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The Bunch of Rushes

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THE BUNCH OF RUSHES.

AS I walked out one morning,
It was to take some sport,
Down by a crystal fountain,
Where few people did resort ;
It was there I saw a fair maid,
Apparently going astray,
With a bundle of rushes in her hand,
That she'd been gathering all the day.

Good morning to you my fair maid,
Where are you going this way so soon,
I've been gathering of green rushes, sir,
And now I'm returning home again.
Then fair maid come along with me
Down to yon shady grove,
And for ever I will prove constant,
I swear by all the powers above,

Then this lovely maid consented,
And on the grass we did sit down,
It being dewy weather,
The fairmaid spread her camlet gown.
Saying, you're going to delude me, sir,
Because that I am poor and low,
But I pray young man don't tease me,
Nor break my bunch of rushes, O.

Now since that I have consented,
To lay these rushes down,
My mother she will chide me,
When home I do return ;
And if a baby you should get,
The world on me will scoff and frown,
I shall remember gathering rushes,
And spreading of my camlet gown.



THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher,
177, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

A QUEER little man, very "how came you so"
Went home on a dingy night ;
It was past twelve o'clock—he'd a long way to go,
And he walked like a crab left and right.
At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
He saw something tall, and as white as a sheet ;
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered and lips quivered ;
And with fear, as well as fuddling, he staggered to and
fro,

This queer little man, who'd a long way to go.
This queer little man then he fell on his knees,
With fright you'd suppose half dead ;
And as on it he looked it o'ertopp'd the trees,
And had two saucer-eyes in its head :
When a very death-like voice said in a very drear tone,
"With me you must go, for your grave's nearly done.
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered and lips quivered,
When he cried, "O good hobgoblin, I pray you mer-
cy show,
A queer little man who's a long way to go."

This queer little man fell flat as a flail,
A great explosion heard he,
And jumped up in a crack—for a cracker at his tail,
Set him capering just like a parched pea.
From round the goblin's head burst some long stream
of fire,
And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in the
mire.

Some wags ('twas a whacker),
Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker,
Cured, through fear, of all his fuddling, completely,
you must know,
This queer little man who'd a long way to go.