

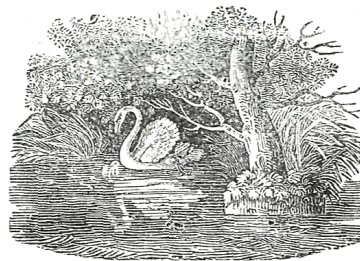


The Queer Little Man.

A queer little man, very "how came you so,"
 Went home on a dingy night;
 It was past twelve o'clock—he'd a long way to go,
 And he walked like a crab left and right.
 At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
 He saw something tall, and as white as a sheet;
 He shook and he shivered,
 His teeth chattered and lips quivered;
 And with fear, as well as fuddling, he staggered to and
 fro,
 This queer little man, who'd a long way to go.

This queer little man then he fell on his knees,
 With fright you'd suppose half dead;
 And as on it he looked it o'ertopped the trees,
 And had two saucer-eyes in its head:
 When a very death-like voice said, in a very drear tone,
 "With me you must go, for your grave's nearly done:"
 He shook and he shivered
 His teeth chattered and lips quivered:
 When he cried, "O, good hobgoblin, I pray you mercy
 show
 A queer little man who's a long way to go."

This queer little man, he fell flat as a flail,
 A great explosion heard he,
 And jumped up in a crack—for a cracker at his tail
 Set him capering just like a parched pea.
 From around the goblin's head burst some long streams
 of fire,
 And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in the
 mire.
 Some wags ('twas a whacker)
 Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker,
 Cured, through fear, of all his fuddling, completely,
 you must know,
 This queer little man who'd a long way to go.



Stay a Little Longer.

I'm a comical little old boy,
 Aye! and all sorts of comical things
 At my comical shop you'll enjoy,
 If you'll be on the side of the *ins*—
 My out, as you plainly may see,
 Independency has for it's flag,
 But the *ins* are best of friends to me,
 For I always come in for the rag.
 SPOKEN.] Why, you know, when a man is in a good
 place, he's not very well pleased with the thoughts of
 leaving it, and always is inclined to say as I do to my
 customers,

Stay a little longer—
 Can't you stay a little longer?

Let famed Pidcock and Brookers loudly cry
 Up their snakes, and their lioness bawl,
 I must tell you it is all my eye,—
 For mine, here, is the shop after all.
 My collection for nothing you see,
 What you call for, 'tis only you pay,
 And I'm sure, all that once visit me,
 Why, well-pleased, they go laughing away.
 SPOKEN.] Now, though I'm naturally a very merry
 little fellow, that's the only time that I don't feel
 inclined to laugh at all; for I always like my customers,
 To stay a little longer—
 Can't you stay a little longer?

If your ears by a dun are assailed,
 Why, you wish him still longer to stay;
 And if once you should chance to be nailed,
 Then you're longer before you can pay.
 If you're over a bottle—to part
 Is a thing that goes much 'gainst the grain;
 And the dear little girl of your heart
 Not to stay with, would madden your brain.
 SPOKEN.] Then of course you go to the old story—
 never mind your stupid old mother, my dear, if you
 are a little too late, it wo'nt matter for once; come,
 do now

Stay a little longer—
 Can't you stay a little longer?

