

August 2019

# Each has a Lover but Me

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Each has a Lover but Me" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1153.  
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Each has a Lover but  
Me.

Printed and Published by J Pitts No  
6 Great St Andrew street, the Ori-  
ginal shop for the greatest collection  
of sheets; half sheets, quarto sheets  
patters, collections of all sorts chil-  
drens books &c. being the cheapest  
of any house in the kingdom

**M**Y old maid suets y<sup>e</sup> I am young,  
And men they're all wicked deceivers.  
But she may as well hold her tongue,  
For I'll never no never believe her,

Then prithee lads come and persuade me  
You'll find me noth willing and free,  
The ladies soon will old maid me  
For each has a lover but me.

She tells me so bad of the sex,  
The sight of a man is alarming,  
But this she does only to vex,  
For a sweetheart I'm sure there's no harm in.  
Then prithee lads, &c.

So cheap are husbands she cries  
Tha' suitors by dozens you get them,  
But so dear unto me is the prize,  
That if I give him myself I can't get one,  
Then prithee, &c.



Sailors farewell to his  
Love,

Pitts, Printer, marble and toy warehouse 6,  
Great St Andrew St 7 dialf.

**Y**OU gentle muses that's nine in number,  
I pray assist me to explain,  
The feats of love it has thus reduc'd me,  
And wounds my poor heart stain,  
I loved a charmer, her souls alarmer,  
She is a creature that's most divine,  
I'll sound her praises through foreign nations,  
Where splended beauty is most sublime,  
O sweet Apollo don't make me waver  
But now in time will you grant me aid,  
Assist my amour, and join in chorus,  
In praising of this sweet lovely maid.  
Her hair so brown, and her sweet complexion  
Her rosy sweetness within my mind  
How could I think so fair a creature  
Unto her true love would prove so unkind,  
The fairest creature that proves Troy's ruin,  
Can't be compared to that lovely she;  
Whose comly features have proved my ruin,  
Has bound my heart that it can't get free,  
The godless Venus or chaste Diana,  
Or charming Isara mo't y<sup>e</sup>ld her fair  
That lovely creature, the pride of nature,  
Has caught my heart in cupid's snare.  
I loved this charmer three years and better,  
Until I found I could not prevail,  
I swore in vain for to break my fetters  
But oh! alas my poor heart's in goal  
For cupid's chain has my heart surrounded,  
I am contounded and quite undone,  
I must live in pain like a dying swain,  
For another young man the prize has won,  
I ne'er will blame her nor yet defame her  
For loving other better than I,  
She proved inconstant I loved sincerely,  
While through the groves I lament and cry,  
I hear her parents have at me a variance,  
And oft do slight me I hear them say,  
I am doomed a rover but a loyal lover,  
And that you'll say, when I am far away,  
So adieu you fair one, that proved inconstant,  
Since now I am going to take my own,  
Since you did slight me and thus did treat me,  
My darling creature I still must own,  
Your parents anger will never change me,  
But my darling I will still prove true  
Some other young man may now enjoy you,  
Inconstant maid I will bid adieu.