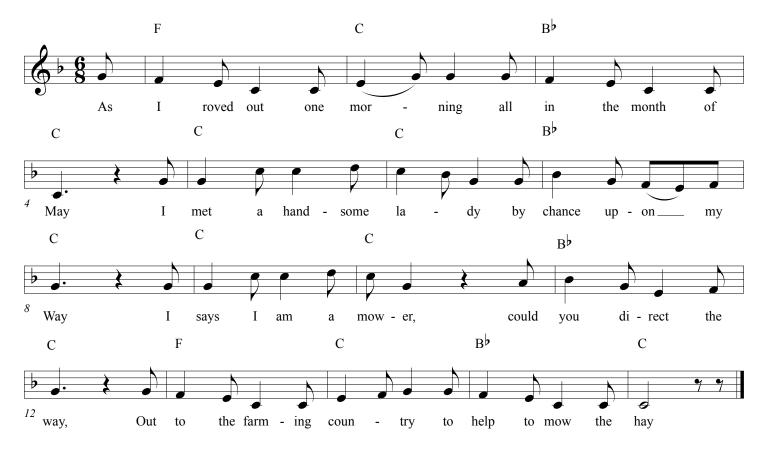
## The Mower

Sung by O.J. Abbot - Collected by Edith Fowke



Oh if you be a mower, and a mower be your trade, Perhaps you can some mowing find among so many maids I have a little meadow that's a long time kept in store It's like the dew that's in Peru, 'twas never touched before

With courage bold, undaunted, I marched into the field I mowed from nine till dinnertime, till I was forced to yield I mowed from nine till dinnertime, I mowed beyond my skill I was forced to yield, and quit the field, the grass was growing still

Oh now I have your meadow mowed, and I must go away All to some foreign country, to help to mow the hay And if the hay be all cut down in the country where I go Perhaps I will return again, your meadow for to mow

Oh Jimmy, don't you leave me, nor from me go away You promised that you'd marry me at the mowing of me hay 'Twas in that little meadow, you found no hills nor rocks So I pray young man don't leave me, till you see my hay in stocks