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# Away to the Wars

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# The Very WIFE for ME.

Published by C. NEESOM, 93, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, near the Railway Arch.  
Where a Collection of Old and New Songs may be had

MOST people bow in duty to that fickle thing call'd beauty,

And many to obtain it pine and whine away their life,  
But beauty's a mere bubble, the cause of grief and trouble,

And a woman plain and honest makes a comfortable wife;

So if ever I should marry I will have an ugly elf,

For then I'm very certain I shall keep her to myself,  
No matter if she's lanky, crooked, squinting, lame and lanky,

For those who're tied to beauty will quickly wretched be  
So to escape all evil I will have an ugly devil,

For an ugly and a prudent wife's the very wife for me

Oh, if she squints so frightful, that will be delightful,

For then it's very certain she'll look cross upon the beauts,

With a hump upon her shoulders with pleasure I'd behold her,

And I think I could adore her if she had a mulberry nose;

If she's old and she is phthisicy why that will be all right,

And if she's got no teeth at all why then she cannot bite,

If she's dumb she cannot chatter, if she's silly that's no matter,

For those who'd be unhappy to wed a fair are free,  
But a wife I'd have quite handy who is shrivelled, old and bandy,

And an antiquated toothless woman is the wife for me.

Some may talk of cheeks of roses and of pretty little noses,

But rosy cheeks will quickly fade, and are trifling at most,

Of the wife I'd be the master, as pale as Paris plaster,  
And as ghastly and as frightful as a skeleton or ghost,

For rosy cheeks invite the kiss and kissing leads to blows  
But no man would feel inclined to kiss a spectre I suppose,

I should love her night or day too, if her hair was red or grey too,

If blind or deaf, why I should have no cause for jealousy,

She'd be blind to winks or leering, to deceit she'd give no hearing,

So a blind and deaf old lady is the very wife for me.

If she's seventy or eighty if her purse is only weighty,  
Why she's just the woman for whose favours I would beg.

Her gold would be bewildering she'd never trouble me with children,

And I'd like her all the better if she had a wooden leg;

If she hobbled upon crutches she would never go astray  
For it is very certain she could never run astray,

For it is very certain she could never run away,  
If drunk she got I vow too, 'bout that I'd make no row too,

She'd quickly drink herself to death so content I'd be,  
And 'bout that I'd make no bother, I could quickly get another,

So a lussy little woman is the very wife for me.

But though beauty is so teasing yet still it is very pleasing  
And I like a pretty woman if she only keeps her place,

If she's modest, young, and tender, for the world I'd not offend her,

And if her mind is lovely I'd adore her pretty face;  
So if there's any lady here, who to wed is in the mind,

I'm willing to become her spouse if she'd be true and kind,

God bless the pretty ladies, come hang it who afraid is  
Remember time flies quickly, and if married you would be,

Here's a husband if you'll choose me, pray do not refuse me,

For a pretty and a prudent wife's the wife for me.



## AWAY TO THE WARS.

I'LL away to the wars, for the trumpets are sounding,  
They call upon freemen the proud foe to meet,  
And the pulse of this heart, like my warstead is bounding,

For death to gain liberty, surely, is sweet;  
The fond girl that presses her cheek to my bosom,  
Awhile I must leave, alas, we must part,  
And whate'er my fate may be, I ne'er will deceive thee,  
O Mary, dear Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart.

I'll away to the wars, for my kinsmen lie bleeding,  
Sweet home of my childhood I'll quit thee awhile,  
And will follow the path which to glory is leading,  
I'll shun the dark by-roads of falsehood and guile,  
O kiss me once more let thy fond arms caress me,  
The daylight is breaking and I must depart,  
Fare-thee-well my sweet girl, and may Heaven bless thee,  
O Mary, dear Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart.