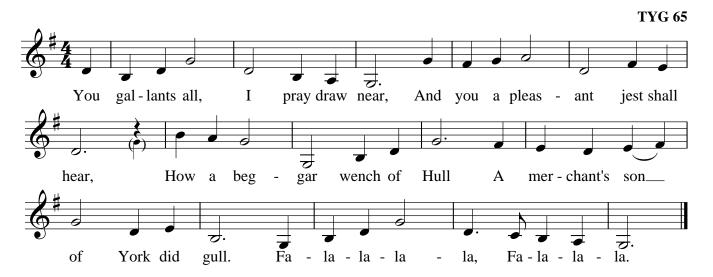
The Merchant's Son and the Beggar Wench



- You gallants all, I pray draw near, And you a pleasant jest shall hear, How a beggar wench of Hull A merchant's son of York did gull. Chorus:- Fa-la-la-la, Fa-la-la-la.
- One morning on a certain day
 He clothed himself in rich array,
 And took with him as it was told,
 The sum of sixty pounds in gold.
- 3. So mounting on a prancing steed, He towards Hull did ride with speed, Where in his way he chanced to see A beggar wench of mean degree.
- 4. She aske'd him for some relief, And said with tears of seeming grief, That she had neither house nor home, But for her living was forced to roam.
- 5. He seeme'd to lament her case, And said, 'Thou hast a pretty face; If thou wilt lodge with me,' he cried, 'With gold thou shalt be satisfied.'
- 6. Her silence seemed to give consent, So to a little house they went; The landlord laughed to see them kiss, The beggar wench, a ragged miss.
- 7. He needs must have a dinner dressed, And called for liquor of the best, And there they tossed off bumpers free, The jolly beggar wench and he.

- 8. A dose she gave him as 'tis thought, Which by the landlady was brought; For all the night he lay in bed, Secure as if he had been dead.
- 9. Then she put on all his clothes, His coat, his breeches and his hose; His hat, his perriwig likewise, And seized upon the golden prize
- 10. Her greasy petticoat and gown, In which she rambled up and down, She left the merchant's son in lieu, Her bag of bread and bottle too.
- 11. Downstairs like any spark she goes, Five guineas to the host she throws, And smiling then she went away, And ne'er was heard of to this day.
- 12. When he had took his long repose, He looked about and missed his clothes, And saw her rags lie in the room, How he did storm, nay fret and fume.
- 14. Yet wanting clothes and friends in town, Her greasy petticoat and gown He did put on, and mounted straight, Bemoaning his unhappy fate.
- 14. You would have laughed to see the dress Which he was in , yet ne'ertheless He homewards rode, and often swore, He'd never kiss a beggar more.