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Brigham Young

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TWO IN THE MORNING.

OLD BROWN'S DAUGHTER, NELLY RAY.

PERHAPS SHE'S ON THE RAILWAY.

Two in the morning

Young Tomkins resolv'd that he'd settle for life,
So att twenty-two married a nice little wife,
But a month or two serv'd to subdue Hymen's
flame,
When he thought staying in of a night rather tame.
His companions would chaff, when he'd fly in a
rage,

And for liberty sigh like a bird in a cage,
And nightly he'd roam about nine from his home,
And return about two in the morning.

The excuse most invariably made was that he,
Was going a friend fond of science to see,
And thence to a Lecture on Chemistry hear,
Then afterwards try an experiment dear.
Now his wife not a tartar, and yet not a flat,
Had the gravest suspicion of what he was at,
Said "experiments tried it could not be denied,
Were no good about two in the morning."

Missus Tomkins one day through a friendly call,
Discovered her Husband had been to a Ball,
And when he came home, she of course very cross,
With the following charged him and talked of
divorce.

"An experiment trying, last night you were seen,
On the Science of Dancing with a lady in green,
And many such lecture, it's right to conjecture,
You have been at till two in the morning."

"My dear, you're mistaken," exclaimed Mister T.
There's a man who presumes to impersonate me,
And so nicely he does it in every respect,
That the difference it takes a keen eye to detect.
My friends say his clothes are precisely like these,
In fact, we're alike, yes, as like as two peas,"
Missus T. said "no use, it's a paltry excuse,
To come home at two in the morning."

When next he went out he came home about two,
'Twas pouring with rain he was dripping wet
through,

When his wife from the window of the front second
floor,
Popped her head out and asked "who is that at
the door?"

"It's me, dear, it's Tomkins, your husband come
home,
I'm drowned very nearly, make haste and come
down,

I'm as cold as a frog, it's not fit for a dog,
To be out such a boisterous morning.

"Oh, you're the man are you," exclaimed Missus T
"Who would pass yourself off as my Husband on
me?"

But for once you have hit the wrong nail on the
head,
For my Husband and I have been hours in bed,
And you'd better be off while you are free and at
large,

For should he come down he will give you in
charge,
And likewise some kicks, sir, for playing such
tricks, sir,
At his house about two in the morning.

Then she shut down the window, and Mister T's
face,

Appeared very long when he thought of the case,
For it struck him there might be really a man
Like the one he had told to his wife as a plan.
But the cure was affected, and his wife about four,
Took compassion on him and opened the door,
So promised her then in future he'd be in by ten
Instead of about two in the morning.

Old Brown's Daughter.

There lives an ancient party.
At the other end of town,
He keeps a little chandlers shop,
His ancient name is brown;
He's got an only daughter,
Such a party I ne'er saw,
By jingo! I should like to be
That old chaps son-in-law.
Old Brown's daughter's a proper so t of girl,
Old Brown's daughter's as fair as any peas,
I wish I was the lord mayor, a marquis ar an earl,
I'm blowed if I wouldn't marry old brown's girl

Old Brown now sells very nearly
Everything you'd please,
Treatle, soap, and bundles of wood,
Lollypops and cheese!
His daughter minds the shop,
It's a treat to see her serve,
I'd like to run away with her,
But I haven't got the nerve.

Poor old Brown he's very often
Troubled with the gout,
He groumbles in the little parlour,
When he can't get out.
Then I go and make a purchase,
Oh! and when she hands the change,
That girl makes me feel gal-vanixed,
I feel so very strange.

Miss Brown she smiles so sweetly,
When I says a tender word,
But old Brown Says that she shall wed.
A Marquis or a Lord;
But I don't think as ever
One of them swells I shall be,
But by jingo! next election,
I shall put up for M P.

Nelly Ray.

I love a little country queen, a village beauty rare,
With rosy cheeks, white pearl teeth, and levelly
nut-brown hair;

Her waist it is so slender, and her feet they are so
small,

Of all the girls I ever loved, my Nelly beats them all

Nelly Ray, Nelly Ray, charming little Nell,
Nelly Ray, Nelly Ray, pretty little girl;
Nelly Ray, like birds of May, singing all the day
I never had a sweetheart like my little Nelly Ray

Her father is a farmer in a village down in Kent,
And being on my holidays, to spend them there I
went;

One day while strolling out, up to the farm-house
I did roam,
And there I first saw Nelly, as she drove the cattle
home.

I took my Nelly for a walk among the bright
green grass,
And words of love I whispered then to this sweet
country lass;

I sat her down upon a bank, and then sat by her
side,
And while my arm was round her waist she
pledged to be my bride.

And now I've named the wedding day, and happy
we shall be,
No thought of jealousy will cross the mind of he
or me;

For in our little farm-house we'll be happy night
and day,
Our lives will pass like sunshine, for I've got the
brightest ray.

Brigham Young, or perhaps she's on the Railway.

Behold in me a married man,
Full of grief and woe,
I cannot find my wife, new,
Which ever way I go,
She has gone to join Old Brigham Young,
I think, across the sea,
I cannot find her anywhere,
Wherever can she be.

Perhaps she's on the railway,
With that chap so fair,
Perhaps she's up in a balloon,
Flying through the air,
Perhaps she's dead, perhaps alive
Perhaps she's gone to sea,
Or p'raps she's gone to Brigham Young,
A mormonite to be.

She was very fond of reading
About the Mormon States,
On Sunday she used to walk out,
With a modest-looking saint,
She used to stop out late at night,
And seldom home she'd come,
In her dreams I've heard her shout
I love you Brigham Young.

She don't respect her marriage vows,
She can't think much of me,
Well, if she's gone—oh! let her go,
A Mormonite to be.
My hopes now she has blighted,
Without her I feel queer,
I cannot rest night or day,
I wish my wife was here.

The first day I got wed to her,
So nice she used to talk,
I felt like one raving mad,
When with other men she'd walk.
I hope she'll be tormented now,
Wherever she may be,
If she'd sooner be a Mormonite
Than live along with me.

When night comes on I cannot rest,
About the streets I roam,
I fancy I see my wife with him
Whenexer I go home.
I hope she'll have six kids at once,
Like Brigham, strong and fat,
I hope she will have to wallop them,
And feed them all with pap.

Or, if she's up in a balloon,
I hope she may get spilt,
And if she's on the railway,
I hope she will get kilt.
And if she's gone to Brigham Young,
I hope he'll take her life,
And if she's dead I will not fret,
But get another wife.

