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# The Bold Dragoon

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## The Bold Dragoon.

Evans, printer, Long-lane, London.

**T**HERE was an ancient fair, O she lov'd  
a neat young man,  
And she could not throw sly looks at him,  
but only thro' her fan,  
With her winks and blinks, this waddling  
minx,

Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle,  
O she lov'd a bold dragoon, with his long  
sword, saddle, bridle,  
Whack, row de dow, &c.

She had a rolling eye, it's fellow it had none.  
Would you know the reason why? 'twas be-  
cause she had but one. [minx.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling  
She could not keep her one eye idle,  
O she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long  
sword, saddle, bridle,  
Whack, row de dow, &c.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and  
short was grown,  
He look'd just like a mile in length, and she  
like a mile stone;  
With her winks and blinks, this waddling  
minx,

Her quizzing-glass, her leer, and sidle  
O she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long  
sword, saddle, bridle,  
Whack, row de dow, &c.

Soon he led into the church the beauteous  
Mrs. Flinn,

Who a walnut could have crack'd between  
her lovely nose and chin;

O then such winks in marriage links,  
The four-foot bride from church did sidle,  
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long  
sword, saddle, bridle,

Whack, row de dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd, when he  
laid her under ground,

Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and  
touch'd ten thousand pounds,

For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,  
He does not let her cash lie idle,

So long life to this dragoon, with his long  
sword, saddle, bridle,

Whack, row de dow, &c.