

[A group of seven broadside poems, mainly lyrics for music.] San Francisco, Bell & company [1880].

**A Starry Night FOR A RAMBLE.**

Music may be obtained at Gray's Music Store.

I like a game at Croquet, or bowling on the green, I like a little boating, to pull against the stream; But of all the games that I love best, to fill me with delight, I like to take a ramble upon a starry night.

CHORUS.

A starry night for a ramble, in a flow'ry dell, Through the bush and bramble, kiss, and never tell.

Talk about your bathing, or strolling on the sands, Or some unseen verandah where gentle zephyr fans, Or rolling home in the morning boys, and very nearly tight, Could never beat a ramble upon a starry night.

Chorus —A starry night for a ramble, etc.

I like to take my sweet heart, "of course you would," said he, And softly whisper in her ear "how dearly I love thee!" And when you picture to yourselves, the scenes of such delight, You'll want to take a ramble upon a tarry night.

Chorus —A starry night for a ramble, etc.

Some will choose velocipede and others take a drive, And some will sit and mope at home half dead and half alive. And some will choose a steamboat, and others even fight, But I'll enjoy my ramble upon a starry night.

Chorus —A starry night for a ramble, etc.

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## The Day when You'll Forget Me.

Sung by J. G. Russell.

The Music may be obtained at Gray's Music Store.

You call me sweet and tender names, And softly smooth my tresses, And all the while my happy heart Beats time to your caresses. You love me in your tender way, I answer as you let me. But ah! there comes another day, The day when you'll forget me, The day when you'll forget me.

I know that every fleeting hour Is marked by thoughts I bring you: I know there dwells a subtle power In the sweet songs I sing you— I do not fear the darkest way With those dear arms about me; Ah! no, I only dread the day When you can live with out me, When you can live with out me.

And still you call me tender names, And softly smooth my tresses; And still my happy answ'ring heart Beats time to your caresses. Hush! let me put that touch away, And clasp your hands above me; So, while I ask to die that day, The day you will not love me, The day you will not love me.

You need not check the thoughts that rise With darkness wrapt about them; For gazing in your earnest eyes, My heart can all most doubt them, Yet hush my whispers as you may, Such chidings do not fret me; Ah,! no I only fear that day, The day when you'll forget me, The day when you'll forget me.

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## YOU AND I.

Words and Music by Claribel.

Sung by J. G. Russell.

The Music may be obtained at Gray's Music Store.

We sat by the river, you and I, In the sweet summer time long ago; So smoothly the water glided by,  
Making music in its tranquil flow.

We threw two leaflets, you and I, To the river as it wandered on; And one was rent and left to die,  
And the other floated foward all alone,

And oh! we were sadden'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's golden dream Might fade and our  
lives be severed soon, As the two leaves were parted in the stream,

'Tis years since we parted, you and I. In the sweet summer time long ago; And I smile as I pass the  
river by, And I gaze into the shadow depths below.

I look on the grass and bending reeds, And I listen to the soothing song, And I envy the calm and  
happy life Of the river as it sings and flows along.

For oh! how it's song brings back to me The shade of our youth's golden dream, In the days ere we  
parted, you and I, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.

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### **First She Would and Then She Wouldn't, OR, O YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MAN!**

As Sung by HARRY DEVOY at Buckley Varieties .

To an evening party once I went, And I met such a nice young girl; Dress'd, O so fine, and smother'd  
in scent, My head soon felt in a whirl, I asked her if she'd dance with me, She gave a languishing  
smile, She wouldn't say "No" she didn't say "Yes," She'd quite a peculiar style.

Chorus—First she would, and then she wouldn't, Then she smiled, and said "she couldn't, Then she  
said, "Oh my, you shouldn't, O you naughty, naughty man!"

I sat down by the fair one's side, And handed her wine and cake; I told her what I'd do and dare, For such a darling's sake. She hung her head, and smiled, and giggled, Her giggle to me was bliss; And when we parted on that night, I tried to steal a kiss.—Chorus.

I often met her after that, And I'd take here and there, And every time I got a chance, My passion I'd declare. I've vow'd to be true on the top of St. Paul's On the Underground Rail, Richmond Hill, At last I said, "if she wouldn't wed, By jingo, myself I'd kill."—Chorus.

I thought it was "right," and so I had The banns put up "on spec," And sent my love a "sweet silk dress," Her darling self to deck. Upon the wedding morn I called, My intended bride to find. Not *dressed at all*, and worst of all, She'd not made up her mind.

*Spoken* —She said she thought—

Chorus—At first she would, then she wouldn't And then somehow, she thought she couldn't, And then she said, "I *really* shouldn't, And I was a naughty, naughty man."

Well, after that, we married were, And we're pretty jolly at home; To one thing, though, my wife objects, That's when I wish to roam. She says that "home's the proper place For all good married men, If I trot out at night I have To be in bed by ten.

*Spoken* —As for letting me have the latch-key—

Chorus— *Once* she would, but now she wouldn't, I say "she could," she says "she couldn't," She says, "what's more, she's sure she shouldn't," And I'm a naughty, naughty man.

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### Since Mary Ann LEARNED HOW TO DANCE THE Tra-la-la-loo.

My name is John McGuckin, I'm a dacent working man, I tries to raise my children up the very best I can; But with my daughter Mary Ann I don't know what to do— For she's learned a kind of dancing that they call the Tra-la-la-loo.

CHORUS.

Since Mary Ann learned how to dance, I don't know what to do; She's out all night till broad daylight,  
A dancing the Tra-la-la-loo.

On every moonlight pic-nic sure my daughter can be found, And when I bid her stay at home, she  
says: "Go feel around!" And on starlight excursions, where the band plays "Flewy-come-flew," 'Tis  
there I'll find my Mary Ann a skipping the Tra-la-la-loo.

Chorus .—Since Mary Ann, etc.

Bad luck to moonlight pic-nics, they have ruined Mary Ann, Since first she learned to pivot with  
young Terry and his gang; But if I find her there again I'll beat her black and blue— She's gone to the  
devil intirely since she learned the Tra-la-la-loo.

Chorus.—Since Mary Ann, etc.

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### **Since Terry First Joined The Gang.**

COMIC SONG.

Words by W. Scanlon Music by Wm. Cronin.

The Music of this song is published by E. H Harding, 229 Bowery N. Y.

My name it is Mike Slattery, And from Ireland I came, And I've a son who's a big blackguard, And  
Terence is his name; He wears a gold watch and chain, And he calls it a "super" and a "slang." Oh, my  
heart is broke, God knows it is, Since Terry first joined the "gang."

CHORUS.

He'll come rolling home in the morning, And he'll give the door the devil's own bang; Oh, my heart is broke, God knows it is, Since Terry first joined the "gang."

When he came home last Thursday night, Sure, I talked to him very nice; When he said, "Old man, you're getting too fresh And we'll soon have to put you on the ice." He told the old woman for to take a drop, And to shut up giving him her slang; Oh, her heart is broke, God knows it is, Since Terry first joined the gang." He'll come, ect.

Sure, he stands upon the corner, From morning until night, And if the policeman says "move on" He'll spit at him with spite; He went to the market only yesterday, And there he stole a "wipe" and a "slang;" Now he's got three months in the Penitentiary, Along with the rest of the "gang." He'll come, etc.

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### **TOMMY, MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR UNCLE.**

Written and composed by T. S. Lonsdale.

Sung at the California Minstrels, San Francisco.

A very well known city man, Presents himself to you, And you may guess when I am dressed, Of girls I know a few. A widow fell in love with me, While riding in a train, She had a blessed boy with her, Who caused us both much pain.

CHORUS.

Tommy make room for your Uncle, There's a little dear; Tommy make room for your Uncle, I want him to sit here. You know Mamma has got a bun, And that she'll give to you; So don't annoy, there's a good boy, Make room for your Uncle, do.

When first I met this charming fair, 'Twas on my journey down To spend a day in a quiet way, Just like a swell from town. The Widow loved romantic scenes, And a squeeze on the sly; But when my arm went round her waist, The boy began to cry!

Spoken .—He declared I was hurting his Mamma, and would insist upon sitting between us, only fancy making love to a girl with a boy in the way, but, she said to him in a voice so sweet:

Cho .

The mother told her loving son To watch the passing train, "But no," he said "my Uncle Fred" Will kiss your hand again, The Widow blushed, a maiden blush, And I was not myself; For who could make love on a seat, In front of that young Elf?

Spoken .—Yes, it would never do to make love before the boy, and the Widow said—" Not before the boy, Fred, not before the boy; just then we went under a tunnel, and she said:

Cho .

We found a quiet snug retreat, I went down on my knees, And asked if she would fly with me Across the bright blue seas. She sighed, and said "You wicked man, But how about the child?" And clasped him fondly to her breast, While I the agony piled.

Spoken .—I said, "My lovely of all lovely beings, let us fly to some foreign clime, where I will protect you and your boy." She answered, and said, "How about my little pie shop." "Oh! the Dicken's! do you keep a pie shop!"

Cho .

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