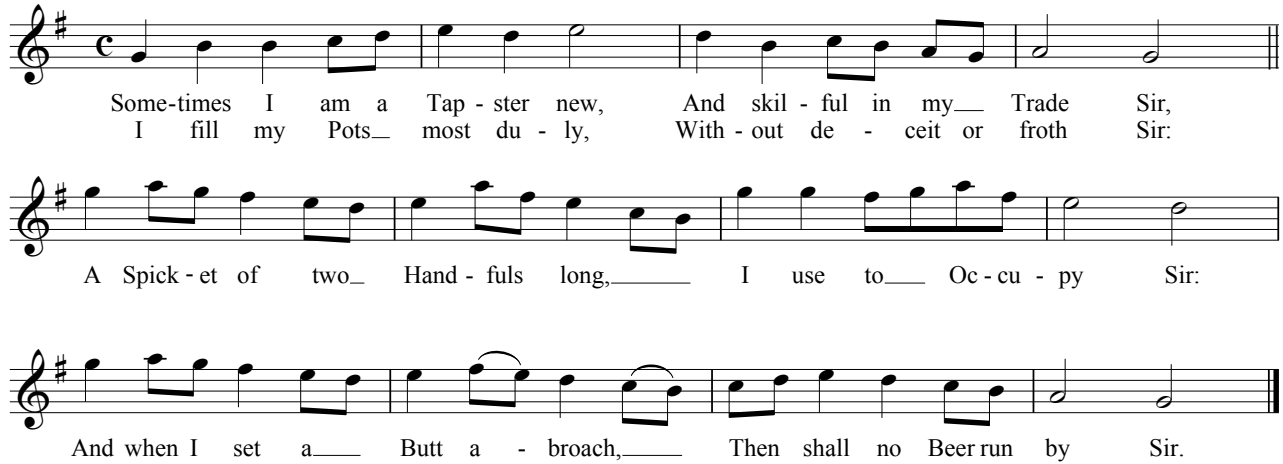


## *The Jolly Trades-men.*



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.