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# When the Stars are Peeping

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# WHEN THE STARS ARE PEEPING.

Sung by Miss KATE CARNEY.

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In a busy thoroughfare  
With my stall you'll always find me,  
Shouting through the midnight air—  
" Whelks or mussels, sir, who'll buy? "  
The different classes patronise my stall,  
If at night they should be roaming,  
They're almost sure to stop and give a call,  
When they hear my usual cry—  
' Best quality! — Who'll buy from me! "

When the stars are peeping and the daylight away,  
Through the clouds is creeping the dawn of another day.  
By my stall you'll find me along with my young cousin,  
Shouting out at the top of my voice, " Go the half-a dozen

Sometimes trade is rather rough,  
Especially when its stormy weather,  
Then we scarcely take enough  
To find us in our candle light.  
But other times we do a decent trade,  
Quite a mob get gathered round me.  
And then we show you how the money's made  
On a bright a bright and starry night—  
I loudly shout, " We must sell out! "

When there seems no one about,  
And it's past three in the morning,  
Then it's no use stopping out,  
For we've done our level best;  
Well, then we pack our goods and start for home  
Leave the policeman standing yawning,  
There's one good thing, we ain't got ta' to roam.  
Before we both get home to rest,  
As folks pass by they hear us cry.