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The maid & her barley

To which are added,

Paddy Whack.



EDINBURGH: 18

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.



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## THE MAID AND HER BARLEY.

COLD and raw the north did blow,  
bleak in the morning early ;  
All the trees were covered with snow,  
covered with winter yearly.

As I was riding along the plough,  
I met a farmer's daughter,  
With rosy cheeks and bonny brow,  
good faith my chops did water.

Down I wav'd my bonnet full low,  
meaning to shew my breeding,  
But she return'd a gracefal bow,  
with her visage fair exceeding.

I ask'd her where she was going so soon,  
I long'd to hold a parley.  
She told me to the next market town,  
on purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul said I,  
twenty pounds lies fairly,  
~~seek~~ no farther one to buy,  
for I'll buy all thy barley.

If twenty pounds should purchase delight,  
to one that I love so dearly,  
If you will lie with me to-night,  
you'll go home in the morning early.

If twenty pounds should buy the globe,  
it's the thing I'll never do, sir,  
For were my friends as poor as Job,  
I would never raise them so sir.

For would you prove my friend one night,  
we might get a young kid together,  
And you would be gone e'er nine month's end,  
pray where would I find a father?

O pray what would my father say,  
if I should be so silly  
As to throw my maiden head away,  
and loss my true-love Billy?

For it would bring me to disgrace,  
therefore I say you nay, sir,  
But if that you would me embrace,  
first marry, and then you may, sir,

Then I told her I had married been  
for fourteen years and longer,  
Else I would choose her for my queen,  
and fasten the knot still stronger.

Then she bade me no farther roam,  
meaning my wedlock fairly,  
So keep your purse for spouse at home,  
some other will buy my barley.

Then I found myself disappointed,  
the maid she left me fairly,  
My words knocked all things out of joint,  
I lost both maid and barley.

As I was riding down yon slope,  
some two or three hours after,  
There I chanced to meet again  
the farmer's bonny daughter.

Altho' it was both raw and cold,  
I long'd to hold a party,  
Once more to shew my purse of gold  
when she had sold her barley.

Love, said I pray do not frown,  
but let us exchange embraces;  
I'll buy thee a silken gown,  
with ribbons, gloves and laces.

A ring and breast-pin, muff and fan,  
no body shall have neater;  
As I am an honest man,  
I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,  
and said, my dearest jewel,  
Why should you disputing stand,  
I pray you be not cruel.

She saw my mind was fully bent  
to pleasure my desire,  
Therefore she seemed to consent,  
but I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,  
and likewise gold and treasure,  
O let me first enjoy these things  
then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obeyed,  
said he, my own dear honey,  
Then into her lap he paid  
full forty pounds in money.

We'll to the market town this day,  
straightway to end our quarrel,  
I'll deck thee like a lady gay,  
in flourishing apparel.

All my gold and silver then  
to her I did deliver,  
And on the road we did repair,  
till coming to a river,

The water was so wide and deep,  
 such waters I ne'er asw many,  
 She leap'd her mare to the other side,  
 and left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full  
 with griefs and cares around me,  
 After her I could not go,  
 for fear of being drowned.

She turn'd about and said, behold  
 I'm not at your devotion,  
 But sir I thank you for your gold,  
 it will help to enlarge my portion.

Then I began to stamp and stare,  
 to see what she had acted,  
 And with my hands I tore my hair,  
 like one that was distracted.

Give me my money back agsin,  
 good faith I did but lend it,  
 But she full fast away did ride,  
 and vow'd she ne'er intended.

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#### PADDY WHACK.

I set out from Ulster, my own country,  
 And with speed I arriv'd at Donaghadee,

I call'd for a ship but they gave me a boat,  
She kick'd up her keel, and she set me afloat.

CHORUS.

With my turan ana, fol de dola,  
My blessing be with you, sweet Erin go Bragh.

I call'd to the captain to give me his hand,  
But deil a one minute his racer would stand,  
I curs'd him to stop and to tighten her reins,  
Or against some ould bridge she would dash out  
his brains.

But there I was left on the midst of the deep,  
No house for to lodge nor no bed for to sleep,  
Afráid every moment to tumble down stairs,  
But I kept to the top by the strength of my prayer.

I holsted my staff as a sign of distress,  
A sprig of shilelah and one of the best,  
But deil a one mortal at all coul't I see,  
It was then I lost sight of sweet Dosaghades.

But as I was ploughing and making a noisc,  
There came down a ship's crew of brave British  
boys,

They threw out a rope unto young Paddy Whack,  
And so like a large whale I play'd slap upon deck,

So there I lay sleeping and dreeping a while,  
 But when I got up I began for to smile,  
 To see London city and suburbs all round,  
 And they said my dear Paddy you're welcome to  
 town.

But, pray, Sir, said I, how do you know my name,  
 I am but a stranger, from Ireland I came,  
 And this very day I came out of the sea,  
 And I waded half over from Donaghadee.

But when I got out of that turbulent tide,  
 I was then bound for Paris the war to decide,  
 To fight against Boney with all my whole strength,  
 But peace was proclaim'd before I got the length.  
 Since peace is concluded we'll join hands and sing,  
 In hopes that our trade it will flourish like spring,  
 Let thundering cannons now cease their loud noise,  
 And lasscs in thousands receive home their boys.

FINIS.