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Singing for the Million

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SINGING FOR THE MILLION



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



Oh! England is a curious nation,
Strange things are now in circulation,
To suit soldiers, sailors, or civilians,
Every thing is now for the Millions;
The comfort of the poor with the rich have risen,
For the Million they've built a New Model Prison
The Million can learn every thing if they're villing
Writing Fighting and for the Million there's lots
of singing.

CHORUS.

Oh lork! oh dear! what a precious row. sir,
Since Singing for the Million's all the go, sir.

Now the Queen and Albert loving creatures,
Sing such a Pair was never formed by Nature,
While the Prince and Princess morn, night, and
noon, sir,

Are learning to sing, Come Buy a Broom, sir;
The Bishops when claiming of there tythes sir,
Sing, We Pirates lead a Jolly Life. sir,
While old nick sings to every see, sir,
My Dearest Friends Come Dwell with me, sir.

The Drunkard he all danger scorning,
Sings We Won't go Home till Morning,
While the maiden waiting for her lover,
Desponding sings, Where is the Rover,
The unlucky tradesman sings I fear sir,
The Bailiffs are Coming, oh dear! oh dear! sir,
Who with my goods will play at touchery, takery,
Like me off to quod singing, Shivery Shakery.

The pie man sings, The Stunning Meat Pie, sir,
The Blind man sings, It's all my Eye, sir,
And at the treadmill [there's many I declare, sir,
Can sing, Such a Getting up the Stairs, sir,
The child whose breech with the rod it's mother
scares,

Will sing in pity, My Gentle Mother Dear,
While to save his back his trembling brother,
Sings, Crikey don't I Love my Mother.

If the dead could speak they'd sing I'll be bound
sir,

My lodging it is on the Cold Ground, sir,
The wit he sings, Begone Dull Care sir,
The Barber sings, The Nobby Head of Hair, sir,
The poor man sings, Oh! this Happy Land, sir,
The cats will sing, The Dog's Meat Man, sir,
The transport as England recedes from his view,
sir

Sings, Adieu ay Native Land Adieu, sir.

The publican sings, The Rigs of Barley,
The nurse she sings, Slumber my Darling,
The butcher would sing, Give me Back my Heart
sir,

If a dog from his shop, with one should start, sir,
The bankrupt sings while taking his flight, sir,
Like macbeth's witches, I Fly by Night, sir,
To the criminal who swings at Newgate tree, sir,
Jack Ketch sings, Come Dance with me sir.

The baker sings, Where is Fancy Bred (Bread) sir,
The nurse sings, Such a Getting out of Bed, sir,
The peelers sing, We all are true Blue,
The thief, Hurrah for the Road, too;
The costermonger sings, The Rummy Old Moke,
sir,

The sailor sings, We are Hearts of Oak, sir,
And there is many I'll be bound among ye,
Might sing with me, I want Money.

