MOWING THE BARLEY





O keep your gold and silver too,
And take it where you're going;
For there's many a rogue and scamp like you,
Has brought young girls to ruin.
Where are you going to, etc.

Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a-mowing.
Where are you going to, etc.

7.

And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life;
And well in the station above her.
Where are you going to, etc.