

August 2019

# The Cobbler

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Cobbler" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 638.  
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## THE COBLER.

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LAST week I took a wife,  
And when I first did woo her,  
I vow'd to stick through life  
Like cobblers wax unto her :  
But soon we went, by some mishap,  
To loggerheads together,  
And when my wife began to strap,  
Why I began to leather.

My wife, without her shoes,  
Is hardly three feet seven ;  
And I to all men's views  
Am full five feet eleven ;  
So when to take her down some pegs,  
I drubb'd her neat and cleaver ;  
She made a bolt right through my legs,,  
And ran away for ever.

When she was gone, good lack !  
My hair like hogs-hair bristled,  
I thought she'd ne'er come back,  
So went to work and whistled ;  
Then let her go I've got my stall,  
Which may no robber rifle,  
'T wou'd break my heart to lose my all,  
To lose my wife's a trifle.