

IF I ONLY HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE

OF queer goings on we daily do hear,
In every degree of our life, [appear,
It seems that all our rights as wrong will
And all our happiness will turn to strife.
I'll mention two or three if you'll just list to me,
That I do not think you will deny,
Would be better for a change, and a change there
should be.

If I only had a finger in the pie.

Chorus :

If I only had a finger in the pie,
If I only had a finger in the pie,
I'd alter things you see,
Just as they ought to be,
If I only had a finger in the pie.

The art of self-defence a few years ago,
Was stopped by the laws powerful hand,
A fair fight with fists was vulgar and low,
At least they said, who didn't understand.
They have found a substitute, for with clog and
bobnail'd boot,

They kick men and women till they die ;
I'd make such men to cower, by the cat-o-nine
tails power,

If I only had a finger in the pie.

That France is trying hard to struggle up the hill.
A republic Government they have at last,
It's really hard to think how it's been crush'd
down by war—

It's glory is an epoch of the past ;
Though MacMahon's now the man and will do all
he can,

To keep his proud position he will try.
Though the Emperor's race is run, I'd like to
see his son.

Like his father have a finger in the pie.

The Mordaunt Divorce Case is now at an end,
The Jury have decided so we hear,
The facts were very strong—Lady Mordaunt in
the wrong,

And the evidence adduced seems very clear.
Expences must be heavy, at least, I should think,
To make the co-respondent pay them they
will try,

But now the case is lost, if he has to pay the cost,
That will show he had a finger in the pie.

Kenealy never seems out of hot water free—

His *Englishman* is causing discontent.
But though cruelly disrobed, he's now the great
M. P.,

For the people who live down in Stoke-on-Tren
In Parliament he's found with his enemies all
around,

But on them he quickly keeps his eye,
And I think 'twixt you and me, he'll try and set
the Claimant free,

For he's bound to have a finger in the pie.

BEAUTIEUL DREAMER.

LOTTIE LANE.

OH! once I was gay as the lark in
May,

And my young heart beat in tune,
While my way was bright, and my step
was light

As the linnet's wing in June ;
But sad and alone in my grief I've grown
And all day I now complain, [this,
For I've lost every bliss in a world like
Buried deep is sweet Lottie Lane.

Chorus :

Lottie Lane, Lottie Lane,
Lottie Lane, I'm nigh to thee, [sleep
By thy grave I weep, by thy grave I
'Neath the boughs of the old oak tree.

She was kind and true, and all mine too
Lottie Lane was all for me.

Not a joy had I but when she was nigh,
Oh! we lived so happily ; [grave,
But the oak boughs wave o'er her little
In the daisied meadow now, [lie,
And, at eve, oft do I on the green sod
And whisper to her below.

Wither'd roses rest on her gentle breaths,
And the lilies o'er her wave,
And the birds now join their sweet lays
with mine,

Singing dirges o'er her grave. [here,
All is sad and drear, all is darkness
And I wander in my woe, [Lane,
But betimes again I will meet Lotti-
e Though we meet never more below.

Beautifu Dreamer.

BEAUTIFUL dreamer, wake unto me, [thee,
Starlight and dew-drops are waiting for
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day.

Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd away.
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody ;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild loralie :
Over the streamlet vespers are bore,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea.
Then will all clouds and sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

