Three Maidens a-milking did go



Three maidens a-milking did go, Three maidens a milking did go; The wind it blew high, and the wind it blew low, And it blew these three maidens to and fro

[They met with a man by the way And one of them to him did say Kind sir have you the will, and kind sir have you the skill For to catch little birds off the tree?

O yes I will show you some skills And very good skills they be too If you'll come along with me to yonder shady tree I will catch you a small bird or two.

To the merry greenwood they all went To the merry greenwood they all went For the birds they did whistle on every green thistle For they very well knew their intent.

I laid my love under a bush I laid my love under a tree And he beat at the bush and the bird it did fly in A little above my love's knee. Then her sparkling eyes turned around As if she had been in a swound And she said, upon my word I have caught a little bird Picking upon its own ground.

Pretty maidens be ruled by me Pretty maidens be ruled by me Never catch a small bird upon a green ground But catch them upon the green tree.]