

*A SONG in Praise of BEGGING:
Or, the Beggars Rivall'd.*

Tho' Beg - ging is an hon - est Trade, Which weal - thy Knaves des -

pise; Yet Rich Men may be Beg - gars made, And we that Beg may rise:

The great - est Kings may be be - tray'd, And lose their Sov' - rain

Power, But he that stoops to ask his Bread, But he that stoops to

ask his Bread, Can ne - ver fall much lower.

What lazy Foreigns Swarm'd of late,
Has spoil'd our Begging-trade;
Yet still we live and drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade:
Some say they for Religion fled,
But wiser People tell us,
They were forc'd Abroad to seek their Bread,
For being too Rebellious.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army fight;
Where 'tis not to be had you know,
The King must lose his Right:
Let one side laugh, the other mourn,
We nothing have to fear;
But that great Lords will Beggars be,
To be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the World believe,
That we are Sick or lame;
'Tis now a Virtue to Deceive,
Our Teachers do the same:
In Trade Dissembling is no crime,
And we may live to see;
That Begging in a little time,
The only Trade will be.