

SP1

PACE EGGING SONG

Here's two or three jolly boys all in one mind.
We've come a pace egging and we hope you'll prove kind.
We hope you'll prove kind, with your eggs and strong beer,
And we'll come now more nigh you until the next year.

The next that comes in is Tom Toss-pot you see.
A valiant old fellow in every degree.
He's a valiant old man and he wears and pigtail,
And all his delight is in drinking mulled ale.

The next that comes in is old miser Brown-bags.
For fear of her money she wears her old rags.
She's gold and she's silver all laid up in store,
And she's come a pace egging in hopes to get more.

O ladies and gen'lemen that sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets and pull out your purse.
Put your hands in your pockets and pull out your purse,
O give us a trifle, you'll not be much worse.