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# He'll Never March Again

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# THE SNOB & THE BOTTLE

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, and city.  
Advice to all tradesmen I give,  
Snips, bakers, snobs, grocers, and tanners :  
I'm a lady possessed of three outs,  
I've neither wit, money, nor manners,  
So pray of the bottle beware.

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

At night on the bed he does fall,  
And there lies just like a weasel,  
He is fit for nothing at all,  
And he grunts like a pig with the measles.  
The chamber mug he took one night,  
And poured the contents down his throttle,  
Then halloo'd with joy and delight,  
Success to the pot and the bottle,  
Of the bottle, the bottle take care.

He has but one shirt to his back,  
And that is rent all into stitches,  
He has never a crown to his hat,  
He has worn out the seat of his breeches :  
An old sack 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.

Our bed-clothes are all up the spout,  
And jigs to the lapstone may whistle,  
He the chairs and the tables 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 drunken old snob,  
May the devil take him and the bottle.

My gown the old rogue sold for rags,  
Though with him I had a good tussel ;  
My night cap he sold for a mag,  
And three-halfpence my bonnet and bustle.  
There's a hump growing out of his back,  
Just nine times as big as a wattle,  
Last night he woke up in a fright,  
And killed the poor cat with the bottle.

There's the landlord calls three times a day,  
And the butcher and baker by jingo,  
And if the old rounge don't pay,  
They'll shove 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'LL NEVER MARCH AGAIN

London:—H. Such, Printer & Publisher,  
177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,  
Now rests his weary feet,  
And to the shelter of the grave,  
He's made a safe retreat.  
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,  
" To arms," shall call in vain,  
Ned's quartered in the arms of death,  
He'll never, never march again.

A boy he left his father's home,  
The chance of war to try,  
O'er regions yet untrod to roam,  
No friend or brother nigh.  
Yet still he marched contented on,  
Mid danger, death, and pain,  
But now he halts, his toil is done,  
He'll never, never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand,  
Lie scattered o'er his bier,  
His comrades, as they silent stand,  
Give honest Ned a tear.  
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,  
Chief mourner of the train,  
Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,  
" He'll never, never march again."

### The Snob & the Bottle, (Continued).

He says unto me, I am poor,  
And calls me his dear loving doxy,  
And when he gets out of the door,  
The boys holloa out after him, Waxey.  
Enough for to drown a bull,  
Every morning he pours down his throttle,  
Don't you think I've 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 robbed the old snob,  
And burnt all his tripes and his throttle,  
And at length what an excellent job,  
Old Nick fetched the snob and the bottle.