

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Cold and Raw (The Farmers Daughter)

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Cold and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the trees were hid by snow
Dag'l'd by winter yearly.
 When came riding over a knough
 I met with a farmer's daughter;
 Rosie cheeks and bonny brow
 Good faith made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
Meaning to shew my breeding;
She return'd a graceful bow
A visage far exceeding.
 I ask'd her where she went so soon
 And long'd to begin a parly
 She told me unto the next market town
 A purpose to sell her barly.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I
Twenty pounds lie fairly
Seek no farther one to buy
For I'll take all thy barly.
 Twenty more shall buy delight
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wouldst stay with me all night
 And go home in the morning early.

If twenty pound could buy the globe
Quoth she, this I'd not do, sir.
Or were my kin as poor as Job
I wo'd not raise 'em so, sir.
 For should I be tonight your friend
 We'st get a youg kid together
 And you'd be gone ere the nine months end
 And where should I find a father?

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer.
Or else I'd choose her for my queen
And tie the knot much stronger.
 She bid me then no longer rome

But manage my wedlock fairly;
And keep purse for poor spouse at home
For some other shall have her barly.

From Pills to Purge melancholy, D'Urfey (vol. II)

note: one of the few non-seduction songs, with a sensible maid
and a great tune. Spelling is pure 18th century; except for
"dagl'd" (which I can only guess at) just read them
phonetically. RG