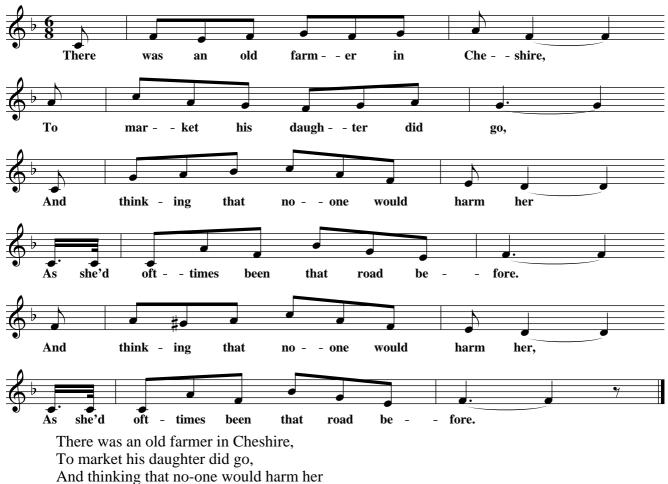
## The Farmer in Cheshire



As she'd oft-times been that road before.

Her business at the market being ended And all her fine goods being sold Her journey back homewards she wended Her pockets well lined with gold.

She met with a rusty highwayman Two pistols he held to her breast, Saying deliver your money, your clothing, Or else you shall die in distress.

She being a buxom young damsel. Dismounted as though unafraid, One slash from her whip sent him sprawling And his pistols she took as he laid.

She put her foot in the stirrup And mounted her horse like a man, Then shouted back over her shoulder, Catch me you old rogue if you can.

The rogue soon follow-ed after But began for to puff and to blow, Then seeing he could not overtake her Sat down full of sorrow and woe. Her father being anxious about her And finding 'twas getting quite late, When hoof-beats he heard fast approaching As she galloped up to the farm gate.

Oh daughter, oh, daughter, what's happened, What kept you at market so long? Oh father, I fell in great danger, But the rogue he has done me no wrong.

She put her grey horse in the stable, And laid a white cloth on the floor, They counted her money a thousand, A thousand, yes a thousand times o'er.