

A. M. F. Robinson (1857-1944)

2 *The Mower*

They were three bonny mowers
Were mowing half the day;
They were three bonny lasses
A-making of the hay.

“Who’ll go and fetch the basket?” 5
“Not I.” “Nor I.” “Nor I.”
They had no time for falling out
Ere Nancy Bell came by.

“What’s in your basket, Nancy Bell?”
“Sweet cakes and currant wine, 10
And venison and cider, lads;
Come quickly, come and dine.”

They were two bonny mowers
Fell to among the best;
The youngest sits a-fasting, 15
His head upon his breast.

“What ails ye, bonny mower,
You sit so mournfully?”
“Alas! what ails me, Nancy Bell?
’Tis all the love of thee.” 20

“Now laugh and quaff, my bonny lad,
And think no more o’ me.
My lover is a finer man
Than any twain o’ ye.

“He’s bought for me a kirtle, 25
He’s bought for me a coat,
Of three-and-thirty colours,
Wi’ tassels at the throat.

“And twenty Maids of Honour

They stitched at it a year,
And sewed in all their needlework
The kisses of my dear!"

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