

Tappan & Bradford's Lith.

AS SUNG FOR FIFTY YEARS

At the Festal Board of the Anniversaries

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BOSTON

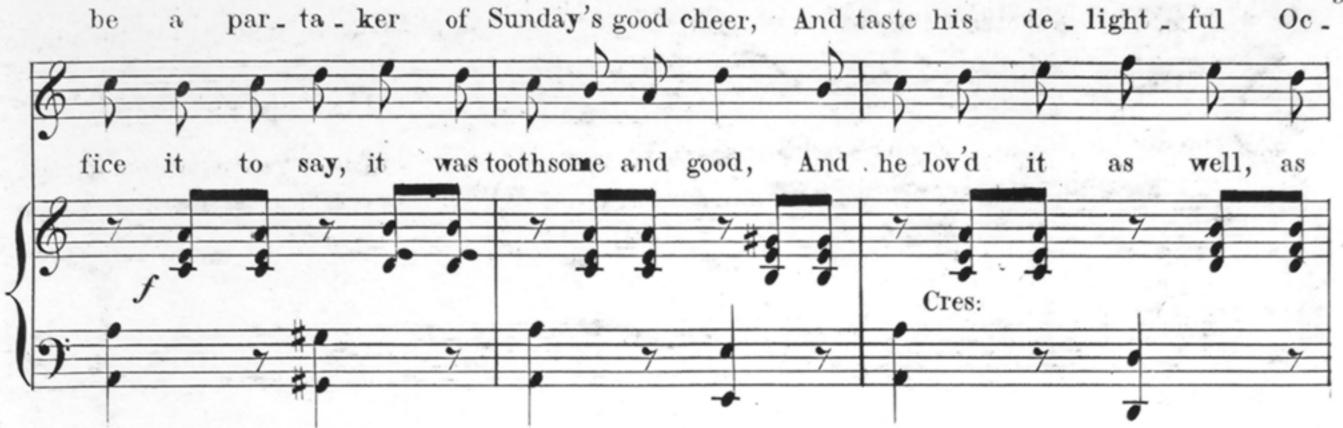
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THE BARREL OF BEER.









he did his own blood. Derry down, down down derry down.

When the guest he was seated, and all being snug, "Here rib," quoth the parson, "go fetch us a mug;"
But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her, When, "yonder," she cried, "are the hogs in the cellar!"

Derry down.

She went and returned, and, with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case.
He raved, like a madman, all over the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with a broom!

Derry down.

"Why, husband," cried she, "what a coil you keep here,
About a poor, beggarly barrel of beer!
In all your perplexities, troubles, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses."

Derry down.

"A plague upon Job!" then he cried in a rage,
"I dare say that beer was full ten years of age;
And you are a poor, silly jade like his wife;
For Job never had such a cask in his life."

Derry down.