

MRS. MONDAY TO HER HOPEFUL SON-

IN-LAW

John Anderson, my Joe John,
When we were first acquaint,
You lived in Chillicothe John,
A larnin for to print;
But in place of that you larnt to Lie,
As all the people know,
At which you did no journey-work,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
'Tis well you have a trade,
However high or low John,
Or of whatever grade;
To be a public Liar John;
As politics now go,
You'll find an easy trade enough;
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John;
The Dayton Herald man
Will pay you well for lying John,
So at it hand-o'er hand;
And do not be too nice John,
But grease it as you go,
And lie with all your might and main,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
You are my son-in-law,
And a worthy son you are John,
As ever mother saw;
And though your trade is common John,
As politics now go,
Yet I trow you are a match for most,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
The Columbus Hemisphere,
May run you hard at lying John,
But keep ye in good cheer;
Your long petticoat letter John,
Did twig the fellow so,
That he has not lyed for several days,
John Anderson my Joe.

Another chap, my Joe John,
I'd have you understand,
Does as good work in lying John,
As any other hand;
The Allen Advertiser John,
Where once you lived you know,
Can split a thunder cloud with lies,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
You must not be afraid,
Because so many able hands,
Have taken up your trade;
You'll make a right good living John,
For seven months or so;
By lying like the very deal;
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John;
Why may not you and I
Make a penny now and then John,
By fathering a lie?
The Government will pay you John,
And 'tis sure pay you know;
Clean money, though 'tis dirty work,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
If Van Buren is elect,
I trow, my dear John Anderson
You'll make a handsome speck;
For offices, and honors John,
And money, as things go,
Are the sure reward of lying well,
John Anderson my Joe.

'Tis true the world will visit you,
With unrelenting hate,
For slandering the Ladies of,
Your native town and State;
But never fash your thumb John,
As things are going to go,
'The bigger liar, better luck,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John;
While working at your trade,
If you stay about your home John,
You need not be afraid;
But near to Chillicothe John,
I warn you not to go,
A General there might pull your nose,
John Anderson my Joe.

And if you could exalt your nose,
Up high above his reach,
There's other noble chaps there John,
Who'd kick you in the breach:
So keep your distance dearest John,
Some ninty miles or so,
And drive your lying trade amain,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
The Chillicothe boys,
Don't fear the racket much John,
Nor do they make much noise;
But they'd ride you on a rail John,
As sure as there you go,
So keep your distance far away,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
When your letter first I read,
I was glad to find my dearest John,
Your witnesses were dead.
Don't call upon the living John,
For certain as you do,
'They'll prove you in a lie direct,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
Your's was a happy thought,
To tell a lie in such a way,
As to avoid being caught;
Now stick to that my dearest John,
And never let it go,
Or your lies will not be worth a fig,
John Anderson my Joe.

John Anderson, my Joe John,
You are my hopeful boy,
Tho' I've been dead for many years,
You're still your mothers' joy;
But were I yet alive John,
I would not swear you know
To a single word that you have said,
John Anderson my Joe.

MRS. MONDAY.