

August 2019

She Comes Home Tight on Saturday Night

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "She Comes Home Tight on Saturday Night" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1313.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1313

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SHE COMES HOME TIGHT ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sung by TOM COSTELLO.

When stricken first with Cupid's blindness
(Sweet desire for woman's love),
I sought a maid whose gentle kindness
Might remind me of a dove.
Soon I met a strong-built charmer,
On her "left" I placed the ring—
Oh, ye gods! pray *do* disarm her!—
Of that "left" I feel the sting.

Chorus :

She comes home tight on Saturday night,
And tumbles me over with left and right;
She thumps me here and she thumps there—
She *will* have a lock of my auburn hair.
The world is wide—and she's too good for me—
Farewell, my bride! I'm off across the sea.

I'd never known my wife's relations—
Who they were, or what they did;
Knew nothing of their avocations—
Was I not a silly kid?
Soon the knowledge came—a cruncher—
When her pa was introduced;
He was London's leading puncher—
Gamest chicken on the roost!

{SPOKEN.—No wonder that his well-instructed child—his accomplished
pupil—my wife—}

Chorus.

My pa-in-law soon tried to "touch" me—
"Fifty quid" was his demand;
But, failing that, he tried to crush me
In the old way—with his hand!
Fired by her dad's example,
My wife thenceforth followed suit—
This dark eye is one bright sample
Of my matrimonial fruit.

Chorus.