Ground for the Floor



With my dog and my gun I drive away all cares; I've a neat little cottage, and the roof it is secure, If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

My cot it is surrounded with bramble and thorn, And sweet are the notes of the birds in the morn; I've a guinea in my pocket and plenty more in store, If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

My bed's made of straw my limbs to repose And as for myself I've but one suit of clothes; And that's made of ticking, all stiched up secure, If you look down below you'll find ground for the floor.

As for grates I've got none, for my fire's on the ground, And chairs I've got none to set myself down; I've a three-legged stool, it's the chief of my store, IN my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

God bless my dear father, he's dead and he's gone, I hope he's safe in heaven, where he'll never more return; He's left me all his riches, and I've plenty more in store, In my neat little cottage with ground for the floor.