

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Barley Raking

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'Twas in the season of the year when hay it was a-making
And harvest now was coming in and the barley wanted raking
So this young couple they did agree
All for to have a jovial spree
All for to have a jovial spree, among the barley raking.

cho: Right ta-la-le-la-la-rel-i-gee-wo
Sing fa-le-la-la-rel-i-gee-wo
All for to have a jovial spree
Among the barley raking.

After eight long months were gone and past this poor girl fell a-sighing
After nine long were come and gone she fell a heavy crying,
She wrote a letter to her love, saying
"Oh my dear and turtle dove,
Will you return to your true-love to ease her of her aching?"

He took the letter in his hand and on it stood a-gazing,
He took the letter in his hand and on it stood amazing,
He took the pen and wrote again
"To think of me it's all in vain
For a married life I do disdain, so well I like my freedom."

"I have got a good pair of shoes as ever was made of leather,
I cock my beaver up in front and face both wind and weather
And after that I have run my race
And cannot find a better place
I will return to your sweet face, we'll live and love together."

'Twas down in handy Liverpool if I am not mistaken,
'Twas down in handy Liverpool where this young man was taken,
He told the magistrate so free
The child did not belong to he
"You rogue, you rascal," then said she," remember the barley raking."

From Wanton Seed, Purslow
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APR99