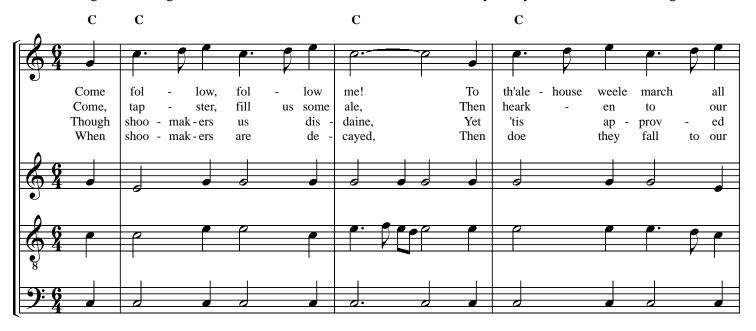
The Spanish gipsy

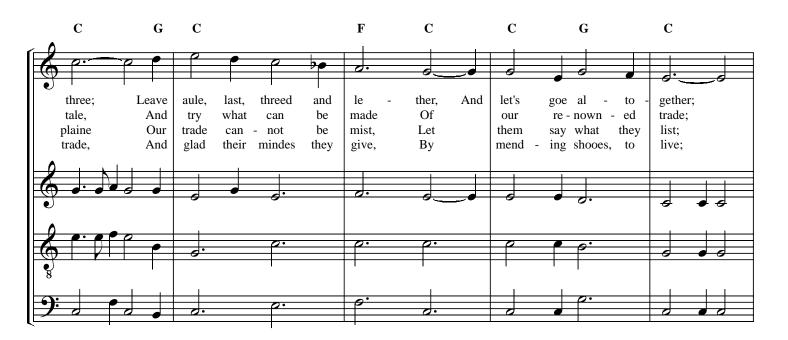
The three merry Coblers.

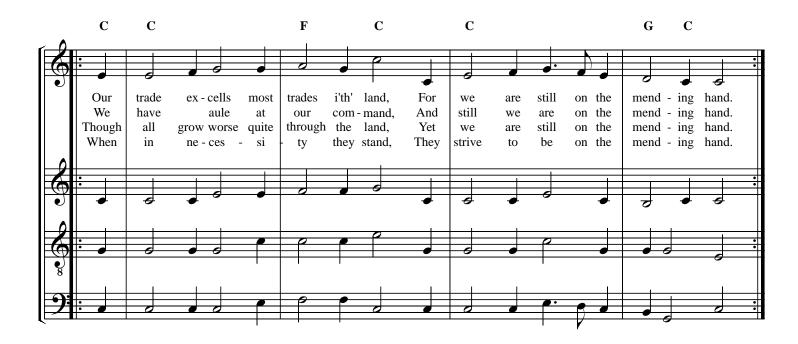
Who tell how the case with them doth stand, How they are still on the mending hand.

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Martin Parker, Roxburghe Ballads







Poore weather-beaten soles, Whose case the body condoles; We for a little gaine Can set on foote againe; We make the falling stedfast stand, And still we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily sing,
And customers doe bring,
Or unto us doe sendm
Their boots and shooes to mend:
We have our money at first demand;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is spent,
We are not discontent,
For we can worke for more,
And then pay off our score;
We drinke without either bill or band,
Because we are still on the mending hand.

We pray for durty weather, And money to pay for lether, Which if we have, and health, A fig for worldly wealth; Till men upon their heads doe stand, We shall be still on the mending hand.