

# 3. The London Lickpenny

Anon Medieval

Robin Marsden

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Sung by a **Surf 1** Cue; **Serf 3**: Just fuck off!



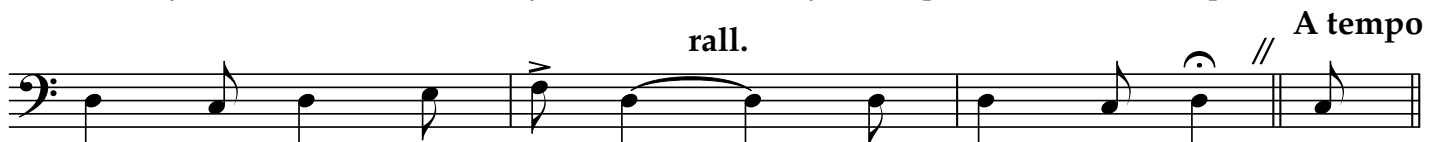
1. To Lon - don once my steps I bent, Where truth in no wise should be faint, To



West-min-ster-ward I forth-with went To a man of law to make comp - laint. I said 'for



Mar - y's love that ho - ly saint,, Pit - y the poor that would pro-ceed'



But for lack of mon - ey\_\_\_\_\_ I could not speed. 2. And



as I thrust the prese a- mong, By for-ward chance my hood was gone, Yet for all that I



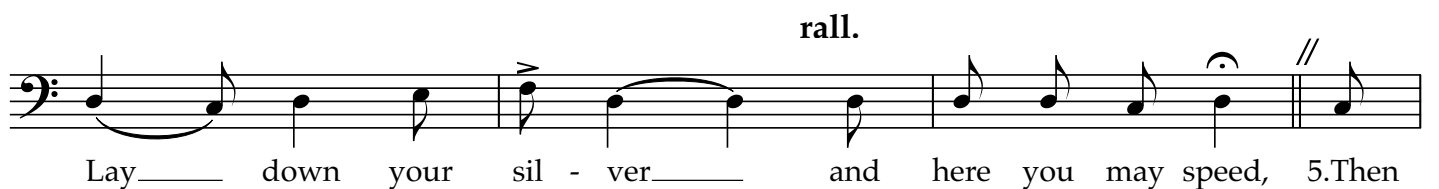
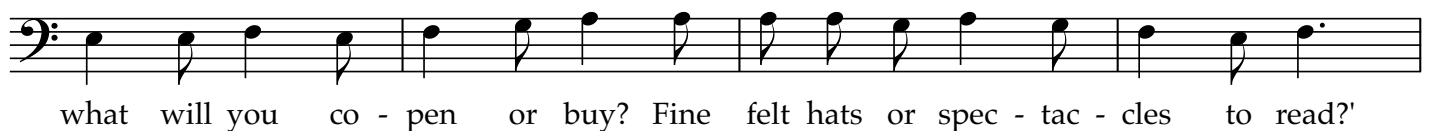
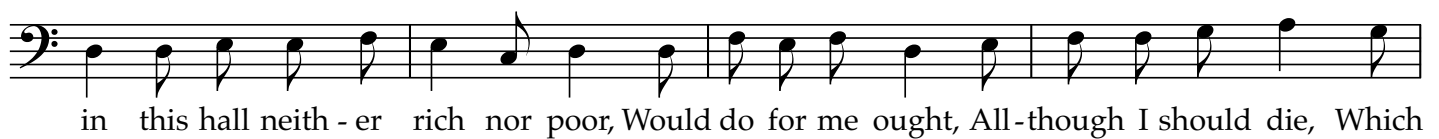
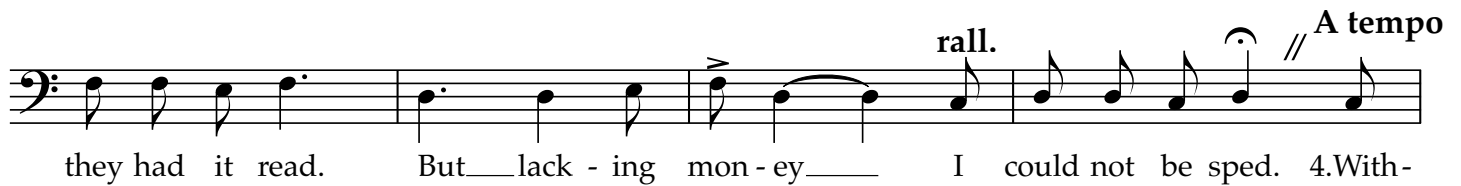
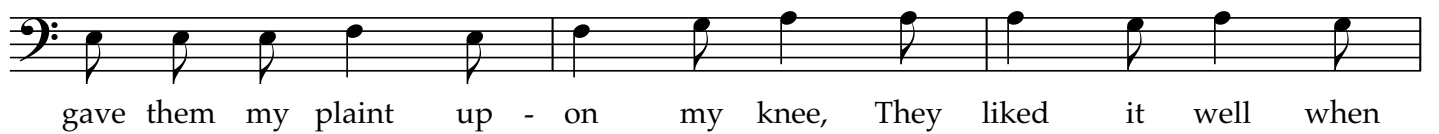
stayed not long, 'Til at the King;'s bench I was come\_\_\_ Be - fore the judge I  
kyng - es



kneeled a - non And prayed him for God's sake to take heed,



But for lack of mo - ney\_\_\_\_\_ I could not speed. 3. Un -







in to Lon - don I did me hie, Of al\_ the land it bear-eth the prize, 'Hot peas - cods' one be



gan to cry, 'Straw-ber-ries ripe' and 'cher-ries in the rice, One bad me come near and



buy some spice. I nev - er was used to such things in - deed,



But want - ing mon - ey\_\_\_\_\_ I might not speed. 6. Then



in-to Corn-hill a-non I yode, Where was much stol en gear a-mong, I saw where hung my



own\_ hood, That I had lost a-mong the throng, To Buy my own hood I thought it wrong, I



knew it well as I did my creed, But for lack of mon-ey\_\_\_\_\_ I could not speed.