

Where are you going?

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I’ m going a-milking, sir,” she said. “

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”

“You’ re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father’ s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’ t marry you, my pretty
maid!”

“Nobody asked you, sir!” she said.