

BEN FISHER & WIFE

or the

Humble Home

SUNG BY THE

AMPHIONS

Composed by

T. Wood.

25 Cts. nett.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY FIRTH, POND & CO. 11 FRANKLIN SQUARE

Syracuse. T. HOUGH.

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St. Louis WAKELAM & LUCHO.

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BEN FISHER

T. WOOD.

Con Espressione.

2^d V. Ben Fisher had ne-ver a pipe of clay And never a dram drank he So he

Ben Fisher had finished his hard days work, And he sat at his cot-tage door; His

loved at home with his wife to stay And they chatted right mer-ri-ly Right mer-ri-ly they

good wife Kate sat by his side, And the moonlight daned on the floor The moonlight daned on the

chat-ted on, Her babe slept on her breast; While a chubby rogue with ro-sy smile, On his

cottage floor, Her beams were clear and bright As when he and Kate twelve years before, Talked

fa - thers knee found rest On his father's knee found rest

love in her mel - - low light Talked love in her mel - - low light

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CHORUS.

1st Verse.

The moon-light danced on the cot-tage floor, Her beams were clear and

2^d Verse.

Right mer-ri-ly they chat-ted on, And her babe slept on her

bright..... As when he and Kate twelve years be-fore, Talked

breast While a chub-by rogue with ro--sy smile, On his

love in her mel-low light..... Talked love in her mel-low light.....

fa-ther's knee found rest..... On his father's knee found rest.....

3^d Verse.

Ben told her how fast the po-ta-toes grew, And the corn in the low-er

4th Verse. Kate said that her garden looked beau-ti-ful, Her fowls and her calves were

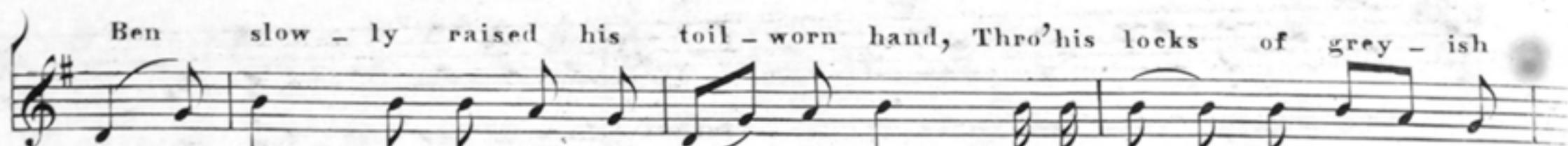
fields, And the wheat on the hills was grown to seed, And promised a glo-rious fat, The butter that Tommy, that morning had churned, Would buy him a sun-day

yield. A glo-rious yield in the sum-mer time And his orchard was do-ing hat. That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made, And it was done too, by the

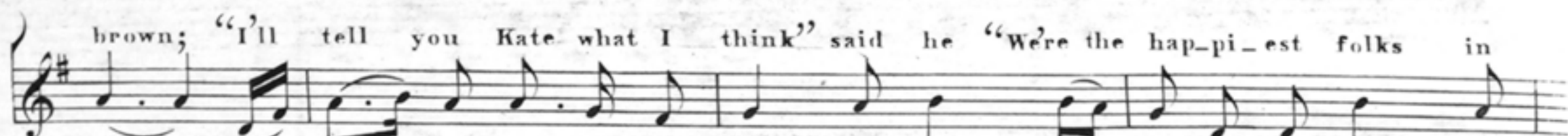
fair, His sheep and his flock, were in their prime His farm all in good re-rule That Neddy the garden could nice-ly spade And Ann was up head at

pair. His farm all in good re-pair CHORUS A glorious yield &c school. And Ann was up head at school. CHORUS That Jenny for Pa &c

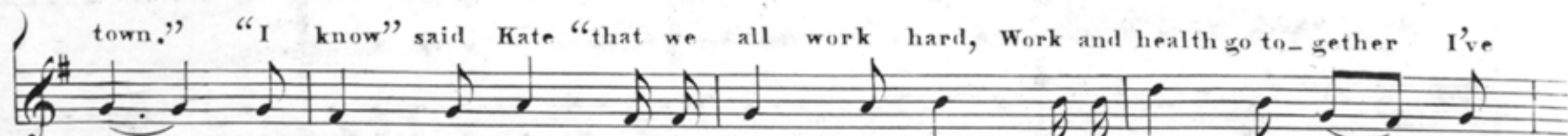
5th Verse.



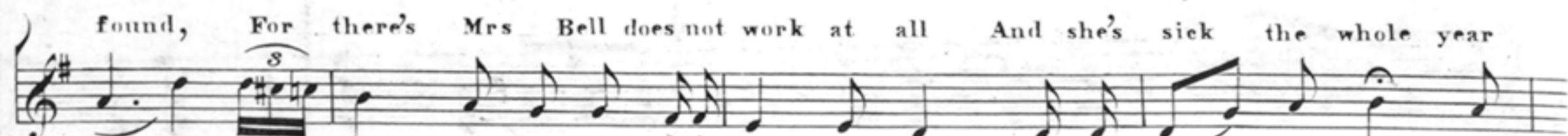
6th Verse They are worth their thousands so peo - ple say, But I ne'er saw them hap - py.



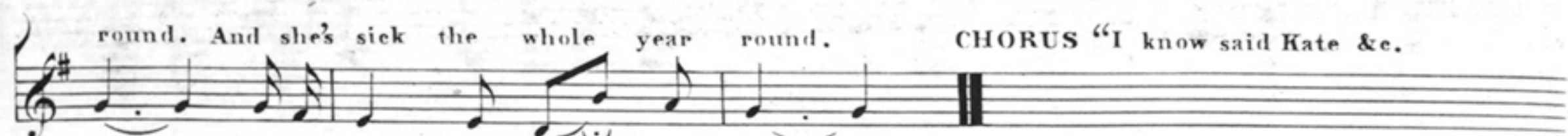
yet; 'Twould not be me that would take their gold And live in a con - stant



fret. My hum - ble home has a light with in Mrs Bell's gold could not



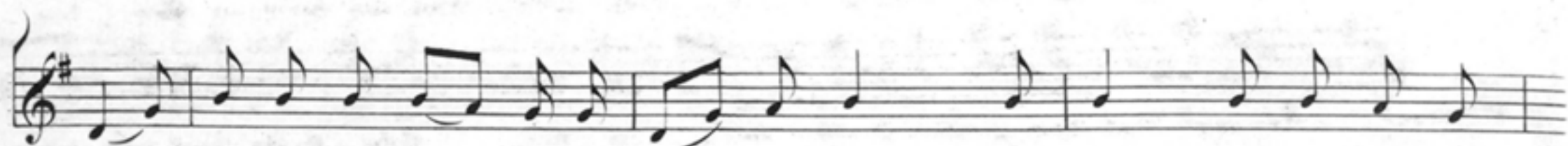
buy, Six love - ly children, a mer - ry heart, And a hus - bands' love - lit



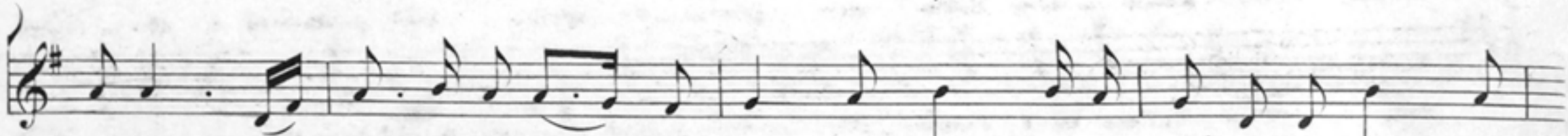
eye. And a hus - bands' love - lit eye.

CHORUS "I know said Kate &c.

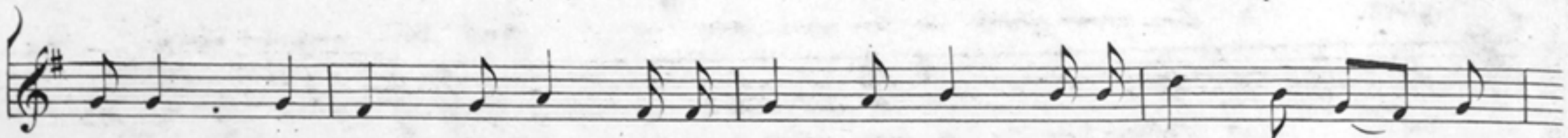
CHORUS My humble home &c.



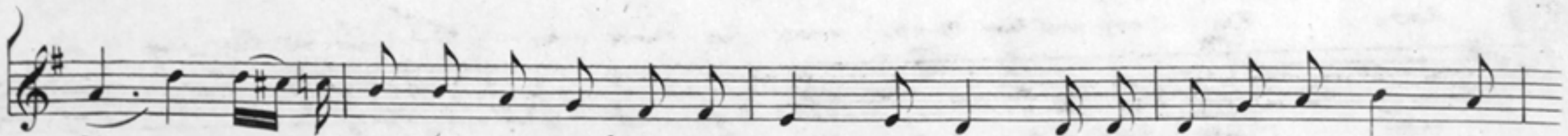
7th Verse. I fancied a tear was in Ben's fine eye, The moon shone brighter and



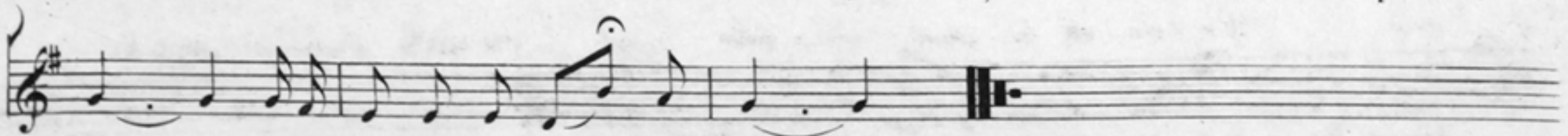
clearer I could not tell why the man should cry But he hitch'd up to Kate still



nearer He leaned his head on her shoulder there And he took her hand in



his And I guess (tho' I look'd at the moon just then) That he left on her lips a



kiss That he left on her lips a kiss.

CHORUS He leaned his head &c.