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A Week's Matriomony

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A WEEK'S MATRIMONY.



ON Sunday morning I went out for a spree
And met a maid as fair as could be ;
An angel quite in every part,
And Cupid pierced me with his dart.
I walk'd up to her and made a bow,
And told her that I hoped as how,
My arm and company she'd pertake—
To which she did a curtsy make,
We walk'd about from place to place ;
She praised my wit I praised her face ;
I treated her, made all things right,
And courted her on a Sunday night

On Monday morning I met her again ;
I think the place was Drury lane.
We passed an hour in harmless chat,
Talking of wedlock and all that.
She vow'd she for a husband sigh'd ;
Said I, "I sadly want a bride—
How blest I'd be if you I had !"
"Oh dear !" said she, you're just the lad
We both agreed as quick as thought,
That hour the ring and license bought ;
And then got swish'd all right and tight—
So married I was by Monday night.

On Tuesday I got up with glee,
No one could feel more joy than me ;
A party had so fine and gay,
And cheerfully we pas'd the day.
A man, who at the table sat,
With my wife cut it rather fat ;
He tipp'd her on the sly a kiss—
She seem'd to think it not amiss :
My mind at that soon caught alarm,
But he declared he meant no harm ;
While she wink'd at him out of spite,
So jealous was I by Tuesday night.

On Wednesday morning I look'd blue,
My wife was cross and snappish too ;
I soon found out she had a tongue,
And we went at it both ding dong,
Vexation on vexation rose—
Abuse came first and then came blows,
She tore my hair and scratched my face,
And in return I smashed the place.
'She'd quickly conquer me," she said,
Then with the tongs she broke my head
And I went at her left and right,
And mill'd each other by Wednesday night

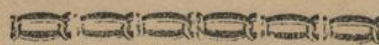
On Thursday morning I went out,
To take the air and walk about.
Without my plague I wished to roam,
So left my wife in bed at home.
To soothe my cares and drown my sorrow,
I took at every shop a drain,

Till I had swigg'd a decent stock,
Then swaggered home at ten o'clock,
But when to bed I did repair,
Another man, quite happy there,
In bed with her soon caught my sight
So cuckold I was by Thursday night.

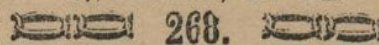
On Friday we agreed to part,
So I went and hired a horse and cart,
Pack'd up my goods without delay,
And bore them every one away.
My wife at this began to grieve,
And said without me she'd not live,
But I made answer with a frown,
And then politely knocked her down,
I soon found out she had not lied,
Her neck she in her garter tied ;
Then to a nail she fixed them tight,
And scragg'd herself by Friday night.

On Saturday morning I hired the ground,
Then bought her coffin tight and sound,
I next with onions rubb'd my eyes,
And gammoned a lot of tears and sighs,
I took a stroll about the town—
Went home, and seen her fasten'd down—
Thank'd my stars she was now at peace,
And owned it was a happy release.
To blow my clay and take a drop,
I hasten'd to a duffy shop—
Ten goes of max put out of sight,
And got drunk for joy on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning I look'd sad,
Although in secret was more glad,
The mourners came in dark array,
With men to bear the corpse away.
The undertakers bore her out—
Relations friends all flocked about,
They cried themselves till nearly blind,
I hid my face and laughed behind.
The parson read the funeral prayers,
I gave a few more sighs and tears,
Then saw her in the grave, all right,
And made love to another on Sunday night.



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Bryan O'Lynn.
(CONTINUED)

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife and wife's mother,
They all lay down on the bed together,
The sheets they were old and the blankets
were thin,
Lie close to the wall says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife and wife's mother,
They all went home o'er the bridge together
The bridge it broke down & they all tumbled
in, (O'Lynn.
Who, we'll go home by water says Bryan

BRYAN O'LYNN.

BRYAN O'Lynn was a gentleman born,
He lived at a time when no clothes
they were worn,
But as fashion walked out, of course Brian
walked in,
Who! I'll soon lead the fashion, says Brian
O'Lynn.

Do, do, do, it I'll do,
Says Bryan O'Lynn it I'll do.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
He got a sheep skin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out & the woolly side in
Who, they're pleasant and cool, says Bryan
O'Lynn,

Bryan O'Lynn had no shirt on his back,
He went to a neighbour's to borrow a sack,
Then he pucker'd the meal bag under his
chin,
Who, they'll take them for ruffles, says
Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no hat on his head,
He stuck on the pot being up to the dead,
Then he murdered a cod for the sake of its fin
Who, 'twill pass for a feather, says Bryan
O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed a skin from a neighbouring
goat,
With the horns sticking out from the oxters
end then,
Who, they'll take them for pistols, says
Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no stockings to wear,
He bought a rat skin to make him a pair,
He then drew them over his manly shin,
Who, they're illigant wear, says Bryan
O'Lynn,

Bryan O'Lynn had no brogues to his toes,
He hopp'd in two crab-shells to serve him
for those.
Then he split up two oysters that matched
like a twin,
Who, they'll shine out like buckles says
Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
He scooped out a turnip to make him a one
Then he planted a cricket right under the skin
Who, they'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan
O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn to his house had no door,
He'd the sky for a roof, & the bog for a floor
He'd a way to jump out & a way to swim in,
Who, it's mighty convaynient, says Bryan
O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn went a courting one night,
He set both the mother & daughter to fight,
To fight for his hand they both stripped to
the skin, (O'Lynn.
Who, I'll marry you both says Bryan