



## Wounded Farmer's Son

Pitts Printer Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehous  
6 Great st Andrew street 7 Dials

**T**HE Farmer's son so sweet,  
attending of his sheep,  
Whilst careful fast asleep,  
While his lambs did play,  
A brisk young lady gay,  
She saw his lambs at play  
And a young man sleeping lay  
Whom she loved dear,

She kissed his lips so sweet,  
As he lay fast asleep,  
Saying my heart will bseak,  
For you my dear.  
Arise, young man, I pray  
No longer sleeping lay,  
But see your lambs astray,  
For I love you so dear,

He awoke in great surprize.  
To behold such lovely eyes.  
Like an angel bright,  
she did appear,  
You brisk young lady gay.  
From home your lost your way,  
Just like lambs you stray  
From your parents dear,

For your dear sake alone,  
I wander from my home,  
My friends are dead and gone  
I am left alone,  
My riches houses and lands,  
Servants they keep in hand,  
Shall be at your command,  
My sweet Farmerm's son.

You brisk young lady gay  
How can you fancy me.  
A poor young boy you see,  
None but a Farmer's son,  
A farmer's son so sweet  
I'm afraid you will break my heart  
So love join hand in hand,  
My sweet farmer's son

My riches life and land  
Servants with cap in hand  
Shall be at your command  
My sweet farmer's son  
His flocks are laid aside,  
And now made her his bride  
Marry'd then she was  
the Farmer's son

