

I am a poor man, God knows, And all my neighbours can tell, I

want both money and clothes, And yet I live wond' - rous well:

I have a con - tent - ed mind, And a heart to bear out all, Though
Then hang up sor - row and care, It never shall make me rue; What

for - - tune being un - kind Hath giv'n me sub - - stance small.
though my back goes bare, I'm ragged and torn and true.