

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Farmer's Boy

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The sun had sunk behind yon hill
Across yon dreary moor,
When wet and cold there came a boy
Up to a farmer's door.
'Can you tell me,' said he, 'if any there be
Who will give me employ
For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy?'

(Repeat these last three lines at the end of each stanza)

'My father's dead and my mother left,
And with three children small;
And what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all.
But as little as I am I will do what I can
All for to seek employ.'

'Oh, yes,' cried the wife, 'let us try the lad;
Let him no further seek !'
'Oh, yes,' the daughter she replied,
While a tear ran down her cheek,
'It is hard for those who seek for work
And wander for employ.'

The boy he stayed till he grew a man
And the good old farmer died.
He left the lad with all he had
And his daughter for his bride.
But the lad that now a farmer is,
He oft times smiles with joy
When he thinks of the day that he came this way
All for to seek employ,
For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy.

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