The Country Lass.

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I am a brisk and bonny lass, that's free from care and strife,
And sweetly does my hours pass, I love a country sit.
At wake, or fair, I oft am there, where pleasure is to be seen,
Tho' poor I am contented and happy as a

I rise in the morning my labour to pursue,
And with my yoke and milk-pails I tread the morning dew,
That nature yields,
My cows I milk, and there I taste the sweets
The lark she soars to welcome me into the flowery fields.

And when the meadows they are mown, a part
I then must take,
And with the other village maids I go the hay
Where friendship, love, and harmony, amongst us there is seen.
The swains invite the village maids to dance up-

Then in the time of harvest how cheerfully we go,
Some with hooks and sickles, and some with scythes to now:
And when the corn is safe from harm, we have not far to roam,
But all await to celebrate and welcome har-

In winter, when the cattle are fothered with straw,
The cock doth crow to wake me, my icy
The western winds may whistle, and northern winds may blow,
Tis health and sweet contentment, the country

So in winter or in summer we're never taught to grieve,
In time of need each other their neighbour
So still I think a country life all others does surpass,
I sit me down contented, a happy country lass.