

August 2019

Maria

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Maria" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 659.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/659

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MARIA.

Or the *UNFORTUNATE FAIR.*

Sold by J Pitts 14, Great St. Andrews
Street, Seven Diaks.

MARIA was handsome, remarkable fair,
No girl of the school I could with her compare
Accomplish'd in manners, her temper was mild,
She was to rich parents the only dear child;
Till a treacherous captain had stole her away,
As a wolf would a lamb to make her his prey
Soon after deluded and fatal to tell,
He was order to sea and then bade her farewell.

Banish'd by prudence and doom'd now to rove,
Neglected by parents their friendship and love,
In winter at midnight to trudge for relief,
Half broken hearted attended by grief,
To shun every ruffian alas! but in vain,
She meet's him that's injured, not knowing his pain,
See the victim he's bleeding while fate seems to crow
What checks of compassion, tis a girl of the town

Upbraiding reflection, while guilt urges her tears
And bids her look back on her happiest years,
Who tenderly felt for her own wretched sex,
Such pains now her own would her bosom perplex.
But now she's in sattin at some bagnio door,
To support the old baw'd is to act the cute whore,
While blooming and healthful carest by the dame,
Well known round the garden a girl of great fame.

In the height of her splendor her friends are improv'd
By all her acquaintance this girl is belov'd,
To help the afflicted under poverty's lash,
From her lovers would wheedle a present in Cash,
Thinking that fortune would turn round the wheel
To check her career, or Justice appeal,
But as riot and whoredom unpunish'd don't go,
The girl of great fame is condemn'd to her woe.

The old cruel Badlam with galling abuse
Distrusting her friendship now unfit for use,
To give her small comfort this wretch doth refuse,
And obliges her to part with her sattin and cloaths,
Her limbs are exposed through a garment worn bare,
Once matchless for beauty but now for despair,
Not far thro' her years she blunder'd thro' time,
Like a flower just blown, she's cut off in her prime

For wit and good humour to toast o'er the glass,
To this lovely creature this favorite lass,
She wore no complexion of art red or pale,
By nature look'd blithe till this mis'ry trail.
Her spirits and beauty together decay'd,
Half dead in a blanket, her frame is convey'd,
To a workhouse, quite helpless, death closes her eye
There resigns her last breath and in agony dies.