

Cradle's CROWDED.

John White, Printer, Rose-place,
Scotland-road, Liverpool.

Never empty cradle, though you're in
my care,
With your precious burden, to be fed,
You're a precious nuisance, and you
make me swear,
Keeping me out of my snow-white bed
With her pimpled cheeks, and "Sairey
Gampy" eyes,
Nursesey purse came one winter morn,
Goadin' me to madness, with the 'sweet
surprise,'
Crowded is the cradle—twins are born.
Twins are in the cradle, making twenty
four, [born,
Sons and daughters making me fer-
I'll go to the "Angel," and get two pen-
orth more,
Crowded is the cradle—twins are born

In her shady bedroom nurse is always
found, [sleeps
All night long the fat old creature
Or she's round the corner standing glass-
es round,
Drinking till the gin and water weeps;
While the little twins squalling more
and more,
Swell until they burst their little bed,
And one little angel wallops on the floor
Tumbles from the crad—on his head
Twins are in the cradle, making twenty-
four,
In my side they are a dreadful thorn.
They don't sing of angels, I am blessed
sure,
Crowded is the cradle—twins are born.

Hang the blessed cradle, nearly every
night,
Just as I get into my first snore,
Twins with the quinsies wake me in a
fright,
Keep me up till half-past three or four
Mother sleeps in comfort, says she knows
that dad
Sees her little chicks don't come to
hurt.
But poor me, the father, I get cold and
bad,
In my cradle costume—that's my
shirt.
Never empty cradle, babies in galore,
Batchelors against it I would warn,
If you wed your angel, you'll find it a
a bore,
When you rock the cradle in the morn

SWEET 17.

Down in a dell—where I won't tell,
There lives a damsel whom I know well
Handsome and game, worthy of fame,
So lovely, bewitching, Matilda's her name
Dressing so neat, smiling so sweet,
Tripping about on her nice little feet
Throat like the swan, the whitest e'er
seen,
Lovely Matilda—sweet seventeen.

Sweet seventeen, sweet seventeen,
Lovely Matilda, the finest e'er seen;
Eyes black as sloes, cheeks like a rose
How I love Matilda there's nobody
knows.

One sunny hour, plucking a flower,
I met this damsel, whose beauty's he-
dower;
I asked if she would bestow a small bud
On one who had worshipped the ground
where she stood,
Smiling, said she, "Yes, two or three,"
A bud of pure whiteness she then gave
to me!
As an emblem of love to me they have
been,
From lovely Matilda, sweet seventeen.

Down in the dell I ventured to tell,
My tale of love, which you all know so
well;
Drawing quite near to the dearest in life,
I whispered "My darling, will you be
my wife?"
Of course she said "Yes," then you may
guess
I imprinted a kiss, I could not do less—
You all know it's nice when in love you
have been,
But no love is like that of sweet seven-
teen.

Crowded Cradle Continued.

Who would be a father, when he knows
the price?
See how soon the punishment begins.
Half-a-dozen times I've been a father
twice,
Half-a-dozen pair of healthy twins.
All my pieces spent, and all my peace is
gone,
All my friends now look on me with
scorn,
Say there is no reason in such goings on
Worn out is the cradle, twins are born
Twins are in the cradle, both are in a
roar,
A "roarer" early morning to adorn.
They'd make pretty angels never sure
before,
Were such little curses ever born.

MY OLD IRISH HOME.

'TIS Dan Magee that here you see,
And if it won't offend,
I'll sing to you a verse or two
That I have lately pen'd;
I'm from the dear old country,
That's Ireland, sure, I mean,
Where mirth and joy without alloy,
Is always to be seen.

CHORUS.

I'll ne'er forget where I was born,
No matter where I roam.
With thoughts still kind I'll bear in
mind,
My dear old Irish home.
Old Derry town of great renown,
Oh, how I love its name,
In days gone by its sons did die,
For liberty and fame;
There's boys there yet who won't
forget
Their country's cause I ween,
If Ireland calls to man her walls,
Or raise her flag of green.
Is there you'll find boys true and
kind,
Who'll take you by the hand,
And ne'er deny that they would
die,
For dear old Ireland.
While from the girls, real Irish
pearls,
With modest look and mien,
You're sure to meet a welcome sweet
In that old isle so green.
Then here's success, and may God
bless
The land where I was born,
May trade increase, may wealth
and peace,
For ever it adorn;
I long to see her sons once free,
With weapons sharp and keen,
United stand to guard their land,
Beneath her flag of green.

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