



Jolly GIPSIES

A new Song.

COME, come, come you dainty doxies
 Come to me you girls so dear,
 Altho' we have no houses nor riches,
 Yet we will never want good cheer.

C H O R U S.

So come along with us and booze it briskly
 All you Girls that love your ease,
 For the Jolly Gypsies they are typsyng,
 And go — whenever they please.

Let the Miser hoard up his monecy,
 We will spend it at our ease ;
 We will toil it, we will spoil it,
 We will spend it as we please.
 So come, &c.

All you that delight in pretty women,
 Must enjoy her while we may ;
 Strive to delight her and content her,
 Then she'll please you night and day,
 So come, &c.

We are honest, we are boozey,
 Fairly with our Blosses dear ;
 We are courting, we are sporting,
 Yet we never want good chear.
 So come, &c.

Sometime, we drink sack and sherry,
 Sometimes we drink water sad ;
 Sometime we are very merry,
 And sometimes we are plaguy mad.
 So come, &c.

So to conclude and end my ditt ;
 In a jovial flowing bowl ;
 Some are wise, and some are witty,
 Gypsies they are merry souls.
 So come, &c.

