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Effects of Love!

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OLDY HAGGERTY'S FATHER BREECHES!

Pat's leather breeches

At the sign of the Bell, on the road
Connell,
Paddy Haggerty kept a neat cat
Sold pig's meat and bread, kept lodgin'
side,
Was well liked in the country he lived in,
Himself and his wife both struggled through
life,
On week days Pat mended the breeches;
And on Sunday he dressed in a coat of the
best,—
But his pride was his old leather breeches

For twenty-one years, at least it appears,
His father those breeches had run in;
That morning he died, he to his bedside,
Called Paddy, his own darling son in
Advice for to give ere he went to his grave,
And he bade him take care of his riches;
Says he, It's no use to step into my shoes,
But I'd like you to leap into my breeches

Now last winter's snow left victuals so low,
That Paddy was ate out completely,
The snow coming down, he could not get to
town,
Though hunger did bother him greatly.
One night as he lay, a dreaming away,
About ghosts, fairies, spirits, and witches,
He heard an uproar just outside the door,
And he jump'd up to pull on his breeches.

Says Brian M'Gurk with a voice like a Turk
Come, Paddy, get us some thing;
Says big Andy Moore we'll burst open the
door,
Care this is no night to be waiting,
The words were scarce spoke, when the
door it was broke,
And they crowded round Paddy like leeches
And they swore by the mob if they didn't
get prog, (breeches.
They would eat him clean out of his

Poor Paddy, in dread slipped up to the bed,
That held Judy his darling wife in,
And there 'twas agreed that they should
get a feed,
So he slipp'd out & brought a big knife in
He cut off the waist of his breeches, the beast
And he ripped out the buttons and stitches;
He cut them in stripes, in the way they do
tripes,
He boiled them—his own leather breeches

were stew'd, on a dish they
were stew'd, (thanked;
were stew'd—Lord be
said of her life,
for to shank it
they thought



BRIDAL RING!

I DREAMT last night of our earlier days,
E're I sigh'd for the sword or the feather,
When we danced on the heath, 'neath the
moon's pale rays,
Hand-in-hand, hand-in-hand together;
Then I thought you gave me again that kiss
More sweet than the perfume of spring,
When I placed on your finger love's pure
golden pledge,
The bridal ring, the bridal ring!

I thought that I heard the trumpet sound,
And at once was forced to sever,
That I fell on the heath with my last death-
wound,
Lost to thee, lost to thee for ever;
Then I thought you gave me again that kiss,
Impearl'd like the perfumes of spring,
'Neath its warmth I awoke this dear hand
to press,
The bridal ring, the bridal ring.

Pat's leather Breeches.

As they messed on the stuff, says Andy, It's
tough,
Says Paddy, you're no judge of mutton,
When Bryan M'Gurk on the point of his
fork,
Held up a big ivory button.
Says Paddy, what's that, sure I thought it
was fat,
Bryan leaps to his feet and he screeches,
By the power above, I was trying to shove,
My teeth through the flap of his breeches.

They all flew at Pat, but he got out of that,
He ran when he saw them all rising;
Says Bryan, make haste and go for the priest,
By the holy St. Patrick I'm poisoned.
Revenge for the joke they had for they broke
All the chairs, tables, bowls, and dishes:
From that very night they'll knock out
your daylight,
If they catch you in ould leather breeches

EFFECTS OF LOVE!

YOUNG lovers all I pray draw near,
Sad, shocking news you soon shall hear
And when you the same are told,
'Twill make your very blood run cold.
Miss B— W— is my name,
I have brought myself to grief and shame,
By loving one that loves not me,
With sorrow now I plainly see.

Mark well these words what will be said,
By C— W— I was betrayed,
By his false tongue I was beguiled,
At length by him I proved with child!
At rest with him I ne'er could be
Until he had his will of me,
To his fond tales I did give way,
But my poor heart he led astray.

My grief is more than I can bear,
I'm disgraced everywhere,
Like a blooming flower I am cut down,
Now on me my love does frown.
Oh! the false oaths he has sworn to me,
That I his lawful wife should be,
"May I never prosper night or day,
If I deceive you," he would say.
But now the day is past and gone,
That we were to be married on,
He scarcely speaks when we do meet,
And strives to shun me in the street.
I did propose one Sunday night,
To walk once more with my heart's delight
On the Humber's banks where billows roar
We parted there to meet no more.

His word was pledged unto me,
He ne'er would prosper or happy be:
The ghost of me and my infant dear,
They both shall haunt him everywhere.
Dear William, when these lines you see,
Remember how you slighted me;
Farewell, vain world, false men, adieu,
I drown myself for love of you.

As a token that I died for love,
There shall be seen a milk-white dove,
Hovering over my body shall fly,
There you will find my body lie.
These cheeks of mine once blooming red,
Must now be mingled with the dead.
From the deep waves to a bed of clay,
Where I must sleep till the judgement day

A joyful rising then I hope to have,
When Angels call me from the grave,
Receive my soul, O Lord, Most High,
For broken-hearted I shall die.
Grant me one favour, that's all I crave,
Eight pretty maidens let me have,
Dressed all in white—a comely show,
To carry me to the grave below.

Now all young girls I hope on earth,
Will be warned by my untimely death,
Take care sweet maidens when you're young
Of man's deluding flattering tongue.

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