



## Gathering Peascods

Gathering peascods,  
Amidst the rows so green,  
With bonny Bet, my queen;  
Tossing the peascods  
I' faith we had rare fun,  
The work seem'd never done;  
'Twas sweetest summer weather,  
I plucked the peascods fast,  
Then in her apron cast,  
So being together,  
Each turn I did not miss  
To pluck as well a kiss.

Shelling of peascods  
Beside the pretty wench,  
A-seated on one bench;  
Shelling of peascods  
Into a maple bowl,  
And she a merry soul;  
So shelling without missing  
A single pea, I said,  
My labours must be paid  
Only by kissing.  
Fly winter! I were fain  
'Twere peascods time again!

ENGLAND