



## 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,

Thesame 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 sister laugh'd,  
When they heard the lawyer declare  
Granny had only left to me her Old  
arm chair.

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'd find it very handy I declare  
On a cold and frosty night, when  
the fire is burning bright,

You can then sit in your old arm  
chair.

What my brother said came true,  
for in a year or two,

Strange to say I settled down in  
married life.

first a girl did court, and then  
the ring I bought,

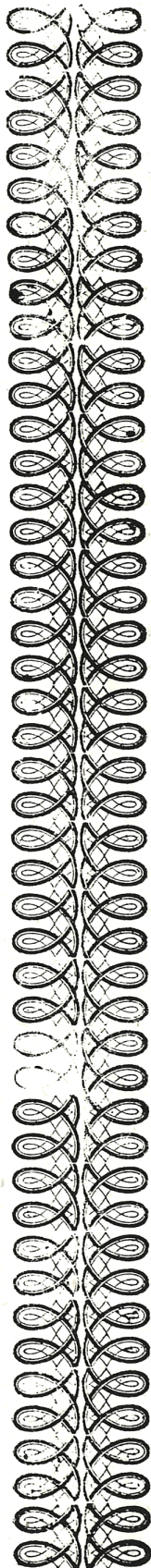
Took her to church and when  
she was my wife

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 besseated in my old arm chair



## There goes FLAHERTY.

YOU may talk about your clever  
men.

Your politician crew, [men,  
You're great O'Donnell's, and your  
Of mighty knowledge too;

But I'm the man the world should  
For fifty times a day. [know  
If I go walking down the street,  
somebody's sure to say.

Chorus.

There goes Flaherty that's Mистер  
Flaher y.

The gintleman that's up to ev'ry  
move-ment on the board,

That's Mистер Flaherty Mistrs  
Barney Flaherty,

A man that's edgeicat'd well  
enough to be a lord.

At all the public meetings, sure  
I'm always to the fore,

To arguefy and speechify,  
And tell the public more;

Than what I know myself, and  
more

Than ever they could tell,  
And when I show my face to  
The aujence all do yell. [them

The ladies too, are fond of me.  
Excepting my ould wife.

Though shouted up in *public*  
I'm kept down in *private* life;

But what is that? a man like me,  
For thrifles deen't care,

For if I only write me name,  
The people all declare.

One night the chair fell down when  
I pick'd 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 laugh'd at him, then  
said unto him Jem.

Don't you wish you had the old  
arm chair.

