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Richard of Taunton Dean

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RICHARD
OF TAUNTON DEAN.

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, opposite the
Refuge, Hackney Road.

Last new year's morn, as I've heard say,
Richard he mounted his dapple gray,
And away he rode from Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jane.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

New buckskin breeches, Sunday hose,
And Dick put on his holiday clothes,
Besides a new hat upon his head,
Which was bedeck'd with ribbons red.

Then on he rode without dread or fear,
Till he came to the house of his sweet dear,
Where he knock'd and shouted, and bellow'd
'halloo!'
Be the folks at home? say aye or no.

A servant quickly let Dick in,
That he his courtship might begin:
He strutted up and down the hall,
And loudly for Miss Jane did call.

Miss Jane came down without delay,
To hear what Richard had to say:
'I do suppose, my dear Miss Jane,
You know I be Richard of Taunton Dean.'

'I'm an honest lad, altho' I'm poor;
I never was in love before;
My mother sent me here to woo,
And I can fancy none but you.'

'Well, if I consent to be your bride,
Pray how will you for me provide?
For I can neither card nor spin,
Then what would your own work bring in?'

'O I can reap and I can mow,
And I can plow and I can sow;
And I goes to market to sell father's hay,
And I yarns my nine pence every day.'

'Nine pence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
Nine pence a day! that won't buy meat!'
'Adzooks,' cries Dick, 'I've a sack o' wheat.'

'Besides, I've a house that's here hard by,
That's all my own when mother does die;
And if you'll consent to marry me now,
I'll feed ye as fat as my father's old sow.'

Dick's compliments were so polite,
That all the company laugh'd outright,
And when he'd got no more to say,
He mounted old Dobbin and rode away.



DUMBLE DUM DEARY.

Printed & sold by T. Batchelar, opposite the Refuge
for the Destitute, Hackney Road.

Last Candlemas day, a month or more,
I fell where I never did fall before;
In love it was, smack up to the chin,
And you were the beauty that bundled me in.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

When first that face I chanced to spy,
It happen'd to be promiscuously;
And that terrible troublesome couple of eyes,
O, they bother'd my gig at such a size.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

I com'd up to Lunnun this blessed day,
My mind without disguise to say;
Of all my chattels I'll give ye just half,
My cottage, my cow, myself, and my calf.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

I've oats and wheat, barley and rye,
And plums and apples for pudding or pie;
Of pudding, when boil'd in the family bag,
You're welcome to eat while you're able to wag.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

I've crockery, cabbage plants, chairs, & a screen,
Two coats, a smock frock, and a threshing ma-
chine;
Pig troughs, and pantaloons three or four pair,
All which you are welcome to use or to wear.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

I never get tipsy except at the fair,
Which you'll never see as you never go there;
And left home should seem lonely and you make
a fuss,
I'll get you three or four children to nurse.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

Then you'll lead such a life, you'll have nothing
to do,
But to wash, mend, churn, mangle, milk, cook,
bake, and brew;
And for lying in bed, 'twill be all your own way,
For you needn't get up till near break of day.
Dumble dum deary, &c.

Mayhap you may fancy I promise too much,
But twenty such blessings I ne'er shall begrudge;
And if a plain heart you are willing to win,
For further particulars inquire within.
Dumble dum deary, &c.