



THE
MILKMAN

Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse, 6 Great
 St. Andrew street, 7 Dials

AT dawn of dawn when other folk
 In slumber drown'd their senses
 We milkmen sing and laugh and joke
 Scales styles and all such fences
 But when from milking home we're
 bound

A sight more pleasing than a show
 The rosy lasses greet the sound
 Of milk my pretty maids below.
 Milk my pretty maids &c.

The milkman here and milkman there
 Lord how these wenches tease ye
 I'm coming love how much my fair?
 Cries I, now there be easy
 So that with toying now and then
 As kissing too as on I go
 I scarce have time like other men
 to cry milk my pretty maids below.

Tho' twice a day I pay my court
 to those that come to meet me
 I please them all and that's their sort,
 There is none here can beat me,
 My walk I never will resign
 A better one I don't know
 Of the trades let this be mine
 Of milk my pretty maids below.

