

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

No. 14.

THE COMIC  
VALENTINE WRITER,

CONTAINING A SELECTION OF

THE BEST AND NEWEST QUIZZICAL  
VALENTINE VERSES.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1850.

Price One Penny.

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EDINBURGH

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EDINBURGH  
BY SCOTT & CO.  
GENERAL LITHOGRAPHERS

THE GENTLEMEN'S  
COMIC VALENTINE WRITER.

---

OF stiff deport, demure of phiz,  
With airs so prim, a perfect quiz ;  
With head oblique, and sideling eyes,  
And breast where disappointment lies ;  
Thy maiden charms—thy face appears  
To wear the badge of many years,  
Of sorrow sad, vexation, grief,  
Where love afforded no relief ;  
Now pozing o'er those graccless charms,  
That sear'd all lovers from your arms,  
In lean and lanken garb array'd,  
I leave thee, poor neglected maid.

---

You say you will not ease my pain,  
You will not love requite ;  
You look upon me with disdain,  
I know you can't see right.

My Valentine indeed declares,  
She cannot bear my sight ;  
When she forgoes those foolish airs,  
I'll say she then sees right.

---

Forgive me, pale Miss, if you think I am rude,  
But I think that your manners declare you a prude ;  
With finnicking fingers you coil up the lace,  
Your caps and your ribbons with ill-contriv'd grace,

O who but a fool would e'er venture to take  
 For a bride such a trumpery gingerbread cake!  
 Yet whose little conceits, without a penny to spare,  
 Would lead her to think she's a match for a mayor.

---

Your love on me do not intrude,  
 I do not wish to be deemed rude,  
 But I must tell you plain,  
 You never can engage my heart,  
 Nor can an ardent wish impart,  
 The offer I disdain;  
 Then to some other pray incline,  
 You yet may get a Valentine.  
 Though I don't like you, others may,  
 And so I wish you, ma'am, good day.

---

I see you forget not the days of your youth,  
 But still in your noddle have got the colt's tooth;  
 But if of money you have but a nice clinking purse,  
 'Twill induce me to take you—tho' all for the worse.  
 If you are poor, I all thoughts must resign,  
 To take such an old girl for my Valentine.

---

Could mother Eve but come again,  
 And view her daughters fair,  
 In modish taste so exquisite,  
 With real amaze she'd stare.  
 To acknowledge such a curious race  
 I'm sure she would decline,  
 And say you were a spurious set,  
 My modern Valentine.

---

How my poor heart does shake and bounce  
 To view your frill and airy flounce;  
 'Tis not for love, but 'tis for fear,  
 Lest fate design you for my dear:  
 I'd sooner drown and end my life,  
 Than have a dasher for a wife.

Extremes, they say, do rule the fair ;  
You show the truth, I do declare ;  
Your bonnet now so small is grown,  
It scarce the name of one can own ;  
Your clasp, as large as any shield,  
Will frighten Cupid from the field,  
He'll take you for an Amazon,  
Clap his wings, and off be gone.

---

Though Cupid shows upon your bag,  
Your love I must decline,  
I'd sooner wed a Lapland dog,  
Than you, my Valentine.  
Not e'en your plaid can tempt my heart  
To Scotia's land to go,  
For such a fright you are in dress,  
You make a perfect show.

---

Your years, if numbered, fifty-five would give,  
Though you profess you're only thirty-five,  
And so you've said for twenty years, I'd bet,  
And still no husband have you chosen yet.  
That dress appropriate to fashion's taste,  
Girlish and airy, with the tightened waist,  
Those eyes that smile, the parasol you twirl,  
And silvery lap-dog, with its hair in curl,  
Have fairly smitten this poor heart of mine,  
And so I choose thee for my Valentine.

---

To wander with thee through the shade of the groves,  
Or over the moon-lighted mead,  
And there to discourse of our mutual bliss,  
Were an exquisite pleasure indeed.

For in the effulgence of beauty and grace,  
On the last, or the birth-day before,  
You attained to that age so congenial to love.  
*Interesting and playful threescore.*

So when I am on the look out for a wife,  
 I'll take, pretty Valentine, you,  
 With your *wig*, and your *gooseberry eyes*, and your *cap*,  
 And your other et cæteras, too.

---

When loaded with ribbons, and feathers, and gauze,  
 You look like a milliner's pack  
 That's trimmed out for sale at a west country fair,  
 Or a block with a lump on its back.

Carmine and rouge have a most rapid sale,  
 On your face like red lead they shine,  
 Were I to wed you, I soon ruined should be,  
 So farewell, my sweet Valentine.

---

Feathers flowing, ribbons flying,  
 Bonnet small, and hair in braid,  
 Half the gentlemen are dying  
 To possess thy hand, fair maid ;  
 Who those matchless eyes beholding,  
 Who that finely-tinted skin,  
 And that pearly mouth unfolding  
 Smiles to play around that chin ;  
 Who thy *tout ensemble* viewing,  
 Could resist such charms as thine ?  
 I, all other maids eschewing,  
 Choose thee for my Valentine.

---

I'm a comical fellow, and that you'll allow,  
 I've no mind to stand shilly shally ;  
 If you'll have me at all, you may as well now  
 So an answer pray send me, dear Sally :  
 No letter I want, but merely a line,  
 Saying "Yes," or else "No," to your true Valentine.

---

I, that from youth to sixty-three,  
 Have from the snares of love kept free,  
 And 'gainst the sex would hardly rail,  
 Till that and coughing made me pale,

Now turn my dog out from my bed,  
 And dream all night of being wed.  
 O could I hope that you, like I,  
 Resolv'd alone no more to lie,  
 To church we'd instant be conveyed,  
 A loving bachelor and maid.

---

When I lately beheld you, I saw with surprise,  
 What I thought was a *Venus* dropt down from the skies,  
 Who had gone into this and that ready-made shop,  
 Bought a *cockle-shell bonnet* and feather at top ;  
 A *cardinal* cloak with a tassel behind,  
 And a parasol, one of the least of its kind,  
 Not larger in fact than a *cheese-plate* in size,  
 And serving to shade only one of the eyes ;  
 Whilst a pretty bow wow, perhaps purchased in France,  
 As proud as a peacock jogg'd on in advance ;  
 And I envied the fate of that pretty bow wow,  
 To be petted by such a sweet mistress as thou ;  
 That I still feel the same I sincerely may say,  
 And have chosen to do so, St. Valentine's day.

---

You've led me, miss, a pretty dance,  
 Perhaps you thought it would advance  
 Your valne, by these long delays,  
 And all your teasing, trifling ways ;  
 One day you're cool, another kind,  
 Or I, like Cupid, somewhat blind ;  
 Sometimes at home, more oft in doubt,  
 But now my patience is worn out ;  
 I therefore do request a line,  
 To end the matter, Valentine ;  
 Be honest, candid, kind, and free,  
 As I have always been to thee.

---

When squinting eyes shall please the sight,  
 And peaked nose shall give delight,  
 And screwed-up mouth, and wrinkled face,  
 Be deemed in Cupid's court, a grace,  
 You then may to the church incline  
 With some enchanting Valentine.

Madam, although so long you've lived,  
 So long all youthful charms survived,  
 So long with cats and lap-dogs too,  
 Have toyed, as maiden ladies do,  
 I've sent this Valentine to say,  
 You still may be entrapped some day.  
 That crow, prophetic, tells you so,  
 And Cupid there has bent his bow;  
 His arrow keen is aimed at you,  
 His purpose you may guess. Adieu!

---

I pray you, fair one, to be mine,  
 Upon this day of Valentine.  
 Think not my wish is to intrude,  
 Or that I'm in a prying mood;  
 'Tis true, I fain would wish to know,  
 If you already have a beau;  
 If not, I hope, by my behaviour,  
 To win your love, and gain your favour;  
 Happy I, would you incline  
 To be my love, my Valentine.

---

Fie, Betsy, why so gravely look,  
 Because a little kiss I took?  
 Those pretty lips might thousands grant;  
 Rich rogues, they never feel the want.  
 As in the kiss so much you see,  
 A hundred thou mayest take from me.  
 But since, like misers of their store,  
 Thou hast to give, though running o'er,  
 I would not cause the slightest pain,  
 So e'en take back thy kiss again;  
 Nay, with such interest be it done,  
 Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

---

Love is a little urchin sly,  
 Surely his tutor was Paul Pry,  
 He will drop in—in vain he's chidden,  
 He will not go—though oft he's bidden,



Intruding to the very heart,  
And wounding with a piercing dart.  
He bids me, lady fair, love you ;  
And that, sweet maid, indeed I do :  
Then, to my suit, I pray incline,  
And take me for your Valentine.

---

Beneath the rose-bud's modest guise,  
Concealed from view thy beauty lies,  
For no one ever yet could trace,  
The slightest beauty in thy face.  
We therefore must conclude  
That it lies hidden, till a time more fit ;  
Some day, that rose-bud will unclose,  
And burst into the perfect rose ;  
And then, at length, will be revealed,  
That beauty you've so long concealed ;  
But not till then, do I design,  
To choose thee for my Valentine.

---

Oh ! fie Miss Mary, fie upon it,  
Those orange ribbons round your bonnet,  
Have made you hold your head so high,  
And look so proud and saucily,  
That justly do both young and old,  
Compare you to the marigold ;  
That flaunting flower of dingy red,  
Which grows in every flower bed.  
Turn not to me those eyes of thine,  
You ne'er shall be my Valentine ;  
You are too forward and too bold  
To suit my taste, Miss Marigold.

---

Your looks, sweet madam, do resemble  
Hecate's, and they make me tremble,  
Lest you lay siege unto my heart,  
And make my future hours smart ;  
I hope my fate does not design,  
To mate me with you, Valentine.

What are you like, I cannot tell,  
 Some moderns call you dandazelle:  
 But from the time of ancient Greek,  
 Quite down to forty-nine, I seek  
 To model you: so I decline  
 A non-descriptious Valentine.

---

You'll see by this, my dearest life,  
 How it will be when you're my wife;  
 Like me you'll find, (the reason suiting,)  
 That Cupid has been pigeon shooting;  
 I will not speak about my merit,  
 But hope, like you, to have some spirit;  
 Yet this I'll say, if you ne'er flirt will,  
 I'll prove a real, and not mock, turtle.

---

Who so magnificent as you,  
 Miss Blue-bell, in your bonnet blue?  
 I would not, though, look quite so sour,  
 In scorn of every other flower;  
 As though you thought the lily, rose,  
 And every other flower that blows,  
 Was far inferior to you,  
 Because she has no bonnet blue.  
 Why, smarter bonnets we may meet,  
 Amongst the belles of Regent-Street,  
 And smarter buy, with trimmings gay,  
 For four-and-nine-pence, any day;  
 But though you sport a bonnet blue,  
 And though that bonnet may be new,  
 And though in splendid dress you shine,  
 You shall not be my Valentine.

---

If in love he would fall, let the amorous swain  
 Behold you, when caught in a shower of rain;  
 Let him then see you striving your shape to display,  
 As through mud and through puddles you wriggle your way.

What a neck, what a waist, and oh! would I could find  
 Another name for it—your bustle behind.  
 Let me see, there was something besides I would say,  
 But I'll leave it, I think, to next Valentine's day.

---

I am an odd fellow, that wants an odd wife  
 To pass with him all the odd days of his life :  
 To bring him odd children, to serve, d'ye see,  
 As careful odd comforts to you and to me ;  
 'Tis an odd thought, I own, but it comes from a heart,  
 Which, for you, my odd fair one, now feels an odd smart,  
 Now if you, my odd lass, are thus oddly inclined,  
 And will to an odd fellow reveal your odd mind,  
 To an odd church we'll go, and be made man and wife,  
 And, like an odd pair, try to cheer this odd life.

---

What could have induced you an old maid to be,  
 Delighting in scandal and gunpowder tea ;  
 Who keeps a poll parrot to screech in a cage,  
 Like yourself, getting pettish and grey with old age ;  
 As also a pug overburthened with fat,  
 And ditto a very ill-tempered tom cat ;  
 A stranger to all matrimonial bliss,  
 To be called in the midst of your wrinkles—a *Miss*.  
 Oh, who would submit to so galling a jeer,  
 Get married at once, ere the end of the year,  
 That so my next Valentine, unlike to this,  
 May reach you—directed to *Mistress*—not *Miss*.

---

Madam, may I dare to ask it,  
 What you have within your basket ?  
 I shrewdly guess 'tis cordial gin,  
 Which you've so slyly smuggled in ;  
 The weather's cold for the time of year  
 Have mercy, and a little spare  
 To warm your frozen Valentine,  
 So let us in a bumper join.

Then let us drink, and let us love,  
 And daily Cupid's joys improve,  
 So happily we'll pass through life,  
 Devoid of care, devoid of strife.

---

Dear Betty, oft you've known me stop,  
 When you've been twirling round your mop ;  
 Your rosy cheeks and arms so plump,  
 Make my poor heart go thump-a-thump ;  
 Then, dearest Betty, now incline  
 To be my faithful Valentine.

---

Start not, good madam, nor unkindly frown ;  
 The portrait's like, by all it is well-known,—  
 Lillies and roses in this fine face view,  
 Which, be assured, does not resemble you ;  
 Yes, red and white this charming face adorn,  
 Though they in you their usual places scorn :  
 The lily's hue o'er all thy cheek is spread,  
 Whilst round thy eyes we see a lively red ;  
 What though no diamond lustre deek your eyes,  
 Or the celestial blue that paints the skies,—  
 Though black or hazel be not in them seen,  
 They wear, like pussy, a gay gooseberry green ;  
 And nature did one gem for you compose,  
 She placed a flaming ruby on—your nose.

---

Suppose, my dashing lady fair,  
 We a compromise make ;  
 I'll cast away my stays,  
 If you to decent dress will take.  
 'Gainst folly you in vain exclaim,  
 And yet the path pursue ;  
 If converts you do wish to gain,  
 Pray preach and practice too.  
 Once more resume the British dress,  
 On foreign modes pray trample ;  
 When you, dear madam, show your sense,  
 I'll follow the example.

THE LADIES'

COMIC VALENTINE WRITER.

---

DOUBTLESS you're glad to sell your heart,  
But who d'yc thiuk will buy it?  
I'm sure at least that I'm not one,  
At all disposed to try it.

That ugly, apish, bloated face ; that skin  
As pale as maccaroni ;  
That stock, corazza shirt, cloth boots,  
And slip slop taglioni.

To some one else, my Valentine,  
Go sell them, if you can, sir ;  
Whenever I a husband want,  
You shall not be my man, sir.

---

Look at your glass, you quizzing elf,  
And there behold your ape-like self ;  
The portrait you will find so like,  
I think it must your notice strike :  
You only want a tail, I vow,  
Your full relationship to show.

---

You say that you for love are dying,  
And wasted quite by amorous sighing ;  
To this your form the facts betray,  
For you grow lustier every day.

No one will take you for a Cupid,  
 With checks so fat and visage stupid;  
 Leave courtship off, to drink inclin,  
 You look a sot, my Valentine;  
 Believe me, I am not in jest,  
 That character will suit you best,  
 Teaze me no more with amorous letters,  
 For know, good sir, I seek your betters.

---

When squinting eyes shall please the sight,  
 And peaked nose shall give delight,  
 And screwed-up mouth, and wrinkled face,  
 Be deemed in Cupid's court a grace,  
 You then may to the church incline  
 With some enchanting Valentine.

---

Thou breaker of the rules of sense;  
 A studied beau, a very fool:  
 To wit or wisdom no pretence,  
 But merely thou art Folly's tool!  
 Thou'lt ne'er be loved by woman-kind,  
 They won't to thee incline;  
 No one like you was e'er designed,  
 To be a Valentine.  
 Fling by your frippery, if you can,  
 And act and look just like a man.

---

I thought you honest and sincere,  
 But you're a hypocrite, I hear;  
 I thought you had delightful hair,  
 But 'tis a wig, as they declare.  
 I thought some sense you'd gain'd at school,  
 But now I find you are a fool;  
 I thought you wealthy, but, they say,  
 Your tradesmen's bills you cannot pay;  
 I thought that honour was your plan,  
 But fear you are a dangerous man.

---

O wear large trowsers—'tis a plan  
 Best snits a bow-legg'd gentleman;

I'd almost swear—be in no passion—  
 'Twas such an one set up that fashion;  
 Your legs are odious—only view them,  
 A wheelbarrow could sure go through them;  
 If ever Valentine you make me,  
 It is to Bow Church you shall take me.

---

'Tis Valentine's day, so I cannot intrude,  
 You know we're allowed now to write  
 To them that we love, and I fix upon you,—  
 Whom I think of by day, and dream of by night;  
 I truly am thine, if your heart is but free,  
 And you to my suit will incline,  
 An answer I ask by return of the post,  
 So send me a smart Valentine.

---

When talking of love and all that,  
 I think you've been drinking much wine,  
 And fear, notwithstanding your chat,  
 The bottle is your Valentine.

No Valentine truly you need,  
 Except you can tipping decline;  
 When sober, you'd cry out, Indeed,  
 The glass made me think her divine!

---

To what absurdity will go,  
 Your pretty figure, sir, I show,  
 All maccaronies you surpass,—  
 What an improvement on an ass!  
 'Tis given to the modern donkey,  
 For to outshine the apish monkey,  
 To be the butt of ridicule,  
 The word is coarse—to be a fool.

---

Go be an old bachelor, live by yourself,  
 There's nobody's reason to care:  
 The lines that I sent you were only in fun,  
 So I shall not die of despair.

Think not that I do  
 Love a ninny like you—  
 No, believe me my dear Valentine,  
 I only intended to make you a jest,  
 And frankly avow my design.

---

Why, how now, pray, what's here to do?  
 You're in a pet, my dashing beau!  
 Your stays will hurt you I'm afraid,  
 They are so very tightly made:  
 You call me fickle,—I deny  
 The silly charge, and thus reply:—  
 Encouragement I never gave you,  
 Or ever meant, poor thing! to have you:  
 Give me a man who has some spirit:  
 Possessed of wit, and worth, and merit.  
 The world can spare you, silly elf,  
 So pray make haste, and hang yourself;  
 The gaping mob will flock to see  
 A gaby dangling on a tree;  
 'Twould be a very curious sight,  
 And would, I own, give me delight.

---

Of all the dandies in this town,  
 That e'er I set an eye on,  
 In each degree from high to low,  
 You are the dandy lion.

Your hair is like a lion's mane,  
 When stiffened out by passion;  
 Your look as furious—your dress  
 Most furiously in fashion.

Yet spite of all your furious looks,  
 It is a whim of mine,  
 A dandy lion to select,  
 To be my Valentine.

---

"A Valentine," I hear you say:  
 "A Valentine, I vow,"  
 Oh, dear, I'm half inclined to laugh,  
 But let me read it now.



What's this? "Your rat-trap of a mouth,  
Your eyes that roll about,  
Real goggle eyes, as large as eggs,  
And ready to pop out;

"The bacon colour of your skin,"—  
I'm sure, sir, that's not true;  
I only wish I had you here,  
I'd beat you black and blue.

---

How high and haughtily you hold that saucy head and face,  
As though you thought yourself the first of all the tulip race.  
Your dress, I own, is gay indeed; your trowsers, stock, and  
waistcoat,  
Are of the brightest colours each; and when you've on your  
best coat,  
You are, indeed, a tulip, then; no other half so fine—  
My tulip!—you alone must be, my own true Valentine!

---

I ask if my partner you'll be,  
In the dance of St. Valentine's day;  
A dance which fills many with glee,  
But others it fills with dismay.

Methinks you consider and say,  
"A dance! be your partner! oh, lod, oh,  
The figure!—what is it I pray!"  
Oh, then it is—*Non-mi-Ricordo!*

Away! no such partners for me,  
For I the forgetful decline;  
No *Non-mi-Ricordo* can be  
A constant and fond Valentine.

---

In a newspaper lately this notice was seen,  
Lost—A nondescript animal, something between  
A man and a monkey—who mimics the beau,  
And is dressed *à la mode* from the top to the toe;  
Who although on his face not a hair ever grew,  
Wears a beard, a moustache, and imperial too;  
Who's constantly smoking vile penny cheroots,  
Wears Brougham trowsers and French leather boots;

A shirt pin, which no one who's seen it, denies  
 Is as large as the knob of a poker in size :  
 A huge cable chain down his bosom to match,  
 Which secures a pin-cushion in lieu of a watch ;  
 Who carries a whip and an eye-glass combined,  
 Like one who could ride and was almost purblind ;  
 For the rest—but enough—I've this Valentine sent,  
 Supposing no other but you could be meant.

---

And so you think, because you vow,  
 That you're to be believed ?  
 Oh ! flatter not thus yourself, now,  
 I'm not so soon deceived.

I've heard enough—I've seen enough,  
 To put me on my guard—  
 I know full well your fulsome stuff,  
 Is empty as your word.

Now let me give a hint, good sir,—  
 Such trifling ways leave off,  
 Lest you become, both far and near,  
 A bye-word and a scoff.

---

This Valentine to you I've sent,  
 A negative to compliment ;  
 A portrait of yourself to view,  
 You can't mistake, it is too true.

---

Lately I saw, with horror and dismay,  
 An *uncouth animal*, which crossed my way :  
 Or dog, or man, or whether both it were :  
 At the first sight I could not well declare.  
 Close as I gazed at this outlandish elf,  
 At length—amazed ! I found it was *yourself* ;  
 Your's were those eyes, and your's that hair I saw,  
 That hair as *straggling*, and as *coarse as straw*,  
 Your's was that *beard*, and your's that *whiskered brush*,  
 As stiff and *bristly* as a *blackening-brush*.  
 But wherefore need I specify the rest,  
 Since, just above, *your portrait* is exprest.  
 Look at it,—trace it in each faithful line.  
 'Tis evidently yours, my Valentine.

Yes, kneel, man, kneel, and look sheepishly wise,  
 And force a few tears through your crocodile eyes,  
     From your heart of steel ;  
 Then look like a hypocrite—just what you are,  
 In the posture, but not in the spirit of prayer ;  
     Still kneel, man, kneel !

And smite, man, smite your treacherous breast,  
 Whilst swearing, as usual, you vow and protest  
     That your heart is right :  
 But remember, last year, you did just the same,  
 And swore that your heart it was all in a flame ;  
     — So smite, man, smite !

And weep, man, weep, till your cheeks are sore  
 With the briny fluid, that shall rapidly pour  
     From your eyes so fine :  
 Yet when, man, when you've done smiting and kneeling,  
 Weeping, sighing, and dying, with exquisite feeling,  
     You'll ne'er be mine.

---

Ah ! Simon Selfish, lack-a-day,  
 Methinks I hear the people say,  
     Here comes the sorry elf,  
 The man who rarely gets a bone  
 To pick, but chums his crust alone,  
     That moulders on the shelf.

Behold him in his nook, I ween,  
 Where any thing but comfort's seen,  
     Around his dingy hole ;  
 Anon he darns his tatter'd hose,  
 Or cleans a napkin for his nose,  
     The groom of his own stool !

'Tis passing strange, the secret's out,  
 Why who would pair with such a lout,  
     With ideas unrefin'd ;—  
 Neglected and despis'd you live,  
 While inly to yourself you grieve,  
     The fair are so unkind.

It was nature, not art, that made man :  
 'Tis the tailor the exquisite made ;  
 For you'd be an ourang-outang,  
 Were it not for the art of that trade.  
 Hog's bristles bedizen that face,  
 You would frighten Old Nick with those eyes ;  
 In your nose the brown sausage we trace,  
 And there's a sweet mouth for mince pies !

---

Your manners, truly, are beguiling,  
 You captivate therewith ;  
 I guess, though, why your always smiling,—  
 To show your pretty teeth.  
 How many by your charms are smitten ?  
 'Tis you their verses show,  
 By whom, though, are those verses written ?—  
 From thy dear self they flow.  
 I know you boast how many ladies  
 Have sent you Valentines ;  
 Remember, when you next upbraid us,  
 To show your friends these lines.

---

You are the man, sir, whom my heart  
 Hails as a man of fame :  
 The secret, then, must I impart ?  
 I wish to change my name.  
 To change your name ! with great surprise,  
 Methinks you now exclaim—  
 'Tis true—but here the secret lies—  
 My wish is for your name.  
 Say, then, dear sir, if you'll agree,  
 Shall we exchange our hearts ?  
 Hence, ceremony, love is free,  
 And scorns punctilious arts.  
 Pray don't be bashful, dearest sir ;  
 You see that fault's not mine ;  
 An answer quickly send, and say,  
 You'll be my Valentine.

---

Though a female of spirit, I am not inclined  
 To go after the Devil, a husband to find,

For I fear if with you I a bargain should strike,  
 I might have a reception more warm than I like,  
 Since 'tis very well known to us poor little souls,  
 You love to be "calling us over the coals;"  
 Though my heart's in a flame, yet I cannot design  
 My whole body's consumption for such, Valentine.

---

Perchance, when just about to dine,  
 I've seen that awful face of thine,  
 All white and yellow, studded o'er,  
 With half a hundred knobs, or more;  
 And thought I saw, at that same hour,  
 In thy rough phiz—a cauliflower;  
 A cauliflower phiz, hast thou,  
 There's no disputing that, I vow;  
 So, with some melted butter cup,  
 We'll boil, and dish, and serve it up,  
 And send it, when all that's been done,  
 To good St. Valentine,—for fun;  
 'Twill make the old saint laugh, at least,  
 To see that phiz of your's, at feast.

---

I am not, sir, Paulina Pry, nor wish I to intrude:  
 But this is now St. Valentine, and I'm in scribbling mood.  
 Pray, are you, sir, in love, or not? what's more, in love  
 with me?  
 Pray, answer, for I'll frankly own I feel a love for thee.  
 Love has dropt in,—I know not how,—so, 'tis my heart's  
 design  
 To choose you, sir, to be my beau, my constant Valentine.

---

What eyes, mouth, and nose! who d'ye think, would incline  
 To choose such an object for—sweet Valentine.  
 From such a grim figure, I'm sure, any day,  
 I can't wonder Cupid is riding away.  
 E'en the donkey he rides appears frightened to see  
 An ugly old fellow, so much uglier than he.  
 To send me a heart would be labour in vain,  
 For soon you would have it, old sir, back again.

Sir, I must own, you're one in ten,  
 And though I've hatred sworn to you,  
 Your proposition comes so pat,  
 For you I'll turn away my eat;  
 And at your pleasure be conveyed,  
 To church, your most obedient maid.

---

I recognise your pumpkin face, your features rudely chis-  
 selled, sir,  
 Your eye-glass and Manilla cane, your whiskers well be-  
 frizzled, sir,  
 I saw you lounging in the Park, adjacent to the river fine,  
 And purposed, ever since that day, to send you, sir, this  
 Valentine.

---

'Tis well that you contrive to hide  
 In cloak your ugly body,  
 I'd have you get a mask, beside,  
 You look so like a noddy.  
 In spite of all your darts and flames,  
 No damsel, sure, inclines  
 To such a fright, but those queer dames  
 Who can't get Valentines.

---

Do not, sir, again intrude,  
 In writing unto me;  
 Your offer, sir, I must exclude,  
 I cannot think of thee.  
 You love profess,—but well, I know,  
 Inconstancy is thine;  
 You soon would leave me, and would go  
 Unto some other shrine.  
 At poetry I'm not expert,  
 Yet this I can explain;  
 With you I have no wish to flirt,  
 Adieu, my roving swain.

---

You are indeed most brazen faced,  
 And fiery red's your hair,  
 The sunflower can alone with thee,  
 In these respects, compare.

The sunflower ever to the sun,  
 His face turns, lovingly,  
 But I will smack that face of thine,  
 If so 'tis turned to me.

Adieu to thee, thy brassy hair,  
 Thy bold and brazen phiz ;  
 I choose you for my Valentine,  
 Because you're such a quiz.

---

Oh! what two delightful creatures,—  
 Who in London can compare,  
 Either in their form or features,—  
 With so exquisite a pair.  
 Cupid on a jackass riding,  
 Points your road out with his dart,  
 Stuck through what he's just been buying—  
 At the butcher's shop,—a heart ;  
 Whilst two donkies there behind you,  
 Portraits of yourselves, we view,  
 Braying sweetly, both together,  
 All about their love—like you ;  
 Doubtless, you'll rejoice sincerely,  
 When you read these friendly lines,  
 And will thank me for your portraits,  
 Sent upon Saint Valentine's.

---

Tempt me no more with your vain forms,  
 Your nonsense, or your trembling lyre ;  
 Of men like you I have known swarms ;  
 So cease, nor to my hand aspire ;  
 I tell you plainly, Fancy's wing,  
 And your imaginary toys,  
 To me are nearly the same thing ;  
 The same unmeaning useless toys.

When as Aurora gilds the morn,  
 I rise from my soft, my peaceful bed,  
 I bless the time when I was born  
 To choose the man I'd wish to wed,  
 But as that's neither thee nor thine,  
 I will not be thy Valentine.

Bad enough to be called an old maid,  
 But who would a bachelor be;  
 Who coddles himself upon slops,  
 Wine and whcy, water gruel, and tea.

On the poor timid cat or the dog,  
 He vents his ill-humour and spite;  
 The cat runs away,—but the dog  
 Politely replies with—a bite.

Such a one as I just have described,  
 Whose portrait above meets the view:  
 (St. Valentine bids me declare)  
 Such an one, Mr. Coddle, are you.

---

At writing verse I'm no great scholar,  
 But here are wristbands and a collar;  
 And since a shirt is not the fashion,  
 With what I've sent you may now dash on;  
 A pair of stays that's nice and long,  
 Fully boned, and very strong;  
 A smelling bottle, nerves for bracing,  
 Lest you should faint with too tight lacing;  
 Some pins, some dowlass, and a glass,  
 So you an exquisite may pass;  
 Some mended stockings, cut in half,  
 With which you may adorn the calf,  
 And gratitude must e'er be thine,  
 For such a help, my Valentine.

---

For me to write first to declare an odd passion,  
 Is an odd thing, I know, but odd things are in fashion:  
 I have an odd heart, pray let me have thine,  
 And we'll make an odd pair, my odd Valentine.  
 We'll be odd and merry, not needing odd weather,  
 And ne'er have odd tempers when we are together;  
 But be oddly merry, and true to our vows;  
 And love no odd person so well as our spouse.  
 Pray send an odd line, if you like my odd plan,  
 Remember a bachelor is an odd man.