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# Bang up in the Fields

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# Bang Up in the Fields.

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**T**HOUGH bang up prime has been the rage in Bond  
street and the city.

There are some kiddies in the fields knowing and  
as witty.

While at the West with four in hand the noble  
gemmen shine. (bang up and prime,

You'll find some blades that swell on foot quite as  
Then Temple Bar and Bond Street too must not  
rule the roast. (to toast.

The Obelisk and London Road have got their girls  
(spoken.)—The e was Bill Breeze, Phil Racket,  
and Harry Hairbreadth, they were the boys to keep  
the game alive. Prime dons shew blood like a race  
horse, no starters, always saw the candles out, To  
trounce a waiter, back a dog, fight a cock, sing a song  
crack a joke, make a speech, mill a jarvis, and tip  
the bailiff the long trot. Damme there was none  
to equal them.

Then keep it up for fashion's all as long as money  
yields, (in the fields

Let other bloods say what they will we're bang up  
With gallimaufry cards & balls we often keep a gy  
day. (any,

And in every spree that others are as gallant lads as  
For fun and glee and life and row we are always on  
the scene. (he vent,

and have join'd with Dick Johannot in Overboard  
If true such lads we are when our pockets lin'd with  
rag, (to brag

Then Rotten Row & Ludgate hill shall in future cease  
(Spoken in different voices.)—Bill what did you  
do with yourself last night? Why went to the  
Surrey Theatre, A box ticket for three shillings,  
take two in the pit and save you a shilling; a pit  
ticket for eighteen pence. Chopped with an old  
lady, pushed in with the crowd, shook Dutch Sam  
by the fist, cracked a bottle of spruce with Harris,  
'Overboard he vent,' cries the gallery, down in the  
front says I, 'wish you'd pull off your bonnet ma'am  
says a tailor, I shan't pull off my bonnet neither  
feller, it shews where you was educated to ax such  
a thing. Is that the blind boy? by St. Parick it is,  
how pretty he look now with his eyes shut. Came  
out with a grand shove tumbled into Bish's, quizzed  
the girls, drank negus, got lussy, and reeled  
home at far e. (Then keep it &c

With sparring billiards betting & driving in the Rules  
We'd shew in pleasure's gay routing the Surry lads  
an't fools,

With concert balls and masquerade we often spend  
the night (fight,

and when get insulted why damme we will shew  
So push away in fashion's throng and never dreads a  
crash (make a brush,

For when our cash and credit's gone why then we  
(spoken.)—Got devilish boozy last night, rolled  
into the Dog and Style, a free and easy, prime dons,  
all select, found the charman on his legs. What's  
the use of kicking up this here row, when you sees  
as how I'm going to make a speech. O bar all sar-  
ments (cries the company) let's proceed to harmony  
Well, with all my heart. Mr. Wiggins is called on  
for a song. Bravo silence, gemmen, a noble call,  
indeed gemmen, In-ver sings 'pon my word and  
honour, 'No pology sir, no pology. Well then,  
I'll try and make a noise gemmen, Bravo, bravo,  
As I was a walking onemo rning in spring.—For to  
hear the biras whistle and the nightingale sing,  
that's all gemmen 'Bravo! thanke sir, what shall  
we say, arter that ere good song? Why gemmen I'll  
give ye 'Lord Wellington and the British Army.  
'Bravo! I hope you'll do honour to that toast gem-  
men. Is the toast circulated at your end of the  
room, Mr. Deputy. 'Yes, sir, its gone round well  
Then keep it up, &c.