

The Gardener (Child 219A)

- 1 THE gardener stands in his bower-door,
With a primrose in his hand,
And by there came a leal maiden,
As jimp 's a willow wand.
And by there came a leal maiden, 5
As jimp 's a willow wand.
- 2 'O lady, can you fancy me,
For to be my bride,
You 'll get a' the flowers in my garden,
To be to you a weed. 10
- 3 'The lily white shall be your smock;
Becomes your body neat;
And your head shall be deckd with jelly-flower,
And the primrose in your breast.
- 4 'Your gown shall be o the sweet-william, 15
Your coat o camovine,
And your apron o the salads neat,
That taste baith sweet and fine.
- 5 'Your stockings shall be o the broad kail-blade, 20
That is baith broad and long;
And narrow, narrow at the coot,
And broad, broad at the brawn.
- 6 'Your gloves shall be the marygold,
All glittering to your hand,
Well spread oer wi the blue blaewort, 25
That grows in corn-land.'
- 7 'O fare you well, young man,' she says,
'Farewell, and I bid adieu;
Since you 've provided a weed for me,
Among the summer flowers, 30
Then I 'll provide another for you,

Among the winter showers.

8 'The new-fallen snow to be your smock;
Becomes your body neat;
And your head shall be deckd with the eastern wind, 35
And the cold rain on your breast.'