



G. Cruikshank fecit

### A DAY OF FASHION.

Sung with the greatest Applause by Mr. C. TAYLOR, at Vauxhall Gardens: Written, composed, and respectfully inscribed to GEORGE ROGERS BARRETT, Esq., by Mr. W. T. PARKE.

In London's gay circle where pleasures abound,  
 Away soon dull care makes his flight;  
 Each hour and each day is a merry-go-round,  
 Still changing from morning till night.  
 In fashion's bright sphere time never stands still,  
 They crowd to the Op'ra or Play;  
 And like roving bees of life's sweets take their fill,  
 While thus 'tis they make out the day.

(Spoken.)—In the morning, drop in at Christie's, to see my Lord Squander sold off.—This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a portrait by Reynolds, and is considered to be his *chef d'oeuvre*.—Bless me, says the Honorable Mrs. Squib, why that's the picture of Lady Squander—My Lord's not going to sell that, I hope.—Och! never mind, Madam, cries Colonel O'Bother, you know it's no uncommon thing, now-a-days, for a Man of Fashion to part with his Wife.—Five pounds is bid—Six pounds, in two places—Seven—Eight—Nine pounds—Nobody bid more—Going for nine pounds!—One of the most beautiful and accomplished Ladies—Going for only nine pounds!

(Sung.)—And sure no delights are so gay and so clever,  
 'Tis London, dear London, for ever.

The morning amusements thus ended by five,  
 The parties now homewards repair;  
 Make some calls, just to see if old friends are alive,  
 Drop a card, at the multitude stare.  
 Arriv'd, to the toilette my Lady's seen pressing,  
 Be quick, Betty, pray soon have done;  
 And after three hours are expended in dressing,  
 Appears with scarce any clothes on.

(Spoken.)—Behold the party seated at the dinner-table—Nine in the evening!—Pray, my dear Lady Mary, was you at the Opera last night?—No, I was not; my Lord was taken unwell, and I remained at home to keep him company.—Lord! how unfashionable, cries Mrs. Racket—Well, for my part, I would not have stay'd away from the Opera last night for all the husbands in Christendom.—Oh, you should have heard how divinely *Signor Longuanti* sung his *Cavatina*.—Certainly persons of fashion would expire, if they had not those dear Italians about them.—Pardon me, Madam, says a truly noble English Duke, I think they ought to expire, if, by giving their exclusive patronage to foreigners, they were to neglect the brilliant talent possessed by those of their own country!

(Sung.)—And sure no delights are so gay and so clever,  
 'Tis London, dear London, for ever.

The dinner now ended, the coffee gone round,  
 They think how to finish the day;  
 What place best to go to, all voices resound,  
 Vauxhall! where all's sportive and gay.  
 The coaches all ready, the guests enter in,  
 They dash quick away, soon alight;  
 See all ranks most cheerful, and sure 'tis no sin,  
 The eye, and the ear, to delight.

(Spoken.)—The gardens are thronged, the music and singing enchanting, and the illuminations and fire-works brilliant beyond description.—Waiter! says Mr. Deputy Gobble, where's my chicken?—Pray, Pappa, says Miss, let them *pull* a chicken or two for us, they are but a few shillings dearer than the others.—Thank you, my dear, says the Deputy, I can *pull* them myself, and save that money.—Ah! Lady Canter, cries Sir George Dash, do you sup here to-night?—O dear no, Sir George, we are only come for a walk after dinner, we are engaged to sup with Mrs. Allnight, at six in the morning!—Waiter! bring half a dozen jellies.—Waiter! Waiter!—Coming, Sir!—Bring another dish of ham!—And, d'ye hear—Take care you don't cut it too thick!—Too thick, Sir! We have never any complaints of that kind, I promise you!

(Sung.)—And sure no delights are so gay and so clever,  
 'Tis London, dear London, for ever.

