

# Pure Finder

I am an Old Pure Finder, yes pure is the word  
 What I find, me and my kind, you might find absurd  
 I searches out what lurchers left, it's a strange kind of job  
 Picking up a job or two, to pick up just two bob.

I am an Old Pure Finder, when folks say "How d'ya do?"  
 Says I, "Well, I do doodoo and do do well don't you?"  
 I do doodoo so well, when the doodoo I do sell,  
 But could do doodoo better if the doodoo didn't smell.

I am an Old Pure Finder, and often privvy to  
 Evacuation information, where the dung is new.  
 As canine clay collector I tries to do my bit  
 At the places with the faeces and the spots where doggies hit.

I am an Old Pure Finder, a retriever of the mess  
 And not the kind of job to do, unless done to ex-cess  
 Riches come from bitches, as I work *dern* hard  
 Accruing Basset assets, whilst praying to St Bernard

I am an Old Pure Finder and Miss Brown down our street  
 Smiles, beguilingly and looks at me so sweet.  
 She knows what I wants, as she walks around  
 And lets her mighty Mastiff for to litter on the ground.

I am an Old Pure Finder, Miss Brown's Boxer he's a champ  
 Which leaves a lot to be desired and all of it quite damp.  
 I wished he had a family, says she "Oh, haven't you heard?  
 There'll be no pups popping-up, he has been doctored."

I am an Old Pure Finder, & reporters from the press  
 Come to me, for a scoop, though one he did confess,  
 In passing, was just dropping-by, said this newshound chap  
 But asked a lot of questions, just to write his load of clap trap

I am an Old Pure Finder & strive for self improvement  
 I adore orchestral music, like Beethoven's final movement  
 And study at the Kennel Club which is a hard slog  
 But, if asked to pick a favourite, 'twould be sausage dog.

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'Pure Finding' was a Victorian London occupation well established by 1851, by 1935 it had disappeared. Just in case it is not obvious from the song 'Pure' was a euphemism for dog muck. As a source of income it paid about 8 shillings per bucket. Due to a worsening economic climate and the popularity of 'Pure Finding' as a career for those without recognised skills the revenue fell to about 1/6 per pail. The 'Pure' was taken to tanneries for use in tanning. The alkalinity counteracts the acidity left from the tanning agents. Indeed a tannery of orthopaedic leather in Colyton, Devon had a 'dog shit pit' in the sixties and as John said it was a foul hole. Chicken guano had been discovered in the 1980's, as it was easier to obtain but still provided the same high quality results. Because dog pollution can spread serious disease in humans pure finding was encouraged from a health standpoint. Horse manure certainly became the subject of political debate and inevitable legislation because of the sheer volume of traffic, as it were. The inspiration for this song was Henry Mayhew who published interviews with 1000 of London's poorest workers in his tome "London Trades & London Poor", his attention to detail was legendary.