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August 2019

## A Man that is Married

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### Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "A Man that is Married" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 362.  
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# FREEMASONS' SONG.

Come all you Freemasons that dwell around the globe,  
That wear the badge of innocence—I mean the royal robe  
Which Noah he did wear in the ark wherein he stood,  
When the world was destroyed by the deluging flood.

Noah he was virtuous in the sight of the Lord,  
He lov'd a Freemason that kept the secret word,  
He built up the ark, and planted the first vine,  
Now his soul like an angel in heaven doth shine.

The fifteenth day rose the ark, let us join hand in hand,  
As the Load spake to Moses, by water and by land,  
Nigh to a pleasant river which through Eden ran,  
Where Eve tempted Adam by the serpent of sin.

O when I think of Moses, it makes me to blush,  
On the mount of Horeb, where he saw the burning bush  
My staff I threw down, and my shoes I cast away,  
And I'll wander like a pilgrim until my dying day.

O, Abraham was a man beloved of the Lord,  
Was found to be faithful o'er Jehovah's word,  
He stretch'd out his hand with a knife to slay his son,  
But an angel appear'd, saying, the Lord's will be done.

O Abraham, O Abraham, don't lay hands upon the lad,  
For I have sent him thee for to make thy heart glad,  
For thy seed shall increase like the stars in the skies,  
And thy soul unto heaven like Gabriel's shall rise.

There were twelve dazzling knights of light who did me  
surprise,  
I listened awhile, and I heard a great noise;  
A serpent appeared, and fell unto the ground,  
With peace, joy and comfort the secret was found.

The secret was lost, and likewise was found,  
'Twas by our blessed Saviour, it is very well known;  
In the garden of Gethsemane he sweat the bloody sweat;  
Repent, my dearest brethren, before it is too late.

It's once I was blind, and could not see the light,  
When unto Jerusalem O there I took my flight,  
They led me like a pilgrim through the wilderness of care,  
You may see by the sign and the badge that I wear.

O never will I hear a poor orphan cry,  
Nor yet a fair virgin, until the day I die;  
Nor be like the restless Jew, that wanders the world round,  
But I'll knock at the door where truth is to be found.

So now against the turk and the Infidel we fight,  
To let the wondering world know that we are in the right,  
For in heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the door,  
And none can enter there but such as are pure.

(71.)

# A MAN THAT IS MARRIED

When a man first appears in maturity's years,  
To encounter the troubles of life,  
He thinks, with delight, he could make himself right,  
Could he only get hold of a wife.  
His suit then he'll press, Miss answers him yes,  
They marry,—he thinks her a queen,  
But the honey-moon o'er, he thinks her a bore,  
And cries, laws! what a flatty I have been.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is married is like to, good lack!  
A bear with a monkey on his back.

In nine months at least, then his troubles increase,  
The cash from his pocket to draw;  
And to make matters worse, comes the doctor and nurse,  
And his wife snugly laid in the straw.  
Then the gossips come in, whilst they're supping the gin  
Before they can turn down the clothes,  
They cry, with a grin, there's its own mammy's chin,  
And exactly its daddy's pug nose.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is married has so many ills,  
He's like a poor fish with a hook in his gills.

Should the weather prove hot, summer trowsers he's got,  
And that forms a part of his dress;  
If he nurses the child, ten to one but they're spoiled,  
They're sure to be made a fine mess.  
But if he walks out, see him strutting about,  
Like a nabob, he's cutting it fat;  
But returning at night, he's different quite,  
The child's napkins are stow'd in his hat.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is married has every hope,  
He's just like a pig with its leg in a rope.

His evenings to spend he goes out with a friend,  
To enjoy both his pipe and his pot,  
His mind to amuse, he reads over the news,  
Takes a hand at all-fours, or what not.  
But if he stops late and makes madam wait,  
He's sure to get plenty of jaw;  
There is the riot-act read ere he gets into bed,  
Or a loud declaration of war.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is wed to a woman that's queer,  
Had better be plagued with a flea in his ear.

Perhaps she may smile, prove false all the while,  
Tho' she loves him she swears to his face,  
As soon as he's gone, and she's left alone,  
Another pops into his place.  
Then, happy and gay, to the ball or the play,  
Each night with her lover she'll roam,  
But she's in her own house, and as still as a mouse,  
On the day she expects him at home.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is married is always in dread,  
Of a large pair of horns growing out of his head.

But before my song's done, I'll rub off as I run,  
I don't wish the poor creatures to vex;  
I was merely in joke, every word that I spoke,  
O, bless them, I love the whole sex!  
Lads take my advice, get switch'd in a trice,  
And don't be of wedlock afraid;  
And girls, the same, go and alter your name,  
For 'tis shocking to die an old maid.  
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!  
A man that is married and got a good wife,  
Will find they're the happiest days of his life.