

COME, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over;
For to-night we'll merry merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade
That drop off in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

MY mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood,
The wood was dark; the grass was green;
In came Sally with a tambourine,
I went to the sea—no ship to get across;
I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse;
I up on his back and was off in a crack,
Sally, tell my Mother I shall never come back.

'OH! don't you see the turtle-dove
Sitting under yonder tree
Lamenting for her own true love?
And I will mourn for thee, my dear,
And I will mourn for thee.'

'If you must suffer grief and pain,
'Tis but for a little while;
For, though I go away, I'll return again,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile!'

'Ten thousand mile is very far
For me to bide alone
With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry;
No one to hear my moan, my dear,
No one to hear my moan.'

'I may not stay your grievous moan,
Your pain I may not ease;
Yet I will love but thee alone;
Till the streams run from the seas, my dear,
'Till the streams run from the seas!'

'The tides shall cease to beat the shore,
The stars fall from the sky;
Yet I will love thee more and more
Until the day I die, my dear,
Until the day I die.'

'Then let the seas run dry, sweetheart,
The rocks melt in the sun,
Yet here I will stay, nor ever from thee part,
Till all my days are done, my dear,
Till all my days are done!'

I WISH I were a
Elephantiaphus
And could pick off the coconuts with my nose
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
An Elephanti-
Elephantiaphus.
But I'm a cockroach
And I'm a water-bug,
I can crawl around and hide behind the sink.

I wish I were a
Rhinoscerèacac
And could wear an ivory toothpick in my nose.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A Rhinoscōri-
Rhinoscerèacac.
But I'm a beetle
And I'm a pumpkin-bug,
I can buzz and bang my head against the wall.

I wish I were a
Hippopōpotamus
And could swim the Tigris and the broad Gangès.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A hippopōpo-
Hippopōpotamus.
But I'm a grasshopper
And I'm a katydid,
I can play the fiddle with my left hind-leg.

I wish I were a
Levileviathan
And had seven hundred knuckles in my spine.
But, oh! I am not,
(Alas! I cannot be)
A Levi-ikey-
A Levi-ikey-mo.
But I'm a firefly
And I'm a lightning-bug,
I can light cheroots and gaspers with my tail.

IF you don't like my apples,
Then don't shake my tree;
I'm not after your boy friend,
He's after me.

HUSHABY,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby,
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses—
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.

Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby,
Way down yonder
In de medder
There's a po' lil lambie,
De bees an' de butterflies
Peckin' out its eyes,
De po' lil thing cried, 'Mammy!'
Hushaby,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.

Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.