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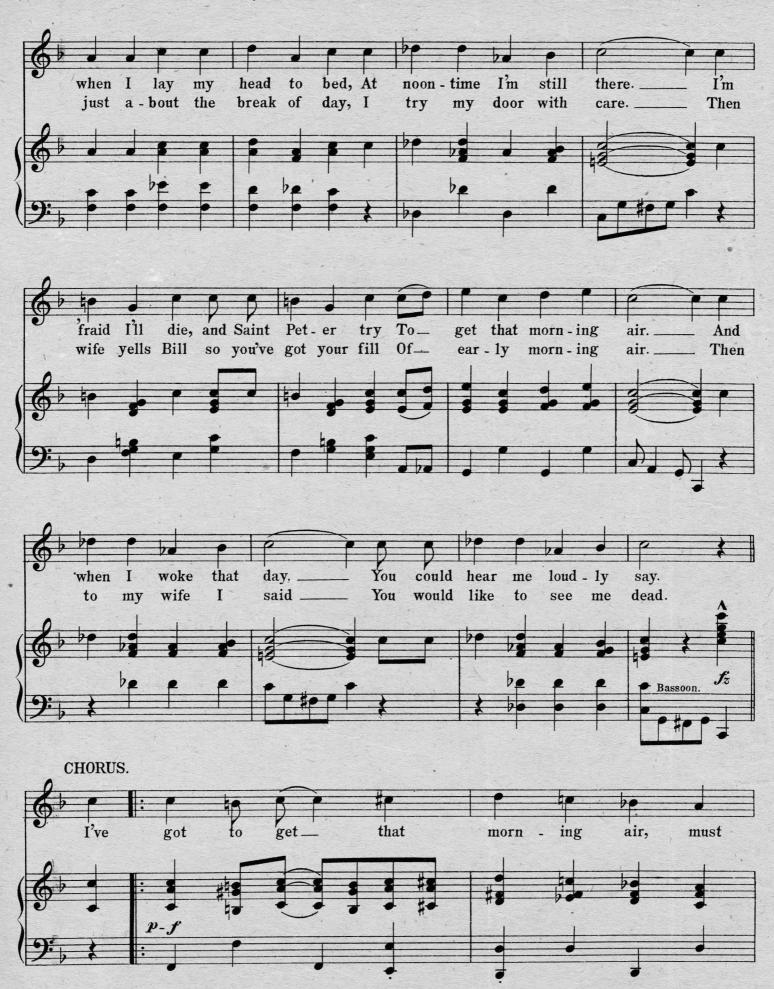
## 3

## I Need The Morning Air.

JOS. E. HOWARD.



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I Need The Morning Air. 3



I Need The Morning Air. 3

I dreamed one night that I was dead,
And went right down to H.... (Crash)
My pious friends were sizzling,
I heard the females yell,
I was introduced to old Nick,
At me he gave one stare.
I said, please Nick I'm awful sick,
And need the morning air.
Oh, my how Nick did glare,
When I asked him for cold air.

4

My wife's a politician sort,
Can talk you deaf and dumb.
She loves to take a little drink,
Of course it must be "Mumm"
One night I woke and found her gone,
No make-up on the chair
I heard a noise, she was with the boys,
Imbibing morning air.
She said why Bills 'tis fine,
To be with the boys and dine.