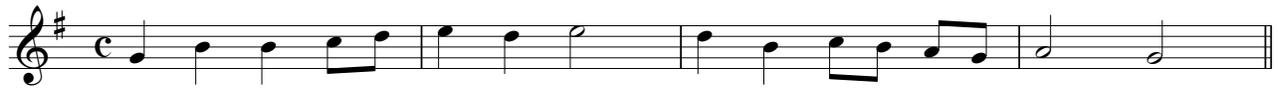


*The slow Men of LONDON: Or, the Widow  
BROWN. To the same Tune.*



There dwelt a Wi - dow in this Town, That was both Fair and Love - ly;  
For truth it has of late been told, There's ma - ny strove to have her.



Her Face was come - ly neat and brown, To Plea sure she would move thee:  
There were three Young Men of this Town; Slow Men of Lon - don;



Her love - ly Tres - ses shin'd like Gold, Most neat is her Be - ha - viour;  
And they'd go Wooe the Wi - dow Brown, Be - cause they would be un - done.

The one a Taylor was by Trade,  
An excellent Occupation;  
But Widows Love doth waste and fade,  
I find by observation:  
The second was a Farrier bold,  
A Man of excellent Metal;  
His Love to her was never cold,  
So firm his Thoughts did settle,  
There were, &c.

Threescore Pounds the Farrier had,  
Left him by his Father;  
To spend this Money he was mad,  
His Dad so long did gather:  
This Widow often did protest,  
She lov'd him best of any;  
Thus would she swear, when she did least,  
To make them spend their Money.  
These were three, &c.

The third a Weaver was that came,  
a Suitor to this Widow;  
Her Beauty did his Heart inflame,  
Her Thoughts deceit doth shadow,  
Widows can dissemble still,  
When Young Men come a Wooing;  
Yet they were guided by her Will,  
That prov'd to their undoing.  
There were three, &c.

The Weaver spent his daily gains,  
That he got by his Labour;  
Some thirty Pounds he spent in vain,  
He borrow'd of his Neighbour:  
She must have Sack and Muscadine,  
And Claret brew'd with Sugar:  
Each Day they feed her chops with Wine,  
For which they all might hug her.  
These were three, &c.

This Widow had a dainty Tongue,  
And Words as sweet as Honey;  
Which made her Suitors to her throng,  
Till they had spent their Money:  
The Taylor spent an Hundred Pound,  
That he took up on Credit;  
But now her Knavery he hath found,  
Repents that are he did it.  
These were three, &c.