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# Beef and Treacle

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# INDEED I WANT A HUSBAND

Answer to "I should like to marry."

Indeed I want a husband,  
If I could only find,  
Any brisk young fellow  
Pleasing to my mind.  
He must not be a drunkard,  
But lead a sober life,  
And whatever money he does earn  
Bring home unto his wife.

## CHORUS.

Indeed I want a husband,  
If I could only find,  
Any brisk young fellow,  
Pleasing to my mind.  
He must get up in the morning,  
And quickly light the fire,  
And neatly clean the kitchen,  
According to desire.  
He must get my breakfast ready,  
And that without a frown,  
Then call out dearest Nancy,  
Are you ready to come down.  
When breakfast it is over,  
To work he must repair,  
Whilst I go out a walking,  
For to take the air.  
He must dress me like a lady,  
In silks and furbelows—  
A veil, and a nice boa,  
Silk stockings and satin shoes.  
When he comes home to dinner,  
He musn't be dismayed,  
To find me rather tipsy,  
And snugly in bed laid.  
He must always be in temper,  
And not take it amiss,  
If I should chance to blow him up,  
But return it with a kiss.  
And in the evening, if perchance,  
Some friends should call on me,  
And I should ask them all to stop,  
And take a little tea,  
He must wait on them at table,  
And that without a frown,  
But make himself contented,  
To get tea when we have done.  
At night if an old beau,  
Should happen for to call,  
And present me with a ticket,  
To accompany to a ball,—  
He must quickly help to dress me,  
And nicely curl my hair,  
Then smile, and say, "dear Nancy,"  
Don't stop out late my dear.  
Now gents I pray come forward,  
Without more delay,  
My age it is just seventeen,  
And I am brisk and gay—  
The sort of husband I should like,  
I've told to you quite plain,  
So after we are married, love,  
I hope you won't complain.

# Beef & Treacle

OR,

## Cook's Courtship.

Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

'Tis a pity you should teaze me so,  
For to attempt to sing,  
For it was never in my power  
To do any such a thing;  
But since that you do plague me so,  
I'll try what I can do,  
And when it comes to the chorus,  
Then you must bawl out too.  
'Twas with a cook I fell in love,  
The truth I don't deny,—  
And why a cook should be my choice,  
I'll tell you the reason why;  
Because of plenty of pies,  
Plum-puddings and roast-beef,  
And when my belly was empty,  
She gave to me relief.  
T'other day I receiv'd an invitation,  
A supper for to take,  
And kindly did accept it,  
All for my belly's sake;  
When the supper was over,  
Of the cupboard she'd the keys,  
One pocket she stuff'd with butter,  
And the other she cramm'd with cheese.  
When the supper was over,  
Half an hour or more,  
The master, smelling of the cheese,  
Came tapping at the door;  
I, not knowing where to hide,  
Did up the chimney fly,  
And there I sat, all at my ease,  
Like a sweep exalted high.  
I had not long been there,  
A sitting at my ease,  
When the fire began to melt the butter,  
Likewise to toast the cheese;  
And every drop that fell in the fire,  
It blazed up the more,  
The master look'd up the chimney,  
And the devil was there, he swore.  
Then he went to the chimney-top,  
Down to let the water fall,  
And I came tumbling after,  
Butter, cheese, and all;  
Then I safe down the chimney got,  
With a smutty and greasy face,  
And to the door I quickly ran  
Out in the street with haste.  
The dogs did bark, and the children squall'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And the old women sung out, "well done,"  
As loud as they could bawl;  
Now, to conclude my ditty,  
I hope I've not kept you long,  
So we'll all proceed to harmony,  
If you'll buy up my song.