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# The Wolf

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# TRIPE SUPPER

## THE WOLF



NOW my friends you all will agree,  
That suppers are very good things,  
For a moment pray listen to me,  
And about a tripe supper I'll sing,  
Last Monday we met at the Fleece,  
There was me and some more with Bill  
Simmons

So away goes a tanner a piece,  
For a tuck out of tripe and some hingons.

Next evening we all met at nine,  
And the tables was covered with dishes,  
The thought of a tuck-out was fine,  
For tripe is so very laticious.

A fat man was old Billy Groves,  
A better chap never could be found,  
In fact he was one of those coves,  
Who could stow away five or six pounds.

My eyes if you'd seen 'em begin,  
Pon my soul you'd never forgot,  
For in fact it was really a sin,  
For Bill Groves nearly eat the whole lot;  
For my own part I soon had enough,  
Of an old pal of mine Jemmy Green,  
Kept taking large pinches of snuff,  
And dropping it in the tureen.

Now plate after plate was removed,  
To keep time with old Groves Muggins tried  
For he eat about four pounds of stewed,  
And then he pitched into the fried.  
He capsized a plate of boiled hingons,  
Which almost brought on a fight,  
Cause he said as how Groves, or Bill Simmons  
Had purloined a piece of his tripe.

Now Muggins he was for singing,  
He tried but he failed in a song,  
I could see that a row was beginning,  
You'll own that I wasn't far wrong,  
For our Vice Chairman's wife Mrs. Able,  
Out of mischief she blowed out the light,  
She laid hold of the leg of the table,  
And away went the whole of the tripe

Now the tush it was well pushed about,  
Each drunk till they nearly had bursted,  
And Bill Simmons bet Muggins a pot,  
In drinking he wouldn't be wonted  
They swallowed four gallons a piece,  
When Muggins began for to swell,  
And his small clothes he had to release,  
When the vice he bawls out what a smell,

Now Muggins got served out I'm told,  
By his wife through stopping all night,  
In fact me and mine had a scold,  
But a drop of gin soon made it right,  
Now I've got a tanner to spare,  
And I'll bet upon Groves or Bill Simmons,  
With any four men in this town,  
For eating stewed tripe and boiled hingons

Now the lush they quickly did finish,  
And some of t em looked round for more,  
But the tripe it was all diminished,  
For the tureen got smashed on the floor,  
The women began for to grumble,  
And one and all said it worn't right,  
The next time they went to a supper,  
They'd have a good dollop of tripe.

Now a curious moral I make,  
I wish you to take it in time,  
You'll own when a supper is made,  
Of tripe and stewed hingons its fine,  
But men I'd have you take warning,  
When your wives go to supper at night,  
Before they come home in the morning,  
To look well after the tripe.

## THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,  
Every sense and every power,  
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,  
Then our careful watch we keep,  
While the wolf in nightly prowl,  
Bays the moon with hideous howl,  
Gates are barr'd—a vain resistance!  
Silence! silence! or you meet your  
fate,  
Your keys, your jewels, cash, and  
plate,  
Locks, bolts & bars soon fly asunder,  
Then to rifle rob, and plunder  
Locks, bolts, &c