

Lumps of PUDDING.



When I was in the low Country,
 When I was in the low Country;
 What slices of Pudding and pieces of Bread,
 My Mother gave me when I was in need.

My Mother she killed a good fat Hog,
 She made such Puddings would choak a Dog;
 And I shall ne'er forget 'till I dee,
 What lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin,
 The Fat run out and the Maggots crept in;
 If you won't believe me you may go and see,
 What lumps, &c.

And every Day my Mother would cry,
 Come stuff your Belly Girl until you die;
 'Twou'd make you to laugh if you were to see,
 What lumps, &c.

I no sooner at Night was got into Bed,
 But she all in kindness would come with speed;
 She gave me such parcels I thought I should dee,
 With eating of Pudding, &c.

At last I Rambled abroad and then,
 I met in my Frolick an honest Man;
 Quoth he my dear *Philli* I'll give unto thee,
 Such Pudding you never did see.

Said I honest Man, I thank thee most kind,
 And as he told me indeed I did find;
 He gave me a lump which did so agree,
 One bit was worth all my Mother gave me.