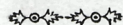


## THE MAID THAT *Sold her Barley.*



It's cold and raw the north wind blows,  
And bleak in the morning early,  
When all the hills are covered with snow,  
And then comes winter fairly.

As I was riding o'er the moor  
I met a farmer's daughter,  
Her rosy cheeks and rolling black eyes,  
They caused my mouth to water.

I bowed my bonnet very low,  
To let her know my breeding,  
She answered with a courteous smile,  
While her looks were so engaging.

Where are you going my pretty fair maid,  
So soon in the morning early,  
The answer that she gave to me,  
Kind sir, to sell my barley.

Twenty guineas I have in my purse,  
And twenty more lies yearly;  
You need not go to the market town,  
For I'll buy all your barley.

If twenty pounds would gain the delight  
Of a maid that I love dearly,  
It's for to tarry with me all night,  
And go home in the morning early.

If I would tarry with you all night,  
And get a young babe together,  
It's when nine months are past and gone,  
Where would I look for its father.

It's first you would bring me to shame and disgrace,  
Before I would say nay, sir,  
But if it's me you want to embrace,  
First marry and then you may, sir.

And as I then rode over the moor,  
A couple of hours after,  
It was my fortune for to meet  
With the farmer's only daughter.

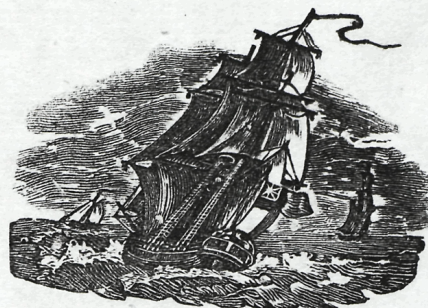
Although the night was cold and raw,  
I wanted a wee to parley;  
But the answer that she gave to me,  
Kind sir, I've sold my barley.

Then all the money I had got,  
To her I did deliver,  
And then we rode along the way,  
Till we came to a river.  
The river it being large and wide,  
The like I never saw many,  
She skipped her horse to the other side,  
And left me not one penny.

The river it being large and wide,  
With it I was surrounded,  
For after her I durst no go,  
For fear I should be drowned.

Come back, come back, my pretty maid,  
Indeed I did but lend it,  
The answer that she gave to me,  
Kind sir, I never intend it.

For all the money I have got,  
Is not at your disposing;  
For all the money that I have got,  
Will help to enlarge my portion.




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*Printed and sold by G. Walker, Jun., Sadler-  
Street, Durham.—Hawkers and Travellers supplied  
with a large assortment of Ballads, &c.*

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## JACK STEADFAST.



Jack Steadfast and I were both messmates at sea,  
And plough'd half the world o'er together,  
And many hot battles encounter'd have we,  
Strange climates and all kinds of weather.  
But Seamen, you know, are inur'd to hard gales,  
Determin'd to stand by each other;  
And the boast of a tar, wheresoever he sails,  
Is the heart that can feel for another.

When oft suspended 'twixt water and sky,  
And death yawn'd on all sides around us,  
Jack Steadfast and I scorn'd to murmur or sigh,  
For danger could never confound us,  
Smooth seas and rough billows, to us were the same,  
Convinc'd we must brave each and t'other:  
And like jolly sailors, in life's chequer'd game,  
Is the heart that can feel for another.

Thus smiling at peril, at sea or on shore,  
We box the old compass right cheerly;  
Toss the can, boys, about—and a word or two more,  
Yes, drank to the girls we loved dearly.  
For sailors, pray mind me, tho' strange kind of fish,  
Love the girls just as dear as their mother;  
And what's more, they love, what I hope you all wish,  
Is the heart that can feel for another.

