

The Calico Printer's Clerk

C133

Violin

Verse

F B \flat C

5 B \flat F Gm F G7 C B \flat

10 F B \flat C7 F B \flat

15 C7 F Chorus B \flat F B \flat C7

21 F B \flat C7 F

In Manchester, that city of cotton twist and twills,
 There lived the subject of my song, the cause of all my ills.
 She was handsome, young and twenty, her eyes were azure blue
 Admirers she had plenty: her name was Dorothy Drew.

Chorus (repeated after each verse):

She was very fond of dancing, but allow me to remark
 That one fine day she danced away with the calico printer's clerk.

At a private ball I met her in eighteen sixty-three;
 I never will forget her, though she was unkind to me.
 I was dressed in the pink of fashion, my lavender gloves were new,
 And we danced the Valse Circassian, with charming Dorothy Drew.

We schottischted and we polkad to the strains the band did play;
 We waltzed and we mazurkad till she waltzed my heart away.
 I whispered in this manner, as around the room we flew
 And doing the Varsovianna, that: "I love you Dorothy Drew."

For months and months, attention unto her I did pay
 Till, with her condescension, she led me quite astray.
 The money I expended, I'm ashamed to tell to you
 I'll inform you how it ended with myself and Dorothy Drew.

I received an intimation she a visit meant to pay
 Unto some dear relations who lived some miles away.
 In a month she'd be returning, I must bid a short adieu
 But her love for me was burning, deceitful Dorothy Drew.

At nine o'clock next morning to breakfast I sat down
 The smile my face adorning it soon changed to a frown.
 For in the morning papers, a paragraph met my view
 That Jones, the calico printer's clerk, had married Dorothy Drew.