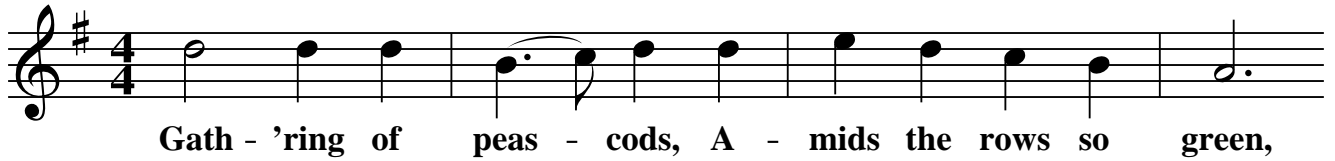


Gathering Peascods

♩ = 160



Gath - 'ring of peas - cods, A - mids the rows so green,



With bon - - ny Bet, my queen;



Toss - ing the peas ___ cods I' faith we had rare fun,



The work seem'd nev - - er done;



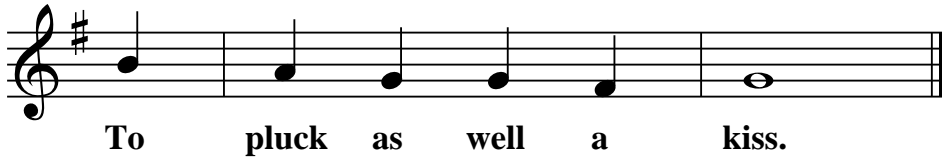
'Twas sweet - est sum - mer wea - ther, I pluck'd _ the peas - cods fast,



Then in her a - - pron cast,



So being to - - ge - - ther, Each turn I did not miss



To pluck as well a kiss.

Gathering peascods,
Amidst the rows so green,
With bonny Bet, my queen;
Tossing the peascods
I' faith we had rare fun,
The work seem'd never done;
'Twas sweetest summer weather,
I plucked the peascods fast,
Then in her apron cast,
So being together,
Each turn I did not miss
To pluck as well a kiss.

Shelling of peascods
Beside the pretty wench,
A-seated on one bench;
Shelling of peascods
Into a maple bowl,
And she a merry soul;
So shelling without missing
A single pea, I said,
My labours must be paid
Only by kissing.
Fly winter! I were fain
'Twere peascods time again!