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A Bond-Street Lounger

George Saville Carey (1743-1807)

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A BOND-STREET LOUNGER;

OR,

A MAN WITH TWO SUITS TO HIS BACK.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

1
I SING of a flashy Hibernian blade,
Altho' non-commission'd, yet sports a cockade;
Who lives by his wits, tho' his stock is but small,
Who boasts of his means, which are nothing at all.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! for the lad that can bodder away,
That lives like a lord, and has nothing to pay;
Yet sure you must call him a man of good sense,
Who lives all his days at another's expence.

2

Yet were you to see how he struts in his walk,
How sweetly he'll blarney his friends in his talk;
His father's great park is fill'd full of fine deer,
With a mighty estate of *Five Thousand* a year.

3

You'd swear on his tongue he'd a magical spell,
He winds round a good English tradesman so well;
The Shoemaker, Hatter, and Taylor he'll trick,
And thus make a figure by running a tick.

4

St. James's and Bond-street, he struts up and down,
Is call'd by the ladies, a man of the town;
His heart is of adamant, face is of brass,
And thus for a man of high fashion will pass.

5

Sometimes you will see this Hibernian spark,
On cock-horse equipp'd in the ring in Hyde-Park;
What matter who pays for the corn, or the hay,
So plausible Paddy can dash it away.

6

One day having only *One Suit* to his back,
Dame Fortune presented him *Two* in a crack;
A new *Suit* of clothes, and a *Law-Suit* appear,
Which soon put an end to poor Paddy's career!

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! for the lad that can bodder away,
That lives like a lord, and has nothing to pay;
Yet sure you must call him a man of good sense,
Who lives all his days at another's expence.