



THE FOGGY DEW

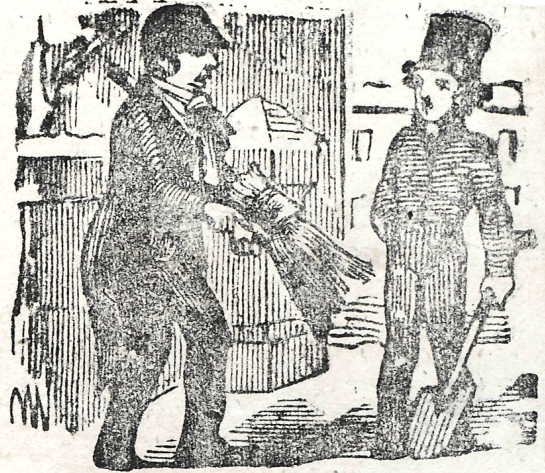
WHEN I was a bachelor early and young,
I followed the weaving trade,
And all the harm I ever done,
Was courting the servant maid;
I courted her the summer season,
And part of the winter too,
And many a night I roll'd her in my arms,
All over the Foggy dew.

One night as I lay on my back,
As I lay fast asleep,
There came a pretty fair maid,
And most bitterly did weep;
She wept, she moaned, she tore her hair,
Crying, alas! what shall I do?
This night I'm resolved to come to bed,
For fear of the Foggy dew.

It was in the first part of the night,
We both did sport and play,
And in the latter part of the night,
She slept in my arms till day;
When broad daylight 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,
It would cause us for to smile,
Suppose that we should have another,
It would make us laugh awhile;
Suppose that we should have another,
And another one too,
It will make you leave off your foolish tricks,
And think no more of the Foggy dew.

I loved this young girl dearly,
I loved her as my life;
I took this girl and married her,
And made her my lawful wife;
I never told her of her faults,
Nor never intend to do,
But every time she winks or smiles,
I think of the Foggy dew.



Don't Push a Man BECAUSE HE'S GOING DOWN THE HILL.

In this sensation century, of good songs there is few,
The words are little card for, if the music is but new;
The subjects seem almost done—yet I have found one still
That is, don't push a man because he's going down the hill.

Chorus.

Help one another, men, 'tis fortune on you shine;
Remember, if you give your mite that poverty's no
crime.
Tho' little be your offering, men, give it with good
will,
Never push a man because he's going down the hill.

How oft we see a working man, with a truly honest heart,
To help his wife and family in business makes a start;
His ends they don't seem to meet, work which way he will,
Fate seems to be against him, and he's going down the
hill.

As day by day, we jog along, how many men we find,
That poverty is a grievous sin to think they are inclined.
They meet in sad adversity, some old friend—Tom or Bill,
They pass them by disdainfully, because they're going
down the hill.

If ere you meet a business man struggling hard with fate,
Don't speak words of discouragement, or tell him he's too
late;
Don't scoff him as you pass him by, but help him with a
will,
And perhaps some day you'll meet him on the summit of
the hill.

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