

Kate Rusby

"John Barbury"

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There was a lady fine and gay,
She looked so neat and trim,
She went unto her garden wall,
To see the ships come in.

And there she spies her daughter Jane,
Who looked so pale and wan.
"Oh, have ye had some long sickness,
Or lain ye with a man?"

"No, I've not had no long sickness,
Nor lain here with a man."
Her petticoats they were so short,
She was a nine-months gone
She was a nine-months gone

"Oh is it by a nobleman?
Or by a man of fame?
Or is it by John Barbary,
Who lately came from Spain?"

"No, it's not by a nobleman,
Or by a man of fame;
But it is by John Barbary,
Who lately came from Spain.
Who lately came from Spain."

And she's call'd down her merry men,
By one, by two, by three.
John Barbary was once the first,
But now the last came he.

"Oh will you take my daughter Jane,
And wed her out of hand?
And you will dine and sup with me,
And be heir to all my land."

"Oh, I will take your daughter Jane,
And wed her out of hand;
And I will dine and sup with you,
But I do not want your land."

For I have houses and I have land
And money out by the grand
And had it not been for your daughter
I'd never have been your man,
I'd never have been your man.

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