

August 2019

The Wolf

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Wolf" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 922.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/922

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



Going out to Market.

Once I was never satisfied with how the cash was laid out,
I thought for once I would provide, and see how it was paid out,
The money went so precious fast, it almost drove me raving,
And I says to my wife, Julia, my dear, let's both try to be saving.

My wife did chaff, the boys did laugh,
The neighbours all did lark it—
When, with this basket on my arm,
I toddles out to market.

I scarcely had got down the street, when up come neighbour Kenny
Says he, 'It is your turn to treat come, spend your market penny.'
Away ve toddles to "The Clown," for drink I felt a craving;
And at skittles I lost near half-a-crown, oh! wasn't that a saving?
My wife, &c.

Now when they found the beer and ale had got up in my noddle,
They pinned a dish-cloth to my tail, and call'd me Molly Coddle,
And as along the street I pass'd, was tripp'd up on the paving,
I fell bang thro' two panes of glass, there was a precious saving!
My wife, &c.

I went to the butter shop, to buy a pound of bacon,
I hop'd misfortune there would end, but I found myself mistaken,
Their dog flew out and bit my leg, I found my senses raving,
Then backwards I fell in a box of eggs, thinks I, here's a saving!
My wife, &c.

The butcher next a sly old rogue, must have a heart quite stony,
To sell me that for tender meat, which he knew was tough & bony
And next to that, me being strange to all their tricks & knaving,
He forgot to give me back my change—oh lord! here's a saving!
My wife, &c.

The grocer's shop I next went to, and there another shock met,
A man came in and collar'd me, and said I'd pick'd his pocket,
The police came in the cause to learn, & quick my hat did stave in
While some thief stole the whole concern, wasn't that a saving!
My wife, &c.

They took me to the station house, and next day being Sunday,
They never let me change my clothes, till 12 o'clock on Monday,
So married men thro' all your lives, you'll find it quite depraving,
To take those matters from your wives, you'll lose instead of saving.

For your wives will chaff, the boys will laugh,
The neighbour's all will lark it,
If with a basket on your arm,
You toddle off to market.

(67.)



The Moon is on the Waters.

When the moon is on the Waters,
I will hasten love to thee;
Of all earth's fairest daughters
Thou the dearest art to me.
Though rude winds may ruffle the ocean,
Still my bark shall tempt the sea,
And in strains of pure devotion,
I will sing love, songs to thee.

When my star of hope was waning,
There was one, but one heart true,
And which shared without complaining,
All the charms my bosom knew,
It was thine, my gentle Mary,
Thou wert all the world to me,
And however fortune vary,
I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,
When the rosebud on its tree,
As it blossomed in the wild wood,
Was an emblem, love, of thee.
In thy youth thou wert still dearer—
With the dawn of reason came
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
Though they bore not yet love's name.

But thy womanhood unfolding,
Won the secret from my heart,
And my life was in thy holding,
For 'twas death from thee to part.
I have loved thee, gentle Mary,
I have loved thee through the past,
And however fortune vary,
I will love thee to the last.

The Wolf.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every power,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep—
While a careful watch we keep.
While the wolf, in midnight prowling,
Eyes the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barred—a vast resistance
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence! or you meet your fate!—
Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate,
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder!

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.