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Isle of Beauty

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BURIAL CLUB.

MY old ooman one day says to me,
A thought has popt into my head,
How hard-up our young 'uns would be,
If suppose as how you vos dead.
Says I, old gal, tip us yer fin,
You shall never be hard-up for grub,
For to-morrow I'll muster some tin,
And belong to the Burial Club.

I arose up the next morning at nine,
Round my neck put my Sunday cravat,
Guv my high-lows a jolly good shine,
In the vater butt dipp'd my silk hat ;
Then put on my best bit of brown,
With brickdust my cheeks guv a rub,
To the committee I vent with a crown,
And entered the Burial Club.

Then I sends my old 'ooman von day,
(As a queer thought came into my head,)
To the committee, and told her to say
As how her poor husband vos dead.
She vent, and she pitched 'em a tale,
With injuns her eyes guv a rub,
So they dropt some blunt down on the nail,
So ve chisell'd the Burial Club.

We next sent some notes to our friends,
My wife and me shoved 'em about,
Vith, Mister John Costy intends
On giving a jolly blow out :
We'd a truck load of Jemmies and bread
Six gallons of soup in a tub,
In fact they were very well fed,
At the expense of the Burial Club.

I sarv'd out the soup in good style,
To show how genteel I had been,
And the old 'ooman showed 'em the while,
How quick she could put away gin.
We eat vun another amost,
And after ve finished the grub,
The old 'ooman guv as a toast,
" Here's success to the Burial Club. "

We had a base fiddle and fife,
A pair of such good uns to go,
But while dancing, I noticed my wife
Seemed nuts on a cove she calls Joe.
She told me right bang to my head,
She wished I'd been choked by the grub,
For she'd marry Joe ven I vos dead,
With the blunt from the Burial Club.

We kept up the dancing all night,
Until ve could dance not no more,
And at last we vos put in a fright,
By a precious loud rap at the door ;
When a man in black popp'd in his head,
(Like the devil in search of his grub,)
With, " I'm come for the man vot is dead,
I belong to the Burial Club.

Isle of Beauty Fare-thee-well.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Pu-
lisher, 177, Union-street Borough, S.E.

SHADES of evening glow not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile,
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle ;
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spots where friends may dwell.
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, fare-thee-well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
Smile around the taper's light,
Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those that love us,
Breathing fondly, fare-thee-well.

When the waves around me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone ,
And my eye in vain is seeking,
Some green leaf to rest upon :
What would I not give to wander,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty fare-thee-well.

Burial Club, Continued.

Our party rushed out of the room,
After breaking the tables and chairs,
The old 'ooman snatched up the broom,
And knocked the devil down stairs.
We vos both taken by the new police,
And locked up all night without grub,
And then got twelve months apiece,
For defrauding the Burial Club.