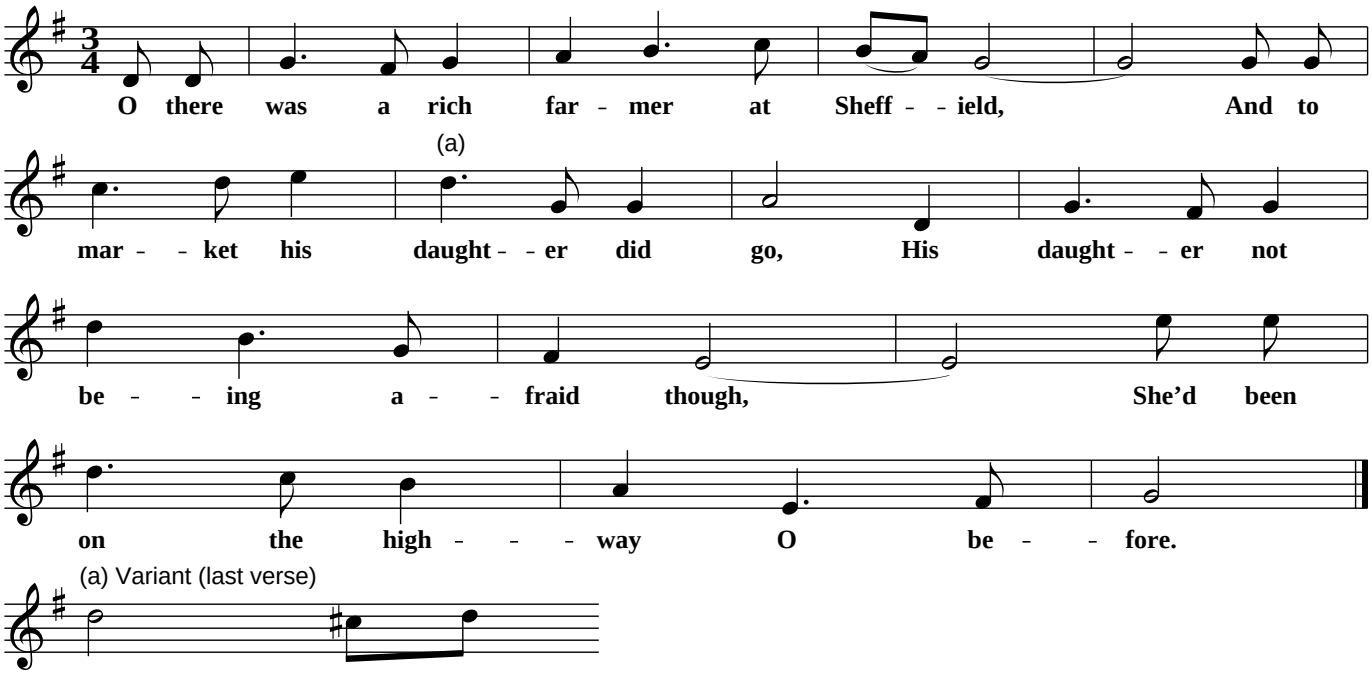
Rich Farmer Of Sheffield



She met with three bold-faced they was robbers,
Three pistols they held at her breast
"For it's money and clothery we declare,
Or else we'll take your sweet life in distress."

They ripped the poor girl stark naked
And they gave her the bridle to hold
"Now it's money and clothes we declare
Else we'll take your sweet life in distress." (b)

She put her left leg in the stirrup
And she mounted her horse like a man
It's over hedges and ditches she galloped,
⁻Now come catch me bold rogues if you can."

She rode to the gates of her father,
And she shouted all over the farm
"Dear Father, I've been in great danger
But those rogues they hanna ["haven't"] done me no harm."

She put her grey mare in the stable,
And she spread the white sheet on the floor
She counted her money twice over
Five hundred bright pounds and some more.

He said, "Dear daughter, if you have that fortune,
On top of that I will give you more,
And if ever you live to get married,
It'll keep the cold wind from your door."

Source: Sung by Wiggy Smith at English Country Music Weekend, Postlip Tithe Barn, Glos, 17 June, 1995. Recorded by Gwilym Davies.

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