



I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

I'll be no submissive wife,
No, not I—no, not I ;
I'll not be a slave for life,
No, not I—no, not I.
Think you on a wedding day,
That I'd say as others,
Love, and honour, and obey ?
No, no, no—no, no, no—not I.

I to dulness don't incline,
No, not I—no, not I ;
Go to bed at half-past nine,
No, not I—no, not I.
Should a hum-drum husband say
That at home I ought to stay,
Do you think that I'll obey ?
No, no, no—no, no, no,—not I.

UNCLE NED.

I once knew a nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned,
But he's gone dead long ago ;
He's got no wool on the top of his head
In the place were the wool ought to grow.

Hand up the shovel and the hoe,
Lay down the fiddle and the bow,
There's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cane in the brake,
He's got no eyes for to see,
He's got no teeth to chew the oatcake,
So he's forced to let the oatcake be.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger he died,
In the churchyard they laid him low ;
And the niggers all said that they were afraid
His like they never should know.
Hand up the shovel, &c.



THE IRISH SNOB

AN Irish snob, both bold and free,
Who mended for the weary feet,
And to the gin shop quickly he
Would make a sweet retreat.
For lush—for lush he'd fiercely call,
For lush he'll call in vain—
His sole is gone, his last and awl,
Oh, he'll never lush, lush again.

Like a trump he left his father's home,
His luck in a cellar to try—
Through streets and alleys he would roam
With soles and heels, who'll buy ?
Yet still he'd lush, as he went on,
Till he was quite insane—
Then falling off the pavement, he
Fell down—to never lush, lush again.

To wake him, gin and rum they hand,
With plenty of whiskey and beer—
His pals half and half around him stand,
And each of them drop a tear,
But laughing Bet, poor Pat's delight,
Cried not for him, but gin—
Then sighing, as they nailed him down,
Oh, he'll never, never, lush again.