The Farmer's Boy

As sung by Steve Wadsworth

Freely $\frac{1}{4} = c. 100$

1. The sun was sinking in the west, When coldly blew the wind, When,
2. "And if you cannot hire* me One favor I would ask: Would you
3. "My father's dead, my mother's living, with six little children small, And the
4. "Oh, hire him," the woman replied, "No farther let him go!" "Oh,"
5. 'Twas but a few years after, This good old farmer died, Left him

Give me one night's lodging From this cold and wintry blast? And
Worst of it is for my poor mother I'm the oldest of them all. And the
Yes," cried their only daughter dear, As the tears down her cheeks did flow, "For a
Fifty acres of good land And his daughter for a bride. His

"Is there any one within Who would give to me employ, To
Earlily in the morning I'll go wandering for employ, To
Worst of it is for my poor mother I'm the oldest of them all, To
Boy that is willing to earn his bread Should not wander for employ, To
Friends they all wished him luck, While the neighbors wished him joy. "Twas a

Plow, to sow, to reap, to mow, And be a farmer's boy?"
Plow, to sow, to reap, to mow, And be a farmer's boy."
Plow, to sow, to reap, to mow, And be a farmer's boy."
Plow, to sow, to reap, to mow, And be a farmer's boy."
Luck y day he passed that way To be a farmer's boy."

*There is a slight lilt to the eighth notes in Wadsworth's manner of singing.
**Though technically 'hire' and 'tired' are one-syllable words, they naturally sing as two syllables; consequently, the split looks a bit awkward.