BRANT H. WESTFALL

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PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR SKETCH BOOK.—Consisting of all the practical principles of the day, etc.

WILLIAM WHITEFIELD'S VOLUME OF FUN.—Consisting of humorous stories, etc.

BOY'S MAN'S SPEECH TREATISE.—Containing his original collection of stump speeches, etc.

RICKWOOD, VENTRILIOQUISM AND SONGS.—Comprising songs, stories, and anecdotes.

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LAUGHING SONG.

Composed and Sung with great success, by B. H. Westfall.

As I strolled out the other day,
the weather warm and clear;
By chance I met a pretty, fair maid,
At the present she is my dear.
We walked along, yes, side by side,
As you may all suppose,
And the fun I had with that poor girl,
And the big wart on her nose;

Chorus.
Ah, Rose, my beautiful Rose,
Where did you get that big wart on your nose?

[Repeat.]

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
[Repeat.]

We walked along, yes, side by side,
Of course slow, not in haste,
The moon shone down so brightly,
And glittered in our face;
And time passed on so quickly,
As you may all suppose,
Oh! golly, how it tickled me,
That bunion on her nose,

Chorus.

WATERMELON SMILING ON THE VINE.

Composed and Sung by B. H. Westfall.

Did you see that watermelon smiling down behind the fence?
How I wish that watermelon it was mine;
De white folks they am crazy, dey aint got any sense
Or they'd take that watermelon from the vine.

Chorus.
Oh! the hambone it am sweet, and the bacon it am good,
And the possum fat it am very—very fine,
Oh! give me, just give me, Oh! how I wish you would.
That watermelon smiling on the vine.

You may talk about your apples, your peaches and your pears,
And the 'simmons growing on the 'simmon tree,
Lord bless your life, my honey, that truck ain't anywhere,
But the watermelon am the fruit for me.

Chorus.
When the dew drops in the evening the melon it am cool,
Don't I wish that watermelon it was mine,
Yes, sir, I'se gwine to fetch it, don't you think I'd be a fool
For to leave that watermelon on the vine.

Chorus.

PARODY.

As Sung with great success by B. H. Westfall.

Oh, birdie, I am exceedingly fatigued at this moment.
I do not care for an exhibition of your vocal abilities,
All day you have displayed them to a satisfactory advantage,
So place your head beneath its usual feathered protector.
I am sleepy, too, and the approach of slumber is apparent,
And Birdie, when my habitual devotions have been disposed of,
I want to place myself in the arms of Morpheus,
So put me in that resting place designated by the usual appellation of my little bed.
Come, affectionate feminine relative approach,
Kiss me with the compliments of the hour,
For I my evening devotions have uttered,
I am unfortunately fatigued and fain would seek repose.
So put me in that resting place designated
By the usual appellation of my little bed.
Oh, birdie, what were the ejaculations of our maternal protector,
When she to the abode of heavenly bliss was summoned?
She told me always to assume an amiable disposition,
And never, never stray from the path of virtue and prudence,
I can't forget the day her spirits left its mortal casket.
She placed her hand upon my devoted cranium,
And whispered, "Obey, my obedient offspring,
And then I received information to the effect
That she had shuffled off this mortal coil."
UP WENT THE PRICE.

By Geo. Ware.

1. I find it hard, ve-ry, ve-ry hard, tho' ev'-ry means I try,... My liv-ing to get, and keep out of debt. But I can't and I don't know why..... I bought a butch-er's shop last year, A grand one in Tenth Street, Oh! dear, oh, dear! it turned out queer, Up went the price of meat....

Chorus.

Up went the price of meat... Up went the price of meat... There's heaps of trouble on this
I sold that shop and another one took, but very much against my wish,
To deal out pickled eels and whelks, dried cod and hot fried fish,
But it wouldn't sell, and oh! such a smell, arose from the whelks in the dish.
The fishermen struck, my usual luck, up went the price of fish.

Chorus:—Up went the price, &c.

2.
I sold that shop and another one took, with a license to deal in game,
Bad luck to the man who sold me that shop, it's enough to turn my brain.
A collision on the Erie line broke up the poultry trucks,
Oh! dear, oh! lor, I believe I swore, up went the price of ducks.

Chorus:—Up went the price, &c.

3.
I sold that shop and another one took, in the oil and colour line,
With pickles, jam and marmalade, soft soap, and balls of twine,
'Twas another sell, for I know very well, they had me for a lamb,
The market rose and as you may suppose, up went the price of jam.

Chorus:—Up went the price, &c.

4.
I sold that shop and wouldn't take another, but thought I'd take a wife,
I'd lost my money and wanted some more and was tired of single life,
But the Dutch sent over a shipload of Counts, and Scotland a cartload of Earls.
They got the run of the market first, so up went the price of the girls.

Chorus:—Up went the price, &c.
AS I READ THE PAPER THROUGH.
Composed and Sung with great success, by B. H. Westfall.

Last night as I sat leisurely
By my fireside so bright,
I picked up a newspaper
That just came across my sight.
Of different things I read about,
I thought the most was true,
While gazing o'er the columns,
As I read the paper through,
I noticed when the working man
Could get no work at all,
Their bosses tried to down them,
And to crowd them to the wall,
There's many a starving family,
Would be glad of work to do,
I said God bless the poor man,
As I read the paper through.

I next read of the rescue
Of the famous Greely crew,
Discovered by our American tars,
None else could get the clue.
For days and nights they searched about
Their comrades to relieve,
Till all at once the distress flag
In the distance could be seen.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.
Composed and Sung by B. H. Westfall.

When a youngster at home I vowed I'd ne'er roam,
And oft of that vow I have thought,
The advice given me at my dear mother's knee,
To my memory oft times has been brought.
I remember when a lad a quarrel I had
With my brother one day while at play,
I struck him a blow, my temper to show,
When unto me my mother did say—

CHORUS.
Forgive and forget all the trouble you've met,
For I know it has caused you both pain,
And I'll not happy die, until I stand here and see
You are friends to each other again.

Now he thought me the worst, so he would not speak first,
Which filled me with sorrow and pain,
I left home that day and for years stayed away,
Till I met him in sorrow again.
I then saw him laid upon his death bed,
He's nigh to me again was quite plain,

SKATING RINK.
As Sung by B. H. Westfall.

I am the father of nineteen children,
Three boys and sixteen girls—
The boys are all bow-legged,
And the girls they wear false curls.
Of late I've led a wretched life,
I'm almost drove to drink,

THOUGH feeble and weak, he managed to speak
Let's be friends with each other again.

CHORUS.
Forgive and forget all the trouble we've met,
For I know it will cost us both pain,
And I'll not happy die, until I see you stand by,
And be friends with each other again.

Now the words he has said I have kept in my head,
And ever since I've been a man
My motto has been when trouble I seen
To prevent it whenever I can
It was a short time ago, two old friends I saw,
Punch each other until both freely bled,
They asked me to stay, and to witness fair play,
And these are the words that I said—

CHORUS.
Forgive and forget all the troubles you have met,
For I know it has caused you both pain,
And I'll willingly stay and witness fair play,
If you'll be friends with each other again.

For the nineteen kids have gone insane
On the roller-skating rink.
The girls come home at 4 a.m.,
With their duties on their arm;
The boys come home,
With their clothes all torn,
And left out in the barn.
My wife, who weighed three hundred pounds,
For the last three weeks she eats and sleeps
At the roller-skating rink.

I tried it twice,
Thought it nice,
Tore my clothes, skinned my elbows,
Tore my vest, broke my chest,
And fell down and skinned my nose;
Whipped the stage manager,
And the floor damage too,
With eleven policemen. I think,
Paid a ten dollar fine.

Next morning at nine,
At the roller-skating rink,

Chorus.

There's a place where you never want to go,
And if you go you'll lose your beau,
There's a place where you never want to go,
At the roller-skating rink.

If all the skating rinks were burned,
I really would rejoice,
But they'd all skate to my funeral,
And they'd bury me at the rink.

Oh, the trials of a nice young girl I'll tell.
Oh, she was a South Fifth avenue belle.
There was a tall, short, thick-set built man,
Was mashed on Lizzie MaGruder.
Wherever she went she was never content,
For the villain still pursued her.

She washed her face and wiped her nose.
Then dressed herself in her Sunday clothes—
As stiff as starch was the dress she wore.
She was a washer, an ironer, and a fluter,
On her head was a wreath, and she wore false teeth,
But the villain still pursued her.

Oh, the trials of a nice young girl I'll tell.
Oh, she was a South Fifth avenue belle.
There was a tall, short, thick-set built man,
Was mashed on Lizzie MaGruder.

That's a place where you never want to go,
There's a place where you never want to go,
At the roller-skating rink.

If all the skating rinks were burned,
I really would rejoice,
But they'd all skate to my funeral,
And they'd bury me at the rink.

HELLO! BABY.

Sung by B. H. Westfall.
Copyright Secured 1884.
Words by Ed. Harrigan.
Music by Dave Braham.
By Wm. A. Pond & Co. N. Y. Price 40 cents.

Early in the morning, when the sun do rise,
Laying on a corn-cob bed,
Baby rolling over, hazel-colored eyes,
Little kinky woolly-head.
Mamma is a dozing, dreaming of the bliss,
I am thinking of the day a coming on,
Oh, I come, you little cherub, give your pap a kiss.
Bless the day that he was born.

Chorus.

Hello! baby, here's your daddy,
Up and down he goes,
You black pickaninny from old Virginia,
Goodness! how he grows.
Buy him little slippers, cover up his toes,
Keep them from the frost and cold;
Sit him by the hot fire, don't you freeze his nose,
Only twenty-two months old.
Raise him up a Baptist,
Make him go to church.
Oh! rear him like a 'possum on a farm,
Give him plenty gumdrops, better than the birch,
Bless the day that he was born.

Chorus.
1. The [bur-er day while stroll-ing out to have a qui-et walk, And pass-ing by a
house I heard some very no-tsy talk, Just then a door flew open and an
old man tumbled out, I stop-p'd and asked the peo-ple what the both-er was a-bout, An
angry lad then asked me what it had to do with me, And told me for to
move on, or he'd quick-ly let me see; The old man then got up and shook at
him his old gray head, And lean-ing on my arm the while, these words are what he said:

2. As the old man spoke those little words his bent form shook with age,
And sev'er-al times he cursed his boy, who trembled then with rage,
Just then the poor old mother came with tottering steps so slow,
Again the lad struck at his dad—she tried to stop the blow.
Wears came trickling down her cheeks, she fell close at his feet,
While the angry crowd commenced to shout and murmur in the street;
You've drove us out, the old man cried, to the poorhouse we must go,
And when you're old and feeble, may your children serve you so.

3. I raised the the poor old lady, and I said now mother come,
You shall not go to the poorhouse for I'll find you both a home,
But ah, what means these cold, cold hands for never a word she said,
This true her heart is broken, yes, the poor old mother's dead.
Not very long the old man lived, but soon followed his old bride,
And in the quiet churchyard now they are sleeping side by side,
And one day o'er their grave was seen their bad son 'neath the trees,
And mournfully I thought I heard these words float on the breeze:

You have made, etc.
AH THERE, YOU DUDE.

Written by C. E. Allen,

1. Last week I met a lady, she cut quite a dash, And as I gazed into her eyes I thought I'd made a mash. She smiled on me so sweetly, the hours glided by; I'll ne'er forget the day I met that charmer on the sly.

CHORUS.

Ah there, you beauty! Ah there, you dude, Ah there, now stay there, Ah pray don't intrude. Ah there you beauty,

Ah there, you dude, Ah there, now stay there, How do you do.

DIALOGUE.

2 I begged to see her safe at home; She granted my request, And as we walked along the street, I tried to do my best. She seemed so absent-minded, I asked the reason why; She said, "Young man, I really think That you are far to fly." Cho.

DIALOGUE.

3 I called next day to see her, She acted rather queer; I tried to hug and kiss the girl— The mother was always near, She marched me to the front door; Her movements they were fleet, I felt a queer sensation when She threw me in the street. Cho.

DIALOGUE.
B. H. WESTFALL'S COMIC ADVERTISEMENT SONG.
Sung by B. H. WESTFALL.

George Washington was a good man,
The truth he'd always tell,
But when his father gave him that hatchet,
Didn't he give that cherry tree hallelujah!

CHORUS.
Pook jub Lizza coon, I would sooner marry you.
Then to marry old Miss Lou;
Then pook jib Liza muskart;
And big boot Lizza coon, I would sooner marry you.
Then to marry old Miss Lou.

We are advertising electric belts,
And of their merits I'll tell;
If you have any aches or pains,
They knock them all to hallelujah!

We are advertising electric belts,
And of their merits I'll tell;
We are advertising electric belts,
And of their merits I'll tell.

BIG-FOOT SAL.
Banjo Solo, as sung by B. H. WESTFALL.

The gal that I will sing about
Is very fond of me,
Around the waist she's very stout,
And stands about ten foot three.
Her foot is a tremendous size—
She wears number twenty-two;
Her ears are like an elephant's,
And she walks like a kangaroo.

Chorus.
Oh, big-foot Sal, she's the gal,
That's known by every one;
She can waltz on her ear and drink lager beer,
And she weighs about five tons.
She can sing, and play the old banjo,
At that she can't be beat;
And dance the light fantastic toe,
With her tremendous feet.
Her mouth resembles a railroad tunnel;
She presents a terrible sight;
Her hand would cover an acre of ground;
Like a bull-dog she can fight.

Chorus.
She went to a ball the other night,
And what do you think she done?
To raise a muss, she put out the light,
Then took to her heels and run.
The gals did scream, the men did shout,
To catch the crazy gal;
But there wasn't a man with pluck enough
To tackle big-foot Sal.

Chorus.

JUICE OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
Composed and Sung by H. B. WESTFALL.

It was just about the time that old Eve she did climb
That apple tree long before the war,
And throw down the chore, though it made her feel sore,
For her henpecked husband to chaw.
Adam, without evil intention, or maiden invention,
He got up so simple and cute,
With an old-fashioned mill he managed to distill
The juice of the forbidden fruit.

Chorus.

And ever since then, all manner of men,
The blind, the lame and the mute,
Our bankers and clerks, politicians and Turks
Drink the juice of the forbidden fruit.
There's my girl Sarah Ann, she takes out the can,
Whenever we have a dispute,
And we always make up as together we sup

Chorus.

The juice of the forbidden fruit.
There's Henry Ward Beecher and all Sunday school teachers
Drink what they call sassafras root,
But you bet all the same, if it had its right name,
It's the juice of the forbidden fruit.

Conkling and Blaine their glasses will drain
When engaged in a political dispute,
Governor Butler, so gay, when elected, they say
Called for juice of the forbidden fruit.
Frank James out on bail drinks it out of a pail,
Governor Crittenden orders to suit,
And Charles and Bob Ford drink it out of a gourd,
The juice of the forbidden fruit.
There's our clerks and our Mayor, they all get their share
And the police up an alley will scoot,
At the back door of a saloon he will whistle a tune
For his juice of the forbidden fruit,
When our leader has time from his chair he will climb,
And the orchestra will all follow suit.

They go out to the bar, not for a cigar,
But for juice of the forbidden fruit.
Now there’s Oscar Wilde takes his with a smile,
So does Fredey Gebhart as he smokes his cheroot
Mrs. Langtry, they say, was led astray,
By the juice of the forbidden fruit.

GOD KNOWS WHAT WE’LL DO BEFORE WE DIE.

Since new songs are very rare,
I’ve a new one for you here,
And I hope it will not fail to please you all,
For my subject it is new.
And I’ll quickly prove to you,
Your attention for a moment may I call,
Now, how often do we meet
A poor drunkard in the street,
And with a scornful glance we pass him by,
But let us give to him a hand,
And remember he’s a man,
For God knows what we’ll do before we die.

There’s a young girl bright and fair,
Was brought up with tender care,
And perhaps she was the sunlight of her home,
Or perhaps her mother’s love
Now shines on her from above,
But now as a poor outcast she must roam,

For last her tempter came,
And left on her a stain;
He left her in this wide world to for to sigh—
But let us give a helping hand
To replace her once again,
For God knows what we’ll do before we die.

So in conclusion, friends I pray,
Please take heed to what I say,
And on a poor unfortunate don’t frown,
But just give to them a hand
To assist our fellow-man,
For God knows how they suffer when they’re down
So let us go to work
And from duty do not shirk,
For we are watched by God’s all-seeing eye,
And let us grasp each brother’s hand,
And assist them all we can,
For God knows what we’ll do before we die.

MAKE A CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

Sensation’s all the rage
In this great and glorious age;
And on some things I surely will propound—
Of things I like to see,
And of things that ought to be,
Just to make a change of business all around.

Ben Butler’s eye get straight,
Roscoe Conkling retire from state,
The Star Route rascals every one go down—
And poor little Jimmie Blaine
Be a nominated again,
Just to make a change in business all around.

Of the changes in the times,
I have put them into rhyme,
And in what I say wisdom can be found,
If every man’s mother-in-law
Would put a padlock on her jaw,
What a change it would make in business all

Give our dear girls a chance
And you bet they’ll wear men’s pants,
And when the Black Crook show comes to town,
Make the dudes let the girls alone,
Chain bald-headed men at home,
And you’ll make a change in business all around.

Give the workingmen a show,
Tell the Chine men they must go,
And don’t let capital, labor try to down—
If the rich would only give
The poor man a chance to live,
What a change it would make in business all

The St. Louis strike is at an end,
Jay Gould to the workingman’s no friend,
He’s made business dull all over town—
The people gave him a terrible blast,
The Knights of Labor are working at last,
And they’ll make a change in business all around,
Now I think it’s only right
For to mention here to-night,
A few things that’s going around your town—
Make your married men stay at home,
And leave other men’s wives alone,
And you’ll make a change in business all around,
The election now is past,
The Democrats are in at last,
The Republican party thought they would surely
But the Democrats quietly slid
It was funny, but they did,
And they’ve made a change in business all around.
1. Of all the pleasures that I know, There's one that I love best, And that is on a Summer night, When the birds have gone to rest,
To meet the one I dearly love, Though strange to you may seem, To talk and tell our
press'd me close ly to his breast. His eyes with love did beam, Then he ask'd me to promise that

sweet-est tale of love, As we stroll by the old mill-stream. While the old mill-wheel is
I would be his wife, As we stroll'd by the old mill-stream.

2. O my heart is filled with hap pi ness, For he said a - dieu, His arm he placed a-round my waist, Said, I've something to say to you. Then he

meet the one I dearly love, Tho' it strange to you may seem, To talk and tell our
press'd me close ly to his breast. His eyes with love did beam, Then he ask'd me to promise that

sweet-est tale of love, As we stroll by the old mill-stream. While the old mill-wheel is
I would be his wife, As we stroll'd by the old mill-stream.
"THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY WITH YOU BOYS."

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Tempo di Valse.

1. I've something to say to the gay young men, Who flatter the pretty young belles, ... And how they are fooling them day by day—When taken with sweet loving spells; ... They keep them in anguish as long as they please, And make of them only their toys.... They never forget how to squeeze or tense; That's always the way with you boys.... That's always the way with you boys, You make the girls only your toys.... You laugh and you chafe without meaning half—That's always the way with you boys....

2. You take the girls walking at moonlight's gleam, And tell them the sweetest of tales; You show them the glory of "love's young dream," Just like the renowned Prince of Wales. You care not how much they may sigh or complain, You whisper of rapture and joys; You plead till she tells you to call again, That's always the way with you boys.
   Chorus:—That's always the way with you boys, &c.

3. And when you get married you'll stray at night, And never tell where you may go; Sometimes you are out till it's broad daylight, And come home a little "just so." (Biz.) You dare not deny it, you know it is true, Perhaps my description amuses; But I'm only joking, I'm just like you, That's always the way with you boys.
   Chorus:—That's always the way with you boys, &c.

Copyright, 1882, by B. W. HIRCH COCK.
COMIC SONG—OH, YES! OH, YES!

As Sung by CHARLES BESLY, Banjoist.

Eighteen pence in the corner of the fence.  
Oh yes, oh yes,
A nigger wench hasn't got no sense.
Oh yes, oh yes,
Country girls they are so bold.
Oh yes, oh yes,
That they walk on the streets that's paved with
Oh yes, oh yes.  [Chorus.

Wait till we get on the road, wait till we get on
the road;
Wait till we get on the road, oh, yes, oh, yes.
Bull frog dressed in soldier clothes,
Oh yes, oh yes,
Went to the field to shoot some crows,
Oh yes, oh yes,
And he couldn't make them run,
Oh yes, oh yes,
Because they knewed he had no gun,
Oh yes, oh yes.

Of all things that ever I eat,
Oh yes, oh yes,
There's nothing like the 'possum meat,
Oh yes, oh yes.
It's good to make the bango sound,
Oh yes, oh yes,
Raise the heat right off the ground,
Oh yes, oh yes.  [Chorus.

THE ART OF KISSING.

Sung by B. H. WESTFALL.

When a man falls in love with a turtle dove,
He will finger all around her under-jaw,
He will kiss her for her mother, for her sister and
her brother,
Till her daddy comes and kicks him from the
door.
He draws a pistol from his pocked, pulls the
hammer for to cock it,
And he vows he'll blow away his giddy brain;
But his ducky says he mustn't, 'tisn't loaded,
so he doesn't
And they're kissing one another once again.

Chorus.

For old maids love it, no widows are above it,
Everybody has a finger in the pie,
Some women are so haughty, that they say it's
very naughty,
But you bet your life they do it on the sly.
When a girl is seventeen she thinks it very mean,
If she can't get onto something for her mash,
She will pucker up her mouth with a very pretty
pout,
And she'll fumble underneat his big mustache.
Oh, they make a fellow shiver, for they make
you jump the river,
And they stick as close as granulated glue;
She will masticate your smeller if you do.

Chorus.

If you want to kiss her neatly, very sweetly and
completely,
If you want to kiss her so's to kiss her nice,
When you get a chance to kiss her, make a
dodge or two and miss her,
Then smack her on the kisser once or twice,

STARS IN THE SKY.

As Sung by BESLY and WESTFALL.

Three long nights and three long days,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
Jona laid in the bosom of the whale,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
The Lord commanded, with his good right hand,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
For to take Mr. Jona to the innocent land,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Railroad train in passing through,
This land of ours is lost to view,

And sister, she is coming to,
We'll get home bym-bye
Bym-bye, bym-bye.
For the stars in the sky,
And they number No. 1, No. 2, No. 3,
Good Lord, bym-bye, good Lord, bym-bye,
bym-bye.

Repeat last four lines.

Hitched the mule up to the cart,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
The darned old mule, he wouldn't start,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
I hit him with a whip, and away he run,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
He bid farewell to the wagon tongue,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!

Drink my coffee and drink my tea,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!

Chorus.

 Folks run around town and talk about me,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
What kind of shoes do the angels wear,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!
They wear the kind to climb the golden stairs,
Good Lord, Hallelujah!

Chorus.

LITTLE RED CABOOSE BEHIND THE TRAIN.

Composed and Sung with great success, by B. H. WESTFALL.

I am thinking of those good old days and times
we used to have,
Before the speed recorder was put on,
Oh! the trains we used to pull and the time we
used to make,
When some fifteen miles an hour was never
known.
But a sudden change has come to those happy
days of yore,
We can never steal a minute's time again,
For we have a speed recorder, that keeps every­
thing in order,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

Chorus.
Oh! the wheels they are sliding as we hold them
down the hill,
The engineer does nothing but complain,
And there's danger all around you when you try
to pound your ear,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

BOARDING-HOUSE.

Comic Banjo Song, by CHARLES BESELY.

Oh! I rent rooms in a boarding-house,
It's a shame and a disgrace,
I'll pack my trunk and move
When I can find a place.
I never saw such sights,
Since the day that I was born—
A lot of tramps came yesterday,
Inside the house they tore;
There's an old maid lives upstairs,
With a dude that puts on airs;
In the next room two fights like cats and dogs,
In the next room but one,
There's a fiddler and his son
Teaching two old maids to dance a clog.

I was nearly starved to death one day,
And tempted was to steal,
I went and braced the landlord
For enough to buy a meal.
He sent me to the kitchen,
For he thought I was a beast,
So I sat down to have a feast,
But blamed if I could eat.
Two tramps upon the floor,
With a pig behind the door,
In the corner was a dizzy chicken coop;
There was insects in the air,
And the butter had red hair,
And the baby had both feet stuck in the soup.
The yard is full of cats and dogs,
And all the neighbors say,
They'd fire Mariah into the fire
If they only had their way.
The yard is full of brick-bats
And old tin water pails,
The dogs come home on Saturday night
With tin cans on their tails;
There's the landlord's daughter Hanner,
Thumps a Chickering piano,
To hear her you would want to go and die;
You would surely suffocate
To hear her ejaculate,
Wait till the clouds roll by.
A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

1. I have often heard men ask Why women talk so fast, And how they come by Every bit of news. They will talk a man to death Before he gets his breath, Its fancy that their jaws are never sore, For they think themselves so clever When they get off hardly ever, A woman's tongue will run forever more.

CHORUS.

So there's no use in beginning To stop a woman's chinning,—

What so ever you may say she's equal to the best. Take my advice and drop it, For she will never stop it, A woman's tongue will never take a rest.

2. Oh, there's many a married man, Who is doing the best he can To raise his family in a way that he thinks right: But he leads a sorrowful life, For he married a scolding wife, And she don't speak as gentle as she might. I wonder how he feels, While sitting at his meals, When she her chin music does commence; But when he's out a-working hard, You will find her in the yard, A chinning to the neighbors o'er the fence. 

Cho.—So there's no use, &c.

3. They are bound that she'll be heard, So they shout out every word, That the neighbors they will hear it all next door: So young men whose heads go swimming After all the pretty women, Should investigate the matter well before. It's all right to go a courting, For those that like that sporting, The old saw says, "Just go it while you're young," But if your health you want to save, And avoid an early grave, Just marry one that's really deaf and dumb. 

Cho.—So there's no use, &c.
BRIDGET DONAHUE.
(Written by Johny Paterson the Great Irish Clown.)

1. It was in the country Kerry, A little way from Clare; Where the boys and girls are merry At a patron race or fair, The town is called Kellorglin, A party place to view, But what makes it interesting Is my Bridget Donahue. Oh Bridget Donahue, I really do love you, Although I'm in America, To you I will be true, Then Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do, Just take the name of Patterson And I'll take Donahue.

2. Her father is a farmer, And a dissent man is he, He's liked by all the people, From Kellorglin to Tralee, And Bridget on a Sunday, When coming home from Mass, She's admired by all the people, Sure they want to see her pass.

3. I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word, Not a picture of myself But the picture of a Bird; It was the American Eagle, And says I Miss Donahue, Our Eagles wings are enough To shelter me and you.


THE BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

1. The sun will soon refuse to shine we're going to lose the morn, There will be a great catastrophe, 'Twill happen very soon; The age of wonders has revived, Old age will turn to man who come to wonder at the sight, Of baby's wondrous primary tooth; To dance it on their youth, And you'll agree that I am right when you have heard the truth. George dear, George dear, knees, And hum their approbation, like a hive of busy bees.

2. Now since that wonderful event the house, both day and night, Is crowded with many youth, And you'll agree that I am right when you have heard the truth. George dear, George dear, knees, And hum their approbation, like a hive of busy bees.

3. Spoken after First Verse. — The other morning I was suddenly awakened by a violent rapping from the partner of my joys, who cried: 'Oh, George, George, dear George, you brute, put your finger in the baby's dear little mouth.' I did, and found a tooth.

4. Spoken after Second Verse. — Yes, they all are busy; some are busy eating, some are busy drinking, and all are busy talking.

5. My name will set up a party in honour of the day, She says I am a nasty brute without an ounce of sense, I dare not utter one protest, but must the piper play! (Semb.) The home then top to bottom looks as if it were wrecked with The house then top to bottom looks as if it were wrecked with The house then top to bottom looks as if it were wrecked with Because the kid has pushed a bit of ivory thro' his gums. — Cho.

6. It makes it interesting is my Bridget Donahue. Oh Bridget Donahue, I really do love you, Although I'm in America, To you I will be true, Then Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do, Just take the name of Patterson And I'll take Donahue.
IT WILL MAKE A MAN FEEL LIKE A FOOL.
As Sung with great success by PROTEAU & BELMONT.

If you go to get shaved with no hair on your face,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you lose all the money you bet on a race,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you take your best girl out for a day,
And invite her to supper to fashionable cafe,
Put your hand in your pocket, you’ve no money to pay,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
If you meet with a lady all satin and lace,
It will make a man feel like a fool.
To get just one glimpse of her beautiful face,
It will make a man feel like a fool.

HUCKLEBERRY PICNIC.
As sung by Besly and Westfall. Banjo Kings.

Old uncle Peter got full last night,
Looked out the window and saw a sight,
This is the story he told me, all about the animals he did see—
Skunk on the wall blowing his nose,
Toads in the garden wore new soldier clothes.
Goose and the gander and the old gray nag,
Played on the piano, Rally Round the Flag.

CHORUS.
Come join the huckleberry picnic,
It’s going to take place to-day,
I’m on the committee to invite you all,
But I hain’t got long to stay.

Grasshopper in the barn was singing Saperona;
Big bull frog was singing base.

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.
Composed and Sung by B H Westfall.

On a summer’s day, when the wave was rippled,
By the softest gentlest breeze,
Did a ship set sail
With a cargo laden for a port beyond the seas.
There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,
While a form was yet discerned,
Though they knew it not ‘twas a solemn parting,
For the ship never returned.

CHORUS.
Did she never return—she never returned,
Her fate is yet unlearned,
Tho’ for years and years there were fond ones watching,
Yet the ship—she never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
I must cross the wide-wide sea,
For they say perchance in a foreign climate
There’s health and strength for me.
’Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger,
And her heart for her youngest yearned,
Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessings,
On the ship that never returned.

CHORUS.

Only one more trip said a gallant seaman,
As he kissed his weeping wife,
Only one more bag of the golden treasure,
And ’twill last us all through life.
Then I’ll spend my days in my cozy cottage,
And enjoy the rest I’ve earned,
But alas, poor man, for he sailed commander,
Of the ship that never returned.

CHORUS.
NEW YORK: POPULAR PUBLISHING CO., 37 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.
The subject of this brief sketch, Mr. Brant H. Westfall, was born at Harrisburg, Pa., August 6th, 1856, and commenced his career as a vocalist at eighteen years of age. Since that time he has been before the public as a singer and amusement manager, scoring the greatest success everywhere. Besides being a charming vocalist, Mr. Westfall is also a wonderful versatile comedian, being proprietor at various times of extensive amusement and theatrical enterprises. For five years was associated with Dr. J. I. Lighthall, the Diamond King, regaling thousands of people with his delightful songs in open air concerts.

Mr. Westfall is now in his 31st year, single, and in every way a gentleman, his friends and admirers throughout the country are as numerous as the sands on the sea shore. At present Mr. Westfall is engaged, at an enormous salary, with Dr. C. B. Judd, the Electric King, assisting in advertising.