



## GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

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**M**Y 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'd left £100,  
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.

And how they titter'd and 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.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said did not care,  
And in the evening took the chair away,  
The neighbours did me chaff, my brother at me laugh'd,  
And said it will be useful John some day, [wife,  
When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your  
You'll find it very handy I declare,  
On a cold 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,  
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, [at home,  
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay  
And beset in my Old Arm Chair.

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, and said unto him, Jim,  
Don't you wish you had the Old Arm Chair.



## WARRIOR'S Little Boy.

One Summer's eve I did perceive,  
An old man aged and grey  
His little son was leading him;  
So careful on his way.  
Their hands together were entwined.  
The scene it gave me joy;  
The old man was a warrior blind  
Led by his little boy.

The fair-haired youth says; father dear,  
I wish you could see me,  
Likewise the sun that shines so clear  
On yonder Chestnut tree;  
The little lambs at play I find  
As a baby with its toy;  
Oh! father I wish you were not blind  
Said the warrior's little boy.

The old man said my little son  
Some men have me denied;  
But trust in God, have faith in Him  
And cast man's faith aside.  
For some pretend to be most kind  
Deception doth annoy;  
They know not what tis to be blind  
Cried the warrior's little boy.

The little son says, father come  
And stand here at the door,  
Hark! listen to the fife and drum  
It's soldiers home from war;  
It was the war the old man cried,  
That did my sight destroy;  
God will be kind to you while blind,  
Cried the warrior's little boy.

The old man he could scarcely speak,  
But bursted into tears;  
And as they trickled down his cheeks,  
He spoke of by-gone days.  
War medals on your breast I find,  
O! father its gave me joy;  
To protect you while you are blind,  
Cried the warrior's little boy.

J. White, Printer 8 Rose Place Liverpool.

