

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Whistle, Daughter, Whistle

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"Mother, I long to get married, I long to be a bride;
I long to be with that young man, for ever by his side;
Forever by his side, O how happy I should be;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary of my virginity."

"Daughter, I was twenty before that I was woo'd,
And many a long and lonesome mile I carried my maidenhood."

"Mother that may be, but it's not the case with me;
For I'm young and merry and almost weary of my virginity."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a sheep."

"I cannot whistle mother, but I can sadly weep.

My maidenhood does grieve me, it fills my heart with fear;
For it is a burden, a heavy burden, it's more than I can bear."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow."

"I cannot whistle mother, indeed I know not how.

My maidenhood does grieve me, it fills my heart with fear.
For it is a burden, a heavy burden, it's more than I can bear."

"Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man."

"(Whistle)....., you see how well I can."

"You nasty impudent jade, what makes you whistle now?"

"I'd rather whistle for a man than either sheep or cow."

"You nasty, impudent jade, I will pull your courage down;

Take off your silks and satins, put on your working gown.

I'll take you to the fields a-tossing of the hay,

With your fork and rake the hay to make, and then hear what you say."

"Mother, don't be so cruel to send me to the field,

Where young men may entice me and to them I may yield.

Oh, mother it's quite well known I am not too young grown,

And it is a pity a maid so pretty as I should live alone."

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