Mowing the Barley



And who should he spy but some fair pretty maid, So handsome and so clever.

(Chorus)"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?Where are you going, my honey?""Going over the hills, kind sir," she said,"To my father a-mowing the barley."

The laywer, he went out next day, A-thinking for to view her; But she gave him the slip and away she went, All over the hills to her father.

This laywer had a useful nag, And soon he overtook her, He caught her around the middle so small, And on his horse he placed her.

And now she is the laywer's wife, And dearly the lawyer loves her. They live in a happy content of life, And well in the station above her.