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Husband's Complaint

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Bang Her well
PETER,

Printed at J. Pitts Toy Warehouse
Great St Andrew street seven Dials

I Shall sing you a song to please you all well
Of a loving couple in this town did well,
They had not married a fortnight y^e hear,
Before they fell out who the breeches should wear

CHORUS.

Crying well done Peter bang her well Peter,
If Dorothy wins she the breeches will wear

In a mad drunken fit they both did begin.
Like the great Tom of Lincoln they made such a
You brazen faced rogue I'll make your head spin
To fight for the breeches they both did begin.

She up with the ladle striking him on the crown
Which made the blood run trickling down.
He took up a stick of noble black thorn,
and baged her hide like threshing of corn.

Have at you says Peter have you not enough yet
I'll make you remember the dairy and saw pit,
that you went with the taylor for a bad half
How could you for shame in adultery lie down,

Don't murder me villain for such a small crime,
If I went with the taylor it was the first time,
She up with the Jadle and at me let fly,
For exposing myself I will fight till I die,

You impudent strumpet can I stop my ears
Come take back your change for that peck of
ripe pears,
You went with the pearmongets the pears they
were rotten,
But you was so drunk I suppose you've forgotten

Have mercy dear husband I pray now give o'er,
If I've cuckold you twice I'll do so no more.
I will make as good a wife as any can be,
Come fetch up some beer and let us agree,

Oh no loving husband that I never will,
Whatever I promise my dear I'll fulfil.
No more will I cuckold or strike you my dear,
Come give me a kiss and a glass of good beer

Now bang her well Peter
Now Peter has won the breeches he'll wear.



Husband's Complaint

Printed J Pitts Wholesale Toy Ware
house, Great St. Andrew street 7 dial

WE batchelors of each degree,
In country town or city,
Take my advice be ruled by me.
Think not yourselves too witty,
For once I had a loving wife,
But I was not content, sir,
I led her an unhappy life,
Which makes me to repent, sir,

CHORUS

So take my advice be ruled by me,
Lest you like me repent sir,
Whenever you get a loving wife,
Then make yourself contented,

at night when drunk I reeling home
A swaggering and swearing
My wife she never did me blame
But always was endearing,
When sober un'o me would say,
My dear pray be advised
To her I no regard would pay,
But o'er her tyranniz'd,

Thus I led her a weary life,
Which made me quite uneasy.
At last I lost my loving wife.
Now I am almost crazy,
For soon another wife I got
As I the truth may tell ye
And she turns out a drunkoa sot,
Hard fortune has betel me,

For if by chance I drunk come home
Instead of words most loving,
I dare not say my own's my own,
For fear of a good d.ubbing.
She calls me all the sons of whores
And in my ears doth rattle.
I'll pay off all your first wife's scores,
Then straight she gives me battle

This is the life that now I live,
So young men be advised
Whenever you get a loving wife,
By you let her be prized
It serves me right I do declare
Indeed I do not flatter.
When one a man has lost his money,
He seldom gets a better,