

August 2019

The Snob and the Bottle

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Snob and the Bottle" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 999.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/999

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

THE SNOB AND THE BOTTLE

Good people attend to my song,
And listen to something that's pretty,
It is not too short or too long,
But concerning town, country, and city.
Advice to all tradesmen I give,
Snips, bakers, snobs, grocers, & 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,
And he has just as much sense as a
donkey ;
He sold all the old shoes in the shop,
And pour'd 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 he lays 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 holloaed 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 to his hat,
And he's wore out the seat of his breeches
An old sack for an apron he wears,
And his nose is as big as a pottle,
Last night he fell over the stairs,
Singing, joy and success to the Bottle.

Our bed clothes are all up the spout,
And he jigs to his 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 drunker 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 tustle,
My nightcap he sold for a flag,
And three halfpence my bounet 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 baker and butcher by jingo,
And swear if the old rogue don't pay,
They'll shove him a twelvemonth in
limbo ;

But they may as well talk to a post,
For the money the old snob
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 bobsey,
And when he goes out of the door,
All the boys holloa after him, Waxey ;
Enough for to drown an old bull,
Every mornning 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 fetched the snob and the
Bottle.