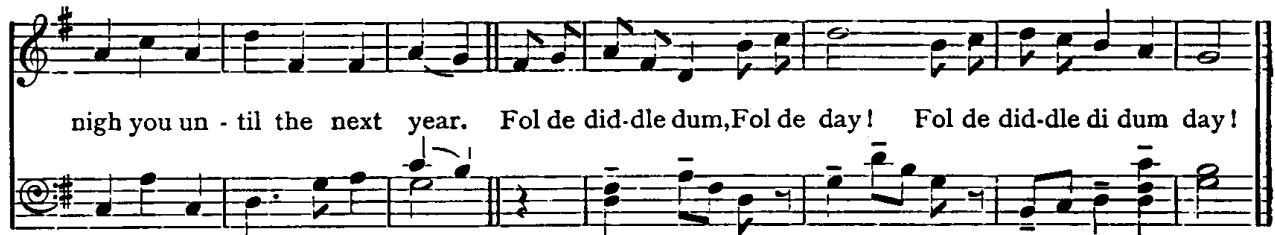
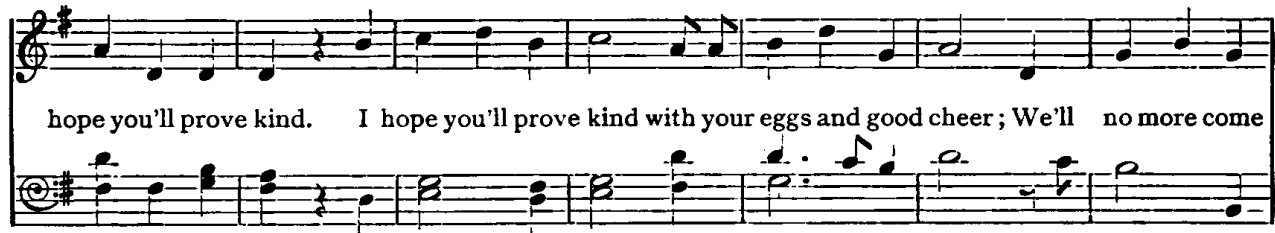
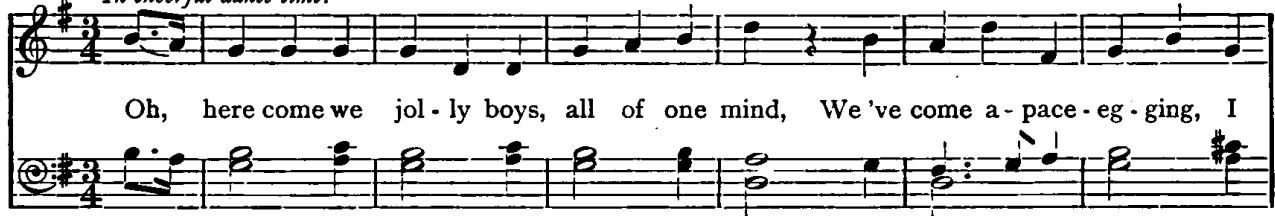




## Pace-Egging\* Song

AN EASTER CAROL, AS SUNG FORMERLY ABOUT MIDDLETON, WESTMORLAND.

*In cheerful dance time.*



2.

The first that comes in is Lord Nelson, you see,  
He's a valiant old laddie in every degree;  
He's a valiant old lad, and he wears a pigtail,  
And all his delight is in drinking mulled ale.  
Fol de diddle dum, etc.

3.

The next that comes in is a jolly Jack Tar,  
He sailed with Lord Nelson a-during last war;  
He's arrived from the sea old England to view,  
And he's come the pace-egging with us jolly crew.  
Fol de diddle dum, etc.

4.

The next that comes in is a soldier, you see,  
He's a bunch of blue ribbons right down to his knee,  
He's a star on his breast like silver does shine,  
I hope you'll remember it's pace-egging time.  
Fol de diddle dum, etc.

5.

The last that comes in is old Nan with her bag,  
For sake of her money she wears but old rags;  
She's gold and she's silver and money in store,  
She's come along with us in hopes to get more.  
Fol de diddle dum, etc.

6.

Ladies and gentlemen that sit by the fire,  
Put your hand in your pocket, that's all our desire;  
Put your hand in your pocket and pull out your purse,  
And give us a trifle, you'll not be much worse.  
Fol de diddle dum, etc.

\* Pace = Pâques = Easter.

*The singers of this and similar "Easter Egg" songs are usually dressed up roughly to represent the characters referred to in the verses.*

