

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Constant Farmer's Son

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In London there lived a pretty fair maid.
She was comely, fair, and handsome, her parents loved her well.
She was courted by lords and noblemen, but all their love was in vain.
There was but one, the farmer's son, poor Mary's heart could gain.

Long time young William courted her; they fixed the wedding day.
Her parents they did give consent. Her brothers they did say,
"There is a lord has pledged his word, and him she shall not shun.
First we'll betray and then we'll slay the constant farmer's son."

There was a fair not far from town, her brothers they did say.
They asked young William's company to spend with them the day,
But back returning home again they swore his race had run,
And with a stake the life did take of the constant farmer's son.

These villains returning homewards, to Mary they did say,
"O think no more of your false love, but let him go his way.
O think no more of your false love. He's courted some other one,
And we the same have come to tell of the constant farmer's son."

As Mary on her pillow lay she dreamt a shocking dream,
She dreamt she saw her own true love down by a purling stream.
So Mary rose, put on her clothes, to meet her love did run.
In yonder vale lies cold and pale her constant farmer's son.

She kissed him once, she kissed him twice, she kissed him ten times o'er,

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She gathered green leaves from the trees to keep him from the sun.
A night and a day she passed away with her constant farmer's son.

At length her hunger grew very great. Poor maid, she sicked for woe,
And home unto her parents poor Mary she did go,
Saying, "Parents dear, you soon shall hear the dreadful deed's been done,
In yonder vale lies cold and pale my constant farmer's son."

It's up and speaks her oldest brother and swore it was not he,
And so did the younger one, and swore most bitterly.
"YOU needn't turn so red," says she, "nor try the law to shun.
You've done the deed and you shall bleed for my constant farmer's son."

Those villains confessed the murder and for the same did die.
Young Mary she did fade away but never ceased to cry.

Her parents they did fade away. The glass of life had run.
Poor Mary sighed and then she died for her constant farmer's son.

note: another Bruton Town or Bamboo Brier
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