



NEW STORY

ABOUT

OLD DADDY  
LONG-LEGS.



13 SORTS 6<sup>D</sup> EACH  
DEAN & CO. THREADNEEDLE STREET











THE COMICAL COURTSHIP  
AND SAD FATE OF



OLD DADDY LONG-LEGS.



Pray, have you heard tell, O, of this funny fellow,  
 Whom Old Daddy Longlegs they call?  
 A comical person—to scribble a verse on,  
 Though he is so slender and tall.  
 I've heard an old story, not much to his glory,  
 So shall not repeat it just now;  
 For here he stands bended, as though he intended  
 To make the good Reader a bow.



But the Poets are able, (discarding all fable),  
 To tell a good tale about what  
 Once happened, as they know, to Longleggiano,—  
 A copy of which I have got.  
 Our hero, this old Dad, abundance of gold had,  
 And dressed with an infinite grace,  
 So he spent all his heydays in courting the ladies,  
 Who praised both his figure and face.







Master Rooke  
the gift of his kind Mama  
Breamore 1846



But Longleggiano had heard the soprano  
Of Miss Butterfly's voice in a song;  
As lately at noon, one fine morning in June,  
She was sporting the flowers among.

Then she prattled so sweetly, she charmed him completely;  
In fact he quite doated upon her:  
No longer a rover, he turned a true lover,  
And vowed—to be her's, 'pon his honor.



Miss Fly blush'd and sighed, then 'I will be your bride then,  
But, pray, have a good wedding feast;  
Some sugar and sweetmeats, and if you can eat meats,  
A piece of roast beef at the least.

So 'twas settled the wedding should take place at Reading,  
And as there was no time to lose,  
The Longlegs by dozens, aunts, uncles, and cousins,  
Came by railway on hearing the news.



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Now all were assembled, the bride, they say, trembled,  
On seeing her bridegroom draw near,  
But he gallantly led, O! across the green meadow,  
And whispered soft words in her ear.

The priest, an old rook, was there with his book,  
To join the young couple in one,  
But here came the slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip,  
Which neither had counted upon.



Plump into the hollow pounced down a fat swallow,  
Which made all the company stare ;  
For cruel as Nero, he took up our hero,  
And bore him away through the air.

This was an intrusion that caused much confusion,  
For some of the company fled,  
While the rest stood aghast, as they watched to the last,  
Poor Longlegs thus borne over head.



The Bride, of course, fainted, for she was acquainted  
With manners, and knew what was right;  
They fanned her, and brought her some brandy and water,  
And so they recovered her quite.

‘Is he gone?’ she did cry, ‘without saying good bye:  
I think it was very improper;  
But—I’ll banish my sorrow, and early to-morrow,  
I’ll marry old Gaffer Grasshopper.’



A week, very nearly, had passed away cheerly,  
For sunny and warm was the weather;  
And Jen and her lover, amid the green clover,  
In harmony dwelt both together.

When, lo! it was rumoured, that, looking ill-humoured,  
And making all sorts of grimaces,  
Her beau, Daddy Longlegs, on three of his strong pegs,  
Was coming, full speed, through the daisies.







'Tis very improper, said Gaffer Grasshopper,  
 Our happiness thus to dishearten;  
 The tales that they bring, each—is gammon and spinach,—  
 My eye, and Elizabeth Marten;  
 So cheer up, my Jenny, I'll bet half a guinea,  
 They're hoaxing us, only for fun a bit;  
 Let's homeward be steering, for night's just appearing,  
 And, though I'm NOT frightened, we'll run a bit.



They turned, gave a look, then trembled and shook, and  
 Hopped faster than ever,—for Longlegs,  
 Who distantly spied them, was now 'most beside them,  
 Fast striding along on his strong pegs.  
 They leapt over the rills, the mounds and the mole-hills,  
 And ev'ry thing else on their road;  
 Through puddles they waded, 'twas wond'rous what they did,  
 Until they both reached their abode.





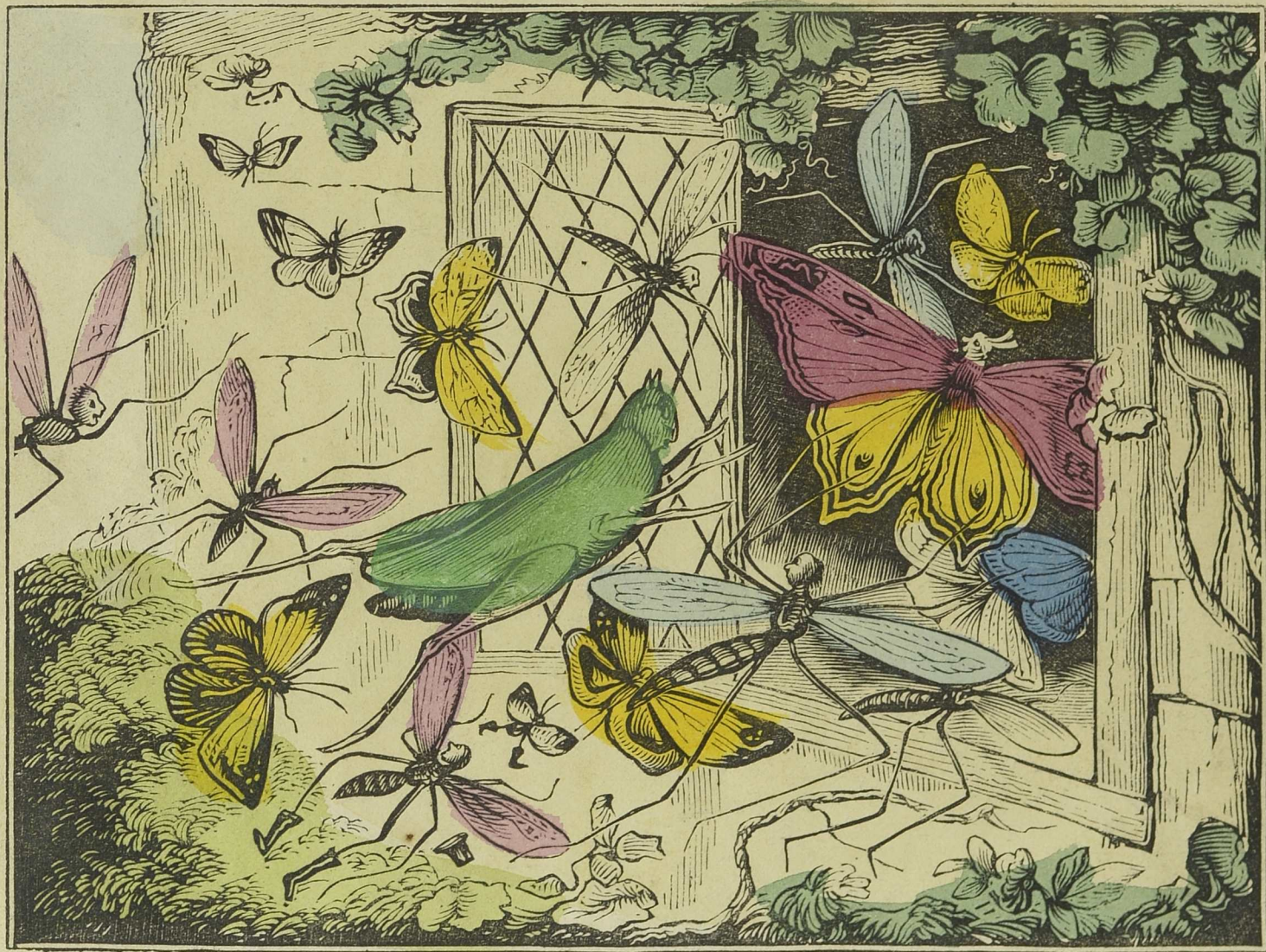






The door being pinned, O, they leapt through the window,  
And their terrified friends followed, too,  
Who asked no consent, O, as in they all went, O,  
By leaping the window right through.

In parlour they mustered, all heated and flustered,  
When Daddy blew Jenny a kiss,  
Then made an oration, the signification  
Of which, very nearly, was this:



‘ You all were deluded, whoever concluded  
That I by the swallow was swallowed;  
For after he’d risen, his throat, or his wizen,  
Was griped by a kite that had followed;  
What then? why ’tis plain, O that I, once again, O,  
Fell down to the earth,—but alack!  
With the loss of three legs, O, the best of my pegs, O,  
And with a sad sprain in my back.



‘ Oh! Jenny, my honey, I’d give all my money,  
Could I but have call’d you my wife;  
But, henceforth, we sever, for ever and ever;  
So she’s your’s, neighbour Gaffer, for life.

And thus ends my lingo,’ he said, and by Jingo,  
Right out of the window he leapt;  
His friends leaping after, all roaring with laughter  
As over the country they swept.



E N D

OF

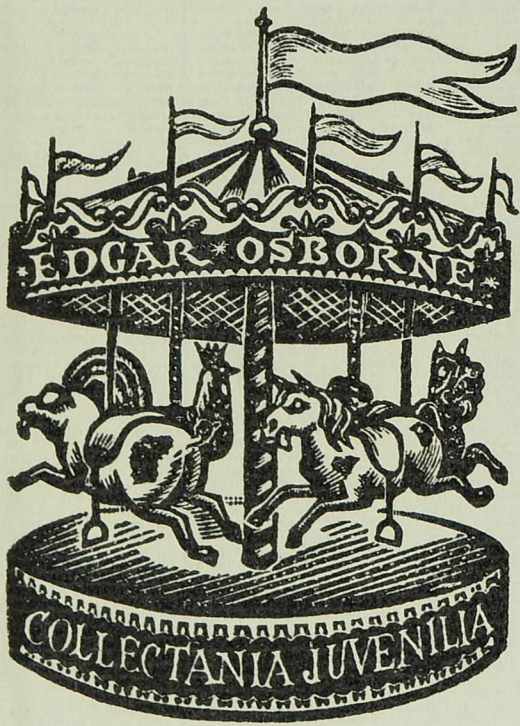
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