

The Milkmaid and the Software Engineer

'Tis of a fair young maiden, Mary she was called.

Her Mum and Dad were barristers and they were quite appalled.

She would not go into the law with all the family,

She fancied agriculture and she got a good degree, ... she got a good degree.

Now it's of a poor old farm in the English countryside,

It started looking up again when they diversified.

With business units in the barn, they built a brand new dairy,

With a fine organic milking herd and a manager called Mary, ... a manager called Mary.

Now it's of a fine young fellow, came from a mining town,

They called him Jack but he never went back and he did not follow them down.

He was hooked upon computers, and it never did him harm,

For now he owns a software house with an office on a farm, ... an office on a farm.

'Twas one fine summer's morning, inspecting of her cows,

This young man a-driving by her interest did arouse.

He slammed on the brakes and nearly went into the wall,

Of all the sights he'd seen this was the fairest of them all, The fairest of them all.

"Hello, I'm Jack," "I'm Mary, I work here," "I do too,"

"Why don't we climb this hillside and just admire the view".

And so they found a grassy bank and laid upon the ground,

And very soon they both could feel the world go round and round, ... the world go round and round.

Who knows where the time goes, but still it does elapse.

While she's managing the dairy and he's designing apps,

And when the day is ended, all weary from the strain,

They find each other's arms and make the world go round again, ... the world go round again.

So come all you barristers' daughters, likewise you miners' sons,

Remember father's footsteps are not the only ones.

For if you care to make your own and tread them without fear,

You could be the milkmaid and the software engineer,... the milkmaid and the software engineer.

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