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The Shoemaker's Kiss

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There was an old woman lived down in the West,
So green as the leaves they are green, green, green, green,
So green as the leaves they are green
And she had a fine daughter that never was kissed,
And you know very well what I mean, mean, mean, mean,
And you know very well what I mean.

One morning she rose and she put on her clothes
And away to the shoemaker's shop she did go.

"Shoemaker, shoemaker, have you any shoes?"
"Why yes, pretty maiden, I think I'll fit you."

So into the shoemaker's shop she did trip
Good Lord! How he caught her and kissed her sweet lips.

When twenty long weeks they were over and past
This silly young girl she got thick round the waist.

When forty long weeks were over and done,
This little, bold wench had a big, bonny son.

"Oh daughter! Oh daughter! How come you by this?"
"Oh mother! Oh mother! 'Twas the shoemaker's kiss."

From Marrow Bones, Purslow
Collected from William Bartlett, Dorset, 1906]
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