

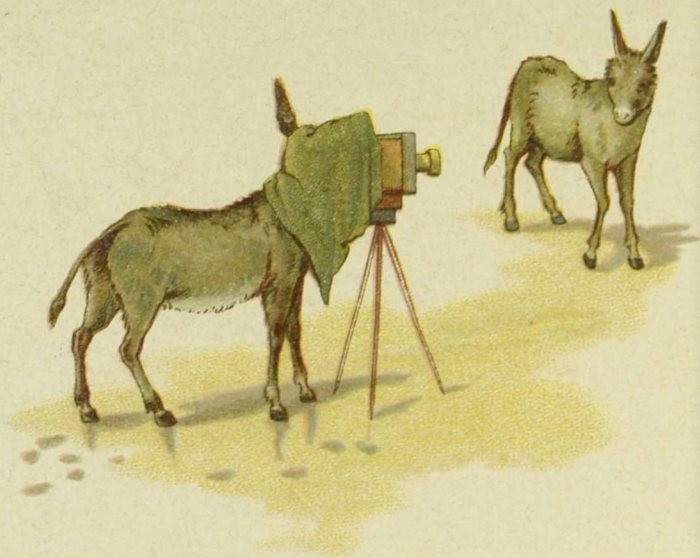


CASTELL BROTHERS,  
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I'll take your portrait !

But Miss Jenny will ne'er see  
this picture,  
The photographer pulls back his head,  
He gets caught and down  
comes the whole fixture,  
Behold! the brave donkeys have fled,  
With a wild bray they gallop away,  
In the distance they hear Mr Jones,  
And fear with dread and dismay  
A whip coming down on their bones;  
And that is a carte de visite  
Whose prospect is not at all sweet!



Down comes the whole fixture.



'Tis a crab hanging on to his nose!



Mr Jones wanders over the beach,  
His camera hopelessly smashed,  
He spies the rogues — quite out of reach,  
So far down the sands they  
have dashed;

The artist is now turning angler  
And into the water he goes,  
Dear me! what a terrible dangler,  
'Tis a crab hanging on to  
his nose!

Mr Jones sees it, and cries out "how sweet,  
"What a beautiful carte  
de visite."





While Miss Jenny says: "Darling, don't cry."

Oh the pangs of that terrible  
pinching!

With tears are his hairy cheeks wet,  
Kicks and blows he has borne  
without flinching,

But this! can he ever forget!

He has shaken the crab off in terror,  
He is wounded in nose and in jaw,  
He piteously sobs "what an error,

"But that crab shall be punished  
by law."

While Miss Jenny says "Darling, dont cry,  
"It will only inflame your poor eye."

M. G.

(P) 37131009 556 721



