

The slow Men of LONDON: Or, the Widow BROWN.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.



She went Ap - pa-rell'd neat and fine, Peo - ple well might won - der;
With Gold, which made her Sui - tors glad, To see how she was gra - ced.



To see how she in Gold did shine, Her fame a - broad did thun - der:
These were three Young Men of this Town; Slow - Men of Lon - don;



A wa-ter'd Cam - let Gown she had, A Scar - let Coat be - lac - ed
And they'd go Wooe the Wi - dow *Brown*, Be - cause they would be un - done.

The Taylor was the neatest Lad,
His Cloaths were oft Perfum'd;
Kind Entertainment still he had,
Till he his 'state consum'd:
The Farrier likewise spent his 'state,
The Weaver often kiss'd her:
But when that they in 'state were Poor,
They sought but still they miss'd her.
These were, &c.

The Farrier and the Weaver too,
Were fain to fly the City:
The Widow did them quite undoe,
In faith more was the pity:
She of her Suitors being rid,
A Welchman came unto her:
By Night and Day his suit he ply'd,
Most roughly he did Woo her;
For wooing tricks he quite put down,
The Slow-men of *London*;
He over-reach'd the Widow *Brown*,
That had so many undone.

He swore he was a Gentleman,
Well landed in the Country:
And liv'd in Reputation there,
His Name Sir *Rowland Humphry*.
The Widow did believe him then,
And Love unto him granted;
Thus he her Favour did obtain,
Welchmen will not be daunted.
By cunning tricks he quite put down,
The Slow-men of *London*:
That came to Woo this Widow *Brown*,
Because they would be undone.

The Welchman ply'd her Night and Day,
Till to his Bow he brought her;
And bore away the Widow quite,
From all that ever sought her:
She thought to be a Lady gay,
But she was sore deceiv'd:
Thus the Welchman did put down,
The Slow-men of *London*:
For they would Wooe the Widow *Brown*,
Because they would be undone.

Thus she was fitted in her kind,
For all her former Knavery;
The Welchman did deceive her Mind,
And took down all her Bravery:
It had been better she had ta'en,
The Weaver, Smith, or Taylor;
For when she sought for State and Pomp,
The Welchman quite did fail her:
Then learn you Young Men of this Town,
You Slow-men of *London*:
Which way to take the Widow *Brown*,
For least you all be undone.