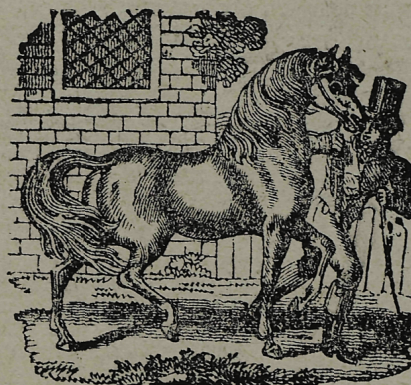


# BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.



# CREEPING JANE.

It's of a blind beggar who had lost his sight,  
And he had a daughter most beautiful bright,  
Let me seek my fortune, dear father, said she  
And the favour was granted to charming Betsy.

She set out of Rumford as I've heard say,  
And arrived in London the very same day,  
And when she came there well hired was she,  
And so dearly beloved was charming Betsy.

She had not been there a very long time,  
When a rich squire a courting he came,  
Your silks shall be lined with jewels said he,  
If you can but love me my charming Betsy.

O yes I am willing to do it said she,  
But first ask the father of pretty Betsy.  
But who is your father come tell unto me,  
And I will go with you your father to see.

My father is every day to be seen,  
He is called the blind beggar of Bethnal green,  
He is called the blind beggar, God knows it, said she,  
And he's been a good father to charming Betsy.

If you are a blind beggar's daughter you will not do for me,  
For no blind beggar's daughter my lady shall be,  
No blind beggar's daughter my lady shall be,  
And scornfully turned from charming Betsy.

Up jumps a young knight of courage and worth,  
Thy a blind beggar's daughter she is never the worse,  
Now you, silks shall be lined with jewels said he,  
If you can but love me my charming Betsy.

They went out of London, as I've heard them say,  
And arrived in Rumford the very same day,  
And when he came there her father to see,  
He most glad was to hear of charming Betsy.

My daughter's not clothed so well as she shall,  
For I will drop guineas with you to my girl,  
They dropt till they dropt 10 guineas on the ground  
And they dropt till it came to 10,000 pound.

Then take her and make her your jewel so bright,  
For many a lord this wedding would spite,  
And when you are married then I will lay down,  
Ten hundred bright guineas to buy her a gown.

All things were made ready they went hand in hand  
Young Billy and Betsey were both made as one,  
e's the most beautiful dawsel that ever was seen,  
's the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal green.

I'll sing you a song, and a very pretty one,  
Concerning Creeping Jane,  
She never saw a mare or a gelding in her life,  
That she valued above half a pin.

When Creeping Jane came on the race course,  
The gentlemen view'd her all round,  
All they had to say concerning Jane,  
She's not able to gallop o'er the ground.

It's when they came to the first mile post,  
Creeping Jane was far behind,  
The rider threw his whip around her bonny neck,  
And he said my bonny lady never mind

So when they came to the second mile post,  
Creeping Jane was still behind,  
The rider threw his whip around her bonny neck,  
And said my little lady never mind.

So when they came to the third mile post,  
Creeping Jane look'd blythe and smart,  
Oh then she lifted up her lily white foot,  
And she pass'd them all like a dart.

Now Creeping Jane she this race has won,  
And scarcely sweats one drop,  
She is able to gallop it over again,  
While the other is not able to trot.

Now Creeping Jane she's dead and gone,  
And her body lies on the cold ground,  
I'll go down to her Master one favor to beg,  
Her precious little body from the hound.

