

The Beggars' Chorus in the Jovial Crew



There was a jov - ial Beg - gar, he — had a wood - en Leg;



Lame from his Crad - - le, and forc - ed for to Beg:



And a Beg - ging we will — go, we'll go, we'll go,



And a - - beg - - ging we will go.

There was a jovial Beggar, he had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle, and forced for to Beg:

Chorus: And a Begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

A Bag for my Oatmeal, another for my Salt,
A little pair of Crutches, to see how I can Halt:

A Bag for my Bread, another for my Cheese,
A Little dog to follow me to gather what I leese (lose):

A Bag for my Wheat, another for my Rye,
A little Bottle by my side, to drink when I am dry:

To Pimlico we'll go, where merry we shall be,
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand, and a Wench upon his Knee:

And when that we're disposed, we ramble on the Grass,
With long patch'd Coats for to hide a pretty Lass:

Seven years I served, my old Master Wild;
Seven years I begged whilst I was but a Child:

I had the pretty knack, for to wheedle and to cry;
By young and by old, much pitied e'er was I.

Fatherless and Motherless still was my complaint,
And none that ever saw me, but took me for a Saint:

I begg'd for my Master and got him store of Pelf;
But Jove now be praised, I now beg for myself;

Within a hollow Tree, I live and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me, and I am well content,

Of all Occupations, a Beggar is the best,
For when he is weary, he'll lie him down and rest:

I fear no Plots against me, but live in open Cell:
Why who would be a King, when a Beggar lives so well?