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Do You Really Think She Did?

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DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE DID?

HEARTS OF OAK

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We never see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish themselves away,
If they run we will follow, and drive them ashore,
For if they won't fight us what can we do more?

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, our beaux,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,

In spite of the devil, or Brussels' Gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our sailors, our soldiers, our statesmen, and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Do you really think she did.

I WAITED till twilight and still she did not come,
I roamed along the brookside and slowly wan-
dered home,

When who should come behind me, but her I should
have chid, [she did?

She said she came to find me, do you really think
Do you really, really think she did?

She said she came to meet me,

Do you really think she did?

She said when first she saw me life seemed to her divine,
Each night she dreamt of angels, and every face
was mine; [forbid,

Sometimes a voice in sleeping, would all her hopes
And then she'd waken weeping; do you really think
she did?

Do you really, really think she did?

She said she'd waken weeping,

Do you really think she did?

She said since last we parted, she thought of naught
so sweet,

As of this very moment that we should meet,
She showed where half a cottage, homely she had
shaded, [she did?

She said for me she'd made it, do you really think
Do you really, really think she did?

She said for me she made it,

Do you really think she did?

THE FEMALE DRUMMER.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-st., Borough, S.E.

A MAIDEN I was at the age of fifteen,
From my friends ran away and a soldier became.
I enlisted in a regiment and a soldier became,
And I learned to beat on the drum.

Many a prank I have seen on the field,
And many a Frenchman I have forced to yield;
Many are the slaughters I have seen of the French,
And so boldly I fought when I was but a wench.

A fighting so gallant in my time I have been,
With the noble Duke of York at the seige of Valen-
ciennes;

Favoured by my officers for fear I should be slain,
They sent me to old England recruiting back again.

My hat and my feather if you had but seen,
You would have sworn a man I had been;
The drummers enjoyed me with my fingers long and
small,

And I played the row dow the best of them all.

Every night when to my quarters I came,
I was noways ashamed to lie with a man;
In pulling off my breeches to myself I often smiled,
To think I lay with a man, and a maid all the while.

They sent me to London to keep guard of the Tower,
Where I might have been a maid at this very hour;
A young girl fell in love with me, I told her I was a
maid,

And she to my officers the secret conveyed.

The officers sent to me to know if it be true,
For such a thing can scarcely be believed of you:
When I told them of it, they smiled and said to me,
It's a pity we should lose such a drummer as thee.

For your noble courage at the seige of Valenciennes,
A bounty shall be allowed you, my girl, from the Queen;
Now I've got a husband, and a drummer he's become,
And I've learned him to beat on the drum.

Here's a health to the Duke, and a health to you,
And a health to everyone that sticks to his colour:
true,

And if the Duke is short of men before the French are
slain,

So boldly I will march to fight for him again.