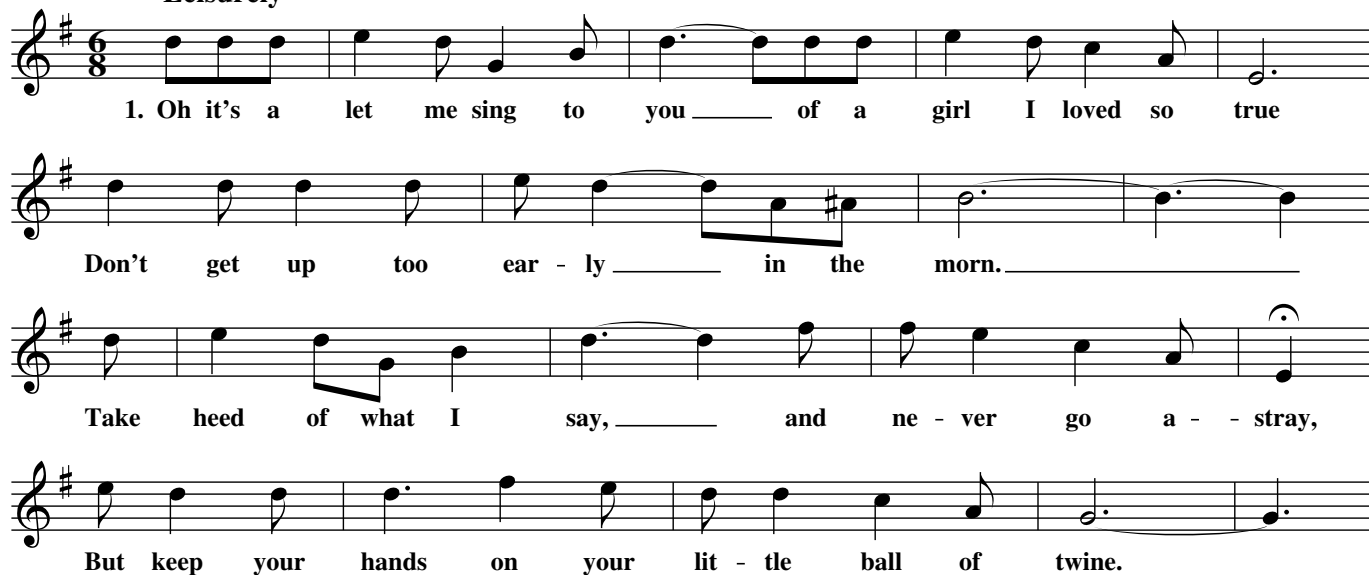


# The Ball of Twine

Leisurely



1. Oh it's a let me sing to you of a girl I loved so true  
Don't get up too ear - ly in the morn.  
Take heed of what I say, and ne - ver go a - - stray,  
But keep your hands on your lit - tle ball of twine.

2. [Sure in the merry month of May  
When the men were making hay  
When I strolled across my grandfather's farm]  
Well I met this fair young maid  
And unto her I said  
'Can I wind up your little ball of twine?'
3. 'Oh no kind Sir,' said she  
'You're a stranger unto me,  
You've got some other girlie in your eye.  
So why not go to those  
Who has money and fine clothes  
And wind up their little ball of yarn.'
4. Well I took this fair young maid  
And I laid her in the shade  
Of course I did not think it any harm  
So while the blackbirds and the thrushes  
Were whistling in the bushes  
I was winding up her little ball of twine.

Source: Billy Buckingham, Stonehouse. Collected by Gwilym Davies, February 1979

Notes: Lines in brackets supplied from another version.