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A Love Letter

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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 sometimes—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.