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# The Two Obadiahs

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# THE TWO OBADIAHS

Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah  
I am dry, Obadiah, I am dry  
Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah  
Well that's queer Obadiah so am I  
But the two Obadias had between them  
not a brown  
And all they sought to borrow from respond-  
ed with a frown  
You must pay us what you owe before we  
lend you what you need  
Said the old Obadiah oh be d—d  
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah  
I've a plan Obadiah I've a plan  
Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah  
If that's so Obadiah I'm your man  
Then the young Obadiah took the watch  
from out his fob  
Upon which a sympathyising uncle lent him  
30 bob  
Said the young Obadiah now I think that  
we are right  
Said the old Obadiah for the night.  
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah  
And now Obadiah what d'ye think  
Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah  
Let us Rink Obadiah let us Bink  
Then they strolled into a Rink, when two  
ladies fair they met  
On the asphalte by their charmers both our  
heroes were upset  
How much Obadiah shall we spend of  
what we've got  
Said the old Obadiah blue the lot  
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah  
With the ladies Obadiah we are right  
Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah  
I'm getting Obadiah rather tight  
Our money is all gone, and these ladies  
want to go  
And have a leetle supper at a leetle place  
they know,

Said the young Obadiah I am getting in a  
funk,  
Said the old Obadiah, let us bunk.  
Said the girl behind the bar to the young  
Obadiah,  
You owe me, Sir, for that last claret cup,  
Said the old Obadiah to the girl behind the  
bar,  
Stick it up my pretty darling, stick it up,  
But the barmaid said there's nothing sir  
that's stuck up about me,  
And she called in the police to arbitrate  
between the three,  
Said the young Obadiah what on earth is  
to be done,  
Said the old Obadiah cut and run.  
Said the girl behind the bar to the old  
Obadiah,  
Women's rights, Obadiah, I require,  
Said the old Obadiah to the girl behind the  
bar  
Don't aspire, gentle creature, don't aspire  
For englishmen all know what are really  
woman's rights,  
And ain gulled by Lydia Beckers, nor by  
Mrs. Jacob Brights,  
Oh! most Englishwomen aint like them  
you take my word,  
Said the old Obadiah thank the Lord.  
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah  
There'll be war. Obadiah, there'll be war,  
Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah  
If we're wanted Obadiah, here we are,  
For we've done with sneaking policies like  
that of yesterday,  
And we speak out our mind in a Dizzy-  
greable way,  
Said the young Obadiah Arbitration was  
our shame,  
Derbytration is a better sort o' game