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# The Old Woman of Rumford

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THE

# Unfair Fight

BETWEEN

## CAUNT & BENDIGO.

(John Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.)

Come all you British sportsmen, lovers of fair play,  
I'll tell you of a battle that was won the other day,  
For the championship of England, as you all well know,  
Betwixt brave Caunt, the Champion bold, and far famed Bendigo.

Caunt will ever bear the fame of standing firm and true;  
But Bendigo has proved to be a knave of blackest hue;  
The Ring of England he has disgraced—his backers all well know  
And he will ne'er again respected be, while his name is Bendigo.

The black-legs raved and cursed and swore, that he had won the  
day,  
But sportsmen true of every hue, cried out it is foul play;  
Every honest Englishman, in praise of Caunt will sing,  
And declare such men as Bendigo, a disgrace to the British Ring.

Bendigo began to quake soon after the first round;  
So, knavish like, he saved his pelt by popping on the ground!  
But Caunt he dealt his blows so hard, that Bendigo soon felt  
He must soon the battle lose, so he struck below the belt.

Foul play, and take the knave away, was echoed all around;  
The battle he has fairly lost, so take him off the ground,  
But Nottingham ruffs, stript in their buffs, did swear their man  
should win,  
Or the Referee they swore they would kill, before they'd lose their  
tin.

The Referee when threatened so, resolved to save his life,  
So gave the Belt to Bendigo, amidst a general strife;  
Great honour to Bell's Life is due, and likewise to Tom Spring,  
For both declare if the stakes are drawn, there's an end of the  
Prize Ring.

So the Ruffs of Nottingham may swagger, and Bendigo may rant,  
But still they must knock under to that bold Champion Caunt;  
For a better or a fairer man, ne'er stript in England's Ring,  
And till our breath is lost in death, in praise of Caunt we'll sing.



THE

# Old Woman OF RUMFORD.

John Harkness, Printer, Church street, Preston.

There was an old woman of Rumford and she was a gay old lass,  
And many an honest penny she got by selling asparrow grass  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
She with her barrows loaded from street to street would pass,  
Soliciting all her customers, and she cried come buy my—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, come buy of me,  
They are the finest of the sort, that ever you did see.

This old woman had a daughter, the girl her name was Cis,  
And she went into the garden every morning for to pick  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
Some parsley, time, and sage, likewise some asparrow grass,  
To decorate her barrow when she cried come buy my—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, &c.

This old woman had a lodger too, that used to bed and board,  
She resorted one morning to treat him to a good brown roasted turkey,  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
She boiled some cauliflowers, likewise some asparrow grass,  
For she had made a lucky hit and sold her precious—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, &c.

This put the lodger in a rage, says he my good old lass,  
If you give me further impertinence I'll kick your precious—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
Parsely, time, and sage from your barrow as you pass,  
Oh no, you must not touch me, nor my daughter's precious—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, &c.

But if you'll wed my daughter Cis, I swear now by the lass,  
Five hundred pounds I will put down, which I've got by selling grass.  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
Then she may be a lady gay, with a top on her bonnet fast,  
And never mind what people say about her old mother's—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, &c.

This was not to be resisted, so he pocketed the cash,  
And he not being close fisted, resolved to cut a dash,  
Artichokes and cauliflowers.  
He had parties every day to dine, made each one fill his glass,  
And the first toast given a bumper, here's success to the old woman's—  
Artichokes and cauliflowers, come buy, &c.