

Bonnet and Shawl

Now madam I've waited a very long time
To ask you if you could but spare me some time
For there's things in me heart I've been longing to say
But try as I might sure I can't find a way

I'll show you the sun 'cross the fields in the morn
I'll fetch thee a bonnet and deck it with corn
I'll buy thee a shawl, thread with ribbons of blue
To show you the measure I trouble for you

Now I know that me fortune be pitiful small
And apart from me cottage I've nothing at all
But there's store in me garden and fruit on me tree
And I'd be awful proud if thou'd share 'em with me

Now I'm thinking it likely as you'll never be mine
For I'd be a poor catch for a woman so fine
But if I never ask thee then I'll never know
If by some small chance you some favour might show

Now Madam I see by the look in your eye
That you might be thinking the same thing as I
So come take me hand and we'll walk in full view
And give the old gossips some tonguing to do