

# The Farmer and the Shanty Boy

As sung by Lily deLorme

Moderately  $\text{♩} = 76$

1. As I rode out one ev - 'ning, just as the sun went down, Quite  
 2. The one that loved the farm - er's son, these words I heard her say: "The  
 3. "It's for to plow and sow the fields," the oth - er girl did say, "And  
 4. "As for the bail - iff sell - ing out, it does not me a - larm. There's

cur - ious - ly I roved a - long 'til I came to Tren - ton town. I  
 rea - son why I like him, at home with me he'll stay. He'll  
 if his crops do not do well, his debts he can - not pay. His  
 no dan - ger of go - ing in debt while you're liv - ing on a farm. You'll

heard two maids con - vers - ing as I slow - ly passed them by; One  
 stay at home all win - ter; to the shant - y he'll not go, And  
 crops may prove a fail - ure or the grain mar - kets be low, Oft  
 put your land down in the spring and don't work through storms of rain, For your

said she loved a farm - er's son, and the oth - er a shant - y boy.  
 in the spring when it does come in his lands he'll plow and sow.  
 times the bail - iff sells them out to pay the debts they owe."  
 shant - y boy must work each day his fam - ly to main - tain."

5. "Oh, how I like my shantyboy that goes away in the fall.  
 He is most stout and hearty and able to stand each squall.  
 Quite cheerfully I'll greet him when he comes home in the spring,  
 His money will be free and he'll share it with me while your farmer's sons have none."

6. "Oh, how you praise your shantyboy that in the woods doth go.  
 He's ordered up before daybreak to work through storms and snow.  
 While happy and contented my farmer's son can lie,  
 And he'll whisper tales of love to me 'til the storm goes raging by."

7. "I cannot bear the soft talk," your farmer's son would say,  
 "For some of them they are so green that a cow might eat for hay.  
 How easy you can tell them whenever they come to town,  
 For the little boys after them will run saying, "Nick, why are you down?"

8. "Now what I've said of your shanty boys, I hope to be excused.  
 If from those ignorant farmers' sons I ever do get free,  
 If ever I do get a chance with a shantyboy I'll go,  
 And leave him brokenhearted, his lands to plow and sow.

9. Oh, it's how you slighted your farmer's son that plows and sows the field.  
 You will believe the statement as how the crops do yield.  
 With your shantyboy oftentimes you'll play with money in both hands,  
 And without a sigh with him I'll go, and while he works his land.