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Innocent Mirth

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INNOCENT MIRTH.

Printed for and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great Saint
Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

COME gentlemen sit you all merry, I'll sing you a
song of want, [to grow scant,
I'll make you as merry as may be, now money begins
D woman without ever a tongue, she never can scold
very loud, [his crowd.
'Tis just such another sad want, when a fidler wants
A ship without ever a sail, may be driven the Lord
knows whither, [leather ;
'Tis is just such another sad want as a shoemaker wanting
A man that has got but one leg, will make but a pitiful
runner, [sorrowful gunner.
Dnd he that has no eyes in his head, will make but a
A bell without ever a clapper will make but a sorrowful
sound, [other mans ground,
And he that has no land of his own may work on an-
A woman without ever a fault, she may like a bright
star appear ; [beer,
And a brewer without any malt, will make but pitiful
A miller without any stones he is but a sorrowful soul,
And if he has no corn to grind he need not stand taking
of toll [lazy.
A soldier without any pay, to fight will be damnably
And a bed well stock'd with fleas will keep a man won-
derful busy, [of his place,
A mountebank without his fool, a skip turn'd out
A tinker without any tools are all in a comical case ;
A farmer without any corn, he neither can give sell or
lend, [his best friend,
A huntsman without any horn his wife she may stand
A man that has got a bad stomach will make but a
pitiful dinner ; [thinner and thinner.
And he that has got no victuals to eat his jaws will grow
You know that a dish of meat is the comfort and joy
of man's life ; [his knife.
But he that has nothing to eat he need not draw out
A ploughman without e'er a plough, I think he may
live at his ease ; [and cheese :
A dairy without e'er a cow, will make but bad butter
A man that is pittiful poor, has little or nothing to lose,
And he that has got ne'er a foot it saves him the buying
of shoes.
A woman that ne'er bore a child, is barren—so much
the worse ! [need of a purse,
And he that is quite out of money can have no great
I hope there are none in this place any ways displeas'd
with my song ; [and be gone.
Come buy up my ballads apace and I'll pack up my all