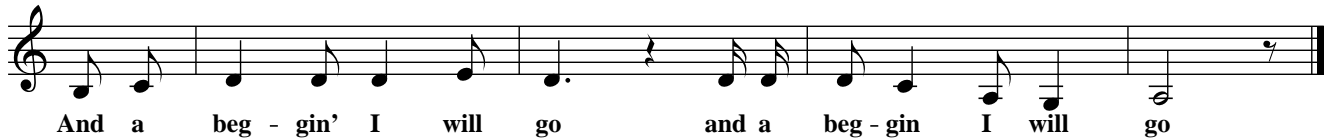
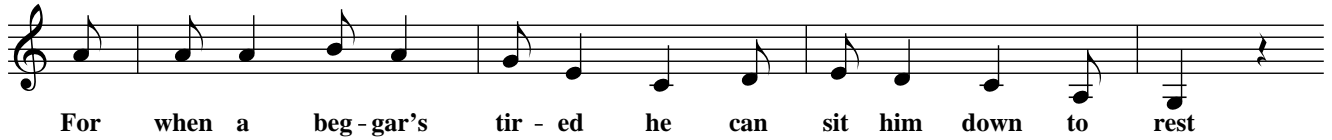


## A Beggin' I Will Go



Of all the trades in England  
The beggin' is the best  
For when a beggar's tired  
He can sit him down to rest

There's a bed for me where e'er I lie  
And I don't pay no rent  
I've got no noisy looms to mind  
And I am reet content

Chorus:

And a beggin' I will go  
And a beggin' I will go

I rest when I am tired  
I heed no master's bell  
A man would be mad to be a king  
When beggars live so well

I've a bag for me oatmeal  
And another for me salt  
A little pair of crutches  
Tha should see how I can halt

I've a black patch on my fusti coat  
And another on my ee  
But when it comes to tuppenny ale  
I'll see as well as thee

Me breeches thay are nobbut holes  
But me heart is free of care  
As long as I've a belly full  
Me arse it can go bare

I've bin deaf at Dunkinfield  
And I've bin blint at Shaw  
And many a reet and willin' lass  
I've bedded in the straw