

THE SAME OLD GAME.

WHEN I was quite a lad,
 And the picture of my dad,
 I was troublesome as troublesome could be,
 If I saw a little boy,
 With a fancy little toy,
 I was sure to make him turn it up to me;
 And if he said me nay,
 I would upset all his play,
 A proceeding which was sure to bring me blame
 And though my cheeks were dripping,
 With the scoldings and the wipping,
 I would carry on the same old game.

Chorus:

The same old game,
 The same old game,
 I'd a spirit that the old one couldn't tame,
 For it mattered not to me,
 How I suffer'd for the spree,
 I would carry on the same old game.

Now when I older grew,
 More of mischief I still knew,
 For danger with my doings would increase,
 Let the time be day or dark,
 I was in at every lark, [peace;
 And my neighbours never knew a minutes
 Wrenching knockers, breaking lamps,
 Pitching into rogues and tramps,
 While boxing with the bobbies won me fame,
 And though each little job,
 Cost me nearly twenty bob,
 I would carry on the same old game.

Soon in time I grew a man,
 But still mischief was my ban,
 For I made the pretty darlings my delight,
 Big or little, dark or fare,
 It would never matter where.
 I was loving them from morning until night;
 And to each and all I said,
 Some fine morning we'd get wed,
 Yet though at least a dozen made a claim,
 And the judges in the court,
 Fined me heavy for my sport,
 Still I carry on the same old game.

Now I've settled down in life,
 And I've got a little wife,
 Who is charming, yes as charming as can be
 Yet I still regret to state,
 That I often stay out late,
 And won't give up my liquor or latch key;
 But all that goes amiss,
 I settle with a kiss.
 And thus my little tigress do I tame,
 For tho' she can come it strong,
 And her nails are very long,
 Still I carry on the same old game.

Grandfather's CLOCK!

MY Grandfather's clock was too
 large for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the
 floor.
 It was taller by half, than the o
 man himself,
 Tho' it weigh'd not a penny
 weight more.
 It was bought on the morn, on the
 day that he was born,
 And was a treasure and pride!
 But it stopp'd short—never to go
 When the old man died. [again,
 Chorus:
 Ninety years without slumbering
 tick, tick, tick, tick,
 His life seconds numbering tick,
 tick, tick, tick,
 It stopp'd short—never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching it's pendulum swirg
 to and fro,
 Many hours had he spent while
 a boy;
 And in childhood and manhood,
 the clock seem'd to know,
 And to share both his grief and
 his joy.
 For it struck twenty-four, when
 he enter'd at the door,
 With a blooming and beautif:
 bride;
 But it stopp'd short—never to go
 When the old man died. [again,

My Grandfather said, "That of
 those he could hire,
 Not a servant so faithful he
 found,"
 For it wasted no time, and had
 but one desire,
 At the close of each week to be
 wound.
 And it kept in it's place, not a
 frown upon it's face,
 And it's hands never hung by
 by it's side,
 But it stopp'd short—never to go
 When the old man died. [again,

It rang an alarm in the dead of the
 night,
 An alarm that for years had
 been dumb,
 And we know that his spirit was
 planing for flight, [come,
 That his hour of departure had
 still the clock kept the time, with
 a soft and muffled chime,
 As we silently stood by it's side,
 But it stopp'd short—never to go
 When the old man died. [again,

