

The Constant Farmer's Son

1. 'Tis of a mer-chant's dau_ghter in Lon-don town_ did_ dwell. She was
mod-est, fair and hand-some_ and her par-ents loved her well.

She was admired by lords and squires, but all their hopes were vain
For there was one, a farmer's son, who Mary's heart could gain.

Long time William courted her and he fixed the wedding day
And her parents then consulted her and her brothers they did say
"There lives a squire who's pledged his word, and he shall not be shunned."
For he will him slay and will betray your constant farmer's son."

A fair was held not far from town and her brothers went straightway
And they asked young William's company to spend with them the day.
But when he would return again, for he saw his life was run.
With a stake they life they took of the constant farmer's son.

Now on the pillow young Mary lay and she had a dreadful dream.
She dreamed she saw his body lie down by a crystal stream.
Then she arose, put on her clothes, and to her love did run.
There dead and cold she did behold the constant farmer's son.

The salt tears stood upon her eyes, which was mingled with gore.
She cried in vain, there was no pain, she kissed a thousand times o'er.
She gathered green leaves from all the trees for to keep him from the sun
One night and day was passed away with the constant farmer's son.

But hunger at last came creeping on, poor girl she cried with woe,
Straightway to find the murdered out, straight homeward she did go.
Saying "Parents dear, you soon shall hear of the dreadful deed that is done.
Down yonder vale lies dead and pale my constant farmer's son."

Up then spake the eldest brother and swore it was no he.
The same replied the younger one, and he cried most bitterly.
But Mary said, "Don't turn so red, nor try by the lord to shun.
You've done the deed and you must bleed for my constant farmer's son."

These villains then they owned their guilt, and for the same did die.
And Mary's heart was ever true, and never ceased to cry.
Her parents they did pass away, their glass of life was run.
Poor Mary cried, in sorrow died, for her constant farmer's son.

Notes: The words on the recording are very indistinct, and so words are provided from a Dorset version.

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