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Every Inch A Sailor

Author Unknown

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THE FIDDLER'S WIFE.

A HANDSOME young woman was married
one day,

With a hey ho, hi diddle diddle,
Her husband a fiddler was, so they say,
You could hear practise at home all day ;
And from home many hours he would be away,
For all night long he'd play at the play
A very fine tune on the fiddle.

A good-looking policeman was there you must
know,

With his long coat, staff, and his rattle,
And says he, " I should like for to come for to go,
The fiddler's wife my bull's eye to show,
And to tell her the wind out my light did blow,
And see if she's got any cold meat you know,
For that's the stuff I could tackle."

So into the house he went off his beat,
Did this hungry buttoned up glutton,
And the fiddler's wife he then did greet.
Says he, " it's some time since I've been in this
street,

Have you got such a thing as a bit of cold meat ?"
Then down by the fire he then took a seat,
And she gave him a lump of cold mutton.

Says he, " dearest creature, this mutton's divine,
But I should like to wet my old throttle,
I'd a herring for breakfast, it was salt as brine,
It's regularly parched up this gullet of mine,"
So she went to the cupboard and brought him
some wine,

And the bobby's eyes glistened and brightly did
shine,

As he eagerly collar'd the bottle.

Says he, " dearest angel, you are kind to me,
And I love you the same as a brother,
I wish from the fiddler you only was free,
For all night long I am dreaming of thee."
And the fiddler popp'd in and there he did see,
His wife sitting down on a policeman's right
knee ;

Oh, crikey ! then there was a bother.

The poor old fiddler with rage did cry,
I thought you did only me cherish,
And the wife spoke up and said " I'll tell you
for why,

He only came in to light his bull's eye,"
But the fiddler said 'twas a villainous lie,
" You may fiddle he, but you don't fiddle I,
For all of us here shall perish."

Now the poor old fiddler was sadly cut up,
To be robb'd of his pride and his glory,
So he hanged himself with a piece of catgut,
And the policeman his throat with his staff did
cut,

And as for her, the wicked young slut,
She drown'd herself in the water butt,
And there's an end of my story.



EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

London :—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Pub-
lisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky,
All was safe lashed, the bowl was slung,
When careless, thus Ned Haulyard sung.
" A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily ;
If winds can whistle, he can sing,
Still faithful to his friend and king ;
He gets beloved by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip."

" Down topsails, boys," the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepared,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,

A sailor's life, &c.

A leak ! a leak ! —come lads be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold ;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump,
A sailor's life, &c.

And see ! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a watery grave ;
Ned yet preserved with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore,
A sailor's life, &c.

And now unnumbered perils past,
On land, as well as sea—at last
In tatters, to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come,
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face ;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing, goes again to sea.
A sailor's life, &c.

