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# The Rent Day

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# THE RENT DAY;

## OR, BLACK MONDAY MORNING.

Oh! black Monday morning dread, I'm sure,  
The landlord is coming, he's just at the door;  
With the book in his hand he seems fully bent,  
To have from his tenants the whole of his rent.

Well, Mrs. Longface, have you got my rent ready? Let me see, there's 5s. on the book, and 3s. this week makes 8s.; now I have brought you a receipt for the whole. I am very sorry, sir, but I have no money till next week. Next week! why, your husband was drunk last Saturday night, and he earns 50s a week, and can't pay 3s. This won't do—if I can't get my rent I shall bring my bailiff on Monday morning, so I tell you what you have to trust to.

So away then he goes and with a black look,  
And under his arm he puts his rent book;  
He knocks at the next door, and he looks so sour,  
He will turn all the milk in the town in an hour.

Well Mrs. Paywell, have you got any rent for me? Yes, sir. You are the best tenant I have got. Let me see, 20s. here's your receipt. Stop, sir, before I pay you this money, you must send a bricklayer and a carpenter; there's the top of the house wants repairing, the stairs are all in pieces, and the privy door is off, and I am desired by my husband not to pay you a farthing till you have put the whole in complete repair. No, I won't repair it at all, so if you don't like it, leave it. Yes, but I'm not going to give you 20s. When it rained the other night we were obliged to get up and move the children in the middle of the room, and my husband and I were obliged to keep up all night with an umbrella over our heads to keep the rain off. I think if landlords were so fond of sending carpenters and bricklayers as they are of sending bailiffs, it would be more to their advantage. But Mrs. Paywell, where is your husband? I must speak to him about it. Why, he's at work, and he can't afford to lose a day to wait on you; so as soon as you get the repairs done, here's your money.

Away then he goes, for he's quite in the dumps,  
And at the next door he gave some hard thumps;  
But on looking up you'd have thought him in a swoon,  
For the tenants were gone by the light of the moon.

Now I'll call upon mother Lushy. Well, my little girl, is your mother at home? No, sir, she popped out as you popped in. Has she left any rent for me? Yes,

she has 9d. in tea cup on the mantle piece. What 9d out of two months! why your mother must think I'm a fool! No, Sir, mother says you're an old rogue. Well tell her I'll send the broker—She says you broke her of the last 9d. she had.—Has your mother left any money in the tea pot? No, Sir, there's only a quartern of gin in it, that mother was going to drink, but she went out in a hurry. Ah, I suppose she knew I was coming. Yes, Mrs. Longface told her the old rogue of a landlord was coming.

You see how the tenants the landlords do use,  
If you ask for your rent you are sure to get abused,  
They'll pester your brains about lots of repairs;  
But who pays the rent there's nobody cares.

Well, Mrs. Meek, have you got my rent ready for me this morning? Let me see, two weeks is 8s. and I'll write you a receipt. Sir, I'm sorry, extremely sorry, very sorry indeed, sir, but—if—Oh! hang your ifs and your buts, I suppose you mean to say that you've got no money for me? No, sir, you seem quite out of temper! Enough to make any man out of temper; I've been to a dozen houses, and can't get no money. If I can't get the rent next Monday, I shall put a bailiff in and sell all off.

Stop, sir, stop, not quite so fast about selling; I'm an old woman, and can tell you a little bit about these—I have lived many years in this neighbourhood, and can tell you they are not yours at all. Not mine! bless my soul, the woman's mad! Not so mad as you may imagine, for I'll tell you, your father was errand-boy to old Mr. Easy; when he grew up he suffered him to gather his rents; but to make long and short of the story; Old Easy and his wife died, and the son being abroad, your father claimed the houses, but I—Stop, stop, I don't want to hear any more, but come over the way and have a drop of gin, and I'll cross out the 8s. and you shall live rent free, but don't say a word to the other tenants.

So home he goes, and thumps down his book,  
Makes his wife and his children begin for to look;  
Confound the old houses, they all shall be sold,  
And the bricks and the mortar I'll turn into gold.