

Bag Song

Crispin Sexi



When for-tune fa-voured our fine Da-vey, All his coin a twist would fill, But in the tav-ern tar-ried
purse
pouch
scrip
wallet
sack
bale



our fine Da-vey, Then by the morn-ing you would find him ill, For there all man-ner of



drink he bought... So his bale came a sack, And his sack came a wal-let, And his wal-let came a scrip, And



his scrip came a pouch, And his pouch came a purse, And his purse came a twist, And



once he were done then his twist were nought.

** Omit first time*