me kiss thee, &c.



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To rise up with the lark, no doubt, is very fine, But that, I fear, necessitates retiring at nine. I much respect that early bird, although my sort of lark Prefers to do a "fly by night," and wander after dark.

> After dark ! after dark ! Night's the time to have a lark ; After dark ! after dark ! There's no time like after dark.

When shops and offices are closed, dressed out in all its best, The tide of human beings then flows onward to the West. 'Tis difficult to point out shop-boy, nobleman, or clerk,— Equality's the order of the evening after dark.

When, after dark, strange characters we very often meet, Who scarce would show their faces during day-light in the street, I'm partial to society, but when I cross the Park, I think I could dispense with theirs, at night-time, after dark.

When, after dark, to music halls the folks begin to crowd, Where songs and merriment abound, and smoking is allow'd; To put you in good humour, if you're not up to the mark, I recommend you thus to pass the evening after dark.

The clock strikes twelve! it's nearly time that we should change. And take a quiet chop within the walls of Paddy Green.[the scene Long live the ancient snuff-box of that genial old spark, Whose "glees and punch" have charm'd our senses after dark

The clock strikes three ! we turn our steps, and home we reach at last :

It's after dark, indeed : for, see ! the daylight's dawning fast ! Behold the early rising milk—good morning, we remark— My song is sung—another time we'll journey after dark.

