

T H E

Banks of the D E E;

W I T H

T H E A N S W E R.

To which is added,

T O L E T H E R E P A I R.

The B E G G A R ' S Resolution.

The T O P E R ' S D E L I G H T.

The R E T U R N of the S P R I N G.

A N E W S O N G.



Entered according to Order.

The BEGGAR'S RESOLUTION.

A Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life so jovial as he;
 A beggar I was, and a beggar I am,
 A beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came;
 And if that it happens our trading should fail,
 We, in the conclusion, shall beggars be all:
 Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
 And few men are thriving but courtiers or players.

A carver my father, a maunder my mother,
 A filer my sister, a filcher my brother,
 A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,
 A lister my aunt, and a beggar myself:
 In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,
 There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull,
 And therefore a jolly brave beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life so jovial as he.

When boys they come to us, & say their intent is,
 To follow our calling, we ne'er bind them 'prentice;
 Soon as they come to't, we learn them to do't,
 We give them a staff, and wallet to boot;
 We learn them our lingo, to crave and to cant,
 So the devil is in it if e'er they can want;
 Therefore, he or she, that a beggar will be,
 Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,
 We feast it on pig, pullets, conies, or capons;
 For churchmen's affairs, we are no men slayers,
 We have no religion, yet live by our prayers:
 And oft when we beg, & men draw not their purses,
 We charge and give fire with a volley of curses;
 Then the devil confound your good worship we cry,
 And such a bold brazen fac'd beggar am I.

We have things in season, & have so much reason,
 We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason;
 We bill with our mates, at very low rates,
 Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates.

With Shenkin, or Morgan, or Loufman, or Teague,
 We into no covenant enter, or league,
 And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
 For none lead a life so jovial as he.

For such pretty pledges, as shirts from the hedges,
 We never do fear being drawn upon sledges,
 Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,
 And then we from tithing to tithing do trip:
 But when in a poor boozing-ken we do bib it,
 We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet;
 And if from the stocks we keep out our feet,
 We fear not the Compter, Kings-bench or the Fleet.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,
 And when a coach comes, we hop to our game:
 We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
 By Gown, common prayer, or Clerk Directory:
 They laugh, and they kiss, & they ly down together,
 Like pigs in the pease, intangled they lie,
 And there they begot such a beggar as I.



The TOPER'S DELIGHT.

To its own proper Tune.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
 for what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 and a cellar that's very well stor'd my brave boys,
 and a cellar that's very well stor'd.

My vault door is open, descend every guest,
 broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try:
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
 and as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 it will light us each bottle to hand,
 The foot of my glass for the purpose is broke,
 for I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem,
the moist walls with wet pearls to embose,
From the arch mouldy cob webs in gothic taste stream,
like stucco-work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
and a sentiment give, or a song.

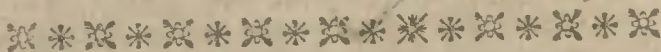
I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
view that heap of old hock in the rear;
Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
like artillery tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
all gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes found, I consider my casks,
as kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy,
in defiance of gravel and gout,
Who cry'd, when he had no more worlds to subdue,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly shines
but when wanting moisture decays;
Replenish the lamps of my life with red wine,
or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear should be shed,
no HIC JACET be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
and say, A choice spirit is gone, my brave boys,
and say, A choice spirit is gone.



The Return of the S P R I N G.

MY muses, don't fail, to the spring give all hail,
'tis the pleasantest time of the year:
When the sun doth accost, snow mountains & frost,
make their hoary heads to disappear.

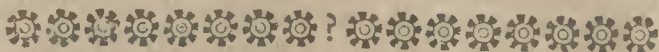
Then like bees from a hive, men start up reviv'd,
 at the sight of bright Phœbus's ray;
 Some whistle, some sing; all welcome the Spring,
 which drove the cold Winter away.

The peasant and peer, with spirits that's clear,
 repairs to their labour and sport,
 The court, and its state, with attendants that's great,
 to the gardens and fields do resort.
 In the Spring of the year, when the ladies appear,
 in colours all glorious and gay,
 Which nothing surpass, but lilies and grass,
 that drove the cold Winter away.

See trees how they bud, see birds how they stud,
 hear cows how they low for their young,
 On each rape and bush, the black bird and thrush,
 in concert join chorus and song.
 See fowls of the air, how they lovingly pair,
 see lambs how they skip all—and play:
 In mirth there's no bounds, all nature resounds,
 Which drives the cold Winter away.

The ploughman with speed, and a sack full of seed,
 the carter drives out with his teams;
 The shepherd with crook, and the angler with hook,
 repairs to the vallies and streams.
 The farmer with brake, and the gard'ner with rake,
 all chearfully work out the day;
 Some whistle, some sing, all welcome the Spring,
 which drove the cold Winter away.

Let misery pack, and a whip at her back,
 down—down the tartarian flood:
 And let envy be drown'd, with malice new crown'd,
 he who envies any man's good,
 May good fortune attend ev'ry merry man's friend,
 that does the best that he may:
 Forgetting all wrong, in a cup and a song,
 we'll drive the cold Winter away.



A N E W S O N G .

MY love waits on a lady fair,
 And I do belong to a stout privateer;
 Rich prizes we have taken since the war did begin,
 From the lofty Monsieur and brought them safe in.

And all those rich prizes my true love she shall share,
 And richest of apparel my true love shall wear,
 With gold rings & diamonds my true love I'll deck,
 With a broad chain of gold to wear round her neck.

I'll set my love a lodging in yonder valley so fair,
 Near some chrystal fountain to take the fresh air,
 And I'll buy my love a spinnet for to play upon,
 And we'll live as happy as Darby and Joan.

And when that money begins to grow scant,
 I'll away to the seas, for my love shall not want;
 I'll away to the sea boys, where loud cannons do roar,
 And we'll bring home rich prizes as we've done before.

So fare you well father, and fare you well mother;
 Fare you well sister, and adieu to my brother;
 Fare you well friends and comerades also,
 For I am bound a sailing where I do not know.

All you noble ladies wherever that you be,
 Don't you slight a bold sailor that sails on the sea,
 Don't you slight a bold seaman that ploughs on the main
 For richly he'll clothe you when he returns again.

O the moon shall be dark'ned & give no more light,
 The stars in the firmament shall melt in one night,
 The tide in the ocean it never shall be,
 If ever I prove false to my charming Polly.

F I N I S .