She gave him kisses sweet,  
'Come hither, pretty little dear,  
'How can I pity your weep, mother,  
Playing some pretty play.

A picking of a chicken.

He enticed me into the parlour,  
When the scule weans playd at the ba, ba,  
'Come hither, come hither, my sweet pretty fellow,  
He tossed the ball in the Jew's garden.

'Oh lay a Bible at my head,  
. . . .  
'Put my Bible at my head,  
And lying in great pain.

This I am, dear mother,' he cried,  
With a little sally rod in her hand,  
Or to any of my friends.'

Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his soul,  
Him on another close by,  
And sorely rued the day.

Come back, come back, my pretty little boy,  
He broke the duke's windows all.

When it rained, it did rain small;  
IT was on a May, on a midsummer's day,  
IT rains, it hails in merry Lincoln,  
With a Bible at my head and a Testament at my feet.

A picking of a chicken.

IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
OR any of the rest of my kin?  
IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
A picking of a chicken.

Every mother had her own child  
As ever I did for the king;  
She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,

And pick up your ball again.

For I shall be beaten when I go home  
And I'll give you your  ball.'

And out it came the bonnie heart's blood,  
Then out it came the thick, thick blood,  
And so she did through nine,

And I'll give you your  ball.'

And out it spake the Jew's daughter,  
It rains both great and small,  
IT rains, it hails in merry Scotland,

And trundled it along the plain,

And down the rain does fa,

Where the flowers are bloomin fair.

And six took him by the feet,

She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,

An then she went to the deep draw-well,

But a man's mercy is more.

And syne came out the thin,

And a' the bairns came hame,

And there ran thryse about:

And there ran thryse about:

And there ran thryse about:

And there ran thryse about:

And there ran thryse about:

And even in at the Jew's window

And to entice him in.

And pu'd an apple red and green;

For  as ye did to my auld father,

And walkd it round about;

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window

She's laid him on a dressing-table,

She's laid him on a dressing-table,

She's taen her to the Jew's garden,

And she fell down on her knee,

And six took him by the feet,

And pick up your ball again.

And there he saw his own dear maid

And there he saw his own dear maid

And trundled it along the plain,

She wiled him into the third chamber,

And pinned him with a pin,

And there he saw his own dear maid

With your sweit play-feres nine.

And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window

And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window

And even in at the Jew's window

And even in at the Jew's window

And even in at the Jew's window

And to entice him in.

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,

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