

August 2019

# The Old Girl at Home

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



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

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Old Girl at Home" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1026.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/1026](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1026)

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](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

THE  
OLD GIRL AT HOME.



BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials, London.

TO my Old Girl at home,  
These lines I'll indite,  
She's my whole comfort,  
My joy and delight ;  
She taught me to hate  
A single man's life,  
Which is filled with contentions  
With sorrow and strife.  
My heart should I ever,  
Among other scenes roam,  
Never forget for a moment,  
My Old Girl at home.

Tho' humble my pallet,  
Tho' homely my fare,  
The wealth that I meet with  
I find not elsewhere,  
Tho' Princes may boast  
Of gold and their gems,  
I treasure possess  
Of more value than them ;  
I've a conscience that is clear,  
By the great oft unknown,  
And I've gems in my children,  
And my Old Girl at home.

When I rise in the morning  
To labour I go,

As becomes all true men  
With good wives for to do ;  
She attends to her children  
And cleans up the place,  
Then greet me at breakfast  
With smiles in her face ;  
Then cheerful and happy  
To my work back I roam,  
Paid well for my toil  
By my Old Girl at home.

Thus I pass through the day,  
And at eve I repair  
To my own happy home,  
Oh, what pleasure is there ;  
My children flock round me,  
Each one shares my kiss,  
Then repair to their beds  
With prayers on their lips ;  
With a frugal supper  
I am happy I'll own,  
And I retire to rest  
With my Old Girl at home.

When Saturday comes,  
And my weeks work is done  
With my wages I hasten  
Towards my own home ;  
While some to the alehouse  
Go and mingle in strife,  
I company seek  
In my children and wife ;  
There with smiles I am greeted,  
Which is pleasure you'll own,  
Then go gaily to market  
With the Old Girl at home.

Oh the Old Girl at home  
Is a treasure to me ;  
We have but one wish,  
Which is both to agree ;  
And I never will forsake,  
While life beats in the breast,  
Then here's to the Old Girl  
That I do love best,  
Then young men get married  
And like me you'll own,  
That the best thing in life  
Is, an Old Girl at home.