

## Deanta

### "The Maid That Sold Her Barley"

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The Maid That 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 sloe-black hair  
They caused my heart to falter

I bowed my bonnet very low  
To let her know my meaning  
She answered with a courteous smile  
Her 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 me 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 very 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 then she made to me  
"Kind sir, I've sold me barley"

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