

FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had set behind the hill,
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there
came,

Up to a farmer's door ;
Can you tell me wherever there be,
One that will give employ,
To plow, sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

My father's dead, my mother is left,
With five children, large and small,
And what is worse for my mother
sittl,

I'm the biggest of them all ;
But though little, I would labour
hard,

If I could get employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be farmer's boy.

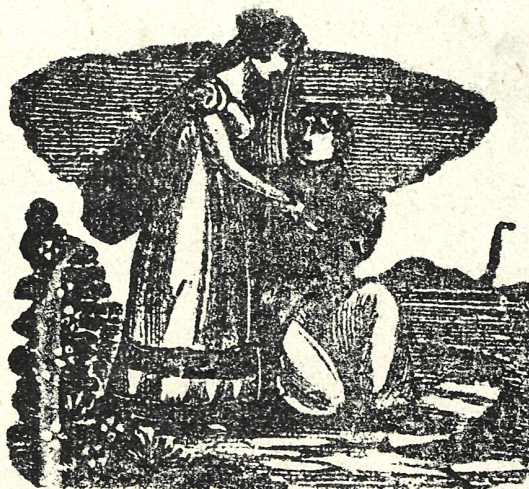
And if that you no boy do want,
One favour I've to ask,
If you'll shelter me till break of day,
From this cold wind's blast,
At break of day I will truge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife cried, try the lad,
Let him no further seek,
Yes, father, do, the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheeks,
For those who'd work 'tss hard to
want

And wander for imploy,
Don't let him go, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy.

When the farmer's boy grew up a
man,

The good old couple died,
And left the lad the farm they had
With their daughter for his bride ;
Now the lad that was and a farmer is,
Of thinks and smiles with joy,
On the lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.



High Germany OR, POLLY LOVE.

O Polly love, O Polly love, the rout is begun.
And we must away at the sound of the drum ;
Go dress you all in your best, and go along with us,
And I'll take you to the wars of High Germany.

O, my dearest Billy, mind what I say,
My feet they are sore, I cannot march away.
Besides, my dearest Billy, I am with child by thee,
Not fitting for the wars of high Germany

I will buy a horse, if you, my Polly can ride,
And many a long night I will march by your side.
We'll drink at every ale house, that ever we come nigh,
And we'll travel on the road, sweet Molly and I.

O Polly love, O Polly love, I like you very well,
There are few in this place, my Polly can excel.
But when your baby is born love, sits smiling on your
knee,

You will think on your Bill that's in High Germany,

Down in yonder valley, I'll make for him a bed,
And the sweetest of roses, shall be his coverlid,
With pinks and sweet violets, I will adorn his feet
And the fishes are charmed, the music is so sweet.

O Polly love, O Polly love, pray give me your hand,
Promis you will marry me, when I come to Old
England ;

I Give you my right hand, I will not married be,
When you come from the wars of High Germany.

Wee be to the wars that ever they began,
For they have preest my Billy, and many a clever man,
For they have preest my Billy, no more I shall him see
And so cold will be his grave in High Germany.

The drum that beats is covered with green,
The pretty lambs sporting, most pleasant
May the birds on the branches hinder us
The leaving of my true love green

