The Mower

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As I went out one morning on the fourteenth of July
I met a maid and I asked her age and she gave me this reply:
"I have a little meadow, I've kept for you in store
And it's only due, I should tell you true, it never was mowed before"

She said: "Me handsome young man, if a mower that you be
I give you good employment, so come along with me"
Well it was me good employment to wander up and down
With me tearing scythe all to contrive to mow her meadow down.

Now me courage being undaunted, I stepped out on the ground
And with me tearing scythe I then did strive to mow her meadow down
I mowed from nine till dinnertime, it was far beyond my skill
I was obliged to yield and to quit the field and the grass was growing still.

Now the mower she kissed and did pretest, this fair maid bein' so young
Her little eyes they glittered like to the rising sun
She said: "I'll strive to sharpen your scythe, so set it in me hand
And then perhaps you will return again to mow me meadow land."

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recorded in 1966 by A.L.Lloyd, released on Topic 12T135 and on
"Voices. English Traditional Songs" (1992)

"...A traditional erotic song. In the tradition euphemisms for
copulation and anatomy abound - some less subtle than others. There
is a delicacy and moral quality to this song and the young man treats
the girl with sympathy, good humour and resolution." - Paul Adams

MJ