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# The King of the Forest Glade

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# ENGLAND'S EXPECTED CHANGE.

## THE KING OF THE FOREST GLADE.

TUNE.—BIDDY THE BASKET WOMAN.

Attend to me of each degree,  
And listen every rank and station,  
England expects now very soon,  
To meet with a very great alteration ;  
Every class will see a change,  
The rich, the poor, the proud, and haughty,  
When eighteen hundred and thirty-nine is gone,  
We shall meet with eighteen hundred and forty

CHORUS.

England is a curious place,  
Then list to me each rank and station,  
While unto you I do unfold,  
This great expected alteration.

When parliament again does meet,  
Just like a set of Jovial fellows,  
They are going to do the trick complete,  
Wop old Nick, and burn the bellows ;  
They will tax the poker, and the tongs,  
The coals and coke, likewise the cinders,  
They will tax the blankets and the sheets,  
And throw the bedstead out of windows.

They are going to tax the butchers blocks,  
Dustmen must not play their capers,  
They are going to tax the hens and cocks,  
The gardens, and the baked potatoes ;  
They will tax the donkey, and the Pig,  
The doctor, and the lawyer's right slap,  
They will take the duty off the snuff,  
And clap it on the ladies night-caps.

They will tax the mustard, and the salt,  
The knife and fork, and table spoon sir,  
And if they can travel up to the sky,  
They will tax the man in the moon sir,  
They will tax all maids past twenty-two,  
Indeed that will be very shocking,  
They will take the duty off the soap,  
And clap it on the ladies stockings.

They will tax the woodcock, and the snipe,  
The robin red-breast, and the sparrow,  
They are going to tax the farmer's wife,  
His dairy-maid, his plough, and harrow ;  
They are going to tax the pickl'd eels,  
Perriwinkles, crabs, and mussels,  
They will take the duty off the tea,  
And clap it on the ladies bustles.

They are going to tax the chimney-sweep,  
The tinker, tailor, and the soldier,  
They will tax the lanes, the courts, and streets  
The herrings, the cods head and shoulders ;  
They are going to tax the tailor's goose,  
And every man that strays far from home,  
They are going to tax the boots, and shoes,  
The cobbler's wife, his awl, and lapstone,  
They will tax the turnip-tops, and greens,  
And lasses, that do out at night jog,

They are going to tax the ladies wigs,  
Their parasols, their veils, and lap dogs ;  
They will tax the parsons, and the clerks,  
And every one possessed of riches,  
They will take the duty off the gin,  
And put it on the ladies breeches.

So to conclude and make an end  
May prosperity be seen, sir,  
And may we soon a partner get,  
For England's blooming maiden Queen, sir,  
Her age is nearly twenty-one,  
And single many years she's tarried,  
But they say that prince Albert is come to town  
And very soon then will get married.

## THE KING OF THE FOREST GLADE

Oh ! I am the child of the forest wild,  
Where the red deer boundeth free,  
And the mavis sings, with uncaged wings,  
To his mate in the greenwood tree,  
I range at will, o'er mead or hill,  
Or deep, or deep, in the woodland shade,  
With my good yew bow, in my hand I go,  
As free as the bird, or the wild red roe ;  
And the woods ring out with song and shout,  
The woods ring out, with song and shout,  
For I'm king of the Forest glade,  
I'm king of the forest glade,  
I'm king, I'm king, I'm king of the forest glade.

The sparkling brooks they mirror the looks,  
Of the bright blue laughing sky,  
The sweet flowers spring, and the gnarl'd oaks fling,  
Their mighty limbs on high ;  
Oh ! I love to roam in my fresh green home,  
With our nut-brown maids, our forest maids,  
Or my bold, bold freres, who doff the cares  
Which the hollow worldling seeks and shares,  
When the woods, &c

The Franklin and priest, oh ! they love to feast,  
On the prime of the stalled deer,  
But I am the lord of the free green-sward,  
And the best of the king's fat deer ;  
But the abbot should fast, when Lent is past,  
When the mass is sung and said,  
Ere my freres and me lack Malvoisie.  
To quaff a deep draught 'neath the greenwood tree,  
When the woods, &c.