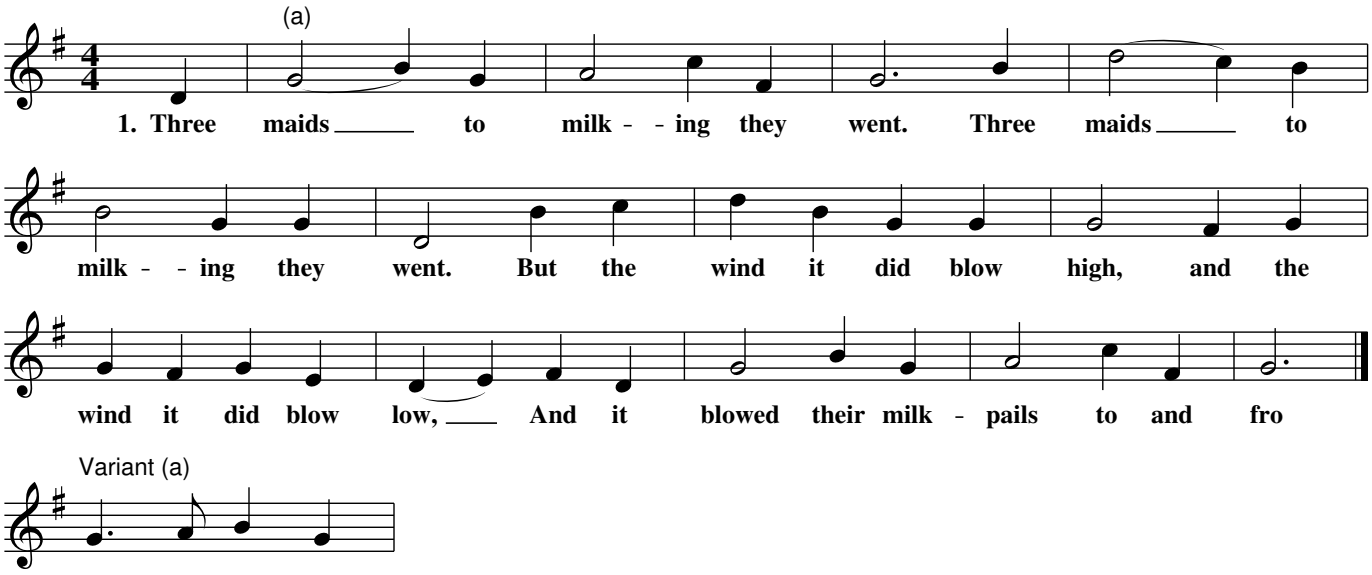
Three Milkmaids



2. Now the first that they met was a man,
   A man that she knew very well,
   For she boldly asked him if he's got any skill
   To catch her a small bird or two.

3. Yes I have some very fine skill (x2)
   If you gang along with me,
   Down to yonder shady tree
   Then I'll catch you a small bird or two.

4. Now this fair maid she gave her consent
   And down in the meadow we went.
   And we beat about the bush till the bird it did fly in
   Just a little above her white nest.

5. Now here's a health to that bird in that bush
   Let it be a blackbird or thrush
   For birds of a feather they will all flock together
   Let the people say little or much.

6. Here's a health to our king on his throne (x2)
   For we'll drink down the sun,
   And we'll tarry till the morn
   And we'll drink to our neighbours and friends.

Source: Henry Barrett (61) at Randwick. Collected by Cecil Sharp 9th April 1908.

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