



# dominique gauquelin

France, rouen

## THE MAID WHO SOLD HER BARLEY

### About the artist

Composer now handicapped,I can't play any instrument(pipes, flutes and medieval fiddles which are hung up on the walls, for decoration).Scores(bourrées, mazurkas,waltzes,jigs,reels....,in a word dances) are increasing uselessly.If you entrust an E.mail address to me,I can send the audio in a better format than mp3 : wav.

.So,I decided to give them.Theses scores were written for the harp but it is playable with fiddle, flute,tin-whistle,mandoline,etc...Ah a big detail there's no copyrights on my scores.I can send audio in a better format than Dominique Gauquelin

**Qualification:** Fifty years of music but I need a second life for composition...

**Artist page :** <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-gauquelin.htm>

### About the piece



**Title:** THE MAID WHO SOLD HER BARLEY  
**Composer:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Arranger:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Copyright:** Copyright © dominique gauquelin  
**Publisher:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Style:** Celtic

dominique gauquelin on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

Prohibited distribution on other website.



- listen to the audio
- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist



It's cold and raw the north winds blow  
Black in the morning early  
When all the hills were covered with snow  
Oh then it was winter fairly  
As I was riding o'er the moor  
I met a farmer's daughter  
Her cherry cheeks and sloe-black hair  
They caused my heart to falter

I bowed my bonnet very low  
To let her know my meaning  
She answered with a courteous smile  
Her looks they were engaging  
"Where are you bound, my pretty maid  
It's now in the morning early?"  
The answer that she made to me  
"Kind sir, to sell me barley"

"Now twenty guineas I've in my purse  
And twenty more that's yearly  
You need not go to the market town  
For I'll buy all your barley  
If twenty guineas would gain the heart  
Of the maid I love so dearly  
All for to tarry with me one night  
And go home in the morning early"

As I was riding o'er the moor  
The very evening after  
It was my fortune for to meet  
The farmer's only daughter  
Although the weather being cold and raw  
With her I thought to parley  
The answer then she made to me  
"Kind sir, I've sold me barley"

