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Where is My Lover

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The MARSH GATE COSTERMONGER.

WHERE IS MY LOVER.

MALE COQUET.

I'll tell you a little story
Of a very nice young man;
The case I'll lay before ye
In the mildest form I can.
This man was vain, a male coquet,
Made love to every girl he met;
And when he thought he'd gained the day,
He'd take his hat, and walk away.

With his fal, lal, la la,
Good bye, love!
Fal lal, la la, lal la, la,
Fal, lal la la, la la.

At length, by a freak of nature,
This nice young man was caught,
By a very pretty creature,
Who did as all young ladies ought.
She'd wealth in store—and that, you know,
Goes a great way to procure a beau;
And then it was, as people say,
He had no mind to walk away, With his fal, lal, &c.

Behold them at the altar;
The parson questioned, so,
"Wilt thou take this man for thy husband?"
She straightly answered, "No!"
"Why, you promised me." "Oh! yes, that's true;
"Many have been promised, sir, by you.
"Go first fulfil your vows to all,
"And, then, perhaps you'll give a call,"
With his fal, lal, la la, &c.

He stormed and raved like thunder,
And flew unto the door,
And there he found—no wonder—
Twenty laughing girls, or more.
"You're welcome here, my darling boy;
"You see we've come to wish you joy."
"Go hang you all!" he was heard to say,
Then, like a shot he flew away.
With his fal, lal, la la, &c.

THE MARSH-GATE COSTERMONGER; OR, A ROW AT THE "VIC"

(E. GREEN.)

Air.—"The Cadger's Ball."

Joe was a Marsh-Gate costermonger,
A natter cove there could'nt be found,
With toggery slap, and looks so knowing,
He every morning went his round
His really was a splendid holla
'Twas musical as any flute,
When he bawl'd out, "Who'd rob a garden!
"Here's love-ly valls, a brown a root!"
Tol de riddle da, &c.

Now once to view the drama stunning,
Joe valked his voman to the Vic;
And while upon the gallery stairs, there,
The "Gods" were piled up jolly thick,
Joe criticised the various actors,
As clever as a printed book;
He swore as how the Great *Makeriddy*
Vos a regular muff to *Tippy Cooke!*
Tol de riddle da, &c.

How in the *Wic* the *chaste* Miss Wincent
May cause a *flicker* now and then;
Yet still, to suit a cheap theatre,
In course vy *Saveall* vos the man.
The clock struck six—aloft they scamper'd;
And just before the curtain rose,
Joe exercised his vocal powers
By loudly chaunting "Jolly Nose."
Tol de riddle da, &c.

The piece was all blue flames and murder!
Joe never saw so grand a sight;
He really thought the combats slashing,
And fairly screamed out with delight;
And louder, as the plot it thicken'd,
His approbation Joe did shout,

Till some one choiked, "Dam the feller!
"Punch his nob, and turn him out."
Tol de riddle da, &c.

"Punch his nob," said Joe, "my rum-'un!
"You cut your *gammon* rather fat;
"I should dearly like to see the kiddy
"Wot's able to accomplish that."
A cove hard by began to patter,
Joe caught him flush upon the cheek,
And then another on the sneezer,
Which spoilt his smelling for a week.
Tol de riddle da, &c.

Now Joe's gal thought she must be doing,
So mill'd two females like a sack,
And in no time left one stark naked,
With every rag ripp'd off her back.
A lot chimed in with either party;
They slogg'd each other no-ways nice,
And prime black eyes and damaged noses
You might have bought at any price.
Tol de riddle da, &c.

The piece was stopp'd bang in the middle,
When by the footlights on the stage
Three bandits there lay badly wounded.
The manager cried in a rage,
"What O! Bold Dick, bring more blue fire,
"And make it flare up bright and hot;
"If these damn'd rogues have any taste now,
"Why that's the stuff to calm the lot!"
Tol de riddle da, &c.

Bold Dick, who'd just burnt down a convent,
The Abbess skewer'd, and scragg'd a nun,
Then shook his *horse-hair* locks so goary,
And gruffly growl'd, "It shall be done."
So Dicky at the gods uproarious
Scowl'd very fierce, then look'd quite chuff,
Cur'd his *one-penny* mustachios,
Stamp'd once or twice—then fired the stuff.

Dick might as well have saved his powder,
They fought like demons in the light!
The gallery was one scene of riot,
Each pegg'd away with main and might.
At length the crushers came in numbers,
They used their staves with right good will,
When Joe got hiked off to the station,
And napp'd a "threeer" on the mill.
Tol de riddle da, &c.

At last Joe was released from quad, sirs!
A place he liked not any how;
So when he reached his own apartment,
He on the Bible made a vow,
If thus the *legitimate* drama
Would send a cove to twirl the wheel,
Why he'd cut it for the *Queen's Theatre*,
And patronise the *squall genteel*.
Tol de riddle da, &c.

WHERE IS MY LOVER?

Tell me! oh, tell me, where is my lover?
Has he forsook me, and gone with another
Say, has he left me, lonely, to languish?
Tell me, oh, tell me! and lighten my anguish!

'Tis not so long since the last time we parted;
With sorrow he then seemed nigh broken-hearted;
Can he forsake me? can he so soon forget?
No! he'll return again! I know he'll seek me yet!

Tell me no more, that he has deceived me!
I'll not believe it, for sadly 'twould grieve me;
I will not doubt him, he seemed so good and kind!
Truth, love, and honour, in him I yet shall find,

I'll not believe, what in envy you've spoken;
'Twas malice that whispered, his vows were all broken
Away all my doubts, fears, sorrows, and sadness,
When he returns to me, all will be gladness!