

The Bag Song

Crispin Sexi

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a twist would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a purse would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a pouch would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his pouch came a purse,
And his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a scrip would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his scrip came a pouch,
And his pouch came a purse,
And his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a wallet would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his wallet came a scrip,
And his scrip came a pouch,
And his pouch came a purse,
And his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a sack would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his sack came a wallet,
And his wallet came a scrip,
And his scrip came a pouch,
And his pouch came a purse,
And his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.

When fortune favoured our fine Davey,
All his coin a bale would fill,
But in the tavern tarried our fine Davey,
Then by the morning you would find him ill,
For there all manner of drink he bought...
So his bale came a sack,
And his sack came a wallet,
And his wallet came a scrip,
And his scrip came a pouch,
And his pouch came a purse,
And his purse came a twist,
And once he were done then his twist
were nought.