

Here's two or three jolly lads, all in one mind, We've comed a-pace-egging, and I hope you'll prove kind. And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer For we'll no more come nigh you until the next year. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, fol-de-ray, fol-fe-riddle,addle-i-o

The next that comes in is Lord Nelson, you'll see, With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee; And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine -And I hope you'll remember it's peace-egging time. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc.

O, the next that comes in is a jolly Jack Tar, He sailed with Lord Nelson a-during last war; He's arrived from the sea old England to view, And he's comed a-pace-egging with out jovial crew. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc. O the next that comes in is Lord Collingwood, He fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood; He fought with Lord Nelson through sorrow and woe -And I hope you'll reward u before we do go. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc

O the next that comes in is old Tosspot you see, He's a valiant old man in every degree; He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail, But all his delight is in drinking mulled ale. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc.

Then in comes old misor, all with her brown bags For fear of her money she wears her old rags. So mind what you're doing and see that all's right; If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell and good night. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc.

Come ladies and gentlemen that sits by the fire, Put your hand in your pocket, that's all our desire; Put your hand in your pocket and pull out your purse, And give us a trifle, you'll not be much worse. Fol-de-rol-de-ray, etc.