

London Manners

And DANDY FASHIONS.

C. Croshaw. Printer, Coppergate, York.

MY mother she said, my darling boy,
As to London you are going,
As its manners and fashion that makes the man,
Good manners and fashions be knowing;
For beauty and figure you do not want,
And every thing that is handy,
Mind your manners my darling boy,
And you'll soon become a Dandy.

Be sure you dress like Lords or Dukes,
And other great gentlefolks,
With groom's coat, pantaloons, wellington boots
And silk handkerchief round your throat;
Get your hair cropped just like a mop,
Its the fashion and very handy,
But let your whiskers grow into your mouth,
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

And when you go to a Lord Mayor's feast,
To be genteel do all you can,
If you eat and drink till you are almost sick,
You'll be took for an Alderman; (a fork,
Dip your meat in your salt, pick your teeth with
Its their manners and quite handy,
And wipe your plate clean with a piece of bread,
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

And when get into the Parliament House,
Mind what I say is true,
If you can't make a speech—never mind that,
There's as many as bad as you;
If a question you are asked, say aye, or no,
Its the fashion and quite handy,
And a fashion that's lasted a good many year's
Its a fashion and quite the Dandy.

There's a fine excuse always have,
When your pockets run short of money,
You left all in your 'tother clothes,
You came out in such a hurry;
This to make folks believe, forget your gloves,
Your pocket handkerchief too so handy,
And you'll call to-morrow and pay the bill,
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

There's another fashion don't forget,
When you are away from your mammy,
When you meet with the Dandy folks,
That you always begin with a dam'me,
Dam'me Jack, how do, do--Tom, how are you,
Its the fashion and very handy,
So dam, and swear, and kick up a row,
And you'll be a complete Dandy.

