

Farmers Boy By Albert M. Keith

The sun went down beyonds you hills  
across the dreary moor

Where a boy there came that way

Up to a farmers door

May can you tell me if any here

That will give me employ

Chorus.

for to plow and to mow

and to reap and to sow

and to be a farmers boy

and for to be a farmers boy

My father's land and mother left

With her five children small

And what is the worst for my mother still

I am the oldest of them all

Though little I be I fear no work

If you will me employ

and

for to plough & to mow & so

if you want me employ one favor I have to ask

If you will shelter me till the break of day

From this cold winters blast

at the break of day I will trudge away

Elsewhere to seek employ

for to plough

4<sup>th</sup>

The farmer said he would try the lad  
So further to let him seek

O yes dear father the daughter cried

While the tears ran down her cheeks

For those that will work it is for to want

And wander for employ

&

In course of time he grew a lad

The good old farmer died

He left the lad the farm he had

and his daughter for his bride

The boy that was now farmer is

He smiles and thinks with joy

O that lucky

lucky day that hat he came that way

for to be a farmers boy for to be a farmers

boy

boy