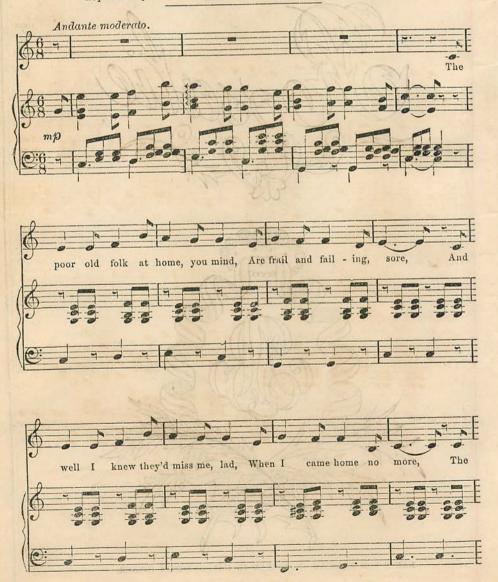
WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

By CLARIBEL.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.





- 2 When first we told our story, lad,
 Their blessings fell so free,
 They gave no thought to self at all,
 They did but think of me;
 But, laddie, that's a time away,
 And mother's like to die,
 I cannot leave the old folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.
- 3 I fear me sore, they're failing both,
 For when I sit apart,
 I, They'll talk of Heaven so earnestly,
 It well nigh breaks my heart!
 So, laddie, do not urge me more,
 It surely will not be,
 I cannot leave the old folk now,
 We'd better bide a wee, etc.