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Skying A Copper

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SKYING A COPPER.



B. Hodges, (from Pitt,) Printer, Wholesale
Toy & Marble Warehouse, 31, Dndley street
SEVEN DIALS.

Old legends, ballads grandmothers,
And all the ancients say,
There's no luck about the house,
Upon a washing day.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot,
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china founce,
And they could not at the time pronounce,
If they were safe or shot.

It was a voice from below, then all was still;
Then a rush of footsteps—the door opened,
And first rushed in the frantic cat,
Steaming like a brewer's rat.
And then as white as my cravat,
Poor Mary Anne the slavey,

Mary's explanation was as follows;—
We was marm, in the wash-house, marm,
A standing at our tubs,
And Missis Brown was seconding,
What little things I rubs.
Mary, says she to me, I say—
And then she stops for coughing,
That copper flue has took of late,
To smoking very often;
But please the pigs for that's her way,
Of swearing in a passion,
I'll blow it up, and not be set,
A coughing in this fashion.

Well, down she takes her masters horn,
I mean his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive,
To set the flue exploding.
"Lawk, Mrs. Brown" says I, and stares,

That quantum is unproper,
I'm sartin sure it cannot take,
A pound to sky a copper.
Before ever you was born, says she
I was used to things like these,
I shall put it in the copper hole,
And let it burn up by degrees!

So in it goes, and bounce—oh Lord,
It gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannonized,
Like soldiers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib,
And us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off,
And split all into cracks;
Well, there I fainted dead away,
And might have been cut much shorter,
But Providence was kind,
And brou,ht me too with scalding water.

I first looks round for Mr. Brown,
And sees her at a distance,
All stiff and stark, and looking dead,
As anything that's in existence;
All scorched and grimed and worse than that
I see the copper s'ap
Right on her head, for all the world,
Like a percussion copper cap!
So I gives myself to scamble up,
The linen for a minute,
Lawks, such a shirt! says I, 'tis well,
That master wasn't in it.

There was bodies all split, and torn to rags,
It was a sight most shocking,
Here was a leg, and there was a leg,
I mean, you know, a stocking;
Well, I crooked her little fingers up,
And crumped them well about,
And burnt her nose with feathers,
As humanity point out;
But for all as I could do
To return her to mortality,
She didn't give a sign of a
Return to sensuality.

A groan burst from her as she lay,
With a crazy sort of cry,
A staring at the wash-house roof,
Laid open to the sky,
She beckoned with her finger,
So down to her I reaches,
And put my ear agin her mouth,
To hear her dying speeches.
Well, marm you won't believe it,
But it's gospel fact and true,
The last word she uttered was,
Where is the pound of blue?