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# Mrs. Jenkins of Billingsgate

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# THE LADY AND THE SAILOR BOY.

THE day was past, the snow fell fast,  
The winter's wind did roar.  
When a sailor boy clothed in rags,  
Came up to a lady's door ;  
As the lady sat at the window,  
He raised his eyes with joy,  
Take pity pray, sweet lady gay,  
On a poor sailor boy.

When my father he was lost at sea,  
My mother pined and sighed,  
And ne'er was seen to smile again.  
But of a broken heart she died.  
Like a ship distressed at sea,  
The wind and waves destroy,  
She sank for ever, and left behind,  
Her poor sailor boy.

As through the streets I wandering roam,  
I oft heave many a sigh,  
When children run to their parents' home,  
For no home or friends have I ;  
When hunger gnaws my little heart,  
I sit me down and cry,  
Then pity take for mercy's sake,  
On a poor sailor boy.

Now the snow is fast descending,  
And the night is coming on,  
Unless you to me befriending,  
I'll perish before the morn.  
Then how would it grieve your heart,  
And your peace of mind destroy,  
To find me dead at your door in the morn,  
The poor little sailor boy.

The lady rushed from the window,  
And opened the mansion door,  
Come in, she cried, misfortune's child,  
You never shall wander more ;  
My only son was lost at sea,  
Who was my earthly joy,  
And as long as I live I'll shelter give,  
To the poor sailor boy.

# Mrs. JENKINS OF BILLINGSGATE.

London :—H. SUCH, Machine Maker, & Pub-  
lisher, 177, Union-street, Boro'. S. E.

IT WAS on Good Friday eve, the neighbours all state  
Mrs. Jenkin went down to Billingsgate.  
For that was the place so she had been told,  
Where the cheapest of maid and salt fish was sold.  
She was one of those ladies who thought it no sin,  
To spend her market penny in gin—  
So away she went salt fish to buy,  
Likewise to get a few drops on the sly ;  
With her key on her finger, and basket so neat,  
Mrs. Jenkin's went down to Billingsgate.

She went there, she got there, and then she spied,  
Some fish that was fresh, some pickled, some fried  
She looked at some eels as long as her arm,  
When a fish-fag bawled out, 'What are you  
for? marm ?'  
'A nice fish without even a salt,

'That's one, said the woman, I'll wa-  
I'll sell it to you, marm, for three-half-pence ;  
She bought it, and thought it very good weight,  
And was pleased with her bargain at Billingsgate.

So delighted was she, she'd gained her wish,  
That she made up her mind to wet the salt fish,  
And at each public-house in the market she'd stop  
And couldn't pass by without having a drop ;  
She began to feel funny, and feel much the same,  
And she did many things I don't wish to name,  
And the boys in the street they raised a shout,  
To see her and her fish both tumble about,  
She was found by a policeman in a very queer state,  
So she slept in a station-house near Billingsgate.

Next morn, when she woke, she exclaimed, Oh dear !  
For in searching her basket no fish was there,  
And what made the case so remarkably odd,  
That one of the bobbies had seen her salt cod,  
She hoped that the bones might stick in their throats,  
And swore that she'd soon have it out of their coats,  
Not seen it, said she, that's all my eye,  
It's gone after the mutton and rabbit pie,  
So ladies beware of Mrs. Jenkins' fate,  
Keep serene when you market at Billingsgate.

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