



## How to get a Living in **THIS TOWN.**

I'll please you all both great and small, if you'll give attention,  
The curious ways and funny schemes of this town I'll mention,  
Now winter is approaching fast, I pray you'll not on me frown,  
And you do know as well as me there's curious folks in town

### CHORUS.

So now my friends take my advice, I'll teach you one and all,  
The way to live in this town if you can live at all.

Some people live by selling greens, and some by vending fishes,  
The baker lives by priggling hot potatoes from the dishes,  
Some live by selling stinking meat, that's overrun with maggots,  
Some live by selling saveloys, pea-soup, and tripe and faggots.

Some people do a living get by selling gilded watches,  
Some live by picking bones and rags, some by selling matches,  
Some live by selling water and chalk, and all such roguery sir,  
The grocers grind the shoe leaves and say it is Bohea sir.

Some chaps will live by kissing Polls, and some by kissing Sue sir,  
Some sweeps can live by going to sweep the lady's flue sir,  
Some can live by sweeping streets, some can live by puffing,  
Some can live by working hard and some by doing nothing.

Some can live by going to church, some by going to meeting,  
Some can live by being fools, and some can live by cheating,  
Oh some can live by laying a-bed, and some by drinking gin sir,  
Policemen live by breaking heads, with wooden rolling pins sir.

Some can live by cobbling shoes and some by making blacking  
Some live by selling table beer and others live by quacking,  
The tailors live by stitching coats and patching up old breeches,  
Some live by singing songs and some by crying dying speeches.

Some can live by making laws and some can live by storming,  
Some can live by telling lies and going about informing, [sirs,  
Some can live by counting stars, some by travelling through the moon  
Some can live by going through the clouds in a splendid great  
baloon sirs.

Some can live by selling addle eggs, and if I'm not mistaken,  
Some can live by selling mouldy cheese, with stinking butter and  
bacon,

Some live by sending hand-bills out some live by going deceiving,  
Some live by playing at tiddle-je-bumps and some by going a thieving

Oh, this town is a curious place, some read while some are gleaning  
There is not such another place in all the world for scheming,  
Some do on milk and honey live, while some can scarce get bread sir  
The undertaker, lives quite well in burying the dead sir.



## THE **FOGGY DEW** OR

### When I was a Bachelor.

When I was a bachelor early and young,  
I followed the weaving trade,  
And all the harm ever I had done,  
Was courting a serving maid.  
I courted her the summer season,  
And part of the winter too,  
And many a night I walked with her,  
All over the foggy dew.

One night as I lay on my bed,  
As I lay fast asleep,  
There came a pretty fair maid,  
And most bitterly she did weep,  
She wept, she mourned, she tore her hair,  
Crying alas, what shall I do  
This night I'm resolv'd to stay with you,  
For fear of the foggy dew.

It was in the first part of the night,  
We pass'd the time away  
And in the latter part of the night,  
She stay'd with me till day,  
When broad day-light did appear,  
She cried I am undone,  
Hold your tongue, you foolish girl,  
The foggy dew is gone.

Suppose that we should have a child  
Would it cause us to smile,  
Suppose that we should have another,  
Would it make us laugh awhile,  
Suppose we should have another and another,  
And another one too,  
It would make you think of your foolish tricks  
And about the foggy dew.

I love this young girl dearly,  
I love her as my life,  
I took this girl and married her,  
And made her my lawful wife,  
I never told her of her fault,  
Nor never intend to do.  
But every time she smiles at me,  
I think of the foggy dew.

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