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The Steam Boots

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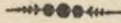
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THE
Steam Boots.



I'll sing you a song, if I possibly can,
Of a Hollander bold, one Mynheer Von Scram,
Whose whole and sole thoughts on invention ran;
In fact, he was called a most wonderful man.
Ri tooral, looral, &c

Now it chanced that he once was by government sent,
On a journey of import, but ere he went,
Says he "I shan't ride, for it is my intent,
A pair of new fashioned steam boots to invent,"

These boots were made of prodigious size,
For they came full half-way up his thighs,
The steamer was fixed, "that's right," he cries,
'Tm off to morrow without gammon or lies."

When morning came, long ere 'twas light,
He was stuck in the streets in the boots upright,
Surrounded by five hundred gazers quite,
Who had all flocked there to see the sight,

"Damme I'm off," at length he bawled,
He turned the cock the women squalled,
Out-burst the steam, and the mob appalled,
Was soon in the gutter by dozens sprawl'd

Then off like a rocket went poor Mynheer,
So swift that his course he could scarcely steer,
Whilst the boots pulled his legs out of joint very near,
And down went all that didn't stand clear.

Near Hamburgh an old turpike gate stands there,
When bang came the boots with a blow so rare,
They sent it for miles and miles into the air,
And it pitched next morning in—Finsbury Square.

Still he travelled away by day and by night,
Dogs, horses, and waggons he sent to flight:
At last he heard with a twinge of affright,
That the soldier wot had the steam arm was in sight.

He soon found out that this tale was too true,
For the Arm at a distance appeared in view,
"Oh, Lor!" cries Mynheer, "what the duce shall I do?
For meet him I must, and he'll split me in two."

They met! when plump against poor Mynheer's face,
Came the noted steam arm, but he still kept his place,
In return gave the soldier a tightish embrace
Round the neck, while the boots worked away the same pace.

Now the Arm still continued Mynheer's face to grind,
Whilst the boots were on each side the soldier entwined,
And as they worked on by the steam so inclined,
Why the poor soldier's rump took the blows from behind.

Thus they travelled for weeks amid dirt, thumps, and pain,
Till chancing one day to turn sharp in a lane;
Here they met the Cork Leg, which soon kicked them in twain,
Mynheer pitched in Smithfield, the soldier in Spain.

Since this time I suppose you can readily guess;
They've never been seen, no, nor heard of, much less,
Though they all three got in a terrible mess,
L, E, G—A, R, M—B, two O's, and T, S.



JOCK
OF
HAZLEDEAN.

J. Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

Why weep you by the tide, lady?
Why weep you by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride,
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
So comely to be seen:
But aye she let the tear down fa'
For Jock o' Hazledean.

A chain of gowd ye shall not want,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fleet and fair;
And yet the foremost of them a'
Shall ride our forest queen;
But aye she let the tear downfa'
For Jock o' Hazledean.

Then let that mournful grief he o'er,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale,
His steep is first in peacefu' ha'
His sword in battle keen:
But aye she let the tear downfa'
For Jock o' Hazledean.

The church was deck'd at eventide
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But ne'er a bride was there.
They sought her baith thro' bower and ha',
The lady was na' seen;
For she's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazledean.