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The Wealthy Farmer's Son

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The Wealthy FARMER'S SON.

COME all you pretty maidens' fair, attend unto my
song,

While I relate a story that does to love belong,
It's of a blooming damsel walking thro' the fields so gay,
And there she met her lover, who thus to her did say.

Where are you going, young Nancy, this morning so
gay?

Or why do you walk here alone? come tell me I pray,
I'm going to yon river's side that's just below the hill,
To gather the sweet flowers and watch the fishes swim.

Be not in haste dear Nancy, this young man he did say,
And I will bear you company and guard you by the way
For I live on yonder river's side, where fishes they do
swim,

There you may gather flowers that grow about the brim.

Kind sir, you must excuse me, this maiden did reply,
I ne'er will walk with any man until the day I die,
I have a sweetheart of my own and he my heart has won,
He lives in yonder cottage, a wealthy farmer's son.

O then replies this young man come tell your lover's
name,

Though I'm in my tarry trowsers, perhaps I know the
She says his name is William from that I ne'er will run,
A ring he broke at parting, the wealthy farmer's son.

The ring then from his pocket he instantly drew,
Saying, Nancy, here's the parting gift, one half I left
with you,

It's I have been press'd to sea and many a battle won,
Yet still your heart could ne'er depart from me, the
farmer's son.

O when she heard him say these words, it put her in
surprise,

The tears came trickling down her cheeks, from her
O soothe your grief, the young man cries, the battle
you have won,

For Hymen's chains shall bind us, you and the farmer's
To church then this couple went, and married were
with speed,

All the village bells did ring, and the girls did dance
She blessed the happy hour she in the fields did run,
To seek for her true lover, the wealthy farmer's son.

YOUNG EDWARD THE Gallant Hussar.

London — H. Such, Printer and Publisher,
177, (late 128), Union street, Boro.'—SE.

A DAMSEL possessed of great beauty,
She stood by her own father's gate,
The gallant hussars' were on duty,
To view them this maiden did wait;
Their horses were capering and prancing,
Their accoutrements shone like a star,
From the plain they were nearest advancing,
She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pellices were slung on their shoulders,
So careless they seemed for to ride,
So warlike appeared these young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their sides.
To the barracks next morning so early,
This damsel she went in her car,
Because she loved him sincerely—
Young Edward the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
These words he was heard for to say,
Said Jane, 'I've heard none more bolder,
To follow my laddie awa'.
'O fie!' said young Edward, 'be steady,
And think of the dangers of war,
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
So wed not your gallant Hussar.'

For twelve months on bread and cold water,
My parents confined me for you,
O hard-hearted friends to their daughters,
Whose heart it is loyal and true;
Unless they confine me for ever,
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
To wed with my gallant Hussar.

Said Edward, 'Your friends you must mind them,
Or else you are for ever undone,
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So pray do my company shun.'
She said, 'If you will be true-hearted,
I have gold of my uncle in store,
From this time no more we'll be parted,
I will wed with my gallant Hussar.'

As he gazed on this beautiful creature,
The tears they did fall from each eye,
I will wed with this beautiful creature,
And forsake cruel war he did cry.
So now they're united together,
Friends think of them now they're afar,
Crying, 'Heaven bless them now and for ever,
Young Jane and her gallant Hussar.'