

THE DANDY Mantua - Maker.



When I was young, upon my song, I loved a girl dearly,
Both day and night I did delight to court her most sincerely,
This damsel fair, I do declare, she really was a Quaker—
The charming maid, she was by trade a dandy mantua-maker.

The lovely lass, the strongest glass, she would not make it
weaker,
But slip it down without a frown, the dandy mantua-maker.

One evening clear, my dearest dear and I walked out together,
She was well drest I do protest, with mantle, hat, and feather,
We frisk'd away, the lambs did play, the wind did never
shake her,
Till we slipp'd in to Martin Flinn's, me and the mantua-maker.

Then Martin he most courteously did show us to the room, Sir,
A rousing fire I did admire, which put my love in tune, Sir,
I rang the bell, the truth to tell, to treat the modest Quaker,
Then bring it strong, and don't be long, cried out the mantua-
maker.

Then Martin, sure he did procure a drop that had lain by,
Sir,—
For seven years, both stout and clear, 'twould scour a piper's
eye Sir;
She took three throws to drown her woes, I said I'd ne'er
forsake her,
She reached her hand, thou art my man, and I'm thy mantua-
maker.

We never stirred, upon my word, until we drank a quart, Sir,
Of whiskey stout, without a doubt, to ease each love-sick
heart, Sir,
She fell asleep, which made me weep, old nick could not
awake her,
I cursed the day, in truth I say, I saw the mantua-maker.

When it was night, my heart's delight put by her drunken
fit, Sir,
This nymph divine, she did incline to eat a little bit, Sir,
I rang again, old Martin came, I said where lives the baker?
Put down the pan my darling man, cried out the mantua-
maker.

I whispered man it is a shame my money it is scant love,
She winked her eye and did reply, I will not let you want love,
My hat and shawl will pay for all, the landlord and the baker,
So never fret since you have met the dandy mantua-maker.

We hooted away without delay, and never left the ground, Sir,
I asked straightway what was to pay, the answer was a pound
Sir,
To back the trick she seem'd quite sick and beg'd I'd not
forsake her,
She did repair to take the air, so went the mantua-maker.

So when I found I was in pound, then judge my tortured
mind, Sir,
My coat and hat and silk cravat I had to leave behind, Sir,
But now till death stop my breath I'll never trust a Quaker,
Nor any lass that loves a glass, nor dandy mantua-maker.



ALL IN MY EYE.

Come all you young men that are single and free,
I pray pay attention, and listen to me,
That I am a young rover I cannot deny,
Court and I love—but 'tis all in my eye.

Oh! but 'tis funny to have plenty of money,
To love an old woman, 'tis all in my eye.

I met with a lady one night at a ball,
Her face it was handsome, her person was tall,
I asked her to dance—she did not deny,
I vowed that I loved her 'twas all in my eye.
Oh! but 'tis funny, &c.

I met with a widow, she had cash in galore
Plenty of money, free houses and store,
I did embrace her, her temper to try,
I vowed that I loved her—'twas all in my eye.
Oh! but 'tis funny, &c.

For to gain her affection it was my intent,
In two or three visits I gained her consent,
We went to the church the fond knot to tie,
Thinks I to myself—sure 'tis all my eye.
Oh! but 'tis funny, &c.

The clergyman joined us for better, for worse,
She married me, and I married her purse,
When I got her cash I soon let it fly,
To let the money rust—sure 'tis all in my eye.
Oh! but its funny, &c.

I sported her cash—she took it to heart,
But death was so kind he soon did us part,
She was laid in the ground, which caused me to sigh,
I wept with her friends—'twas all in my eye.

So all my trouble was then but a bubble,
But grief or vexation was all in my eye.

So here is a part and a sketch of my life,
A handsome young bachelor wanting a wife
In the course of six days, or you may rely
I mourned for my spouse—'twas all in my eye.
So all my trouble, &c.

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