

Richard Thompson, Begging Bowl

(Richard Thompson)

Kind soul, kind soul, pennies for my begging bowl
London stones, hard and cold
When you're up in the morning early

Here's my babes to catch your eye
Sick they are, no wonder why
Hard heart, you pass me by
Up in the morning early

The party rings with merriment and laughter
Locked outside are we for ever after
Singing Hope And Glory, glory

Lords, commons, ministries
Thought you'd seen the last of me
No such thing as poverty
Wealth for all and liberty

Youth and gold, how they shine
Bright toys they make you blind
Out of sight and out of mind
Are the beggars up so early

Through the night we fall without a number
'Round your door in rags and bags we slumber
Singing Hope And Glory, glory

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