

## THE JOVIAL BEGGER

1 There was a jovial begger, he had a wooden leg

Lame from his cradle and forced for to beg

*And a begging we will go, we'll go, And a begging we will go.*

2 A bag for his Oatmeal, another for his Salt  
And a pair of Crutches to shew that he can halt

3 A bag for his Wheat, another for his Rye;  
A little Bottle by his side, to drink when he's a-dry

4 To Pimblico we'll go, where we shall merry be;  
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand, and a Wench upon his Knee.

5 And when we are dispos'd to tumble on the Grass,  
We've a long patch'd Coat to hide a pretty Lass

6 Seven Years I begg'd for my old Master Wild,  
He taught me to beg when I was a Child

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

8 In a hollow Tree I live and pay no Rent;  
Providence provides for me and I am well content.

9 Of all Occupations, a Begger lives the best;  
For when he is a weary, he'll lye him down and rest.

10 I fear no Plots against me, I live in open Cell;  
Then who would be a King, When the Beggers live so well.