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There was a farmer lived in this town,
His fame went through the whole country round,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
And in her he placed his whole heart's delight.

Many a young man a courting came,
But none of them could her favour gain,
Till one poor boy of low degree
Came along one day, and she fancied he,
When her father he came to hear,
He separated her from her dear,
Full four score miles away she was sent
They both possessed one grave.

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One night, as she in her chamber stood,
Getting ready for to lie down,
She heard a dread and dismal sound
Saying "Loose those bands that are so fast bound."

Her father's steed she quickly knew,
Her mother's cloak and her safe guard too.
"This is a message being sent to me
By such a messenger, kind sir" said she.

Then as she rode along behind,
They rode full swifter than the wind,
And not one word unto her did speak,
Save "Oh, my dear, how ray head doth ache!"

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A Holland handkerchief she then drew oat.
And bound his head all round about,
She kissed his lips and these words did say,
"My jewel, you're colder than any cley."

When they got to her father's door,
He knocked so boldly at the ring,
"Go in! Go in!" this young man he said,
"And I'll see th is horse in his stable fed."

When she came to her father's door ,
She saw her father stand on the floor.
"Father, dear father, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger, kind sir?" said she.

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Her father, knowing this young man was dead ,
The very hair rose on his head.
He wrong his hands and cried full sore,
But this poor boy's parents cried still more,
How all young maidens a warning take,
Be sure your vows you do not break,
For once your vows and your words are gone,

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There is no recalling them back again.

Finis



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