



## *Odd Fellows, Drink! and Kiss the Lasses.*

COME, Odd Fellows, jocund souls,  
Pleasure's feast partake of;  
With good spirits fill your bowls,  
And care for ever shake off.  
At this soul inspiring spring,  
Regale and fill your glasses;  
Smoke, joke, and sing, then toast the king,  
And drink and kiss the lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

Let the vot'ries of Care  
Their cups of grief be filling,  
While we, who true Odd Fellows are,  
The cup of mirth are ringing;  
Such sordid mortals we disdain,  
Our joys their view surpasses;  
The bowl we'll drain—then, fill again,  
To drink and kiss the lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

Let the miser hoard his gold,  
And pay it adoration;  
Such slaves to Avarice we behold  
With scorn and detestation;  
With jovial hearts we meet, while he  
His useless dross amasses;  
With bosoms free, come, sing with glee,  
And toast and kiss the lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

Let those who tread the stage excite  
Amusement for a season,  
We've joys to taste, from morn till night,  
More lasting and more pleasing;  
The effect would soon decay, 'tis found,  
Were't not for their new farces;  
Our joys abound the whole year round,  
We drink and kiss the lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

Let those who frequent Margate's coast,  
Against each other vieing,  
Their games, their routs, and fashion boast,  
From scene to scene still flying;  
And, while with anger, pride, and fear,  
They envy all that passes;  
Odd Fellow cheer is drinking here,  
And toast the London lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

Our secrets we will ne'er reveal,  
No brothers' wants run by  
Unnoticed,—for disposed we feel  
To do as we'd be done by.  
To join our band we suffer not  
Dishonourable classes;  
While life remains, be it my lot  
To drink and kiss the lasses.  
With tol lol lol, &c.

## **TOMMY TOWERS**

AND

## **ABRAHAM MUGGINS;**

OR, THE

## **YORKSHIRE HORSE DEALERS.**

HARD by Clapham town end lived an old Yorkshire tyke,  
Who in dealing in horses had never his like;  
'Twas 'un pride that in all the hard bargains he'd hit,  
He'd bit a good many, but never got bit.  
Derry down, &c.

This old Tommy Towers—by that name he was known,  
Had a carrion old tit that was sheer skin and bone,—  
To ha' killed for the dogs would ha' done quite as well,  
But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die of himself.  
Derry down, &c.

Well, one Abraham Muggins, a neighbouring cheat,  
Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great treat;  
He'd a horse that was better than Tommy's—for why?  
The night afore he thought proper to die.  
Derry down, &c.

Thinks Abraham,—the old codger will ne'er smoke the trick,  
So I'll swop him my dead horse for his wick;  
And if Tommy Towers I should happen to trap,  
'Twill be a fine feather in Abraham's cap.  
Derry down, &c.

So to Tommy he goes and the question he pops,—  
"Between thy horse and mine, prithee, Tommy, what  
swops?  
What wilt thou give me to boot? for mine's better horse  
still."  
"Nought," says Tommy; "but I'll swop even hands if  
you will."  
Derry down, &c.

Abraham preached a long time about summat to boot,  
Insisting that his un's the livelier brute;  
But Tommy stuck fast where he had first begun,  
Till, at last, he shook hands, and cried, "Well, Tommy,  
done."  
Derry down, &c.

"Oh, Tommy," said Abraham, "I'ze sorry for thee;  
I thought thou had'st hadden more white in thine e'e;  
Good luck wi' thy bargain, for my horse is dead."  
Said Tommy—"My lad, so is mine, and he's flead."  
Derry down, &c.

So Tom got the best of the bargain, avast,  
And came off in a Yorkshireman's triumph, at last;  
For though 'twixt dead horses there's not much to choose,  
Yet Tommy were th' richer by th' hide and four shoes!  
Derry down, &c.

Sold by J. Livsey, 45, Hanover-street, Shudehill, Manchester.

