



The Maid that sold her Barley
In cold and raw the north wind do blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
When all the hills were covered with snow,
Oh then it was winter fairly.
As I was riding over the moor
I met with a farmer's daughter,
Her cherry cheeks and sloe black eyes
They caus'd my tooth to water.
I bow'd my bonnet very low
to let her know my meaning.
She answered me with a courteous smile,
Her looks they were engaging,
Where are you going my pretty fair maid,
Its now in the morning early,
The answer that she made to me,
Kind sir to sell my barley.
Now twenty guineas I have in my purse,
And 20 more that's yearly,
You need not go to the market town,
For I'll buy all your barley.
If twenty guineas would gain the heart,
Of the maid that I love so dearly,
All for to tarry with me one night,
And go home in the morning early.
If I was to tarry with you one night,
And get a young babe together,
When 9 months would be pass'd and gone,
Where would I look for its father,
Besides it would bring me to shame & disgrace
And then you would say nay, sir,
But if you want to embrace,
First marry and then you may, sir.
Indeed I am a married man,
these last nine months and longer,
Whenever I meet a pretty fair maid,
I'll tie the knot the stronger,
Now if you have been a married man,
And joined in wedlock fairly,
you may follow your nose straightway
For another will buy my barley.
As I was riding over the moor,
Sir a couple of hours after,
It was my fortune for to meet,
the farmer's only daughter
Although the weather being cold and raw,
With her I thought to parley,
The answer that she made to me,
Kind sir, I sold my barley.

