

PACE EGGING SONG (arr. Anna Tabbush)

Chorus

Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
We have come a-pace-egging and we hope you'll prove kind
And we hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year

And the first that comes in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his breast that like silver do shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace-egging time!

The next that comes in is old miser Brownbags
For fear of her money she wears her old rags
She's gold and she's silver all laid up in store
And she's come a pace egging in hopes to get more

And the last to come in is old Tossport, you see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail
And all his delight is a drinking mulled ale!

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us alright
If you give nought, we'll take nought, farewell and goodnight