

In Defense Of A Threepenny Purse

The Deadfly Ensemble

One

Gas lamp gone, I stumble, sneeze. The dust in darkness makes me wheeze and fidgets in my fingers flipping files that start with "f" I'll set alight.

Refrain

Ha'penny gone from a threepenny purse!
No room for rum when taxes come first!
Alfreds and Davids and titles and writs!
Yanked from their holes and rendered to bits!
I'll burn the Lord Mayor asleep in his bed
If he's dreaming my name as a number, instead!
I'm well done with fines; I'll no longer be traced!
My own, and all "f's" in town hall are erased!

Two

Mrs. Fisk is now a maiden. Mary Fenton not deceased. And Arthur Fuller's fortune's bound for probate lest he file a brand new will.

Bridge

An evening fire, a high-backed chair... I burn away the coiling ink of a magistrate...

Three

Sunlight wipes the sleep from cobblestones. I tumble ditchwards, laughing. Next time taxes come around, I'll tip my hat and drink three penn'orth rum.