The Maid thet Sold Her Barley



It's cold and raw the north winds blow Black in the morning early, When all the hills were covered with snow Oh then it was winter fairly. As I was riding o'er the moor I met a farmer's daughter Her cherry cheeks and slow–black hair The caused mu heart to falter.

I bowed my bonnet very low To let her know my meaning. She answered with a courteous smile Here looks they were engaging. "Where are you bound my pretty maid It's now in the morning early?" The answer that she made to me, "Kind sir, to sell my barley." "Now twenty guineas I've in my purse And twenty 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 I love so dearly, All for to tarry with me one night And go home in the morning early."

As I was riding o'er the moor The ver evening 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've sold my barley."