To my friend
ALBERT JOOST ESQ.



COMICSONG

W. CDEN.

233

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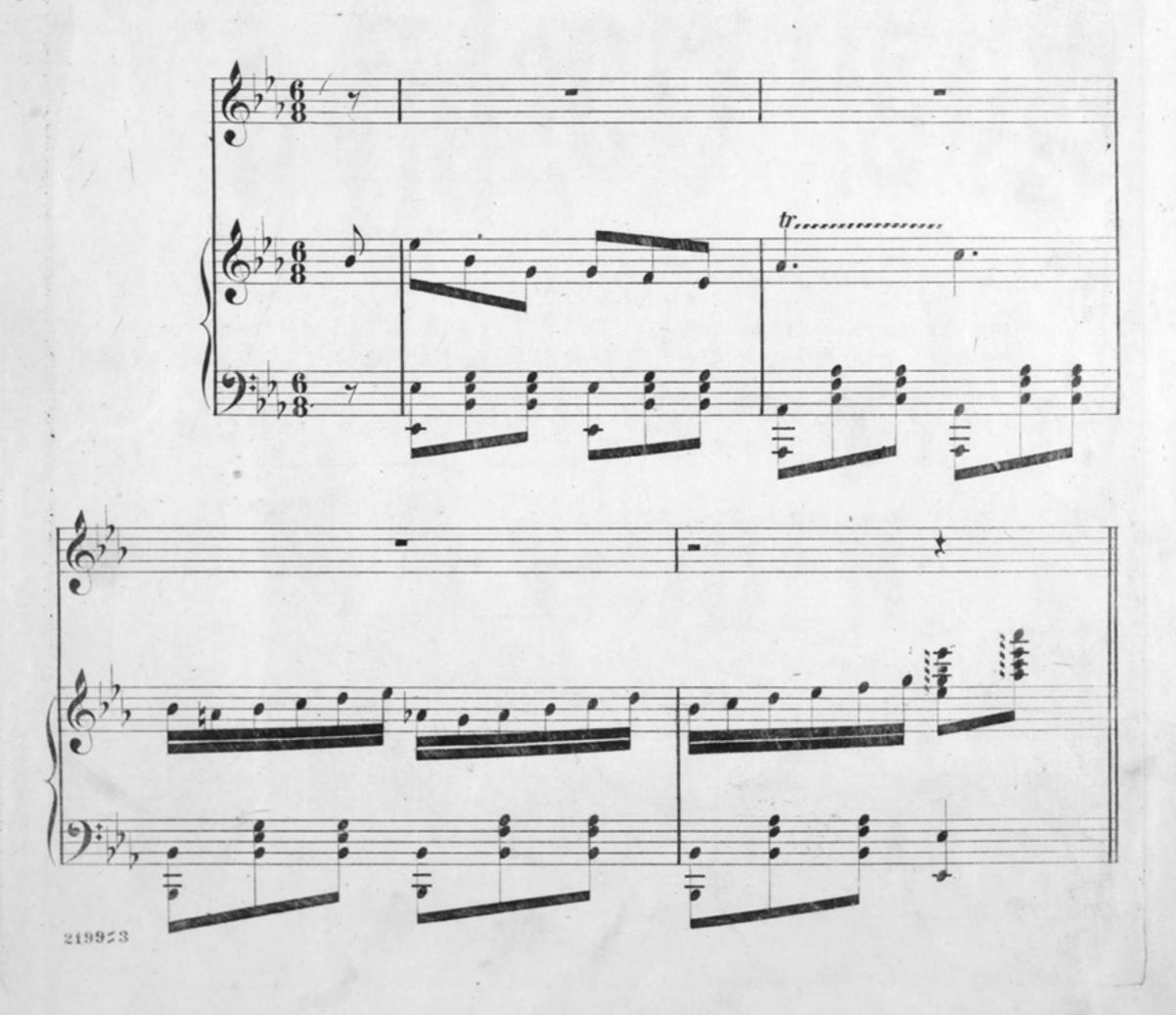
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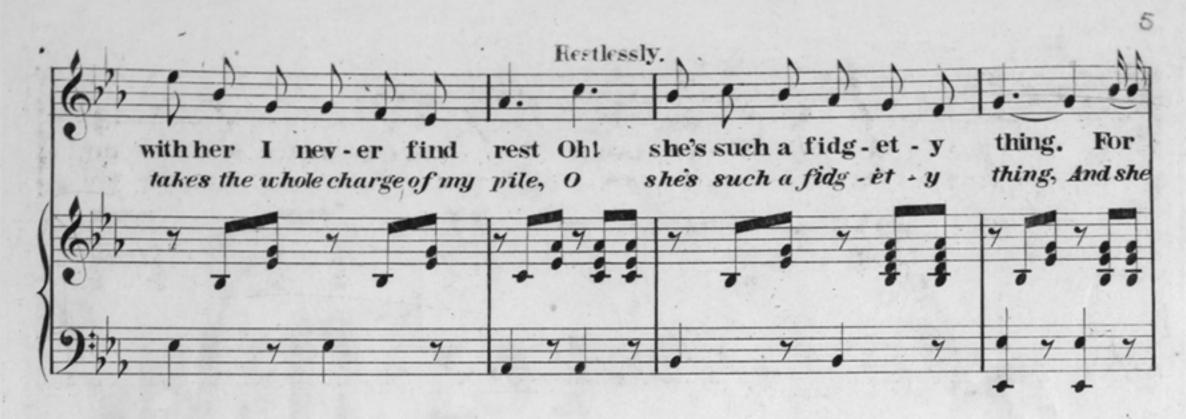
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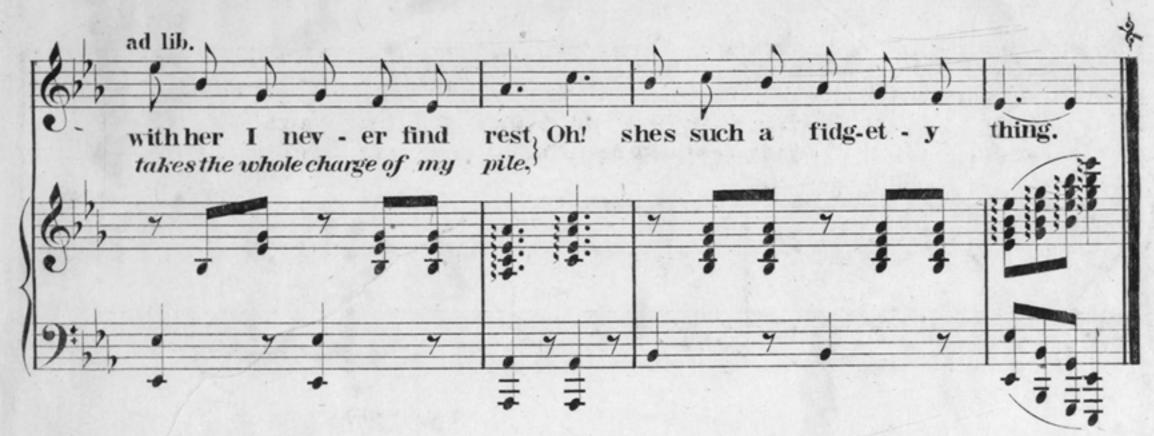
OH Comic Ballad

W. A. Ogden.









3

She knits all my stockings herself,

My shirts are bleached white as the snow;

She brushes my hat on the shelf,

My old clothes look better than new:

But then if a morsel of lint,

Or dust to my trousers should cling;

Time sure of a sermon at least,

For she's such a fidgety thing.

4

Atreasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad,
Tolay up my treasures in Heaven:
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing.

2199:3