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Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green

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Blind Beggar's DAUGHTER Of Bethnal Green.

THIS of a blind beggar and he lost his sight,
And he had a daughter most beautiful and bright,
Shall I seek my fortune, dear father, said she:
The favour was granted to pretty Betsey.

She set out from London the very next day,
And halted in Romford the very same day,
And when that she came unto the Lord's house,
So handsome and admired was pretty Betsey.

She had not been there no length of time,
Before a young lord he a courting came,
Your ship shall be loaded with jewels said he,
If you can but love me my pretty Betsey.

That for to do it I am willing said she,
But first ask the father of pretty Betsey,
Then who is your father come tell unto me,
That I may go with you your father to see.

My father he is every day to be seen,
He is called the blind beggar of Bethnal Green,
He is called the beggar God knows it said she,
But he's been a good father to his daughter Betsy.

If you're a beggar's daughter you won't do for me
For I never do intend to let any one see,
That a blind beggar's daughter my lady should be
And so scornfully turned from his pretty Betsey.

Up speaks the young squire with riches enough,
If she be a beggars daughter she's never the worse
Your ship shall be lined with jewels said he,
If you will but love me my pretty Betsey.

My daughter is not clothed as fine as she shall,
But I will drop guineas with you for my girl,
They dropped their guineas down to the ground,
They dropp'd till they dropp'd ten thousand pound

Take her and make her a lady so bright,
The Lords will owe you very great spite,
And when you are married I will lay you down,
Five hundred guineas to buy her a gown.

Dear honoured father I've dropp'd all my store,
I have dropp'd all my riches I can't drop no more,
But grant me your daughter and that's all I crave,
That I may be married to pretty Betsey.

Take her and make her a lady so bright,
The Lords will owe you a very great spite,
And when you are married I will lay you down,
Five hundred guineas to buy her a gown.

Now Billy and Betsey to church they did go,
Now Billy and Betsey they cut a fine show,
The most beautiful creature that ever was seen,
Was the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal green.

CASTLE HYDE.

London:— Printed at SUCH'S Song *Man*,
123, Union Street, Boro'—S.E.

AS I rode out one summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming,
And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
The Dove and Partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting each night and morning,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

If noble princes from foreign places,
Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
It is in this valley they could be feasted,
As often heroes have done before.
The wholesale air of this habitation,
Would recreate your heart with pride,
There is no valley throughout this nation,
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There's a church for service in this fine *harbour*,
Where nobles often in their coaches ride,
To view the streams and pleasant gardens,
That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde.
There is fine horses and stall fed oxen,
And a den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding, and foreign *sheeping*,
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in this Irish nation,
In fine plantations you'll find them *there*;
The rose and tulip and fine carnation,
All vie with the lily fair.
The buck, the doe, the fox, the eagle,
Do skip and play by the river side;
The trout and Salmon are roving,
In those clear streams of Castle *Hyde*.

I rode from Blarney to Castle Earnet,
To Thomastown and sweet Donerail,
To sweet Tilshanock and gay Rathcormick,
Besides Killarney and Abbey-fail.
The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne,
The flowing Barrow and rapid *Bride*,
In all my ranging and serenading,
I saw no equal to Castle Hyde.

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