

Lloyd

"The Wanton Seed"

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The Wanton Seed

As I walked out one spring morning fair,
To view the fields and take the air,
There I heard a pretty girl making her complain
And all she wanted was the chiefest grain, the chiefest
grain.

And all she wanted was the chiefest grain.

I said to her, " My pretty maid

Come tell me what you stand in need"

"Oh yes kind sir you're the man to do the deed,

For to sow my meadow with the wanton seed, the
wanton seed,

For to sow my mewadow with the wanton seed."

Then I sowed high and I sowed low

And under the bush the seed did grow

It sprang up so accidentally without any weed

And she always remembered the wanton seed, the
wanton seed

And she always remembered the wanton seed.

from Lloyd, Folk Song in England

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