

Up Went The Price - song lyrics

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UP WENT THE PRICE.

I find it hard, very, very hard,
Tho' every means I try,
My living to get And keep out of debt,
But I can't and I don't know why.
I bought a butcher's shop last year,
A grand one in Tenth street;
Oh, dear, oh, dear, it turned out queer.
Up went the price of meat.
Chorus.
Up went the price of meat,
Up went the price of meat;
There's heaps of trouble on this young man's mind,
They raised the price of meat.

I sold that shop and another one took,
But very much against my wish,
To deal out pickled eels and whelks,
Dried cod and hot fried fish.
But it wouldn't sell, and, oh! such a smell.
Arose from the whelks in the dish;
The fishermen struck, my usual luck,
Up went the price of fish.-Chorus.

I sold that shop and another one took,
With a license to deal in came;
Bad luck to the man who sold me that shop.
It's enough to turn my brain.
A collision on the Erie line
Broke up the poultry trucks;
Oh, dear, oh, lor, I believe I swore,
Up went the price of ducks.-Chorus.

I sold that shop and another one took,
In the oil and color line;
With pickles, jam and marmalade,
Soft soap and balls of twine.
'Twas another sell, for I know very well,
They had me for a lamb;
The market rose, and as you may suppose,
Up went the price of jam.-Chorus.

I sold that shop and wouldn't take another,
But thought I'd take a wife;
I'd lost my money and wanted some more,
And was tired of single life.
But the Dutch sent over a shipload of counts.
And Scotland a cartload of earls;
They got the run of the market first,
So up went the price of the girls. -Chorus