A Dandy for Nineteen Years Old

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As I went a-strollin' down by the Strand,
I met a fair damsel so handsome and grand;
She wore jewelry and finery of silver and gold,
And says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."

Her fingers were tapered; her neck like a swan,
Her nose a little turned up an' her- voice not too strong;
Six weeks we were married and wedding bells tolled,
I married my darlin', just nineteen years old.

After the wedding, we retired to rest,
Did my face change colors when my young wife undressed
A bundle of padding from her form did unfold,
Says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."

She took off her fingers, till I counted but three,
Unscrewed her cork leg plumb up to her knee,
Took out her glass eye, on the carpet it rolled,
An' says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."

As I stood and I watched her, I thought I would faint,
She scraped from her pale face a bushel of paint;
She took off her wig an' her bald head then told
She was nearer to ninety than ta' nineteen years old.

So come all you young fellers when you courtin' to go
Inspect your true love from her head to her toe,
Or else you'll be ruined like me and be sold
To a patched-up old geezer who's ninety years old.

From Whorehouse Bells Were Ringing, Logsdon
Note: Another in the dismantled bride genre

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