Gaglets, - song lyrics

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GAGLETS,
Tune-"Kerry Dances."
Composed and Sung by Arthur J. O'Brien and Lewis H. Carroll.

Hurrah for the present, the past and future,
Hurrah for the gags that ought to be shaved,
Squibs, conundrums And old-time chestnuts;
Gags that have whiskers And ought to be shaved,
Gags that were told to our great grandfathers,
Gags that were hammered, tattered and torn;
Gags that were smothered, tarred and feathered;
Gags that were sprung before we were born,
And now we'll sing of gags they tell in a tune you all know well:

Refrain.
[Tune- "Gaiety Dance."]
Oh, what makes a chicken cross the street, is what the end man said;
The rooster on the other side she wants, the needle and thread. [month-
What's good for a bald head? Plenty of hair-You just took the word out of my
I always thought you had hair on your teeth the other end man did shout.

Refrain.
'Tis the song And the sigh of the actors-
Night stands, night stands, come again no more;
Many days we have lingered around the old stage-door.
Oh, week stands, come again once more.

There's a Home for the Wanderer Still.
Copyright, 1891, by Hitchcock & McCargo Company
By Richard J. Jose.

I left all the loved ones in sadness and tears,
My mother so fond and so true;
The home of my childhood I've not seen for years,
In sorrow I bade it adieu;
Yet now, in my vision, I fondly return,
While tears come my eyelids to fill,
And my heart tells me ever, while sadly I yearn.
There's a home for the wanderer still.

Refrain.
There's a home sweet and bright, there's a home of delight,
And it shines o'er the valley And hills;
Tho' sad and distressed, always there he'll find rest,
There's a home for the wanderer still.

I've met with misfortune, I've battled with care,
And yet through it all like a star,
I know that a mother, with silvery hair,
Is waiting her dear boy afar.
I'll go to the hearts that are kinder than all,
I'll roam o'er each valley and hill,
The voices of old to my heart fondly call,
There's a home for the wanderer still.-Refrain.