

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”. <https://youtu.be/kZOnMxRmual>

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 schottischted 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