

RICHARDSON'S

NEW

LONDON FASHIONABLE

GENTLEMAN'S

Valentine Writer

OR, THE

LOVER'S OWN BOOK

FOR THIS YEAR:

Containing a very choice selection of

ORIGINAL AND POPULAR VALENTINES,

WITH

4.99c.263

APPROPRIATE ANSWERS.

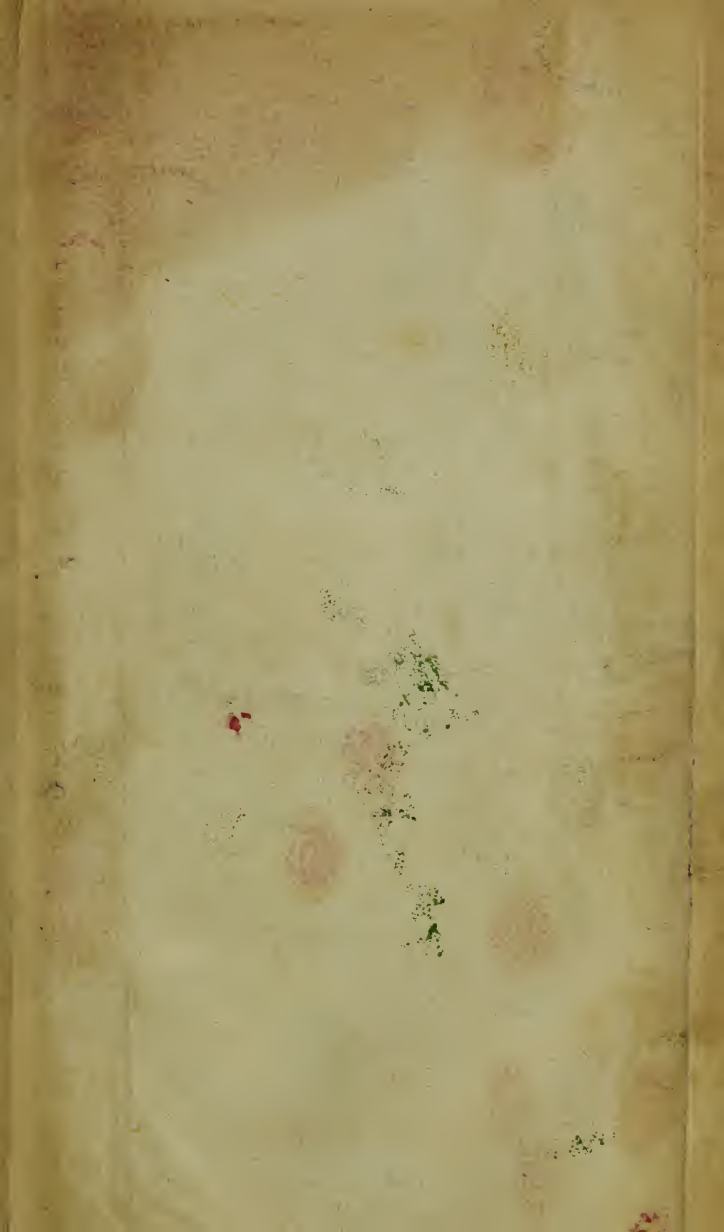
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

DERBY:

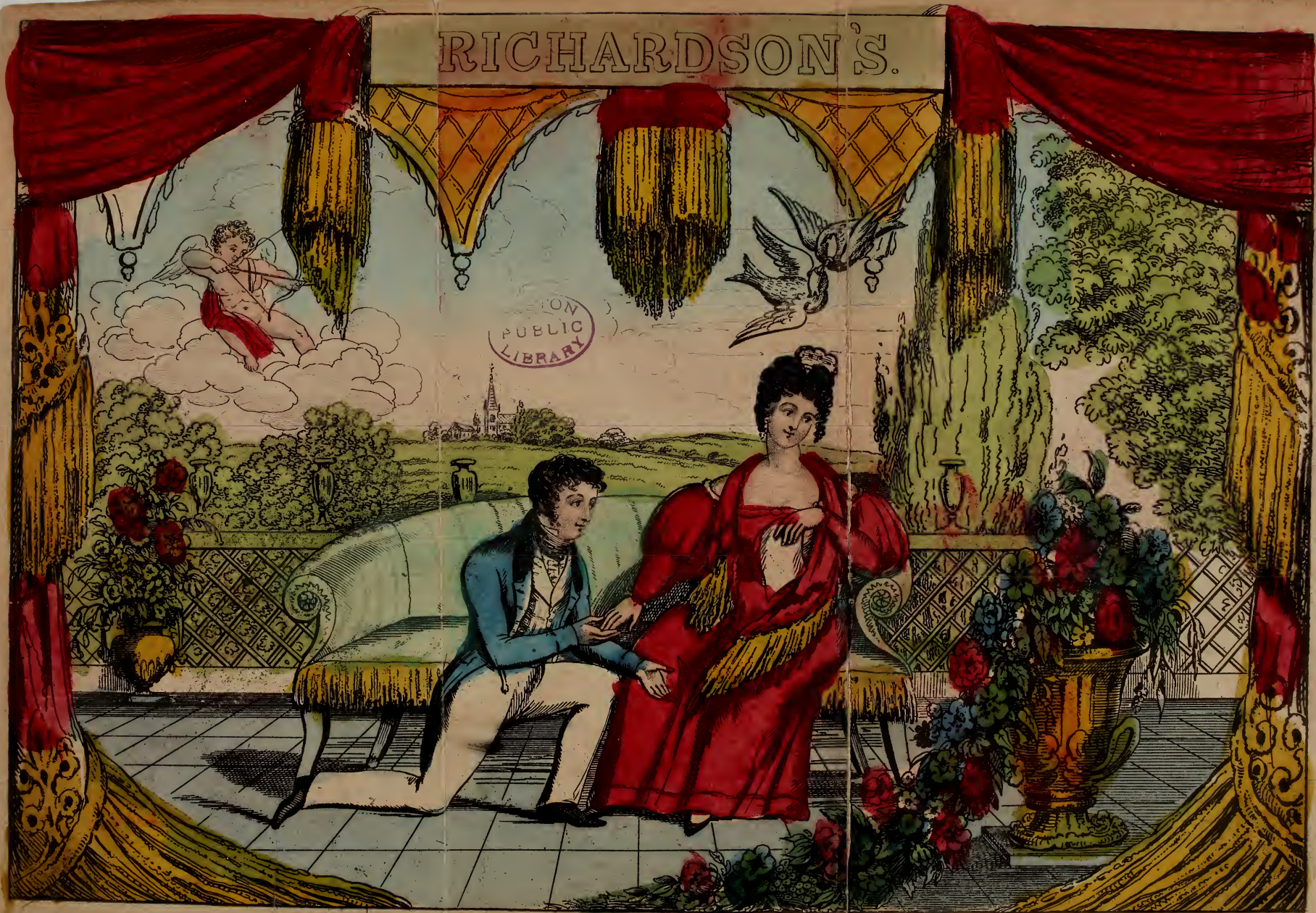
THOMAS RICHARDSON;

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



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Deeds Published for Richardson

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Billings
Jan. 29, 1910
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NOTED BY

THE
NEW LONDON FASHIONABLE
GENTLEMAN'S
VALENTINE WRITER.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

As I wander'd about 'tother day full of thought,
With the subject of love I was very much caught;
Whether best to live single, or best with a wife,
I assure you within me was terrible strife.

Thinks I to myself, one is stupid alone,
And I'm sure I have read, "two is better than one;"
So a wife I have fixed on, that wife shall be you,
If it please you, and I will be constant and true.

LADY'S ANSWER.

"To be constant and true"—your promise is fair,
And I with your lines am quite smit I declare;
So I, at your word, take you, and send you this line,
To say I rejoice to be your Valentine.

FROM A YOUNG MAN NEARLY OUT OF HIS TIME, TO HIS
FAVOURITE LADY.

I have only a few months to serve,
When I shall be out of my time;
To keep thee I'll strain every nerve,
Devoting to thee all my prime.

Then spite of relations and friends,
Consent, my dear girl, to be mine;
I'll make for their loss great amends,
If you'll be my fond Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

That you promise fair, I confess,
 And shall not your offer decline;
 Indeed I want words to express,
 That you're my approv'd Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

You ought to have patience indeed,
 Until you're in bus'ness awhile;
 For how do you know you'll succeed,
 So many now fail in their toil?

Then you'd be a bankrupt in love,
 If business began to decline;
 And, oh! what a burthen would prove
 Your hasty and rash Valentine!

FROM A SERVANT TO HIS FAVOURITE LASS.

Altho' I have a charming place,
 Yet I'd that place resign,
 My dearest fair one to embrace,
 And be her Valentine.

'Tis thee alone that I would serve,
 Then to my suit incline,
 Nor from your humble servant swerve,
 But be his Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

I have receiv'd your Valentine,
 And ponder'd upon every line;
 And if I must confess the truth,
 I think you are a charming youth.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Pray keep your place where plenty reigns,
 The thought is a bad sign;
 If you gave up your ways and means,
 How could you keep a Valentine?

Such idleness I can't endure;
 Then mind I do advise,
 When poverty is at the door,
 Love out of window flies.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

When first I saw thee I would fain
 Have feasted on the sight again—
 That thy sweet figure I may 'twine,
 Consent to be my Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

To thee this answer I address,
 For soon did I the author guess;
 But, ere my person I resign,
 I wish to see my Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Love, when sudden, is not right,
 Who can judge, pray, at first sight?
 Madness you with love combine,
 Is't thus you seek a Valentine?

FROM ANY ONE IN GREAT OR HUMBLE CIRCUMSTANCES,
 TO A LADY THAT IS FOND OF SINGING.

Mark well—"Oh, thou wert born to please me,"
 'Tis true—"My dear, my only love"—
 Then with a negative don't tease me—
 But your fond Valentine approve.
 "Come, live with me and be my love"—
 And you shall sing "sweet home" each day;
 So happy, we'll together rove
 "Over the hills and far away."

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

I understand, Sir, what you mean,
 So you may get the wedding ring;
 "Ah, sure a pair were never seen,"
 The people all around will sing.
 "Sweet home!" is a delightful song,
 "Begone, dull Care," shall give us cheer
 "A snug little cot" we'll have ere long—
 "The charming fellow" you shall hear.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

"Go, naughty man, I can't abide you,"
 "Cease your cunning" so malign;
 There are other men beside you,
 And a better Valentine.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

I am a gentleman by birth—
 A competency boast ;
 Of all the fair ones upon earth,
 Thee I admire the most.

Thou art accomplish'd—quite refin'd—
 An angel, so divine !
 Then, since thou'rt suited to my mind,
 Pray be my Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

If I indeed thy heart possess,
 Why should I let thee pine ?
 No, candidly I will confess,
 Thou art my Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Thy boast of birth I must deride,
 My family's as good as thine—
 Sir, I detest such empty pride,
 And scorn to be thy Valentine.

Thy hope to wheedle is in vain,
 There's flattery in every line ;
 Reform, if e'er you hope t' obtain,
 A noble-minded Valentine.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

Think not I love with feeble flame ;
 Think not my love untrue ;
 And think, if I am aught to blame
 In too much loving you.

TO A MILLINER.

Forgive me, pale Miss, if you think I am rude,
 But your mein and your manners declare you a prude ;
 With finicking fingers you coil up the lace,
 Your caps and your ribbons, with ill-contriv'd grace ;
 O ! who but a fool would e'er venture to take,
 For a bride such a trumpety gingerbread cake ;
 Yet whose humble conceits, without twopence to spare,
 Would lead her to think she's a match for a mayor.

FROM A TRADESMAN TO HIS VALENTINE.

If you'll my partner be for life,
 My Valentine I shall regard ;
 But you must be a frugal wife,
 Because the times are very hard.

I'll give you what is good I vow,
 And always strive to make you glad ;
 But no extravagance allow,
 Because the times are very hard.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Content is all that I request,
 I seek not to be rich or fine ;
 The man who always does his best,
 Must be a worthy Valentine.

I'll work as well as you, dear Sir,
 And tho' of comforts oft debarr'd,
 Believe me I shall not demur,
 Because the times I know are hard.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Indeed I doubted your regard,
 When I perus'd your paltry lines ;
 And must observe, as times are hard,
 You should not think of Valentines.

As I'm at liberty to judge,
 You are a stingy man I think,
 And I should be afraid you'd grudge
 All I sat down to eat and drink.

FROM A PERSON OF ANY RANK TO HIS FAVOURITE LADY.

As you're the fair whom I approve,
 Oh, let us visit Hymen's shrine,
 There make our vows of mutual love,
 And be each other's Valentine !

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

You have astonish'd me indeed,
 And my consent I hereby sign ;
 I'll follow—if the way you'll lead—
 Your most obedient Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

“Look before you leap,” they say,
 To the adage I incline ;
 I must think ere I obey,
 And know well my Valentine.

FROM A PERSON OF LOW OCCUPATION TO HIS FAVOURITE
LASS.

Altho' my occupation's mean,
 I wish my girl to know,
 On Sundays I am very clean,
 And seem more high than low.
 They frequently are found more coarse,
 Who think themselves more fine—
 Take me for better or for worse,
 And be my Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

The high and low, all, 'tis allow'd,
 From Adam do arise ;
 And, therefore, I am not so proud,
 The humble to despise.

The lowest man may be sincere,
 And wherefore should he pine ?
 I therefore am resolv'd to cheer
 My humble Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

You look too high I must declare,
 More modest pray appear ;
 And seek a Valentine elsewhere,
 Within your proper sphere.

A servant wench your vows may hear,
 A bar-maid may incline ;
 But look not higher, or, I fear,
 You'll get no Valentine.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A LADY.

I'm lonesome since I've lost my wife,
 My children I have well dispos'd ;
 Be thou my Valentine for life,
 And let the bargain soon be clos'd.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Sir, as I lately understood,
 To please your wife you always strove;
 In me I hope you'll find as good,
 And ne'er repent your second love.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Sir, you are aged it appears,
 Why on a second marriage bent?
 A widower advanced in years,
 I think, as such, should be content.

TO A LADY.

I love my Valentine as much
 As doctors love a fee to touch;
 As much as misers love their pelf,
 Or as a dandy loves himself;
 As much as minstrel's love a lay,
 Or children love a holiday;
 As much as gluttons love to dine,
 I love my dearest Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

I love my Valentine indeed,
 As much as scholars love to read;
 As much as soldiers love to mess;
 As much as ladies love to dress;
 As much as amateurs to play,
 As much as courtiers to be gay
 In short, I love my Valentine
 As much as coxcombs to be fine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

I hate a flatterer—'tis true,
 As much as Christians hate a Jew;
 As much as schoolmasters a clod,
 Or little children hate a rod;
 As much as critics hate a pun,
 Or wretched debtors hate a dun:
 In short, a flatterer I hate,
 As much as dandies love to prate.

TO A LADY.

I boast not eloquence, dear Miss,
 Nor do I write exceeding fine ;
 Therefore, I bluntly ask you this—
 Pray, will you be my Valentine ?

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Fine pompous words I do detest,
 Nor can I bear the studied line ;
 I own that he will suit me best,
 Who is a downright Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Give me the man refin'd—correct—
 A polish makes all metals shine ;
 To clownish ways I must object—
 Give me th' accomplish'd Valentine.

TO A LADY.

Of all the fair I've ever seen,
 For beauty, manners, and for mien,
 My charmer doth outshine :
 Oh, then, be kind, I humbly pray,
 Grant me the happiness to say,
 You are my Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Of all the youths I've ever known,
 For wit and truth I needs must own
 To thee I must incline ;
 Oh, then, my freedom pray excuse,
 But truly I could not refuse,
 So kind a Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Of all the trash I ever read,
 It may with verity be said,
 'Tis your unmeaning lines ;
 Of this no more pray ever send,
 For be assur'd I'll not attend
 To foolish Valentines.

FROM A YOUNG MAN TO A YOUNG LADY.

I have been very wild of late,
 But if to marry you'll incline,
 I shall reform—I'll grow sedate,
 And be a constant Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

I know that men will rove in youth,
 But once their wild oats having sown,
 They are, for constancy and truth,
 The best of Valentines that's known.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

I've heard so much, Sir, of your pranks,
 That I your offer must decline;
 For your kind meaning you've my thanks,
 But seek another Valentine.

FROM A MECHANIC TO A LADY.

Tho' for Valentine some scorn
 A mechanic, 'cause he toils;
 She had better ne'er been born,
 Who for that withholds her smiles.

Handicraft great judgment shows
 'Tis of skill a certain sign;
 'Stead of cocking, then, your nose,
 Be my loving Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Industry is my delight,
 At my needle I excel;
 We'll our vows together plight,
 For we'll do exceeding well.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Of handicrafts there's many a sort,
 Some are dirty, some are clean;
 Of yours I've heard a bad report,
 You must guess, then, what I mean.

FROM A YOUNG MAN.

I am young, not yet of age,
 But I'm old enough for thee,
 And I'll please thee, I engage,
 If my Valentine you'll be.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

Youth's the season, I am told,
 That for love and joy's most fit,
 Then, kind Sir—don't think me bold—
 Your addresses I'll permit.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

For Valentine I'll have no boy,
 For I abhor a hobble-de-hoy;
 His pertness always must molest—
 And *dandyism* I much detest.

FROM A COTTAGER TO HIS FAVOURITE LASS.

I for my Valentine have got
 A little comfortable cot;
 I've got a little piece of land,
 And other things too at command:
 Oh, tell me then if you'll be mine,
 Say if you'll be my Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

To my thanks you have a claim,
 For the kindness which you proffer:
 I should be indeed to blame,
 Were I to reject your offer.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

'Tis not land that can impart,
 A good temper, a good heart;
 In the cottage we may find,
 Anger and a troubled mind.

FROM A LABOURER TO HIS LASS.

Tho' this a lab'rer sends to thee,
 In hopes your Valentine to be,
 Make him not subject of thy mirth :
 What but a labourer was man,
 When this great universe began,
 For Adam dug, you know, the earth ?

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

That man is born to toil I know,
 He has his cares we find ;
 And woman must experience woe,
 So let us be resign'd.

Thank heaven for any Valentine,
 Altho' a lab'rer's sent ;
 I've learn'd whatever state be mine,
 Therewith to be content.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

I pray adopt another plan,
 And think upon a new design ;
 Sooner than have a working man,
 I'd do without a Valentine.

I'd be an old maid first, I swear,
 If such should be my sad mishap,
 Than I could any lover bear,
 Who wears so oft a *paper-cap*.

FROM A PERSON IN COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES TO
 HIS FAVOURITE LADY.

My charmer alone I shall please,
 Oh, she shall all others outshine ;
 I'll promise her comfort and ease,
 If I be her chosen Valentine.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

You promise me fair I confess,
 And so to your suit I'll incline ;
 If, Sir, all be true you profess,
 You, then, are my chosen Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

I know you've money at command,
 But you are miserly and near;
 Your birth is good I understand,
 But you are very cross I hear.

When we such qualities combine,
 Who could esteem the Valentine?

FROM A MINOR, TO A LADY EQUALLY AS YOUNG.

You'll say I am too young, I know,
 To be a Valentine for thee—
 But thou art young, my dear, and so,
 A happy union it must be.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

We both are young, and as they say,
 That Jan'ary shouldn't join with May;
 None can assign a cause complete,
 Why May and May shouldn't always meet.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

All my relatives agree,
 I am too young in love to be—
 Six or seven years or nine,
 Then I'll be your Valentine.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A RICH LADY.

Altho' I'm neither rich nor poor,
 Yet boldly do I speak;
 It is your hand alone be sure,
 And not your wealth I seek.

For fear you think I make too free,
 I now shall only say,
 That if my Valentine you'll be,
 My best respects I'll pay.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

I like your candour I confess,
 It is with truth replete—
 And since you know, Sir, my address,
 No doubt we soon shall meet.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Love never has your muse inspir'd,
 And therefore state the fact ;
 It is my fortune that's admir'd—
 No other charms attract.

TO A LADY.

My father in business does well,
 I'm sure he will leave it to me ;
 I hope then my charmer will tell,
 If she'll my dear Valentine be.

ANSWER OF COMPLIANCE.

As you my blushes cannot see,
 I'll to th' affirmative incline ;
 And trust we both shall happy be,
 When we're each other's Valentine.

ANSWER OF REJECTION.

Your father's business, Sir, may slip
 Thro' his own hands :—the proverb's true—
 Much falls between the cup and lip ;
 So take this answer and adieu.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

O! who can tell the heart's emotion?
 Who can well the power reveal?
 'The painful, pleasing, soft commotion,
 'The hopes, the fears which lovers feel?
 How vainly I, whose bosom fraught
 With love, unchanging love to thee,
 Can show its truth, or raise a thought
 'That's equal to its power in me!

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

Dearer still art thou to me,
 Fairest maid, in whom I see
 . All I must approve.
 Time, that with oblivious charm
 May the power of love disarm,
 Will but increase my love.

TO A LADY.

Dear girl belov'd, and lov'd by me,
 In whom so many charms I see,
 To captivate my heart;
 Ah! wilt thou, then, to me, who knows
 But love for thee, for whom it flows,
 Thy purest love impart?

TO A LADY.

How shall my faithful heart, my fair,
 Declare the bliss it feels,
 The balm to soften ev'ry care
 Which mutual love reveals?

When prudence joins the faithful tie,
 In vain will sorrow prove;
 And every spark of grief will fly
 Before the breath of love.

FROM A GENTLEMAN.

Since first my heart with pleasure knew
 The power of faithful love for you,
 And made me only thine,
 I cannot cease to love thee less,
 But would returning love possess
 From thee, my Valentine.

TO A LADY.

Whene'er I see thy lovely face,
 My heart with joy doth burn,
 Whenever absent from the place,
 I long for thy return.

If you all others would forsake,
 And love but me alone,
 And faithful love with me partake,
 To be my all, my own,

I'd bless the day that first I knew
 My lovely charmer fair,
 And all my life should be to show
 She was my only care.

TO A LADY.

O! could this letter speak my love,
And would thy heart that love approve;
That faithful love which lives for you,
In friendship and affection too.

TO A LADY.

Love thee! yes, dear lovely maid,
Thee I'll love, and only thee;
And, whatever cares invade,
Happy in thy love of me.

Love thee! yes, with love replete,
Still for thee my heart shall glow,
Till my pulse forbids to beat,
Or the streams of life to flow.

Yes, for ever to my heart,
Dear and precious shalt thou be;
Wilt thou, then, dear girl, impart
Love to him, who lives to thee?

TO A LADY.

How sweet is love by truth directed,
Love by mutual hearts respected,
Confiding, constant, true!
How sweet to breathe the faithful vow,
To give the pledge, as I do now,
And seek such love from you!

TO A LADY.

On a Valentine-day I hasten to prove
To thee, dearest girl, my remembrance of love,
Tho' little, indeed, can a trifle impart,
Of a love undivided possessing my heart.

TO A LADY.

Be mine, dear girl, with joy to prove
With thee the bliss of wedded love,
To seal to thee, and seek from you
A love which time will not subdue.

TO A LADY.

Let thy tongue, soft love expressing,
 In my ears fond thoughts repeat;
 Let thy heart, its truth confessing,
 With the purest passion beat.

Thee alone my heart desiring,
 Only hopes thou wilt approve;
 Only this from thee requiring—
 Love returning equal love.

TO A LADY.

Can one poor humble verse, my fair,
 Of love the power and truth declare?
 Can genius, join'd with words, impart
 Its strong dominion in my heart?
 Ah! no; for all my love must be
 But known by deeds of love for thee.

TO A LADY.

Tell me, dearest, wilt thou prove
 Faithful in returns of love?
 I can never cease to own
 Thou art dear to me alone;
 I can never cease to be
 Fraught with faithful love for thee.

TO A LADY.

Oh! could I hear thee once declare,
 That fond affection lives for me!
 Oh! could I once delighted share
 The sweet return of love from thee!

I, who no other object know
 Which could my heart from thee estrange,
 Confess a love which joy or woe,
 Or life or death, could never change.

TO A LADY.

My love to thee I fain would prove,
 But can a letter speak my love?
 Or can a pledge so small reveal
 A passion which I can't conceal?
 No; love by trifles, thus express't,
 Shows but the shade of love at best.

TO A LADY.

Sweet are the thoughts, when true love burns
 Within a faithful breast;
 And sweet's the love that meets returns
 By grateful love confest.

TO A LADY.

Could you persuade the constant dove
 To leave his mate, inconstant prove,
 And lonely thro' the woodlands rove,
 I might deceive the girl I love;
 But ne'er till then will I agree
 To quit my love, to part with thee.

FROM A PAINTER.

My *pencil* I would take in hand
 To *paint* a face so fair,
 But all the skill I can command
 Is useless I declare:
 My blended *colours* when I view
 And think upon thy face,
Carmine and *pearl*, at sight of you,
 Must hold a distant place;
 Yet if your *portrait* you will find,
 Then with my wish comply,
 Come hither, and, to ease my mind,
 You'll find it in each eye;
 But far more perfect in my heart
 Is that dear form of thine,
 Then let me share an equal part
 With thee, sweet Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

What can I say to things so fine,
 Which you have sent to me,
 For, such a pretty Valentine
 I ne'er before did see?
 Who would have thought this homely face
 Could thus defy your art,
 And that my *picture* you could trace
 No where but in your heart?
 If flattery can a female please,
 You're master of *design*,
 That *pencil* you can use with ease,
 My *painting* Valentine.

FROM A MALTSTER.

My barley is fine, and good my kiln,
 In making malt, none has more skill,
 And though my horses oft are blind,
 My love to you is not, you'll find ;
 What, tho' my granary is well fill'd,
 As any maltster e'er beheld ;
 Yet, what is all this store to me,
 Unless that I could purchase thee ?
 Come, then, and all my malt command,
 I'll put the staff into your hand,
 My barley, every grain, be thine,
 As you I've chose my Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

I do not doubt your malt is good,
 Your skill by all is understood ;
 The humming beer thro' all the town,
 Has fix'd on high your just renown.
 But why I should your grain command,
 I own I do not understand,
 For I your barley cannot dry,
 Nor yet your blind horse supply ;
 So to your wish I can't incline,
 Adieu, then, Master Valentine.

FROM THE GROOM TO THE COOK.

Jenny, whene'er you roast or boil,
 You make my heart within me broil ;
 Or when you're at those pleasing arts,
 Of making puddings, pies, or tarts,
 I lick my lips at such good cheer,
 And call you then, my life and dear ;
 What, though with grease your garments shine,
 Yet you must be my Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

Go, mind your horses in the stable,
 You ne'er shall sit with me at table ;
 For your own words do plainly prove
 You've nothing more than cupboard love
 So I beg you will your suit decline,
 For you ne'er shall be my Valentine.

FROM A COBBLER.

Whenever I'm mending a shoe,
 Ev'ry thing in my stall that I view,
 To my doating remembrance brings you,
 While my heart in my bosom goes thump.

The best *callimanco's* your hair,
 Your *skin* is the *lining* so fair,
 My *awl* to your *eyes* I compare,
 That wounded the heart of poor Clump.

Your *teeth*, which like ivory show,
 Are the *pegs* in a white even row,
 Which I drive, while at every blow
 My heart in my bosom goes thump.

Each object of you seems a part,
 Your wit, that's so piercing and smart,
 Is my *knife*, but my *lapstone* your heart,
 Which will not let you pity poor Clump.

THE ANSWER.

Mr. Clump, I would have you to know,
 That your stuff will only work woe,
 As to all cobblers I'm a terrible foe,
 And so writes Kitty O'Grizzle.

With your *awl* you may *peg* till *all's* blue,
 And with knife cut *old soles* in two,
 For I will have nothing to do,
 But only with Tommy O'Twizzle.

So now, Clump, go *stich* your leather,
 And *wax* the *two odd ends* together,
 For either in foul or fair weather,
 I'll cuddle with Tommy O'Twizzle.

Each night and each morn I'll entwine,
 As close as the wax to the line,
 About and around my own Valentine,
 My jewel, my boy, my Tommy O'Twizzle.

TO A LADY.

Say, dearest girl, wilt thou incline
 To mingle faithful love with mine ?
 To plight the fond endearing vow,
 Of constant loves, as I do now ?

FROM A HATTER.

Like to a *beaver* soft and fine,
 Such is your skin, sweet Valentine ;
 As fine as any *down* your hair,
 Which ever made a hat to wear ;
 Were I a *beaver hat* for thee
 'Twould suit my wishes to a T ;
 When on your head I then did shine,
 How blest would be your Valentine !
 Oh ! let me grace your pretty head,
 There, with an *ostrich-feather*, spread,
 How grand would be the lot of mine,
 To call you dearest Valentine !

THE ANSWER.

Why, how now, Hatter,
 What's the matter ?
 Have you broke from Bedlam late ?
 Thus to rave,
 You saucy knave,
 Pray leave off such idle prate ;
Hat and feather
 Take together,
 Them and you I must decline ;
 So mind your trade,
 You dirty blade,
 I will not be your Valentine.

FROM A TANNER.

Though I'm a Tanner by my trade,
 Yet, Valentine, don't be afraid,
 Tho' often hides I tan, 'tis true,
 I ne'er will tan the hide of you :
 The bark and lime that's in the pit,
 May tan the outside of my wit,
 And keep my heart quite stout for you,
 Much more than other trades can do ;
 Besides, mine is a useful trade,
 Since, without me, no shoes are made ;
 Then let your heart to me incline,
 And I am, with love, your Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

'Tho' you in my heart, Mr. Tanner, would glide,
 I fear that you will tan my hide,
 Which sure would kill this heart of mine,
 If e'er you should, my Valentine.
 Useful's your art, I own 'tis true,
 In making leather for the shoe;
 But may not yet that useful art
 As hard as leather tan your heart?
 Howe'er, I'll not inconstant prove,
 But boldly venture on my love:
 So tenderly your heart incline,
 And be my gentle Valentine.

TO A LADY.

My Valentine, my lovely maid,
 Kind, gentle, fair and free,
 In all thy sex's charms array'd
 How few are found like thee!
 Thy image always fills my mind,
 So may your heart approve,
 Since fix'd to thee, alone, I find
 I need no other love.

TO A LADY, WITH A POCKET-BOOK.

Appointments often you've mistook,
 So I send a memorandum book;
 The days, weeks, and months you'll see,
 As handy, Miss, as they can be,
 To suit it to your mind the better,
 There is a case to hold a letter,
 With other things of good design,
 And fit for you, my Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

Your present is of use, I find,
 And is quite artfully design'd,
 To put me still in mind of you;
 Say, Valentine, is it not true?
 Well, I will try to do my best,
 And set you down among the rest

FROM A CURRIER AND LEATHER-CUTTER.

Though I each day well dress my leather,
 I often wish we were together ;
 For you alone have gain'd my heart,
 And stripp'd my *skin* of ev'ry art.
 In vain I *colour, shave, and cut,*
 You to my *tramp* have surely put.
 My *wax* is hard, my *paste* is spoil'd,
 You my *good souls* have all beguil'd.
 O then, *sweetheart*, to me incline,
 And bless your constant Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

You *cutter-up* of many *souls,*
 And cause of *divers ends and holes ;*
 You *mixer, dauber,* pray be quiet,
 Nor in my heart kick up a riot ;
 Be not in haste, good master Leather,
 And we mayhap may come together.
 Therefore, in hope, believe I'm thine,
 As you prove true, good Valentine.

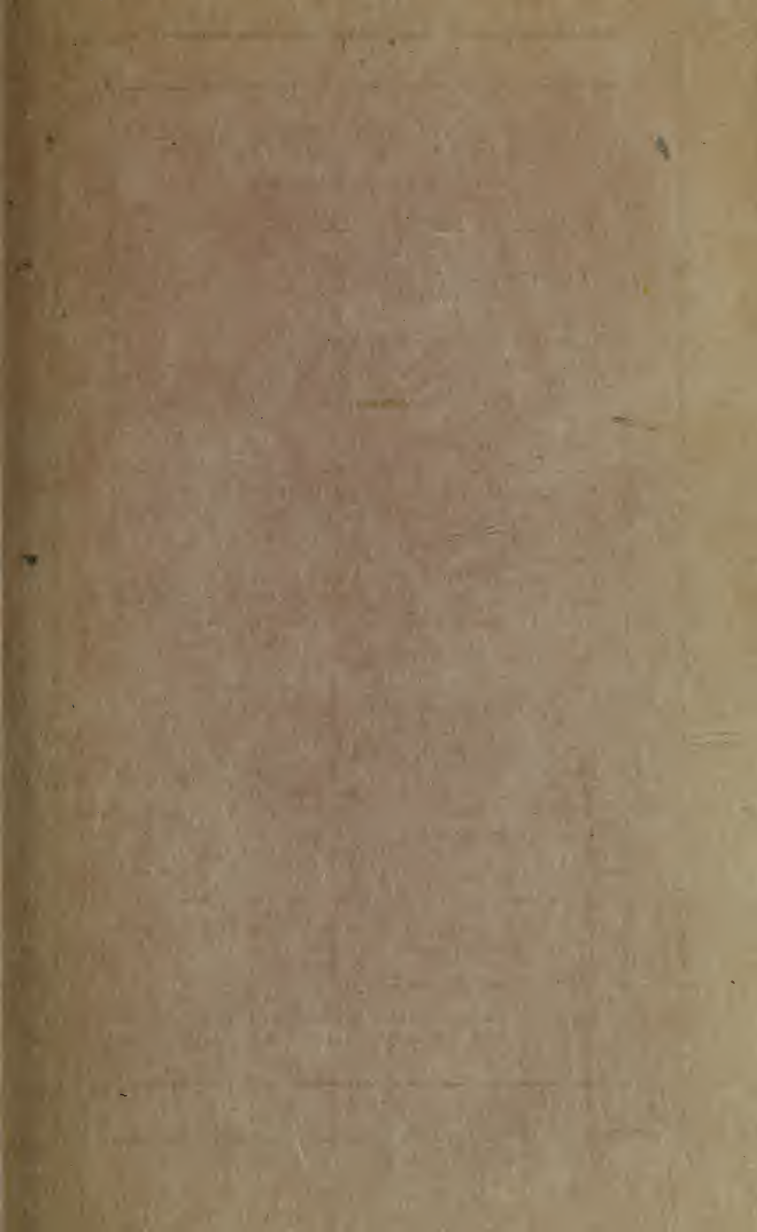
TO A LADY.

My dear. with this I blow a kiss,
 As earnest of our future bliss ;
 I have not time to tell you more,
 But you alone I do adore.

THE ANSWER.

Your's I receiv'd, and if 'tis bliss,
 With this take back a loving kiss.
 A faithful heart who can refuse,
 An honest hand who would not choose.
 I accept both, and vow I'm thine,
 Your constant loving Valentine.

FINIS.



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