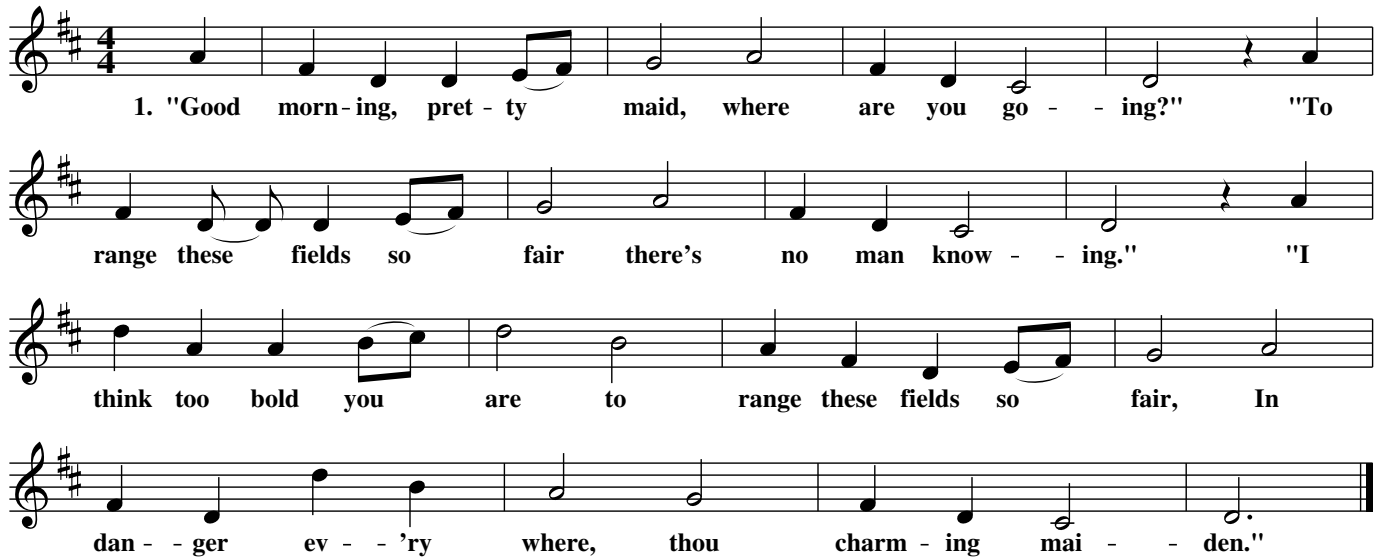


Good Morning, Pretty Maid



1. "Good morn-ing, pret - ty maid, where are you go - - ing?" "To
range these fields so fair there's no man know - - ing." "I
think too bold you are to range these fields so fair, In
dan - - ger ev - - 'ry where, thou charm - ing mai - - den."

2. "A charming maid I am, sir," she replied,
"Without any guile or care, to no man tied;
My recreations are, to range these fields so fair,
To take the pleasant air, thou boasting stranger."
3. "A farmer's son I am, your nighest neighbour,
Great store of wealth I have, by honest labour;
So if you will agree, soon married we will be,
For I'm in love with thee, thou charming maiden."
4. "A farmer's wife must work, both late and early
Like any foreign Turk, therefore believe me,
I don't intend to be a servant bound to thee,
To do thy drudgery, thou boasting stranger."

Source: Published by W A Barrett in "English Folk-Songs" (1891), with the note "This song has been preserved by tradition in Gloucestershire for many years. Through one family it can be traced back as far as the year 1750, and it may be still older."