

The beggar boy

The witty Westerne Lasse

Or, You Maids, that with your friends
whole nights have spent,
Beware back-fallings, for feare of the event.

Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Robert Guy, from the Roxburghe Ballads

Dm Am Dm F C F Gm Am

Sweet Lu-ci-na, lend me thy aid, Thou art my help-er, and no o-ther;
I was be-lov-ed ev-ery where, And much ad-mi-red for my beau-ty;
In-stead of mirth, now may I weepe, And sad-ly for to sit la-ment-ing,
In-con-ti-nent to Troy-no-vant, For my con-tent, Ile hi-ther hie me,

Dm Am Dm F C F Gm Am

Pit-ty the state of a teem-ing maid, Nev-er a wife, yet soon a mo-ther:
Young men thought they hap-py were Who best to me could shew their du-ty;
Since he I loved no faith doth keepe, Nor seekes no meanes for my con-tent-ing;
Wherepri-vate-ly from com-pa-ny Ob-scure-ly Ile lye, none shall know me;

Dm **Am** **Dm** **Am** **F** **C**

By my pre - sage, it should be a boy, That thus lyes tum - bling in
 But now, a - lack! Pain'd in my back, And cru - ell grip - ings in
 But all re - gard - less of my mone, Or that lies tum - bling in
 And when I am eased of my paine, And cru - ell grip - ings in

F **C** **F** **C** **Dm** **Am** **F** **Dm**

my bel - ly; Yeeld me some ease, to cure my an - noy, And
 my bel - ly, Doe force me to cry, O sick am I, I
 my bel - ly, He in - to Swe - den now is gone, And
 my bel - ly, I for a maid will passe a - gaine, And

F **C** **F** **Gm** **Am**

list to the grieffe that I now tell you.
 feare I shall die, a - lack, and wel - ly!
 left me to cry, a - lack and wel - ly!
 need not cry, a - lack and wel - ly!

repeat for dance only