

Lumps of Pudding

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When I was in the low country,
When I was in the low country
What slices of pudding and pieces of bread
My mother gave me when I was in need.

My mother she killed a good fat hog
She made such puddings would choak a dog
And I shall ne'er forget till I dee
What lumps of pudding my mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a pin
The fat run out and the maggots crept in
If you won't believe me you may go and see
What lumps of pudding my mother gave me.

And every day my Mother would cry
Come stuff your Belly Girl until you die,
'Twould make you to laugh if you were to see
What lumps of pudding my mother gave me.

I no sooner at night was got into bed
But she with all kindness would come with speed
She gave me such parcels I thought I should dee
With eating of puddings my mother gave me.

At last I rambled abroad and then
I met in my frolick an honest Man
Quoth he, " My dear Philli I'll give unto thee
Such pudding you never did see."

Said I, "Honest man, I thank thee most kind."
And as he told me indeed I did find,
He gave me lump which did so agree
One bit was worth all my Mother gave me.

From Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol VI, D'Urfey
this tune was used for If I Stand Like a Turk in The Beggar's
Opera, RG

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