



Donny-Brook FAIR.

One day rolling down, through fair Wexford town,
Avoiding all strife and dull care,
Rolling down Stephen's Green, I beheld a fair queen,
On the road to Old Donny-brook Fair.

She smiled and she said, I am a soft country maid,
Last night I was down from Kildare; [dear,
As we're both strangers here, I'll go with you my
For I long to see Donny-brook Fair.

Then with her consent, rolled under a tent,
Choice liquors I called for there,
To treat this fair dame, Jane Johnson by name,
Success to Old Donny-brook Fair.

A quarrel there arose, between two city beau's,
And I like a fool interfered,
Miss Jane being sly, bid my friendship good bye,
And left me in Donny-brook Fair.

Rolled out of the tent, quite drunken I went,
As drunk and as mad as a bear,
With my stick in my fist, determined to twist,
The first bully I met in the fair.

When I did stroll to the end of the town,
Who do you think I saw there,
Miss Jane and two more, dividing my store,
For she nailed me in Donny-brook Fair.

Right on her I gazed, and thus I did say,
That is my watch I will swear,
My watch and ten pound, she threw on the ground,
And left me the fun in the fair.

LAZY SOCIETY.

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O this world is so hard to get through,
With the ups and the downs a considering,
Some folks have high notions in view,
Through downwards they always are slithering
I once had industrious ways,
I could work night and day to satiety,
But now I can live at my ease,
Since I joined the New Lazy Society.

When I joined it I never knew how,
To rise early I always was willing sirs.
But if I get out of bed before two,
I am put down a fine of a shilling sirs
T'other day as I spoke to Jack Ten,
About an act attending propriety,
Because again a lamp post I didn't go lean,
I was fined by the Lazy Society.

Now these fines they lay heavy on me,
But I, m' determin'd to go and sin no more,
But myself and my whole family,
Will remain in bed until dinner hour,
As for soap in the house its ne'er seen,
And the place is both dirty and rioty,
Its six months since my face it was clean,
That's one of the principle rules of Society.

Now each day when my dinner is done.
I'm too lazy to stretch out my claw at it,
Its put in my mouth by my son,
And my wife has to wag my jaw at it;
My clothes they are all going in rags,
Like a man that has got no variety,
And my wife swears she'll mend them no more,
I'm an ornament to my Society.

Now I gave my son Robert a shilling,
To go and to fetch me some soup for it,
When he let it drop into a channel,
And he was too lazy to stoop for it
He kept kicking it on with his toe,
Which was an act of great impropriety,
When down in a sough it did go,
He was sinking the funds of Society.

Now my hours they pass'd gaily o'er,
I'm the pride of the house that I'm living in,
I lie down in bed all day o'er,
Till I come out to sing in the evening:
But I hope you will not cry en core,
For I'll assure you I've got no variety,
And I dare not go sing any more,
For I'am step ward to the Lazy Society.

