

The Beggar

Steeleye Span

I'd rather be a beggar than a king
Tell you the reason why
A king can't swagger, nor drink like a beggar
Nor be half so happy as I

Let the back and sides go bare
Let the hands and feet go cold
Give to the belly beer enough
Whether it be new or old

Sometimes we call at a rich man's hall
To beg for bread and beer
Sometimes we're lame, sometimes we're blind
Sometimes too deaf to hear

Let the back and sides go bare
Let the hands and feet go cold
Give to the belly beer enough
Whether it be new or old

Sometimes we lie like hogs in the sty
In a flock of straw on the ground
Sometimes eat a crust that's rolled in the dust

And are thankful it can be found

Let the back and sides go bare
Let the hands and feet go cold
Give to the belly beer enough
Whether it be new or old
From the hag and the hungry goblin
That into rags would rend you
And the spirits that stand by the naked man
In the book of moons defend you

That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken
Nor travel from yourselves with me
Abroad to beg your bacon

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