Mowing the Barley

Mowing the Barley

A Lawyer he went out one day,
A for to take his pleasure,
And who should he spy but some fair pretty girl
-So handsome and so clever.

Where are you going to my pretty maid?
Where are you going my honey?
I'm over the hills kind sir she said
To my father a mowing the barley

The Lawyer he went out next day
A-thinking for to view her;
But she gave him the slip and away she went
All over the hills to her father

This lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her.
He caught her by the waist so small
And on his horse he placed her

Saying hold up your cheeks, my fair pretty maid
Hold up your cheeks my honey
That I may give you a fair pretty kiss
I and a handful of gold and silver

Oh keep your gold and silver too
And take it where you're going;
For there's many a rogue and scamp like you
Has brought poor girls to ruin

But now she is the Lawyer's wife
And the Lawyer loves her dearly
They live in the happiest content of life
And will in the place above

JY