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Is There a Heart That Never Loved?

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MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

TUNE.—“OH DEAR HOW I LONG TO GET MARRIED.”



THIS world is a comical place,
And you'll find it from one end to the other,
All classes of persons through life,
Can daily find fault with the other ;
Some can gossip and tattle about,
And fill every person with dizziness,
What an excellent thing it would be,
If people would mind their own business.
And they'd all find enough for to do.

Mrs. Jenkins you know very well,
She lives over the way at the corner,
Her husband I'm sorry to tell,
Has lately turned an informer ;
She often walks out of a night,
A drunkard they tell me too, she is,
Folks would always find plenty to do,
If they would but mind their own business.

Did you see Mrs. Bubble-and-squeak,
Walk out with her young daughter, Sally,
She has got a new bonnet and shawl,
And a fine handsome gown on the tally ;
Such a bustle, oh dear, she does wear,
Why, eat up with pride now, I'm sure she is,
Some can always see other folks faults,
But they never can mind their own business.

Mrs. Cheat'em in our two pair,
They tell me, to leave, she's got warning,
For the landlord can't find her at home,
When he comes round on a Monday morning ;
She owes about four weeks' rent,
A shocking bad principle too, she is,
But, oh la ! I don't like to say much,
I wish people would mind their own business.

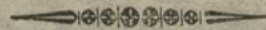
At No. 9 over the way,
Don't you know Mr. Bodkin, the tailor,
Mrs. Knownout saw his daughter Jane,
Walking down the highway with a sailor ;
Pray don't you tell any one else,
Or else it may cause such wizziness,
We should all find enough for to do,
If we all can but mind our own business.

Mrs. Straddle has just gone along,
Don't you think she's a queer sort of a crea-
ture,
She owes ten pence for chandler's shop score,
Besides eighteen pence to the baker ;
And she can drink gin like a fish,
Which oft fills her head with dizziness,
But you know that is nothing to me,
For I always do mind my own business.

Mrs. Thingembob what do you think,
You know Mrs. and Miss Carbuncle,
Last night took the pillows and sheets,
Their flat iron and gowns to their uncles ;
I think now between you and me,
It can be nothing more than laziness,
I wish you'd take my advice,
Look at home and mind your own business.

We should all find enough for to do,
If we could only look well at home now,
There is many see other folk's faults,
When they scarcely can behold their own now
One motto we always should have,
And I'll tell you now plain what that is,
Let every one do what is right,
Look at home well and mind their own busi-
ness.

And we shall all find enough for to do.



IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED.

Is there a heart that never loved,
Or felt soft woman's sigh,
Is there a man can marked unmov'd,
Dear woman's tearful eye !
Oh bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where none but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue dear.
And he who can resist those sighs,
With brutes alone can live,
Nor taste those joys which care beguiles,
Those joys which virtue gives.