The Bird in the Bush

The Bird in the Bush

A fair maid a-milking did go.
A fair maid a-milking did go.
Oh! the wind did blow high and the wind did blow low
And it blew her pails to and fro.

She met with a man that she knew.
She met with a man that she knew.
And she boldly asked him if he'd got any skill
For to catch her a small bird or two,

"Oh yes, I will show you some skill.
And very good skill it be, too;
If you will come to me down to some shady tree
I will catch you a small bird or two."

So they went down together you shall see.
Down under some green shady tree,
And he fired at the bush, and the bird did fly in
Just above of her lily white knee.

Here's a health to the man and the maid
Here's a health to the bird in the bush;
For we're all birds of one feather, and we'll all flock together
Let the people say little or much.

Here's a health to the man and the maid
Here's a health to the jolly dragoon;
We've tarried here all day, and drunk down the sun,
Let's tarry here and drink down the moon.

From Marrow Bones, Purslow
Collected from William Poole, Somerset, 1905

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