



Mr. Pillblister, And Betsy his sister, Determin'd on giving a treat; Gay Dandies they call, To a supper and ball, At their house in Great Camomile Street. THE

Dandies' Ball;

OR,

HIGH LIFE IN THE CITY.

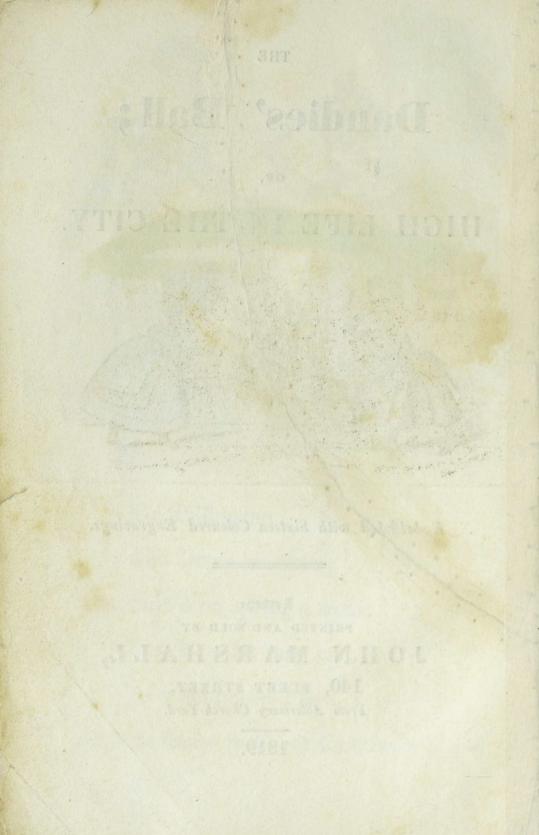


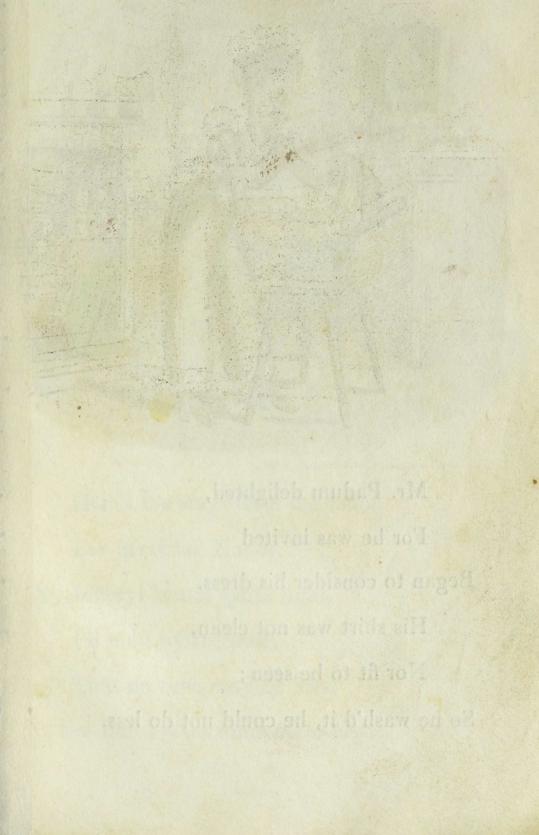
Embelkshed with Sixteen Coloured Engravings.

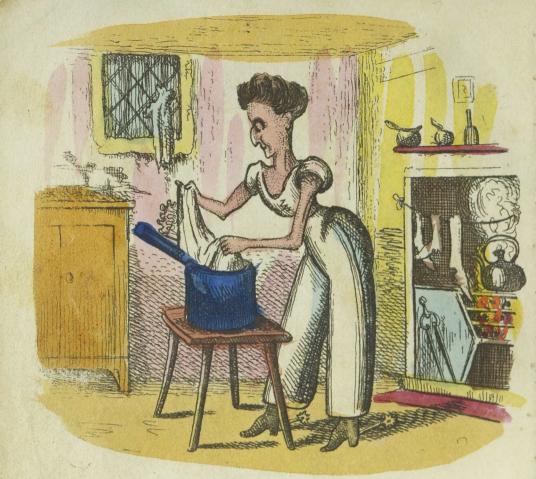
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1819.



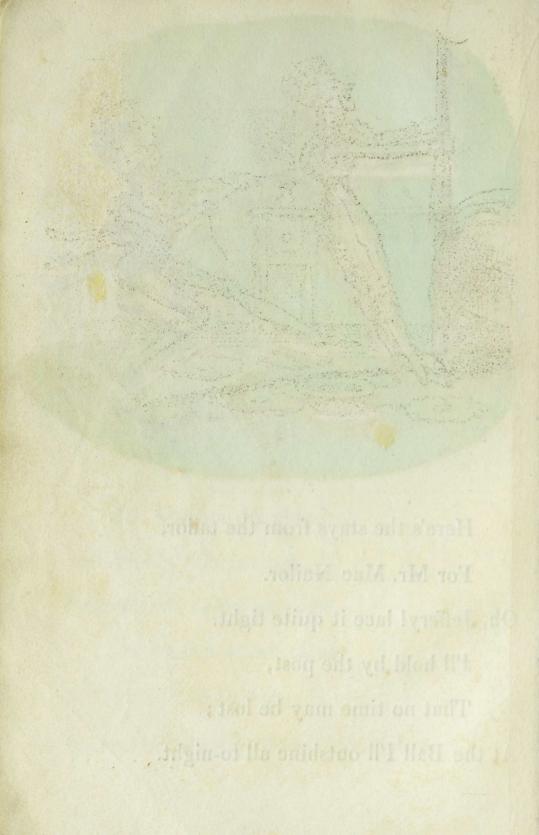


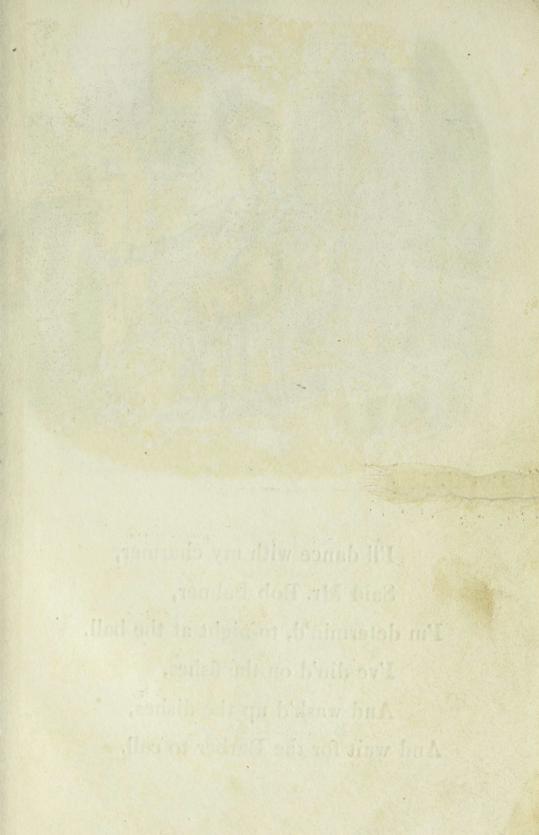


Mr. Padum delighted, - For he was invited Began to consider his dress. His shirt was not clean, Nor fit to be seen ; So he wash'd it, he could not do less.



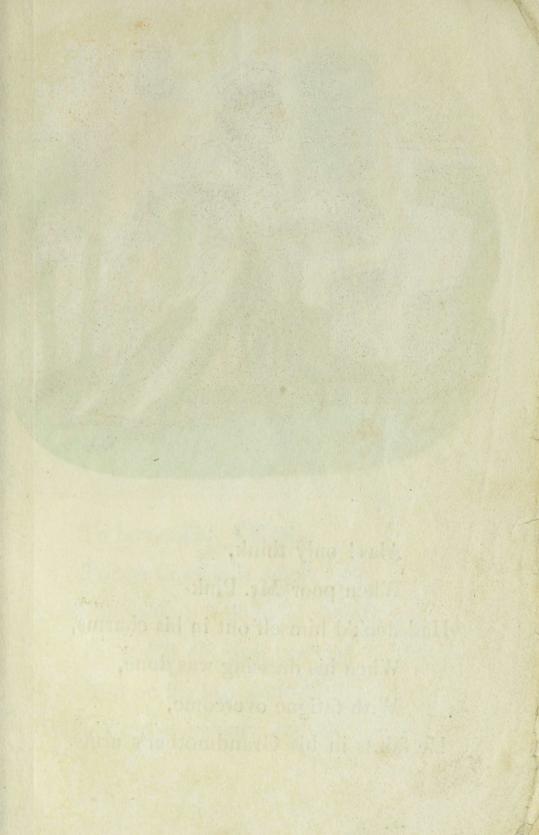
Here's the stays from the tailor, For Mr. Mac Nailor. Oh, Jeffery! lace it quite tight. I'll hold by the post, That no time may be lost ; At the Ball I'll outshine all to-night.







I'll dance with my charmer,
Said Mr. Bob Palmer,
I'm determin'd, to-night at the ball.
I've din'd on the fishes,
And wash'd up the dishes,
And wait for the Barber to call.

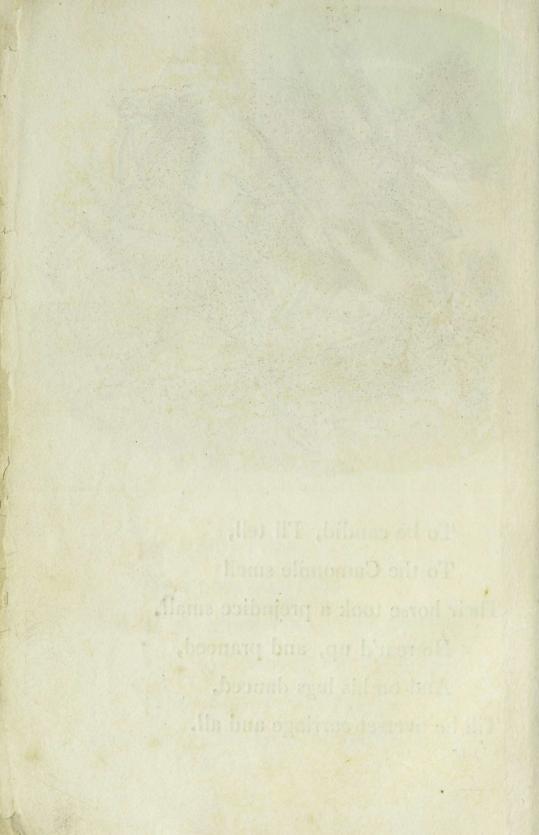




Alas! only think, When poor Mr. Pink Had deck'd himself out in his charms, When his dressing was done, With fatigue overcome, He faints in his Grandmother's arms.

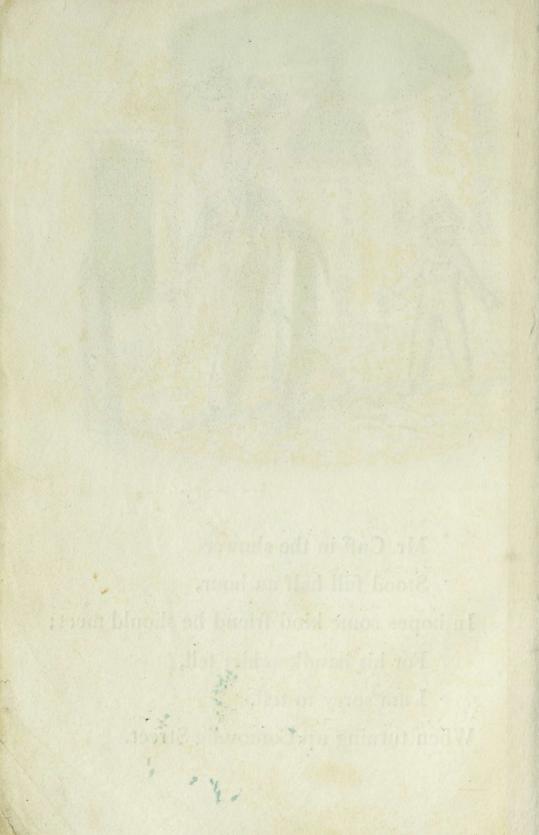


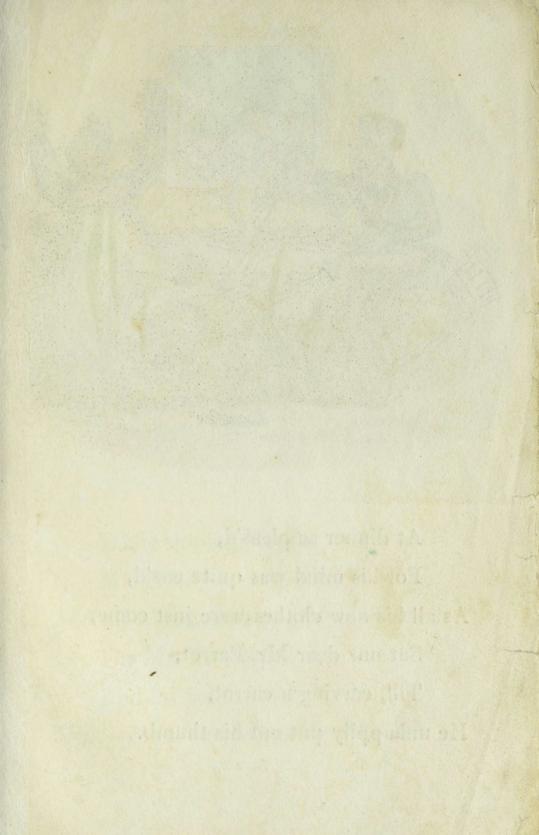
To be candid, I'll tell, To the Camomile smell Their horse took a prejudice small, He rear'd up, and pranced, And on his legs danced, Till he overset carriage and all.





Mr. Cuff in the shower Stood full half an hour, In hopes some kind friend he should meet; For his handkerchief fell, I am sorry to tell, When turning up Camomile Street.







At dinner so pleas'd,

For his mind was quite eas'd, As all his new clothes were just come,

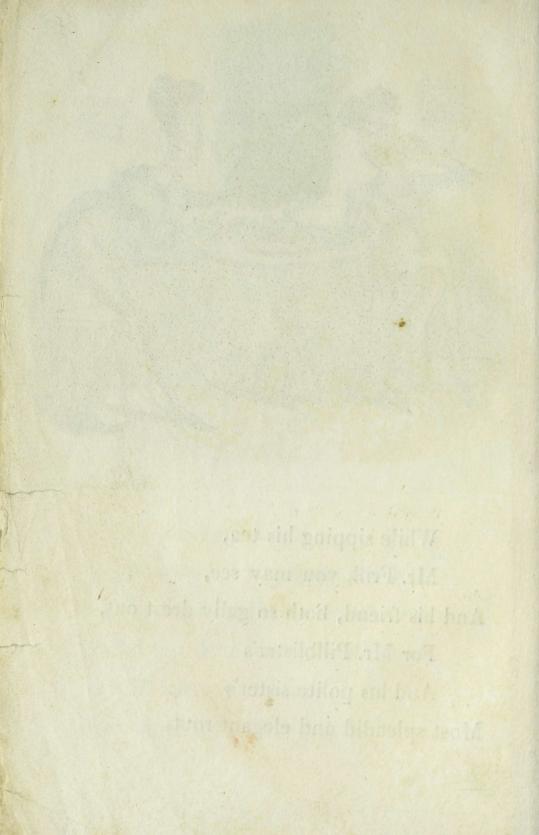
Sat our dear Mr. Parrot,

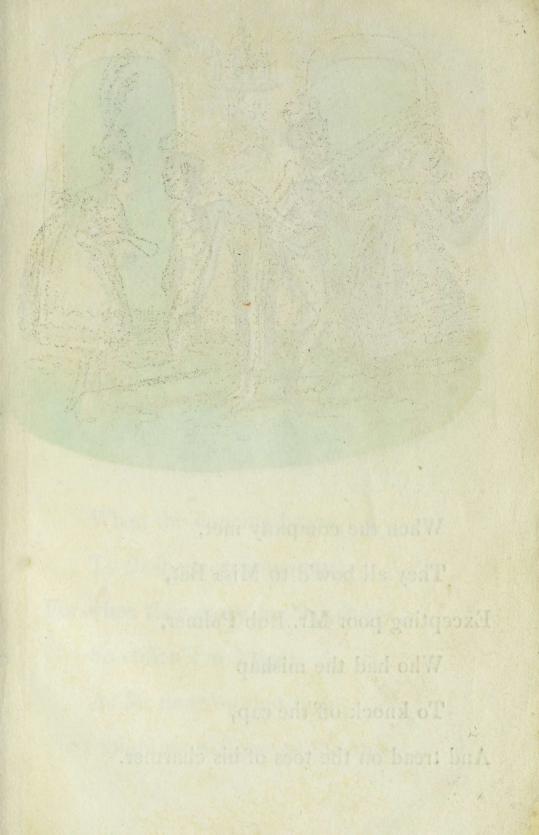
Till, carving a carrot, He unhappily put out his thumb.



While sipping his tea, Mr. Frill, you may see, And his friend, both so gaily drest out, For Mr. Pillblister's

And his polite sister's Most splendid and elegant rout.



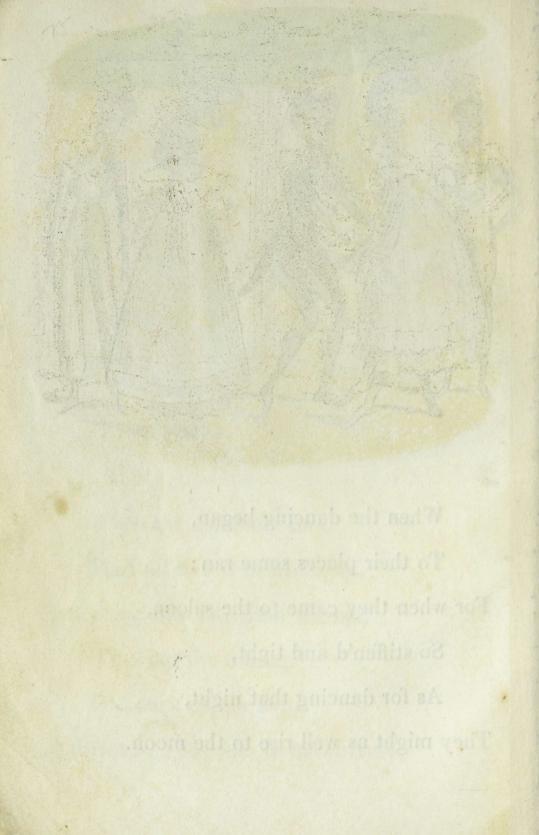


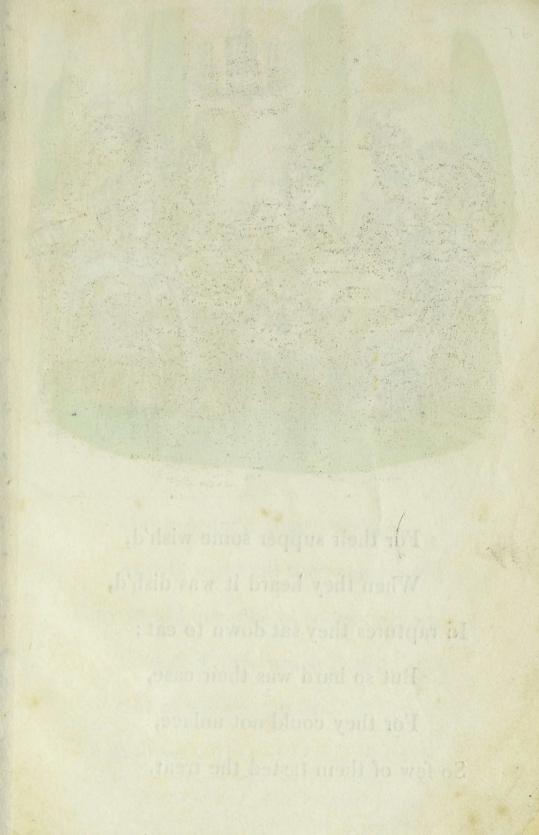


When the company met, They all bow'd to Miss Bet, Excepting poor Mr. Bob Palmer, Who had the mishap To knock off the cap, And tread on the toes of his charmer.



When the dancing began, To their places some ran; For when they came to the saloon, So stiffen'd and tight, As for dancing that night, They might as well rise to the moon,







For their supper some wish'd, When they heard it was dish'd, In raptures they sat down to eat; But so hard was their case, For they could not unlace, So few of them tasted the treat.



Many order'd their carriage, And thought till their marriage They would never be in so much pain; Though I very much doubt, But at the next rout We shall see all these Dandies again.

Just published, price Eighteen-pence, THE DANDIES' PERAMBULATIONS. lished with Sixteen Coloured Engraving

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