



MY FRIEND
AND
PITCHER.

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THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me my health—I ask no more
Than my sweet girl, my friend and
pitcher.

CHORUS.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and
pitcher.

From morning sun I'll never grieve,
To toil a hedger or, a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I can't think what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and
pitcher.

