

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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A Caveat Against Cutpurses

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My masters and friends and good people draw near
And look to your purses for that I do say
And though little money in them you do bear
it costs more to get than to lose in a day
You often have been told by young and by old
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold
Then if you not take heed free me from the curse
Who both give you warning for and the cutpurse
 Youth, youth, thou had'st better been starved by thy nurse
 Than lived to be hanged for cutting a purse
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 Than lived to be hanged for cutting a purse

It hat been upbraided to men of my trade
That oft times we are the cause of this crime
Alack and for pity why should it be said
And if they regarded or places or times
Examples have been of somewhat were seen
in Westminster hall, yea the pleaders between
Then why should judged by free of this curse
More than my poor self for cutting a purse

But O you vile nation of cutpurses all
Relent and repent and amend and be sound
And know that you ought not by honest men's fall
Advance your own fortunes to die above ground
And though you may go gay in silks as you may
It's not the highway to heaven they say
Repent then, repent you for better for worse
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse

AJS