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The Odenwald

F. Warner

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DÆMONIA ;

Or. the GAMBOLS of the IMPS and ELVES.

Words by J. H. JENNINGS. Music by BONNISSEAU.

IMPISH, REFRAIN and CHORUS.
We stealthily our victims follow
When they think we're far away,
On their backs we jump and hollow—
Then laugh at their dismay.

After us they quickly run,
But we only have more fun,
Falling o'er the stones we've placed there—
Hurrah! Our work is done.

Down in our dusky home below
Hither we, full of glee,
Merrily our work pursue.
No cares or troubles here we know
As on we go, to and fro,
And our labour do.

Who leads so gay and free a life,
Ne'er, we're sure, rich or poor,
In the murky world up there,
Free from all earthly care and strife,
What else more care we for,
'Tis a joy most rare.

THE ODENWALD.

Words by F. WARNER.

Sung by Miss BESSIE BONEHILL, Mr. BRANDON
and Mr. C. VERNON

Far Eastward in the Odenwald
There stands a stately tree,
And many a time beneath its shade
My love has met with me.
And always there a little bird
Would sing so sweet and clear,
So full of love and love's delight,
That 'twas a joy to hear.

The bird upon its bough
Sang all the summer through
O, love, the days were blest
When I was there with you.
The bird upon the bough
So dear to me did seem—
O, does it ever sing there now,
Or was it all a dream?

And when I stood again
Beside the trysting-tree,
It fill'd my heart with pain
The sight I then did see.
Low lay the stately tree,
The happy nest was gone,
Another lover stood by thee,
The bonnie bird was flown.
Was it a dream?

The Odenwald is far away,
My summer dream is o'er,
And I shall see the trysting tree
And hear the bird no more.

CHORUS.

Music by MEISSLER.

We feel no pain, we have no sorrow,
We laugh to-day, no care for morrow;
The past is gone, from it we'll borrow
How best to pass the hours away.

THE SONG OF A REPENTANT SPIRIT.

Words by J. H. JENNINGS. Music by ADOLPH ADAM.

Sung by Miss BESSIE BONEHILL.

What pow'r can break the spell which now constrains
me,
What hope sustain my drooping spirit's flight!
What strength to burst the bonds which now enchains
me,
And wend my way to realms of life and light!
Those youthful dreams with gladness once were
beaming,
And hope's bright star was shining clear and bright—
On my sad heart new light is gladly streaming,
With courage renewed, resolved to win the fight!

7.50
Shall I regain that land so sweet and blissful,
Where once I spent a life of peace and joy?
Will my desires sincere and vows submissive
Fail in their aims—all these fond hopes destroy?
Yes, this heart will cling with trust untiring,
And visions bright dispel these clouds of night;
Angels of light look down with smiles admiring,
Make me resolved, resolved to win the fight!

THE SONG OF THE DAY.

Words by FRANK HALL. Music by W. C. LEVEY.

Sung by Miss BESSIE BONEHILL, Mr. BRANDON and
Mr. C. VERNON.

How shall we chase the time away?
How shall we pass our leisure? Say,
How, say, how?

Brothers, let's sing of old Mother Earth,
Where rogues run riot and fools have birth—
Where tricking thrives and wisdom sleeps—
Where Mammon the sceptre firmly keeps!

A very good subject 'tis, I vow,
But how to begin it?
Chorus—How, aye, how?

What do you think of the state of trade?
Has England a backward movement made?
Chorus—Say, pray, say!

I think honest labour and great King Cash
Have in their collision come near a smash,
But if they'd be friends and go hand in hand
The "good times" would soon return to that
land.

Let a good day's work earn a good day's pay;
Why shouldn't it be so?

Chorus—Aye, boys, aye?
Let a good day's work, &c.

What do you think of the Kilburn Show?
Did it answer its purpose, yes, or no?

Say boys, say.

It proves that the yankees can well compete
With the English farmer, in wholesome meat.
To the toiling poor it must this hope give,
That despite our scant produce, they yet can live.
Let's hope things at home will improve some day,
When the weather gets warm.

Aye boys, aye.

What is the latest news to hand
From the British troops in Zululand?

Chorus—Say, aye, say!

The hope of peace is now restored,
And terror frights the savage horde.
John Bull sends forth a gallant son
Who long his confidence has won.

There's no better man to hold the sway
Than noble Sir Garnet.

Chorus—Aye, boys, Aye?

Why not send it off, &c.

What do you think of "Old John Bull?"
With trouble his hands seem always full.

Chorus—Say, now say!

His troubles are visions, by grumblers raised,
Who groan with rage when they hear him
praised;

Whate'er be his cares they can't compare
With the burdens other folks have to bear.

We'll bless the Queen and Dizzy, I say,
What is your answer?

Chorus—Hip, hooray!

So bless the Queen, &c.

ELFISH FINALE.

By G. WHITTMANN.

Be it Witch or Elf,
Or the King himself,
Let us gambol round
In circles bound,
We must strain each nerve
Our Queen to serve,
Let the air with merry strains resound.