

## Villikins and His Dinah

### Villikins and His Dinah

'Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell,  
He had but one daughter, an uncommon nice gel.  
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old,  
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.

cho: Singing tu la lol la rol lal tu rol lal lay.

As Dinah was a' walking her garden one day,  
Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say:  
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,  
And get you a husband both gallant and gay! "

"Oh, papa Oh, papa I've not made up my mind,  
And to marry just yet, why I don't feel inclined;  
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,  
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."

"Go, go, boldest daughter," the parent replied;  
"If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,  
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,  
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

As Villikins was walking the garden around,  
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground;  
And a cup of cold pizen it lay by her side,  
With a billet-doux stating 'twas by pizen she died.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,  
He called her his Dinah though she was no more,  
Then swallowed the pizen like a lover so brave,  
And Villikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.

Moral:

Now all you young maidens take warning by her,  
Never not by no means disobey your gov'nor,  
And all you young fellows mind who you clap eyes on,  
Think of Villikins and Dinah and the cup of cold pizen.

DT #435

Laws M31

