



TOMMY TOWERS & 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 himsel'.

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 that 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
thou 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'd first begun,
Till, at last, he shook hands, and cried, “Well, Tommy,
done.”

Derry down, &c.

“Oh, Tommy,” said Abraham, “Ize sorry for thee;
I thought thou hadst hadden more white in thine e'e;
Good luck wi' thy bargain, for my horse is dead,”
Says Tommy—“My lad, so is mine, an he's dead.”

Derry down, &c.

So Tom got the best of the bargain, a vast,
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!

(45.)

Derry down, &c.