Jog on

Though it may seem rude
(Tune: Jog on)

1. Though it may seem rude, For me to intrude, With these my bears by chance—a, 'Twere
2. Then to put you out, Of fear or doubt, We came from Saint Kath-'rine—a, These

sport for a king, If they could sing As well as they can dance—a.

dancing three, By the help of me, Who am the post of the sign—a.

3. We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though court and country knew it;
Our ale's o' the best,
And each good guest,
Prays for their souls that brew it.

4. For any alehouse
We care not a louse,
Nor tavern in all the town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St Clement's Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

5. Who has once there been
Comes thither again,
The liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And it burns like aqua-vitae.

6. To a stranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has been,
We show th'iron gate,
The wheel of St Kate,
And the place where the priest fell in.

7. The wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our ale desire;
And there sit and drink
Till they spew and stink,
And often piss out our fire.

8. From morning to night,
And about to daylight,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the fishwives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

9. If their brains not be well,
Or their bladders do swell
To ease them of their burden,
My lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And her handmaid with a jordan.

10. From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye room.
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