

## The Jolly Trades-men.

Some-times I am a Tap - ster new, And skil - ful in my Trade Sir,  
I fill my Pots most du - ly, With - out de - ceit or froth Sir.

A Spick - et of two Hand - fuls long, I use to Oc - cu - py Sir:

And when I set a Butt a - broach, Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Tapster new,  
And skilful in my Trade Sir,  
I fill my Pots most duly,  
Without deceit or froth Sir:  
A Spicket of two Handfuls long,  
I use to Occupy Sir:  
And when I set a Butt abroach,  
Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Butcher,  
And then I feel fat Ware Sir;  
And if the Flank be fleshed well,  
I take no farther care Sir:  
But in I thrust my Slaughtering-Knife,  
Up to the Haft with speed Sir;  
For all that ever I can do,  
I cannot make it bleed Sir.

Sometimes I am a Baker,  
And Bake both white and brown Sir;  
I have as fine a Wrigling-Pole,  
As any is in all this Town Sir:  
But if my Oven be over-hot,  
I dare not thrust in it Sir;  
For burning of my Wrigling-Pole,  
My Skill's not worth a Pin Sir.

Sometimes I am a Glover,  
And can do passing well Sir;  
In dressing of a Doe-skin,  
I know I do excel Sir:  
But if by chance a Flaw I find,  
In dressing of the Leather;  
I straightway whip my Needle out,  
And I tack 'em close together.

Sometimes I am a Cook,  
And in *Fleet-Street* I do dwell Sir:  
At the sign of the Sugar-loaf,  
As it is known full well Sir:  
And if a dainty Lass comes by,  
And wants a dainty bit Sir;  
I take four Quarters in my Arms,  
And put them on my Spit Sir.

In Weaving and in Fulling,  
I have such passing Skill Sir;  
And underneath my Weaving-Beam,  
There stands a Fulling-Mill Sir:  
To have good Wives displeasure,  
I would be very loath Sir;  
The Water runs so near my Hand,  
It over-thicks my Cloath Sir.

Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,  
And work with silly Bones Sir:  
To make my Leather soft and moist,  
I use a pair of Stones Sir:  
My Lasts for and my lasting Sticks,  
Are fit for every size Sir;  
I know the length of Lasses Feet,  
By handling of their Thighs Sir.

The Tanner's Trade I practice,  
Sometimes amongst the rest Sir;  
Yet I could never get a Hair,  
Of any Hide I dress'd Sir;  
For I have been tanning of a Hide,  
This long seven Years and more Sir;  
And yet it is as hairy still,  
As ever it was before Sir.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,  
And work with Thread that's strong Sir;  
I have a fine great Needle,  
About two handfulls long Sir:  
The finest Sempster in this Town,  
That works by line or leisure;  
May use my Needle at a pinch,  
And do themselves great Pleasure.