

The Beggar's Song [ðv 'bɛ.gɛz sɑŋ]

Text from an Old English Melody [Br]

Set by *Richard Leveridge* (1670–1758) [Br], arranged by *Henry Lane Wilson* (1871–1915) [Br]

How jolly are we beggars
[ha:ʊ 'dʒɒl.i æ wi 'bɛ.gɛz]

Who never toil for treasure;
[hu 'nɛv.ə tɔ:ɪl fɔɹ 'tʃɛʒ.ə]

We know no care but how to share
Each day of joy and pleasure:

Chorus

Come away, come away,
Let no dismal care be found;
Mirth and joy never cloy
While the sparkling wit goes round.

A fig for gaudy fashions!
The wealth of clothes oppresses;
No patch nor paint our beauties taint,
We value not our dresses.

Chorus

Come away, come away...

We know not shame or trouble,
The beggar's law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.

Chorus

Come away, come away...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

