

SOMETHING NEW STARTS EVERY DAY, AND MY HIGHLAND HOME.

OH, dear me this world quite strange is,
Every day brings forth new changes;
Ups and downs and alterations,
Bran new plans and speculations:
One thing surely must be handy
Potatoes made into real French brandy;
Patent bricks and I've not got all
There's the new exchange and the deuce knows what all.

CHORUS—Oh dear, oh dear, tis truth I say
Something new starts every day.

There's safety pumps and parachute sockets,
And portable gas to carry in your pockets;
And if in spirits the folks, are not half in
There's gas to set you all a laughing;
The people being tired of stage roads
Have pass'd a law to ride on rail roads,
Always changing, new things trying
They'll give us wings and then for flying.

CHORUS—Oh dear, Oh dear, what shall we do
Every day brings something new.

All round the town they've got new churches
And people flock into their porches
And every Sunday 'pon my conscience,
The black coats fill your head with nonsense;
They say *Old Nick* lives down below there
If you don't repent, you're sure to go there;
You'll be tossed about in a fiery gulf sir,
They'll fill your stomach with brimstone and sulphur.

Oh dear, &c.

Oh dear, oh dear, this world quite strange is,
Every day brings forth new changes,
For the ladies now are afraid to walk out,
For fear of the men who nightly stalk out;
For soon you see at nothing they falter,
For round the neck they catch them with a halter.
Take them to the doctors who calls the dissectors,
And they cut up the bodies to give the students lectures.

Oh dear, &c.

When the old folks died and left the world's riot
They were laid in their graves to rest in quiet,
Until the day of resurrection,
Nor even dream'd of being dug up for dissection.
But now there's men whose tricks quite odd is
Who go out at night to steal dead bodies;
If you are buried in the city and are not defected
Why, tis twenty to one that you'll get dissected.

Oh dear. &c.

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When our grandmother's hens would lay, sir,
They'd hatch their eggs the natural way, sir,
Fondly sitting on, and sticking,
Till every egg brought out a chicken,
But now there's a man who swears and vows, and
Says that he can hatch eggs by thousands;
All by steam, which so fast produces,
He'll supply the city with ducks and geoses.

Oh dear, &c.

It seems the power of steam let loose is
For steam is applied to all manner of uses
Steam to travel o'er land and ocean,
Steam is now the perpetual motion
Steam for boiling, steam for baking.
Steam for drying, and sausage making
Steam to fire large balls and bullets
Steam to hatch little chick-a-biddy pullets.

Oh dear, &c.

My Highland Home.

My highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold the wintry looks,
Thy hills are crown'd with driven snow,
And ice-bound are the brooks;
But colder far the Scotsman's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart.—
My native highland home.

Then gang with me to Scotland, dear,
We ne'er again shall roam;
And with thy smiles so bonnie, cheer,
My native highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell,
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
The cushat dove, within the dell,
Invites to peace and love:

For blythesome is the face of day,
And sweet's the bonnie broom;
And pure's the dimpling rills that play,
Around my highland home.

Then gang with me to Scotland, &c.

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