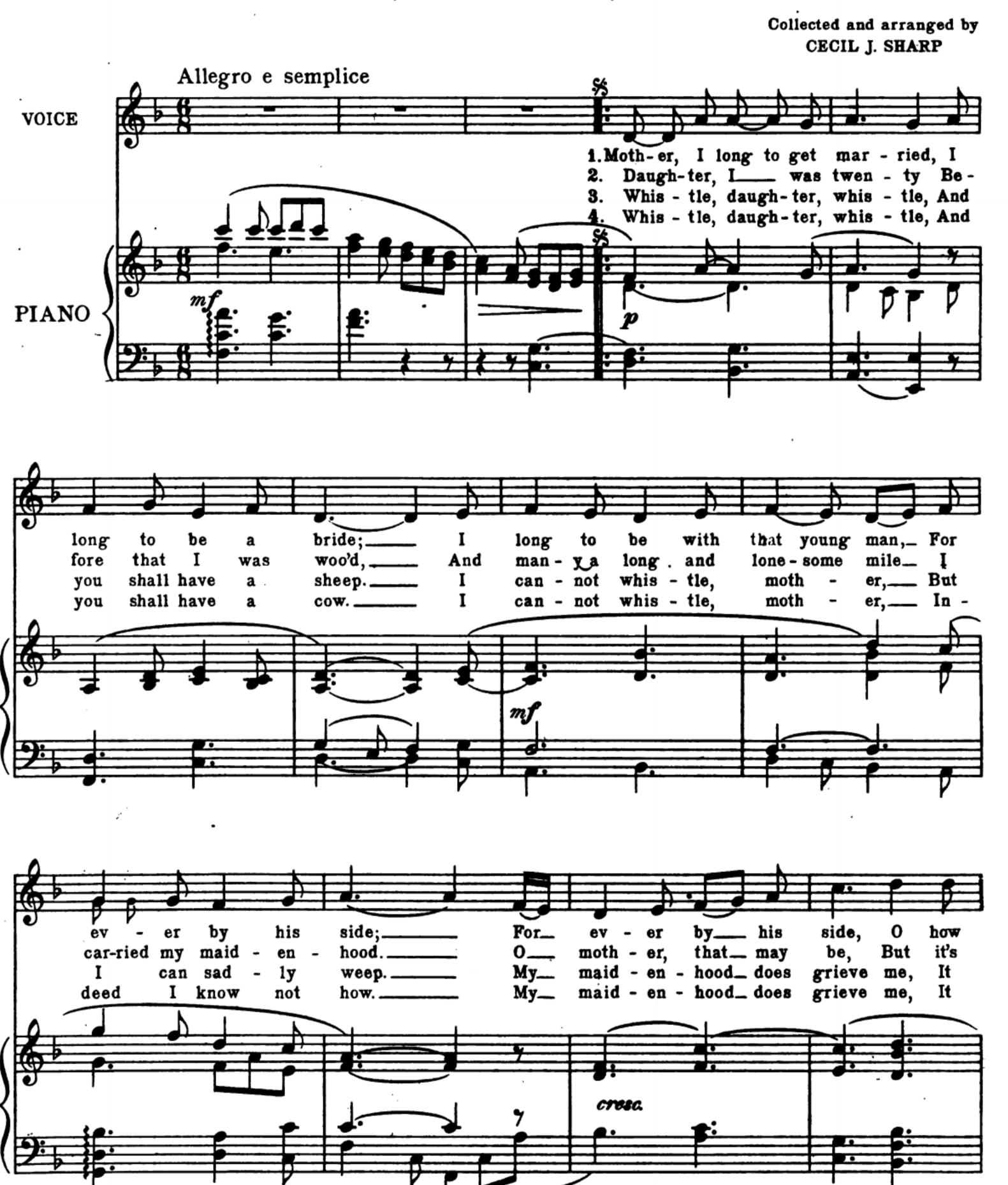
59 WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE







5.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man.

(Whistles)
or {I cannot whistle, mother,
You see how well I can.
But I'll do the best I can.
You nasty, impudent jade,
What makes you whistle now?
O, I'd rather whistle for a man
Than either sheep or cow.

6.

You nasty, impudent jade,
I will pull your courage down;
Take off your silks and satins,
Put on your working-gown.
I'll send you to the fields
A-tossing of the hay,
With your fork and rake the hay to make,
And then hear what you say.

7.

Mother, don't be so cruel
To send me to the field,
Where young men will entice me
And to them I may yield.
Fa, mother it's quite well known
I am not too young grown,
And it is a pity a maid so pretty
As I should live alone.