

Nutting Girl

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to my song
It is a little ditty and it won't detain 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 plowing of his land
He called unto his horses, to bid them gently stand
As he sit down upon his plow, 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 sat on his plow
She said, "Young man I really feel I cannot tell you how"
He 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 plowboy sing,
You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring

Chorus

