**SHE WAS VERY FOND OF DANCING**

Twenty-something years ago I took a trip to Connecticut with the family. At the restaurant where we were having lunch one day, a quartet dressed in renaissance garb was performing folk and traditional music, and they were very good. Fine guitar players, terrific harmony. One of the members was a a red-haired Australian lady with a wonderful strong soprano voice. I bought their tape (remember audiocassettes?), learned that the name of the group was ***Sheelta,*** and listened to it all the way home. Fast forward twenty years. When I moved to Houston and heard Sue Atkins sing at a pickin’ party, her voice seemed very familiar. I overheard her mention ***Sheelta***, and sure enough, it was the same person. This is the closing song on the tape – a great story of disappointed love, as sad as it is lively. For the rhyme to work, you have to give “clerk” the English pronunciation – more like “clark”.

**THE CALICO PRINTER'S CLERK**

**G C D**

In Manchester, that city of cotton twist and twills,

**C G C A D**

There lived the subject of me song, the cause of all me ills.

**C G C D**

She was handsome, young and twenty, her eyes were azure blue

**G C D G**

Admirers she had plenty and her name was Dottie Drew.

**Chorus (after each verse):**

**C G C D**

She was very fond of dancing, but allow me to remark

**G C D G**

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 wasn’t kind to me.

I was dressed in the pink of fashion, me lavender gloves were new,

And we danced the Valse Circassian, with charming Dottie Drew.

**Chorus**

We schottisched and we polka’d to the strains the band did play;

We waltzed and we mazurka’d till she waltzed my heart away.

I whispered in this manner, as around the room we flew

And doing the Varsovienna, that: “I love you Dottie Drew.”

**Chorus**

For months and months, attention unto her I did pay

To win her condescension I gave me heart away

The money I expended, I'm ashamed to tell to you

But I'll tell you how it ended with meself and Dottie Drew

**Chorus**

I received an intimation she a visit meant to pay

Unto some near relations who lived not far away

In a month she'd be returning, I must bid a short adieu

But her love for me was burning, oh deceitful Dottie Drew.

**Chorus**

At nine o'clock next morning to breakfast I sat down

The smile me face adorning soon changed into a frown.

For in the morning papers, a paragraph met my view

That Jones, the calico printer's clerk, had married Dottie Drew.

**Chorus**