

August 2019

# Gossip Jones

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



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

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Gossip Jones" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 965.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/965](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/965)

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](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

# GOSSIP JONES, AND A LOVE LETTER.



GOOD morning, Gossip Jones,  
 O where have you been roaming?  
 Good morning, Gossip Jones,  
 O where have you been roaming?  
 I've got for you, for you, for you,  
 For you, for you, for you, for you,  
 A budget full of stockings, Gossip Jones.  
 My duck has swallowed a snail,  
 And is not that a wonder?  
 And the horns grew out of her ta ha hail,  
 Of her ta ha hail, her ta ha hail, Gossip Jones.  
 And split her rump asunder, Gossip Jones.  
 My bonny cow has calved,  
 Down in a yonder stable,  
 And if she'd eat no ha ha hay,  
 No ha ha hay, no ha ha hay,  
 I'm sure she'd not been able, Gossip Jones.  
 My pockets are cut off,  
 They're full of sugar candy,  
 And I can't stop my cor hor hough,  
 My cor hor hough, my cor hor hough,  
 And I can't stop my coughing, Gossip Jones.  
 To the tavern we'll all go,  
 And drive away dull sorrow,  
 To the tavern we'll all go,  
 And drive away dull sorrow,  
 So all my griefs you know, you know,  
 You know, you know, you know, you know,  
 So call again tomorrow, Gossip Jones.

*Letter from a Girl to her Sweetheart in the Army.*

WRENTHAM, JUNE 1, 1777.

DEAR LOVE—These lines are to inform you that I  
 am well—hope you will write to me every time you  
 can—I long to hear from you—I am concerned  
 about you—I was afraid you was ded—cause I  
 dreme bad dremes bout you last week—but I hope  
 youll behave well—I herd the sodgers were wicked  
 that they did sware and git drunk—and that there  
 was a great many bad gals in the army—Dont  
 forgit you have a sole to save—Im fraid youve  
 most forgot me—you must trust in him who is abel  
 to save you as he did when you was watring flax  
 and slipt in over your hed—Mother says she hopes  
 you wont leeve though you dont com and see me—  
 John com to see me once—Mother thinks I better  
 stay with him—cause you dont come and see me—  
 but you told me you wod'nt go and see any body  
 else—I always thot we should have one another  
 else I wod'nt let you *smuggle* as you use to some-  
 times—Ime fraid youll forgit what you promised  
 when you first com to see me—you must com home  
 as soon as your time is out—else I will stay with  
 John next time he coms—Father sines to live with  
 Mr. S— next winter—I shall lie all alone—dont  
 let any body see this letter—I have not got any  
 nuse to rite only my gourd grows fast—I wish you  
 was home so we could git cowcumber nites—Ime  
 goin to card for Mr. F—n tomorrow—Folks  
 think Lieut. R—s boy will be a fool—Sister  
 Mime has been living at D—m bove a month—  
 she has had five sparks since she has been there but  
 she sines to go leave them all in the fall of the year  
 if she can—Mother says she must behav well—and  
 she shall be married first—now your gone Ime fraid  
 she will—I wish you wod write me what you sine  
 to do about it—I can get reddy by the fall—Mr.  
 F—n gives me half a dollar a day—Ive got a  
 pare of shifts and fifteen goslins most grown up.  
 So I remain your true friend till deth,  
 P—o H—n.