

The Thrashing Machine

Now 'twas way down in Dor - set, or so I've heard tell, there lived a young
mai - den and her name was Nell. Her was fair, wide and hand - some and sweet sev - en - teen, and her
Chorus
longed for a ride on my thrash - ing ma - chine. I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I
'ad 'er, I ay, I 'ad 'er I 'ad 'er I showed 'er the way.

Now 'twas way down in Dorset, or so I've heard tell,
There lived a young maiden and her name was Nell.
Her was fair, wide and handsome and sweet seventeen,
And her longed for a ride on my thrashing machine.

Chorus:

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I ad 'er, I ay,
I upped and I showed 'er the way.

'Twas on a fine night in the merry month of June
When most of the farmers was watching the moon
I cocked up my ear'ole, I heard a gert scream
I said, 'There goes Nell on my thrashing machine'.

I swung the barn door and there stood me dream
Whilst 'er worked the oil-can and I worked up steam.
'Twas a marvel to see the gears on the drive
And when 'er come out, 'er's more dead than alive.

The flywheel and piston was going around
When out of the whistle came a 'orrible sound.
I put down my hand to turn off the steam.
When out shot the chaff of my thrashing machine.

Three months then went by and all was not well
As I could see with my pretty Nell.
For under her apron could plainly be seen
Where 'er'd caught the chaff of my thrashing machine.

Nine months then went by and the baby was born
The pride and the joy of our Nell, to be sure.
Now under the napkins could plainly be seen
A brand-new two cylinder thrashing machine.

Source: Sung by Dave Russell, Stonehouse, 10 September 1979, Collected by Gwilym Davies

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