

Deante

"The Maid That Sold Her Barley"

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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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