



M.13.2/1

Jog on

TRADITIONAL


[CANTUS] 

4 

M.13.2/2

Though it may seem rude
(Tune: Jog on)

TRADITIONAL

[CANTUS] 

1. Though it may seem rude For me to in - trude With these my bears by chance - a, 'Twere
2. Then to put you out Of fear___ or doubt, We came from Saint Kath - 'rine - a, These

5 

sport for a king If they could sing___ As well as they can dance - a.
danc - ing three, By the help of me, Who am the post of the sign - a.

3
We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though court and country knew it;
Our ale's o' the best,
And each good guest,
Prays for their souls that brew it.

5
Who has once there been
Comes thither again,
The liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our ale,
And it burns like *aqua-vitae*.

7
The wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our ale desire;
And there sit and drink
Till they spew and stink,
And often piss out our fire.

9
If their brains not be well,
Or their bladders do swell
To ease them of their burden,
My lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And her handmaid with a jordan.

4
For any alehouse
We care not a louse,
Nor tavern in all the town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St Clement's Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

6
To a stranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has been,
We show th'iron gate,
The wheel of St Kate,
And the place where the priest fell in.

8
From morning to night,
And about to daylight,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the fishwives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

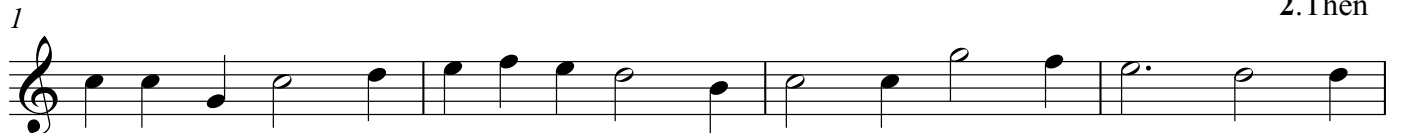
10
From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye room.

Jog on

M.13.2/2 TRADITIONAL



TRADITIONAL

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2. Then

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