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The Snob and the Bottle

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The SNOB & the BOTTLE.

W. PRATT, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham.

Good people attend to my song,
And listen to something that's witty,
It is not too short or too long,
But concerning town, country, or city,
Advice to all tradesmen I give,
Snips, bakers, snobs, grocers and tanners
I'm a lady possessed of three outs,
I have neither wit, money or manners.
So I pray of the bottle beware.

My old man is a ranting old snob,
He looks in the face like a monkey,
All night long like a goose he does sob,
He's just as much sense as a donkey.
He sold all the old shoes in the shop,
And poured the produce down his throttle,
All day he sits hugging the pot,
Singing success to the bottle.

At night on the bed he does fall,
And there lays just like a weasel—
He is fit for nothing at all,
But grunts like a pig with the measles.
The chamber mug he caught one night
And poured the contents down his throttle
Then halloed with joy and delight,
Success to the pot and the bottle.

He has but one shirt to his back,
And that is rent all into stitches,
He has never a crown in his hat,
He's worn out the seat of his breeches,
An old bag for an apron he wears,
And his nose is as big as a bottle,
Last night he fell over the stairs,
Singing joy and success to the bottle.

The bed clothes are all up the spout,
And jigs to the lapstone may whistle.
He the chairs and the table took out,
His leather, awl, lapstone and bristles,

He sold all the lot for a bob,
And sent the proceeds down his throttle.
Bad luck to the filthy old snob,
May the devil take him and the bottle.

My gown the old rogue sold for rags,
Though with him I had a long tustle,
My nightcap he sold for a flag,
And three ha'pence my bonnet and bustle.
There's a hump growing out of his back,
Just nine times as big as a wattle,
Last night he got up in a fright,
And beat the poor cat with the bottle.

There's the landlord calls three times a day,
And the butcher and baker, by jingo,
They swear if the old rogue don't pay,
They'll put him for twelve months in limbo.
But they may as well talk to a post,
For the money all goes down his throttle.
Bad luck to the ugly old ghost,
May the devil fetch him and the bottle.

He says unto me, I am poor,
And calls me his dear loving doxy,
And when he gets out of the door,
The boys hoot after him waxey.
Enough to drown an old bull,
Every morning he pours down his throttle.
Don't you think I have got a good pull,
With the ranting old snob and the bottle.

The bottle has quite ruined me,
Though quiet and easy I take it,
The bottle has robbed me of tea,
And left me both hungry and naked.
The bottle has killed the old snob,
And burnt all his tripes and his throttle,
And at length---what an excellent job,
Old nick's fetched the snob and the bottle.