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A Song

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IF now with rhymes the proud we lash,
 Their vices to expose;
 Shall any deem the action rash,
 Or blame the virtuous cause:
 But will they not the youth applaud,
 Who thus his pen employs,
 By verse exposing vice and fraud,
 Which e'er corrodes our joys?
 Pride, from the first, a fiend was stiled
 By every man of sense,

And he, who hath mankind beguiled,
 Must ever give offence.
 Pride and deceit we both may find
 In artful Bildad blended,
 With many an odious vice combined,
 In which man's discommended.
 One of the many I here relate
 In low satyric verse,
 Which best expresses what we hate,
 And what we wish to curse.

45

A S O N G,

*To the Tune of the Plenipotentiary; or, the
 Vicar and Moses.*

OLD Bildad the Great,
 High exalted in state,
 Had a son-in-law, Bookbinder Billy;
 Who, as people relate,
 Could well imitate
 His father in acts that were silly.
 Tol de rol.

What I can do thou knows
 From examples of those,
 Who, by cunning, I've nearly undone;
 And thyself to destroy,
 I it all will employ,
 For molesting the Printer, my son.
 Tol de rol.

Now his neighbour, poor Ned,
 Ill afflicted in bed,
 By Bildad was sorely distressed;
 For this Bildad he swore,
 That his daughter no more
 Should by clattering noise be oppressed.
 Tol de rol.

Poor Ned, all amaz'd,
 On Bildad he gaz'd,
 And stammer'd out, Sir, it is hard
 Thus the sick to oppress,
 And increase their distress;
 But, I hope, you will meet your reward.
 Tol de rol.

For Ned, you must know,
 Had, unfortunately so,
 His tenant, Dame Sherwood, discharged,
 And there, in her place,
 To the Binder's disgrace,
 A shop for poor Vulcan enlarged.
 Tol de rol.

Then Bildad departed,
 Whilst Ned, broken hearted,
 Could neither eat bread nor drink water,
 Which astonished his wife,
 The support of his life;
 Who exclaimed, Dear Ned, what's the
 matter?
 Tol de rol.

For, he took it for granted,
 If a tenant he wanted,
 With him it was optional quite
 To dispose of his house,
 Just as he should chuse,
 Though Bildad might think it not right.
 Tol de rol.

Then, his mind for to ease,
 He related the case;
 When his wife, more courageous, reply'd,
 Never mind, dearest spouse,
 But dispose of thy house,
 And we'll humble his towering pride.
 Tol de rol.

For Bildad, it seems,
 Had concerted his schemes
 That his daughter should now enjoy quiet;
 And the Binder, his son,
 Should have his work done
 Without Vulcan's damn'd clattering riot.
 Tol de rol.

Ye Thirskites! arise,
 Who your liberties prize,
 Or this Bildad will prove to you all
 A rock of offence,
 Though a block without sense;
 Thus Amazon like she did bawl.
 Tol de rol.

To Ned then he hies,
 Who, as soon as he spies,
 He thunders out, Man, is it true,
 That my Son must in binding
 Be Vulcan's noise minding?
 But, damn me, I'll make thee to rue.
 Tol de rol.

So now I will end,
 The lines that I've penn'd,
 With a caution, I hope you will mind;
 Of this Bildad take care,
 Or with gin, or with snare,
 He will cunningly entrap you behind.
 Tol de rol.