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The Streamlet

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**GREEN GROW
THE RASHES, O!**



Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e're I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man.
An' twere na for the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

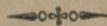
The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the world e're saw
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

The STREAMLET.



The streamlet that flow'd round her cot
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft has its course been forgot,
While it paused her dear image to view!

Believe me the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it derived the fair
prize;
For, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

Hoggett. Printer, Durham.

THE
Wheel of Fortune.



When I was young I was well beloved
By all young men in this country;
When I was blooming all in my blossom,
A false lover deceived me.

He has tried all his endeavour,
He has tried all his power and skill,
He has spoil'd all my good behaviour,
And broke my fountain against my will.

I did not think he was going to leave me,
Till the next morning when he came in,
Then he sat down and began a talking,
Then all my sorrows they did begin.

I left my father, I left my mother,
I left my sister and brothers too,
I left my friends and my whole acquaintance,
I left them all to go with you.

But turn you round, you wheel of fortune,
Turn you round, and smile on me;
Young men's words are quite uncertain,
Sad experience teaches me.

If I had known before I courted
That love was so ill to win,
I would have lock'd my heart in a chest of
gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Fare you well, false hearted young man,
Fare you well since we must part;
If you are the young man that broke my
fountain, [heart.
You are not the youth that 'ill break my

For after even there comes a morning,
And after morning a bonny day;
And after one true love comes another,
They're ill to hold that will away.

By all the flowers that grow in the garden,
Be sure to pull the rue in time,
For all others are out of fashion,
A false young man has stole my time,

Time will soon put an end to all things,
Love will soon put an end to me;
Surely there is a place of torment
To punish my love for "