Rising early out of bed, across the fields I steered O
When oh and I, a woman I spied
A pretty fair maid appeared O
Her head was bare, I do declare
She had neither hat nor feather on
And she stooped so low
Gave me to know it was mushrooms she was gathering O
Oh gathering O, and she stooped so low, gave me to know
It was mushrooms she was gathering O

"Where are you going?" says I, "My dear
Why are you up so early O?
I've seen you on the dewy grass before the sower early O"
Quite modestly she answered me
And she gave her head one fetch up
And she said, "I am gathering mushrooms
To make my mammy ketchup O"
Oh ketchup O, and she said
"I am gathering mushrooms
To make my mammy ketchup O"

Her parting breast on mine she pressed
Her heart was like a feather O
And her lips on mine do gentle join
And we both sat down together O
Together O, and her lips on mine do gentle join
And we both sat down together O

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