

The Friar Of Orders Grey - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Friar of Orders Grey.

I am a Friar of Orders Grey,
And down the valley I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw nor hip,"
Good store of venison does till my scrip;
My long bead roll I merrily chant,
"Wherever I walk no money I want.
Wherever I walk no money I want.
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well!
Who leads a good life is sure to live well!

Chorus.

What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?
Lives half so well, half so well.
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream;
Mvself by denial I mortify.
With a dainty bit of warden pie:
I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth for my sin,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within.
A chiruping cup is my mat in song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong!
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong!-Chorus.