

Freemens Songs of 4. Voices.

18

The singing part.

TREBLE.

Verse. **W** Ho liueth so merry in all this land, as doth the poore
widdow that selleth the sand? *chorus.* And euer shee singeth as I can guesse,
will you buy any sand, any sand Mistris?

Ver. 2 The Broom-man maketh his liuing most sweet,
with carrying of broomes from street to street:
Cho. Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
then all the day long to doe nothing but sing

Ver. 3 The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,
he singeth and sweepeth the soote away:
Ch. Yet when he comes home although he be weary,
with his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

Ver. 4 The Cobbler he sits cobling till noone,
and cobbleth his shooes till they be done?
Cho. Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say,
for he knows his worke will soone decay.

Ver. 5 The Marchant man doth saile on the seas,
and lye on the ship-board with little ease:
Cho. Alwayes in doubt the rocke is neare,
how can he be merry and make good cheare?

Ver. 6 The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,
and when he comes home he serueth his fow:
Cho. He moyleth and toyl eth all the long yeare,
how can he be merry and make good cheare?

Ver. 7 The Seruingman waiteth frō street to street,
with blowing his nailes and beating his feet:
Cho. And serueth for forty shillings a yeare,
that tis impossible to make good cheare.

8 Who liueth so merry and maketh such sport,
as those that be of thy poorest sort?
Cho. The poorest sort where soeuer they be,
they gather together by one, two, and three.

Bis. 9 And euery man will spend his penny,
what makes such a shot among a great many?

FINIS.