

The Nutting Girl

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to my song It is a little ditty and it won't detail you long It's of a fair young damsel, and she lived down in Kent Arose one summer's morning, and she a-nutting went

Chorus: *With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day And what few nuts that poor girl had She threw them all away.*

It's of a brisk young farmer, was ploughing of his land He called unto his horses, to bid them gently stand As he sit down upon his plough, all for a song to sing His voice was so melodious, it made the valleys ring

[Chorus]

It's of this fair young damsel, she was nutting in the wood His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood In that lonely wood, she could no longer stay And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she threw them all away

[Chorus]

She then came to young Johnny, as he sit on his plough She said: "Young man I really feel I cannot tell you how" She took her to some shady broom, and there he laid her down Said she: "Young man, I think I feel the world go round and round"

[Chorus]

He went back to his horses to finish off his song He said: "My pretty fair maid, your mother will think you long" But she flung her arms all 'round his neck, as they went o'er the plain And she said: "My dear, I should like to see the world go round again!"

[Chorus]

Now, come all you young women, take warning by my song If you should a-nutting go, don't stay from home too long For if you should stay too late, to hear the ploughboy sing You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring

[Chorus]

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