

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Tonight there'll be candlelight and roses
In this little country chapel that's almost falling down
There'll be tears in this old farmer's eyes this evening
When I give my one possession to that city boy from town

His hair is a little longer than we're use to
But, I guess I should find something good to say
About this man whose won the farmer's daughter
And will soon become my son-in-law today

Mama left eight years ago December
And it was hard to be a Dad and Mama too
But, somehow we made home of this old farmhouse
And love was all my baby ever knew

He could be the richest man in seven counties
And not be good enough to take her hand
But, he says he really loves the farmer's daughter
And I know the farmer's daughter loves the man