

Wealthy Farmer's Son - Mr Walter Debbage

a b

So come all you pret - ty maid - ens fair, come at - tend un - to my song. This is of a lit - tle

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sto - ry which was told my love a - long. That was of a bloom - ing young dam - sel who -

c 2

walked through fields so gay -, when there she met her own true love and these words to him did - say:

a b c

1
So come all you pretty maidens fair,
come attend unto my song,
this is of a little story
that does to love belong.
'Tis of a blooming damsel
walked through the fields so gay
and there she met her true love,
and he unto her did say,

2
'Don't let the day go, Nancy,
this young man he did say
Oh why do you walk here alone?
Come tell to me I pray.'
'I am going to yonder riverside,
just below of yonder hill
to gather sweet flowers
and to watch the fishes swim.'

3
'Kind sir, you must excuse me',
this young damsel did reply,
'I must not walk with any young man
until the day I die.
For I have a sweetheart of my own,
and he my heart has won.
He lives in yonder cottage,
he's a wealthy farmer's son.'

4
'And pray, what is your lover's name?'
he unto her did say,
'Though in my tarry trousers
perhaps I know him may.'
She said, 'His name is William;
from him I'll never run.
This ring we broke at parting;
he's a wealthy farmer's son.'

5
The ring from out his pocket
he instantly then drew,
saying, 'Nancy, here's the parting gift;
one half I left with you.
I have been pressed to sea
and many a battle won,
but still your heart could ne'er depart
from me, the farmer's son.'

6
To church then went this couple,
and married were with speed;
Oh how the village bells did ring
and the girls did dance indeed.
She blessed the happy hour
she through the fields did run
to wait all for her own true love,
he's a wealthy farmer's son.