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Blue Violets

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A TRIP TO HAMPTON COURT.



BLUE VIOLETS.

(From PITT'S,) Wholesale Song,
Mart, Toy and Marble Warehouse, at.

VIOLETS, violets, beautiful blue violets,

Laden with perfume and dripping with dew,
From dell and from dingle, by rill and by rivulet,
Lady at sunrise I sought them for you.

Enclosed in a cluster of green leaves I found them
Hiding their heads from the gaze of the day.
Betray'd by the sweets they themselves shed
around them,

I could the coy bossoms and bore them away.

Slight not, oh slight not, the shy little flower,
It seeks not to vie with the gay garden rose,
Tho' humble the incense it brings to your bower
If its life be a short one, 'tis sweet to the close.

HAMPTON COURT.

COME all you young and old,

Pray listen unto me,
Before my song is done
I'll tell you of a spree,
I said unto my wife,
My dear, we will have some sport
That's right, my dear, says she
Let us go to Hampton Court.

CHORUS

So all you that is here now
Pray listen to my woes,
If you go to Hampton Court,
Never sport your Sunday clothes.

I bought a nice black coat,
Not much the worse for ware,
A tidy gossamere hat,
And Nankeens a new pair.
The children had new frocks,
And their pig-tails they did sport,
As tidy as could be,
We went to Hampton Court.

We started off at nine,
And got to Shoreditch Church,
The Axeltree it broke,
And left us in the lurch,
When the cabman bellowed out,
In language most sublime,
Twig his Doctor Dodd,
And mark his four-and-nine.

Then all was right again,
And much to our delight
From smoky London Town,
We soon got out of sight.
When a youkel bellowed out,
As if to make some sport.
Look at them there kiddies,
They're going to Hampton Court.

When getting to the maze,
We all set down to dine,
Like gipsys we did look,
The weather was so fine,
Now the child had filled its belly,
With bacon and cold beans,
And did its nasty jobs,
All over my new nancykeens.

We ran in and out the maze,
Determined to have a lark,
We got into a place,
I could not tell light from dark,
When a fellow came up to me
To rob me was inclined.
He took my watch and purse,
And he nai'd my four-and-nine.

Then returning home at night,
Through Hammersmith and Kew,
The rain it did come down,
We did not know what to do.
The wheel of the van rolled off,
My wife began to scream,
It slung us in a hedge,
And split my new nankeens.

We had to walk it home,
From Hammersmith to Town,
O what a treat we had,
The rain come pouring down,
We got home at twelve a' night,
After our day's sport.
So friends take advice by me,
When you go to Hampton Court.