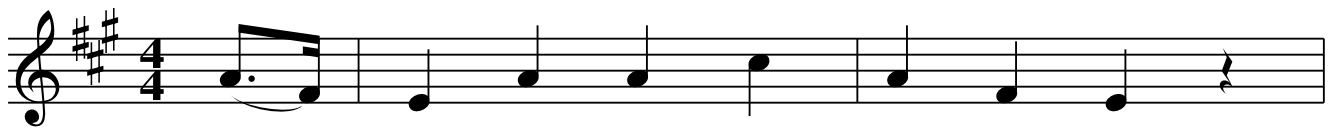
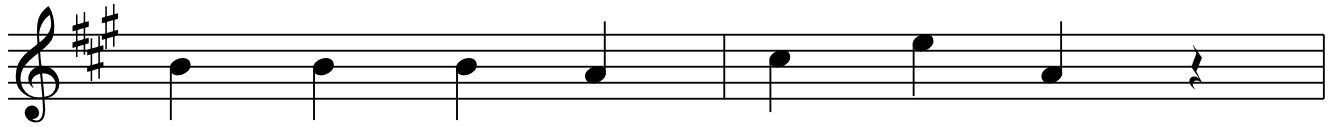


Lancashire Peace Egging Song (2)



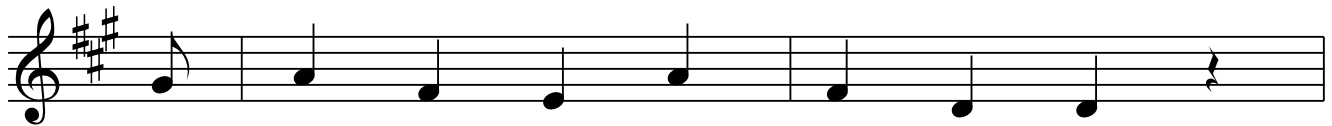
Come listen a - while un - - to my song,



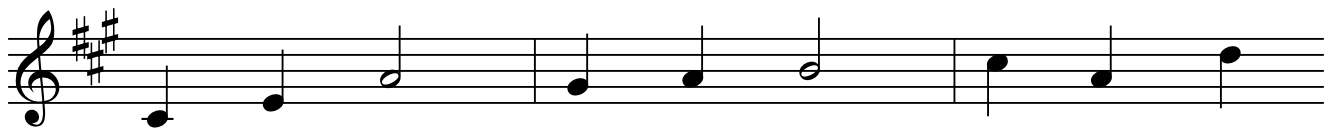
March a - - long, bold Wel - - ling - ton,



March right down to th'ca - - bin door,



For that's the place where we a - - dore.



Ri - - fol - lay, ri - - fol - lay, ri - - fol - - lay,



ri - - fol - de - rol - de - ray

Come listen awhile unto my song,
March along, bold Wellington,
March right down to the cabin door,
For that's the place where we adore
Ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-lay,
Ri-fol-lay, ri-fol-de-rol-de-ray.

O the next that comes in, Soldier bold,
In his hand he carries a sword,
A shining star on his right breast,
And a bonny bunch of roses around his wrist.
Ri-fol-lay, etc.

O the next that comes in, Sailor bold,
He has sailed the ocean round,
England, Ireland, France and Spain,
And now returns to old England again.
Ri-fol-lay, etc.

O the next that comes in's General Hill
He can neither fight nor kill,
He took a slash from whence he came
And all the people cried a shame.
Ri-fol-lay, etc.

O the next that comes in's Never Fear,
He wants a peace-egg once a year,
He wants a peace-egg for to go,
To treat young lasses you may know.
Ri-fol-lay, etc.

O the next that comes in our old lass,
Sits in the alehouse jug and glass;
Sits in the alehouse from morn till night,
And in her glass she takes delight.
Ri-fol-lay, etc.