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Who Prigged the Mutton

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HO PRIGGED
THE
MUTTON.

Pimlico ladies of every degree,
As like Mutton and turnips for tea
Now Christmas is coming mark well what
I say,

Don't go prigging mutton for Christmas day
There was a gay lady the truth I will tell,
The wife of a broker and known very well
She collard the mutton, as you may suppose
And where did she put it but under her
clothes,

The lady loved mutton remarkably well,
She at Pimlico near to the compasses dwelled
In Heskett Street Chelsea she uailed it so
prime,

And under her petticoats popped 't so fine
For suet she went and it looked very queer
To put in her puddings at Christmas o dear
But she longed for some mutton of sholdier
so prime

Intending on mutton to gloriously dine,
But the butcher man caught her and hard
was her lot,

It was under her petticoats all piping hot,
It fell on the ground what a terrible job,
And the poor mutton prigger was sent off
to quod

Oh, you Pimlico ladies be honest I pray,
Dont go prigging mutton by night or by day
For if you should find it it will make you
bewail.

Popped under your petticoats you'll go to
gaol,

The poor must not steal if the law we believe
But some women has got a licence to thieve
The the mutton the mutton mutton oh fegs
Oh, sholdier of mutton tied fast to her legs

**MARY, MARY,
LIST, AWAKE.**

MARY, dear Mary, list! awake,
And now like the moon thy slumbers break,
There is not a taper and scarcely a sound,
To be seen or heard in the cottages around,
The watch dog is silent, thy father sleeps,
But love like the breeze to thy window creeps,

But love like the breeze, see
The moonlight seems list'ning all over the land,
To the whisper of angels, of angels like thee
O lift but a moment the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me my love,
Mary kiss but that hand to me my love
Mary kiss but that hand to me.

Gently awake and gently rise,
O for a kiss to unclose thine eyes,
The vapours of sleep should fly softly the while,
As the breath of thy looking glass break at the
smile,

And then I would whisper thee never to fear.
For heaven is all round thee when true love is near!
Just under the woodbine dear Mary I stand,
Still looking and listening for thee,
O lift for a moment the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me.
My love Mary.

Hark do I see thee, yes 'tis thou,
And now there's thy hand and I hear thee now,
Thou look'st like a rose in a chrystal stream,
For thy face, love is bath'd in the moonlight gleam,
And oh! could my kisses like stream circles rise,
To dip in thy dimples and spread round thine eyes,
And oh! to be lost in a night such as this
In the arms of an angel like thee,
Nay stay but a moment one moment of bliss
And smile but forgiveness to me.
My love Mary!

Nobody sweet can hear our sighs,
Thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies, [rove,
Dost thou gaze on the moon, I have gaz'd as I
Though I thought it breath'd heaven's blessing on
love, [begun,
Till I have stretched out my arms and my tears
And nature and heaven thou seemest but one,
Adieu my sweet Mary the moon is in the west,
And the leaves shine with tear drops like thee,
So draw in thy charms and betake thee to rest
O thou dearer than life to me
My love Mary!