

MILKING TIME

jŭg māid wēa'ry cōt'tāge
strēam quēs'tiōns_(ch) brēeze

“Where are you coming from, my pretty
maid?”

“I am coming from milking, sir,” she said.

“Where are your cows, my pretty maid?”

“In the pasture beyond us, kind sir,” she said.

“Who is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father's a peasant, sir,” she said.

“Where is your mother, my pretty maid?”

“She is down in the pasture, sir,” she said.

“What are you carrying, my pretty maid?”

“A jug of sweet milk, kind sir,” she said.

“How do you carry it, my pretty maid?”

“Up here on my shoulder, sir,” she said.