When She Got There

When She Got There

My mother shall crave it, my daddy shall have it,
If you will go with me to yonders green tree.
But when she got there she was highly mounted,
She looked at him scornfully right in his face,
Saying, "I know what you mean but you're highly mistaken,
And away she went galloping down the long lane.

note: th-th-th-that's all, folks. About as short as a variant can get and still be clearly derived from a ballad. RG

From Folk Songs Out of Wisconsin, Peters
Collected from Pearl Jacobs Borusky, WI 1940
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