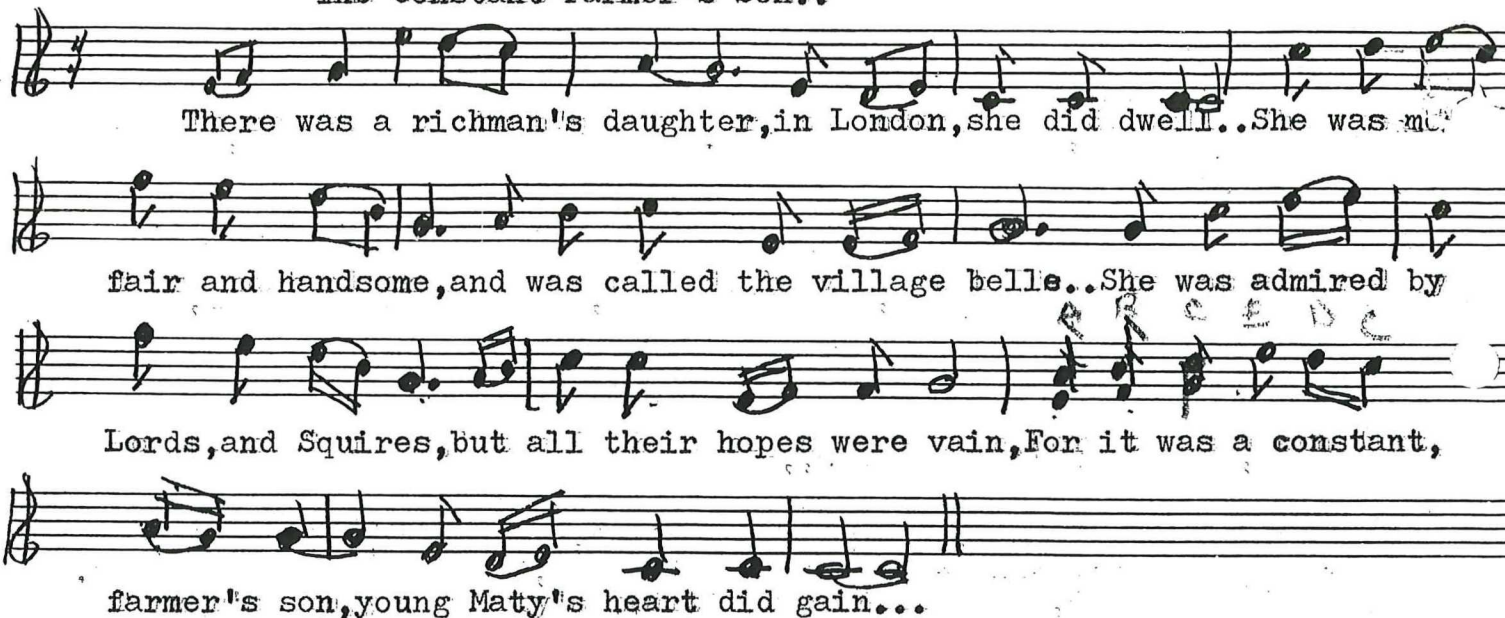


The Constant Farmer's Son..



There was a richman's daughter, in London, she did dwell.. She was much
 fair and handsome, and was called the village belle.. She was admired by
 Lords, and Squires, but all their hopes were vain, For it was a constant,
 farmer's son, young Maty's heart did gain...

~~Long time this couple courted, and had named their wedding day.
 Their parents they consented, but her brothers they said, Nay..
 There is a Lord who pledged his word, and him she shall not shun,,
 For we'll betray, and then we'll slay, her constant farmer's son..~~

~~A fair was held not far away, the brother's went straight way.
 And asked young William's company, with them to spend the day..
 But on the way returning home, they swore his life was done,
 And with a stake, the life did take, of her constant farmer's son..~~

~~The villains then returned home,, Dear sister, they did say,
 Don't think no more of your false lover, but let him go his way..
 For it is true, in love he flew, with another girl had run,
 There for, we came to tell the same, of your constant farmer's son...~~

~~Poor Mary, in her bed that night, she dreamed an awful dream,
 She dreamed she saw his body lie, down by a crystal stream,
 She then arose, put on her clothes, for to seek her lover she ran,,
 And dead and cold, she did behold, her constant farmer's son..~~

~~The tears they fell upon her cheeks, and mingled with his gore,
 She shrieked in pain, to ease her shame, and she kissed him ten times o'er.
 She picked green leaves, from off the trees, to shield him from the sun,
 Then a night and day, she passed away, by her constant farmer's son,,~~

~~But hunger came a-creeping o'er, poor thing, she cried with woe..
 But then to find his murderer's, she straightway, home did go,
 Saying, Parents dear, You soon shall hear, of a dreadful deed thats done,
 For in yonder vale, lies dead and pale, My constant farmer's son,,~~

~~Up stepped her eldest brother, saying, sister, it was not me,
 Likewise then swore the youngsters, and he swore most bitterly,
 But, Mary said, Do not turn so red, nor try the law to shun,,
 For you done the deed, and you shall bleed, for my constant farmer's son.~~

~~The villains, then did own their guilt, and for the same did die,,
 Poor Mary, fell in deep despair, and she always mourned and sighed..~~

~~Her parents, they did fade away, for their link with life was done,,
 POOR MARY, CRIED, AND THEN SHE DIED, FOR HER CONSTANT FARMERS SON.....~~