

University of Mississippi

eGrove

---

Broadside Ballads: England

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside  
Ballads

---

August 2019

## A Courting I Went; I had Naught Else to Do

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "A Courting I Went; I had Naught Else to Do" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 302.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/302](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/302)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).



**A COURTING I WENT ;  
I had  
Naught else to do.**

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher,  
177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.

**T**HE summer was over, my flocks were all shorn,  
The meadows were mowed, I had housed all my  
corn,  
Fair Phillida's cottage was just in my view,  
A courting I went—I had naught else to do.

On Flora's soft carpet together we sat,  
And spent several long hours in amorous chat,  
I told her I loved and I hoped she loved too,  
I kissed her sweet lips—I had naught else to do.

She hung down her head and with blushes replied,  
I love you, but first you must make me your bride ;  
Without hesitation I made her a vow,  
To make her my wife—I had naught else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest we did roam,  
As fortune would have it the Don was at home,  
Then I gave him a fee to make one of us two,  
He married us then—he had naught else to do.

Ever since we've been happy, with peace and content,  
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent ;  
Our neighbours around us we love, and 'tis true,  
Each other besides—when we've naught else to do.

With Phœbus the toils of the day we begin,  
I shepherd my flocks, while she sits down to spin,  
With cares thus domestic with ardour pursue  
And that we will love—when we've naught else to do.

THE  
**CHILD WITH  
THREE  
FATHERS.**

**Y**OU young lads and lasses draw near for awhile,  
And I'll sing you a song that may cause you to  
smile,

About a young man who a fair maid beguiled,  
And how she obtained three fathers for her child.  
To my riddle fal de ri do, &c.

Not far from this place lived a sporting young blade  
And he fell in love with a comely young maid ;  
He said he loved her, she believed him sincere,  
But what followed after you quickly shall hear.

When eight months were over and nine months had  
come,

This pretty fair damsel she had a young son ;  
It's the picture of its father, the people all cried,  
There's his eyes, nose, and mouth, so he cannot deny it

She sent for that young man to come speedily  
For to see his young son, when he made this reply ;  
I have never had dealing with her in my time,  
Let her send for its father, the child's none of mine.

Then she summoned him up in a very short while,  
Determined to make him father the child ;  
He bribed two young men who did solemnly swear,  
That in making the child they all had their share.

O then, says the Magistrate, that alters the case,  
But amongst you've brought this young girl to  
disgrace ;

To support her young baby, the Magistrate did say,  
Two-and-sixpence a week each of you'll have to pay.

Oh, Magistrate, oh, Magistrate, the two witnesses did  
say,

What we said about the girl we confess is a lie,  
A man or a woman, sir, for us she may be,  
Of the half-a-crown now I hope you'll let us go free.

You must pay for the child, for according to law,  
You've confessed to the act, and I cannot withdraw ;  
You may all now go home and put up with your lot,  
So, young woman, three fathers for your child you have  
got

