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Ring the Bell Watchman.

Author Unknown

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BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dew-drops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd away.
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild loralie;
Over the streamlet vespers are borne,
Waiting to face at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam of my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea,
Then will all clouds and sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

THE STAR OF FLEET STREET.

Some fellows boast of Regent Street, that place of
great renown,
Where handsome swells and dashing belles they
saunter up and down;
But Fleet Street is the place, my boys, each day there
I roam,
To hear the latest news, my boys, and make myself at
home.

Chorus.

For I am the star of Fleet Street, daily there I shine,
Fleet Street, Fleet Street a favourite place of mine,
Where swells they promenade, and pretty girls we
meet,
The place that I prefer to walk is down Fleet Street.

There's lots of Fun in Fleet Street, a Punch and Judy
too,

Ring the Bell WATCHMAN.

High in the bellry, the old sexton stands,
Grasping the rope with his thin bony hands;
Fixed is his gaze, as by some magic spell,
Till he hears the distant murmur, ring, ring, the
bell.

Chorus.

Ring the bell, watchman, ring, ring, ring,
Yes, yes, the good news is now on the wing;
Yes, yes, they come, and with tidings to tell,
Glorious and blessed tidings, ring, ring, the bell.

Baring his long silver rakes to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers to the welcome bidding, ring, ring, the
bell

Hear from the hill top the first signal gun,
Thunders the word that some great deed is done
Hear this, the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating, ring, ring, the bell.

Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend,
No more agree triumph such token portends;
Shout, shout, my brothers, for all, all, is well,
'Tis the universal chorus, ring, ring, the bell

I think you'll find a Standard, and Echo's just a few;
'Tis there you'll get a Telegraph of all the latest news,
And with the noble Sportsman, your time you may
carouse.

I meet with the Young Englishman, each day as there
I walk,
And as we stroll along, about the Times we often talk.
And many Young Men of Great Britian each day
there I meet,
Who flirt with the young English girls, while walking
down Fleet Street.

So now I must despatch myself to my favourite resort,
For there the school are waiting to commence their
evening's sport;
They all lead such sporting lives, such jolly boys they
are,
Good for a spree at any time, each one's an evening
star