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# I'll Never Get Married Again.

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# YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE TO FETCH THEM With a Wst.

## I'LL NEVER GET MARRIED AGAIN

You are always sure to  
fetch them with a wst.

Each animal and bird can hear the voice of  
love,

From the loud roaring lion to the turtle  
dove,

And when I want to call a mate I have my  
way,

And in a language of my own thus I say—  
How d'ye do? wst, wst,

How are you? wst, wst,

You are always sure to fetch them with a  
wst, wst, wst.

Come along, wst, wst,  
Nothing wrong, wst, wst,

Oh! won't you come and take a walk, and  
wst, wst, wst,

One day I met a lady in the Regent's Park  
She said that she was fond of birds and liked  
a lark,

So I sit myself beside her neath the rustling  
trees,

And took her little hand in mine and gave  
it such a squeeze,

How do you do? wst, wst,  
How are you?

You are always sure to fetch them with a  
wst, wst, wst,

Come along, wst, wst,  
Nothing wrong, wst, wst,

Oh, won't you come and take a walk, and  
wst, wst, wst.

When the gates were closed we walked to  
Regent-street.

And I asked her at a Cafe if she'd like a treat  
She thought that she would take a rest if it  
were not wrong.

I said I'd try to rest her right in a Restaurant  
Now my dear! wst, wst,

Come in here! wst, wst,

You are always sure to fetch them with a  
wst, wst, wst,

Come along, wst, wst,  
A Restaurant, wst, wst,

So come and have some supper, with a wst,  
wst, wst.

Says she I think my appetite is very good,  
It is such bracing air you know in St. John's  
Wood,

I'm good at ordering dinners, and I'll save  
your pelf,

So if you do not mind, I'll order it myself,

Garcon, Here: wst, wst,  
Nothing queer, wst, wst.

We want the best of everything, wst, wst,  
wst,

And will test, wst, wst,  
The very best, wst, wst,

And we don't mind what we pay for it,  
wst, wst, wst,

The way she ate, I thought that she herself  
would hurt,

The soup the fish the entrees, joints and  
the dessert,

She truly said that appetite's a splendid  
sauce,

And she ordered in a different wine with  
every course.

Curacoa, wst, wst,  
She could lower, wst, wst,

She started on the wine list, with a wst,  
wst, wst,

Chateau Lafitte, wst, wst,  
Drank it neat, wst, wst,

Nierstiner, nothing finer, waiter? wst, wst  
wst,

She ordered everything with such a charm-  
ing grace,

That the bill was growing just about as  
long as my face,

When in a hulking fellow came, who grim-  
ly said,

If you don't pay the bill and go, I'll punch  
your head!

Au Revoir, wst, wst,  
Through the door, wst, wst,

Then arm in arm they left me with a wst,  
wst, wst,

Waiter came, wst, wst,  
Same old game, wst, wst,

Come and settle for the supper, with a wst,  
wst, wst,

The charges were about as high as Primrose  
Hill,

Like Wilfred Lawson, hard it was to pass  
that bill,

And when I went to settle up what could I  
do?

When I found my purse was gone, my  
watch, my diamonds too!

Policeman here, Something queer,  
They had to fetch my father, with a wst,

Never try, If you're fly.

In the Park to get a sweetheart with a wst

I'll never get married again

Like foolish young girls not knowing my  
mind,

I thought it was nice to get wed,  
For the first week or two he treated me kind

Now I wish I was single instead,  
He called me his duck and cuddled me up,

And come home from his work every night.  
But since he had the key, he stops out till

And comes rolling home to me tight.

I once was plump and fat but now I am thin  
The way I've been treated is a shame,

The way I've been tried, and if ever I died,  
I'd never get married again.

He told me one night he would go to his  
club,

So I thought I would watch him and see,  
I soon found my joker in a quiet little pub

With a wopping great girl on his knee,  
Ah, you look very nice you villian I said,

And with rage his coat collar I tore,  
I ups with my gingham lands him on the

head,  
And down went the girl on the floor.

He came home one night in a terrible plight  
He had get in a row so he said,

He was smothered in mad so I pulled off  
his clothes,

And very soon got him to bed,  
I thought him asleep but he soon out did

creep,  
My nights rest he often did spoil,

He wanted some beer he couldn't see clear  
So he swallowed the paraffin oil.

Now gaze upon this that's that's been mar-  
ried a month,

I haven't a rag to my back,  
My shift I shall lose, he pawned it for booze

And my home it has all gone to rack,  
We've a tub for a table a three legged chair

And our bed in the corner you'll find,  
He's broken the crockery we've nothing to

use,  
And a dirty old shirt for a blind,

Now I ask your assistance to tell me the way  
That I can give him the slip,

And I'll go back to mother and with her  
I'll stay,

So you must let me know jolly quick,  
For I'm tired of this life so take warning I

pray,  
And don't let your old man have the key,

In case he feels tricky & stops out at night  
Then you might get served like me.