

*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.

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.

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.

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 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.