



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 course was read,
 By a lawyer, as we all stood by her side ;
 To my brother it was found, she had left a hundred
 pounds,
 The same unto my sister I declar'd,
 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, and 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
 laugh'd,
 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.



And they rated me a vagabond,
 For want of better clothes.
 In the days when I was hard up
 For want of food and fire,
 I used to tie my shoes up,
 With little bits of wire
 When hudgry, cold cast on a rock
 And could not get a meal,
 How oft I'd beat the devil down,
 For tempting me to steal.
 In the days when I was hard up,
 For furniture and duds,
 Full many a summer night I've held
 Conversing with the bugs ;
 I never faced them with a pike,
 Or smashed them on the wall
 I said the world was wide enough
 There's room enough for all.
 In the days when I was hard up,
 I used to lock my door,
 For fear the landlady should say
 You can lodge here no more ;
 From my own back drawing room
 About ten feet by six,
 In the workhouse wall just
 opposite,
 I've counted all the brick,
 In the days when I was hard up,
 I bowed my sprits down,
 And often I've sought out a friend
 To borrow half a crown ;
 How many are there in the world,
 Whose evils I can scan,
 The shabby sute of toggery,
 But cannot see the man.
 In the days when I was hard up,
 I found a blissful hope,
 It's all the poor man's heritage,
 To keep him from the rope ;
 But I've found a good old maxim
 And this shall be my plan,
 Altho I wear a ragged coat,
 I'll wear it like a man.

