

To Charles Matthews, Esq.

NIAGARA FALLS.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. Winchell,

And sung by him at the

Principal Theatres.



BOSTON

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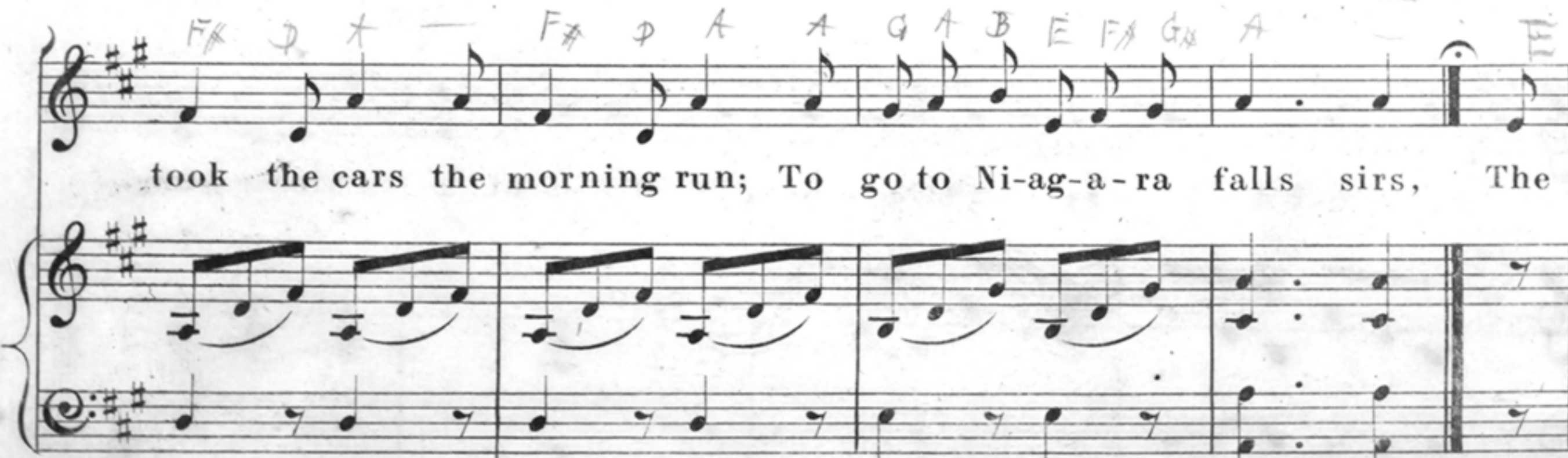
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NIAGARA FALLS.



C# E C# E C# D C# D E

morn was cold the snow fell fast, Old Bo-reas blew a pi - ping blast, With

B E B E B C# D# E

two horse pow'r sat off at last, We'd pas - sen-gers of ev - 'ry cast; There was

A G# E F# G# A F# E F# G# A B

Mr and Mrs Frost and son, A charming lady of - fif - ty one, Whose

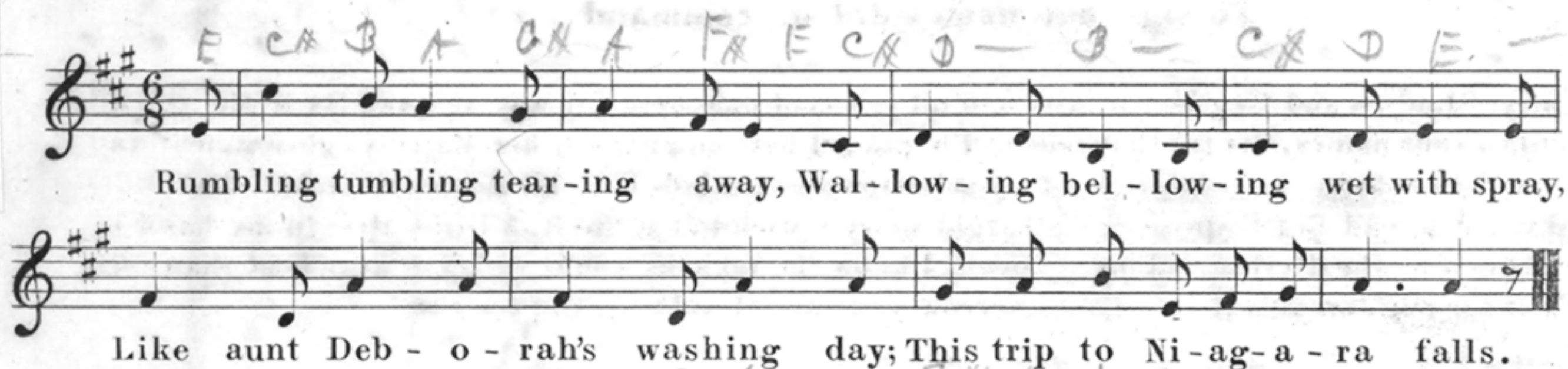
B C# D# E

vol - u - bil - i - ty of tongue, Re-mind-ed me of a chinese gong.

The following conversation took place in the Cars, between an old Lady, and Gentleman.

Old Gent: "My dear I told you not to bring that child along this frosty morning; you might just as well left it tew hum with the sarvent gall as not, and it would have been well taken care of; let me hold it thats a dear." *Old Lady*: "No Mr Frost, I'll carry it myself so I will, the ony donylee-
tle huny buny. I did not want to set off for the Falls so early in the spring, but you are an
untimely frost, Mr Frost, as your conduct sufficiently evinces; last fall you were for going to
the Springs and this spring, you are for going to the Falls; last winter you went to Summer-
town, we put up at Mr Snow's Hotel where we had all like to have frozen to death. (Child
ories) There, there, yes Mamas dear pet shall go and see the."

CHORUS.



Like aunt Deb - o - rah's washing day; This trip to Ni - ag - a - ra falls.

The driver did his horses crack,
But the snow kept drifting o'er the track,
Which made our travelling rather slack
Going to Niagara falls sirs,
At length arrived in time to dine
The Cataract hotel is fine:
We'd flesh and fish of ev'ry kind,
And negro waiters to stand behind;
The landlord he procured a guide,
Who took us down to the water side
Where we rock'd and pitch'd in the foaming tide
As through the surge our boat did glide.

Old Lady: "Dont sit over there sir, if you do we shall overset." *Old Gent*: "Billy, my boy, set up out
of the bottom of the boat." *Boy*: "Oh, no, Pa I'm afraid I shall upset; Oh! Mama! see what a sight of ice
there is all around the boat." "Sartain" observed a Yankee. "This is an ice boat wherry." *Old Gent*: "Dont
be making fun, its punishment enough crossing this pond 'tis pon my word, Ah! there's the English
hallo! I wonder what's the reason they are not as high as the American Falls." *Yankee*: "Well as nigh
as I can calc'late 'tis because they haint got so far to fall." *Old Lady*: "How is it possible you can jest
in the midst of this"—

Chorus. Rumbling tumbling &c.

Midst foaming billows at length we land,
 On cakes of rocky ice and sand,
 We all got safe upon the strand,
 Going to Niagara falls sirs.
 We gazed upon the English falls,
 Tumbling over natures walls;
 The noise of which your heart appalls,
 Just like the thousand thunder sqalls.
 A red coat sentry bid us stand
 A broth of a boy from Paddys land;
 With bayonet fixed and pen in hand,
 To sign our names did us command.

Sentry: "Ladies and Gentlemen, won and all ye's cant pass here any way ye's can fix it till ye's all put down your names; 'tis for that reason I'm placed here on guard by her Majestys government and am bound to enforce the commands of my superior officer. Ye's have all written down but divil the word can I wread but I spose it's all right or ye's wouldn't write it, A little silver in my hand by way of keeping the divil out of my stomach, I know the Yankees would rather it were lead than silver, but long life to ye's if ye's die tomorrow you can all walk up and see the "

Chorus. Rumbling tumbling &c.

Stuck fast in mud with sad turmoil,
 Some lost a shoe, amidst the toil,
 At length we reach'd the topmast soil,
 That leads to Niagara fall sirs -
 The rival cataracts in view
 Roaring and rushing ever new:
 Goat Island stands between the two;
 The English falls they call Horse Shoe,
 Near Table Rock we all descend,
 Down winding steps that never end;
 The Ladies our aid we had to lend
 Each begging the other her pace to mend.

Old Lady: "Oh! dear I cant go under there, wont that rock fall on us! Does nobody never get kill'd under here nor nothing?" *Yankee:* "Nobody I guess that ever liv'd to tell on it. *Guide:* "Don't be frighten'd ladies you are now in sight of the sublimest of spectacles," *Old Gent:* "I left my spectacles to hum." *Frenchman:* "Here's von grand plaze pour de contemplation." *Yankee:* "Grand for washing sheep." *Dutchman:* "Dish falls is pig" *Dandy:* "Oh! de'ah I am really distracted with this "

Chorus. Rumbling tumbling &c.