



Two fifty-eight these never fought, and
old Bill Tower was there, and me
just old Bill Tower was there, and me
I'll carry you &c.

And they were there, and me
A perfect trump, good race horse stock,
A thousand things I might relate that
How the horses laugh it, the old way they
I'll carry you &c.

They pulled and lowered the giant flower
That came in yachts, canoes and punts,
In round the bay they called to time, but
Exhausted now the hero felt unable to
With deafening shout they Bradley cheer
Who washed his face, then smoked his
I'll carry you &c.

J. Andrews, Printer, 38 Cha

