

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Constant Farmer's Son (5)

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Once a rich farmer's daughter, in Limerick Town did dwell,
She was modest ,meek, and handsome, and her parents loved her well,
She was admired by lords and squires, but their love was all in vain,
There was but one, a farmer's son, that Mary's heart would gain.

A long time Willie courted her, and appointed their wedding day,
Her parents they consented, but her brothers had this to say,
There is a squire who pledged his word, and him you shall not shun,
For we will betray, and we will slay, your constant farmer's son.

There was a fair held near the town, and her brothers they went there,
They asked young Willie's company, with them to spend the day,
The day went on, the fair was gone, they said your race is run,
'Twas with a knife, they took the life, of her constant farmer's son.

As Mary on her pillow lay, she had an awful dream,
She dream't she saw young Willie, lying dead all in a stream,
Up Mary rose, put on her clothes, in search of her love did run,
'Twas pale and cold, she did behold, her constant farmer's son.

The tears ran down her rosy cheeks, and mingled with his gore,
And to relieve her troubled heart, she kissed him o'er and o'er,
She gathered green leaves from the trees, to shade him from the sun,
That night and day, she passed away, with her constant farmer's son.

As the hunger it came creeping on, poor Mary wept with woe,
Then home to find those murderers, she straight away did go,
Saying parents dear, you soon shall hear, of the dreadful deed that's done,
In yonder vale, lies cold and pale, my constant farmer's son.

Up stepped the youngest brother, and said it was not me,
The same replied the others, but swore more bitterly,
Oh brothers dear, don't lie severe, don't try the law to shun,
You've done the deed, and you shall bleed, for my constant farmer's son.

The brothers they were taken, and sent away to jail,
bound down for by strong irons, their sins for to prevail,
The jury found them guilty, and the Judge to them did say,
For the murdering of young Willie, your lives in forfeit pay.

The brothers soon the death did own, and for the same did die,
And where they were beheaded, their bodies still do lie,

The thoughts of her own true love, still in her mind do run,
In a mad house cell, poor Mary does dwell, for her constant farmers son.

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Laws M32

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