



THE WEALTHY
FARMER'S SON.



Come all pretty fair maids, and listen unto my song,
While I relate a story that does to love belong;
It's of a blooming damsel going through the fields so gay,
And there she met her own true love, thus he to her did say.

Where are you going, young Nancy, this morning out so gay,
Or why do you walk alone, come tell to me I pray,
I'm going to the river side, where fishes they do swim,
To gather the sweet flowers that grow all round the brim.

Kind Sir, you will excuse me, this maid she did reply,
I'll never walk with any young man until the day I die;
I have a sweetheart of my own, and he my heart has won,
And he dwells in yonder cottage, a wealthy farmer's son.

Says he then lovely Nancy, then tell your lover's name,
Though in my tarry trowsers perhaps I know the same,
She said his name is William, and from that I'll never run,
A ring he broke at parting, he's a wealthy farmer's son.

A ring then from his pocket he instantly did draw,
Saying, Nancy, 'tis the parting gift, one half I left with you,
Long I have been at sea, love, and many a battle won,
And still I am the same yet, the wealthy farmer's son.

O when these words she heard, they put her in surprise,
The tears they came trickling down her sparkling eyes,
O soothe your grief, the young man cries the battle you have
won,
For hymen's chains shall bind you and the farmer's son.

To church this couple went, and were married with speed,
The village bells did ring and the girls did dance indeed,
She blest the happy hour that thro' the fields she run,
To meet with her true lover, the wealthy farmer's son.



BOLD
ROBIN HOOD.

GLEE.—THREE VOICES.

CHORUS.

Bold Robin Hood was a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry green wood,
The wild deer we'll follow, we'll follow,
The wild deer we'll follow,
The wild deer, the wild deer are springing from many a wood;
The wild deer we'll follow, we'll follow,
Through break and over hollow,
We'll follow the wild deer of bold Robin Hood,
We'll follow the wild deer of bold Robin Hood,

BASS SOLO.

Here is a grey friar, as good as heart can desire,
Who absolves all our sins as the case may require,
Who with courage so stout, knocks his oak stick about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his squire.

CHORUS—Bold Robin Hood, &c.

AIR SOLO.

What eye hath e'er seen such a sweet maiden queen,
As Mary, the pride of the forester green,
The sweet garden flower that blooms in the bower,
Where alone is this hour, when the wild rose hath been.

CHORUS.

We hail her in duty, the queen of all beauty,
We'll live and we'll die by our sweet maiden queen.

CHORUS—Bold Robin Hood, &c.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me,
Wearing heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be;
Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa'.
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled joy surrounded—
Gaudy day to you is dear.
Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me—
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

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