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Farmer's Boy

Author Unknown

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**Steer my Bark
TO ERIN'S ISLE**



London :— H. Suen, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Borough.—S. E.



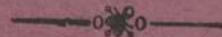
OH, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met,
Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
Can this fond heart forget ;
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I'd wish to roam,
O steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,
And bosoms pure as snow,
In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,
And hearts that ever flow :
In Erin's isle I'd pass my time,
No more I'd wish to roam,
O steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In England was my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore ;
If bonny Scotland was my home,
Her mountains I'd adore ;
But pleasant days in both I've pass
I'll dream of days to come,
O steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.



**FARMER'S
BOY.**



THE sun went down beyond yon hills,
Across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a boy there came,
Up to a farmer's door.
Will you tell me if any there be,
That will give me employ,
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

My father's dead, and mother's left,
With her five children small,
And what is worst for my mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all :
Though little I be yet I fear not work
If you will me employ,
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

And if that you won't me employ,
One favor I have to ask,
Will you shelter me till break of day,
From this cold winter's blast :
At break of day, I'll trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer said, pray take the lad,
No farther let him seek,
O yes, dear father, the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheeks,
For those that will work it's hard to want
And wander for employ,
To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

In course of time he grew a man,
The good old farmer died,
And left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride ;
Now the boy that was, now farmer is,
And lays and thinks with joy,
Of the lucky day he came that way,
And to be a farmer's boy.

