

The Barley Straw.

As Jan was hurrying
down the glade, He met his sweet-heart Kit; "O
whither so fast?" the maiden ask'd, "Let's
bide and talk a bit." "I'm going to the barn, and
if you'll come, And help me thresh the stro'; That
task com-plete, why then my sweet, A ram-ble we will go" That
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As John was hurrying down the glade,
He met his sweetheart Kit;
"O whither so fast?" the maiden asked,
Let's bide and talk a bit?"
"I'm going to the barn, and if you'll come,
And help me thresh the stro',
That task complete, why then my sweet,
A ramble we will go."

She gave consent, and to work they went,
As if 'twere only play;
The flail he plied, whilst Kit untied,
The sheaves, and cleared away.
O willing hands made labour light,
And 'ere the sun was low,
With arms entwined, these lovers kind,
Did down the vallies go.

Said Jan, "thou art a helpful lass,
Wilt thou be mine for life?"
"For sure!" she said. To church they sped,
And soon were man and wife.
A lesson then, for all young men
Who would a courting go,
Your sweetheart ask to share your task,
And thresh the Barley Stro'

Now many a year, this couple dear,
They lived in harmony;
And children had, both lass and lad,
I think 'twas thirty three.
The sons so hale did wield the flail,
And like their father grow;
The maidens sweet, like mother were neat:
And clean as the Barley Stro'.