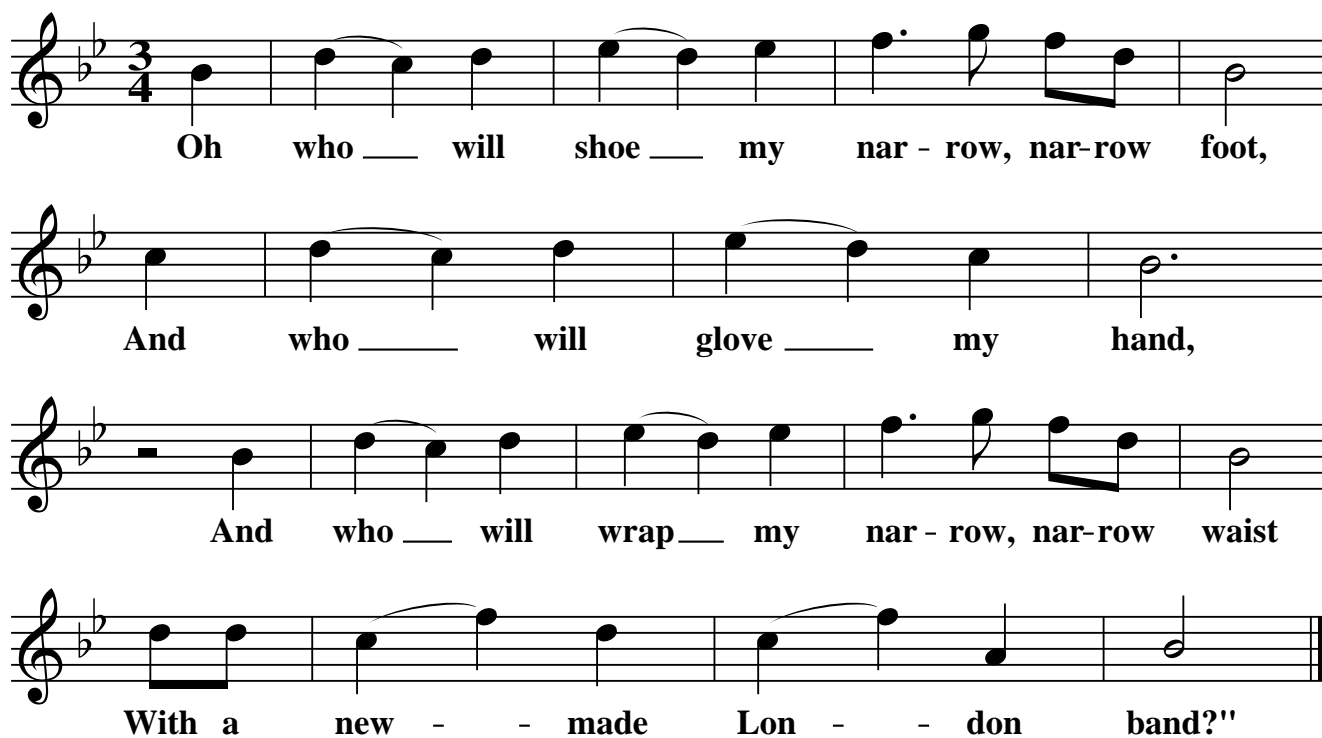


## Who will shoe my Foot?



Oh who \_\_\_ will shoe \_\_\_ my nar - row, nar-row foot,  
And who \_\_\_\_\_ will glove \_\_\_\_\_ my hand,  
And who \_\_\_ will wrap \_\_\_ my nar - row, nar-row waist  
With a new - - made Lon - - don band?"

"Oh, who will shoe my narrow, narrow foot,  
And who will glove my hand,  
And who will wrap my narrow, narrow waist  
With a new-made London band?"

"Oh who will comb my yellow, yellow hair,  
With a new-made silver comb,  
And who will father my pretty little babe  
Till Georgie Jeems comes home?"

Fair Annie she stood at her true love's door,  
And tirl'd the drawling-pin.  
"Rise up, rise up, young Georgie Jeems,  
And let your true love in."

"Oh, don't you remember, young Georgie Jeems,  
When we two sat to dine,  
You taken the ring from off my hand  
And changed your ring for mine.

"And yours was good and very, very good  
But not so good as mine;  
For yours was of the good red gold  
But mine the diamonds fine."

