

## **Rogers Sally**

# **"Beggars To God"**

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BEGGARS TO GOD

(Bob Franke)

The song of Gypsy Davy rang  
Delighted through the night  
The wise and foolish virgin  
Kept her candles burning bright  
Rise up my young and foolish one  
And follow if you can,  
There'll be no need for candles  
In the arms of such a man.  
Make love to each other  
Be free with each other  
Be prisoners of love 'til you lie in the sod  
Be friends to each other  
Forgive one another  
See God in each other  
Be beggars to God.  
The night was cold and dark and wet  
As they wandered on alone.  
The sky became their canopy  
The earth became their throne  
And as their raiment ran to rags  
They thought it nothing wrong  
For earth and sky are robe enough  
When you sing the gypsy song.  
They sang and played the gypsy song  
Wherever they were sent  
To some it seemed a dancing tune  
To some a sad lament.  
But in every heart that heard them true  
A tear became a smile  
And the pauper or a prince  
Became the gypsy for awhile.  
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