



My Grandmother's Chair.

MY Grandmother she at the age of eighty three,
 One day in May was taken ill and died,
 And after she was dead, the will of course was read,
 By a lawyer, as we all stood by his side;
 To my brother it was found, she had left a hundred
 pounds,
 The same unto my sister I declare,
 But when it came to me, the lawyer said I see,
 She has left to you her "Old Arm Chair."

CHORUS.

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd,
 How my brother and my sister laugh'd,
 When they heard the lawyer declare
 Granny had only left to me her Old Arm Chair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
 And in the evening took the chair away,
 The neighbours they me chaff'd, my brother at me
 laughed,
 And said it will be useful John some day;
 When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your
 wife,
 You'll find it very handy I declare,
 On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burnin'
 bright,
 You can then sit in your o'd arm chair.

Chorus, &c.

What my brother said came true, for in a year or two,
 Strange to say I settled down in married life;
 I first a girl did court and then the ring I bought,
 Took her to church, and when she was my wife,
 The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
 For when my work was over, I declare
 I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at
 home,
 And be seated in my old arm chair.

Chorus, &c.

One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up I
 found,
 The seat had fallen out upon the floor
 And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes,
 A lot of notes—two thousand pounds or more;
 When my brother heard of this, the fellow I confess,
 Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair,
 But I only laughed at him then said unto him Jem,
 Don't you wish you had the old arm chair.

Chorus, &c.

