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Betsy of the Vale

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Sharp's Collection of Entertaining Songs, &c.

A Prisoner's Rhyme

OR

A Skit on the Turnkeys of Gullford Gaol, in 1834.

Come listen my lads, and a story I'll tell,
About two old covens you know very well,
But lest you mist'ke lads, the name I am at,
The one Cranky Jack, and Pother old Matt
Silence, keep silence, you men on the wheel.

One Friday just after we'd taken our bull,
Old cranky found out that the school was
too full,
So says he all this nobbing I cannot conceal,
And about half-a-dozen sent back to the
wheel.

Then he ran out of school at a terrible rate,
The news in the mill room to tell his old mate
Who was walking about like a horse in a mill
And trying his best the darkies to fill.

In a very few minutes Jack Chandler he spies
Who with old belthorpe was d—g their eyes
So says he to himself I'll have a rare lark,
For I think I've nibbled them both for the
dark.

Then straight to the Governor Matt, both
of them takes, (makes,
And a bitter complaint against both of them
Says the Governor now, before you go away,
I must hear, Mr. Abel, what you have to say

If you please sir, says Abel, at Kingston
d'ye see, (some tea
I was tried some time back for just stealing
And when I was there and lock'd up in a jail
They teased me because I carried the pail

And they said, when my wife she had taken
her drops,
Did with a policeman eat nice mutton chops,
And when they did not know what to be at,
Said 'she ate all the lean, and sent me the fat

'Go to work,' was the Governor's cry,
And looking at both with a curious eye,
Said, 'if ever again I hear more of this talk,
To the dark for three days you shall certainly
walk.

Then back to the wheel he did both of them
poke,
When just at the time came in the old bloke,
Who was walking and talking, and scratch-
ing his head. (said,
But the devil a word could you tell what he

Says Pat 'Mishter Nettle, I hope you'll sub-
scribe, (your tribe
Says Matt 'hold your nonsense, I'm none of
'On my honor,' said Pat, 'indeed 'tis no non-
sense,
'Tis to cure Mr. S. of a very bad conscience.

Matt continued all day in a hell of a rage,
Because he had nobody in the dark cage,
Fore holder that lay in the saw dust astray,
He tore all to pieces, and threw right away.

When going to roost at the close of the day,
I, when locked up by Jack, must have some-
thing to say,
So says I Mr. S. is it true can you tell,
Does old Matt. get a bob when he fills a dark
cell?

None at all I declare, was old Cranky's reply
And him for a fool, sir, you never will buy.
Then says one who was staying his soup for
to cool,
He's a b—y old rogue if he is not a fool.

Now lads let us hope when they take their
repose, (close
That a nice wooden box will each carcase en-
God send us two better our woes to disperse,
For the devil himself cannot send us two
worse.



Mary to her Cot return'd

Mary lov'd an honest sailor,
On the main he rov'd so true;
Oft at eve this fond bewailer,
Watch'd the skies and sea so blue
Wave on wave came rolling quickly
'Till the sun no longer burn'd,
When night's mists were rising thick,
Mary to her cot return'd.

Two long years with grief deploring,
Mary vainly watch'd the deep;
Fate at length her love restoring,
Bade her cease to sigh and weep;
Hush'd the thunder, war now over,
She no more her William mourn'd,
But with him, her constant lover,
Mary to her cot return'd.

Betsy of the Vale.

In yonder vale there doth reside,
A maiden gay and free;
Whose heart a stranger is to pride,
And worthless vanity,
With her no other lass can vie
For loveliness and grace;
Good nature beams from either eye,
Content smiles in her face.

With this dear charmer for my bride,
How happy I should be;
My hours away would sweetly glide,
None be so blest as me,
Then let me live in hopes, ere long,
To gain her hand and heart;
For sooner than my Betsy wrong,
With life I'd freely part.

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