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Short Black Aprons and Dandy Caps

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Short Black Aprons and Dandy Caps,

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehouse
6, Great st. Andrew street, 7 Dials,

MY mother says if I say no,
I never will get married,
Was I told six years ago,
I would not so long have tarried,
Altho' I am scarcely twenty-three,
I hope I ne'er shall rue it,
The first that asks to marry me,
I'll say yes, and then stand to it,
Then I'll resort each place of sport,
Where they all admire my capering,
With dandy cap and tabinet gown,
Fringe shawl and short black apron,

My hair I'll paper neat and trim,
With my Leghorn Bonnet,
Blue ribbons tied just under my chin
And more festooned upon it;
Each Sunday fine I'll cut a shine,
At Kings-town when I go to it
The first that says will you be mine,
I'll say yes, and then stand to it,

Sure some will wait till thirty eight,
Still I ne'er forget the notion,
To gain a young man smart and neat,
With a shop and handsome portion,
But when they these young men wed,
They'll drink and run quick thro' it,
Even so, by no one I'll be led,
I'll say yes, and then stand to it,

My mother says that I am too young,
At present for to leave her,
Poor women she may hold her tongue.
For surely I'll deceive her,
For neat and clean before sixteen,
She told me she did do it,
To the lad that's pliable and keen,
I'll say, yes, and then stand to it,

At Donnybrook fair I will be there,
With my sweetheart so frisky,
And to the Red Rose we'll repair,
For they keep the best of whiskey,
Let him but try and I'll comply.
Ask what he will I'll do it,
If he says come. I'll not deny
But say, yes, and then stand to it,

You maids I pray mind what I say
In bloom of years to marry,
And never wait or you'll grow grey,
For 'tis too long to tarry,
Where'er you find yourself inclined,
To wed, that instant do it,
Whoever says will you be mine,
Say yes, and then stand to it,