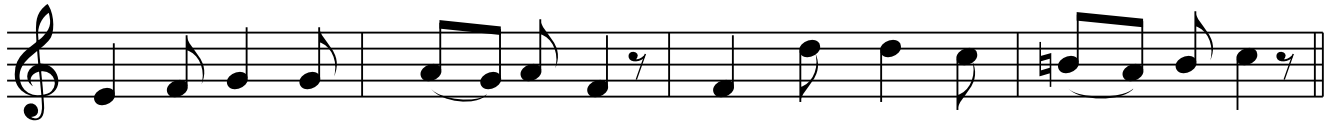


The Barley raking.

'Twas in the prime of
sum - - mer time, When hay it was a - - mak - ing; And
har-vest tide was com - ing on, And bar-ley want-ed ra - king; Two
woe - - ful lov - - ers met one day, With
sighs their sad fare - - well to say, For
John to place must go a - - way, and
Bet - - ty's heart was break - - ing.



Lov-ers oft have proved un-true; 'las! what can poor mai-de-ns do?

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
When hay it was a making;
And harvest tide was coming on,
And barley wanted raking;
Two woeful lovers met one day,
With sighs their sad farewell to say,
For John to place must go away,
And Betty's heart was breaking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maiden do?

But hardly was her sweetheart gone,
With vows of ne'er forsaking;
The foolish wench did so take on,
To ease her bosom's aching.
She sent a letter to her love,
Invoking all the powers above,
If he should e'er inconstant prove,
To her and the Barley raking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maiden do?

Now when this letter reached the youth,
It put him in a taking;
Sure of each other's love and truth,
Why such a fuss be making?
But being a tender hearted swain,
From hasty words he did refrain,
And wrote to her in gentle strain,
To bid her cease from quaking.
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor maiden do?

"I've got as good a pair of shoes
As e'er were made of leather;
I'll pull my beaver o'er my nose,
And face all wind and weather;
And when the year has run it's race,
I'll seek a new and nearer place;
And hope to see your bonnie face
At time of the Barley raking"
Lovers oft have proved untrue;
'las what can poor maiden do?

So when the year was past and gone,
And hay once more was making;
Back to his love came faithful John,
To find a rude awaking;
For Betty thought it long to wait,
So she had ta'en another mate,
And left her first love to his fate,
In spite of the Barley raking.
Damsels oft have proved untrue;
'las! what can poor lovers do?