U

Up hill and down dale,
Butter is made in every vale;
And if Nancy Cock
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

V

Valentine, Oh, Valentine,
Curl your locks as I do mine;
Two before and two behind;
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

W

"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.
"Say will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then, I won't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

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