

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Maine Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

9999

The Farmer's Boy

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me>

Recommended Citation

"The Farmer's Boy" (9999). *Maine Sheet Music Collection*. Score 549.
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me/549>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

The Farmer's Boy

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
 The birds had sung their evening hymns,
 The wind had hushed its busy hum,
 The stars had lit their golden lamps,
 The moon had risen in the sky,
 The farmer's boy was still at home,
 He sat and thought of all the things
 That he had done that day,
 And how he had been busy all the while,
 For he had sown his seed in the field,
 And he had plowed the soil,
 And he had reaped the harvest,
 And he had stored the grain,
 And he had made the hay,
 And he had milked the cow,
 And he had fed the pig,
 And he had cared for all the things
 That were his own.

The Farmer's Boy Anon.

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
 The birds had sung their evening hymns,
 The wind had hushed its busy hum,
 The stars had lit their golden lamps,
 The moon had risen in the sky,
 The farmer's boy was still at home,
 He sat and thought of all the things
 That he had done that day,
 And how he had been busy all the while,
 For he had sown his seed in the field,
 And he had plowed the soil,
 And he had reaped the harvest,
 And he had stored the grain,
 And he had made the hay,
 And he had milked the cow,
 And he had fed the pig,
 And he had cared for all the things
 That were his own.

But if no boy ever comes to visit
 Can I find I will not
 The farmer sits on the door of day
 From the field and away there
 At the dawn of day I will send my way
 To work in the field
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to store,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

The father's word, the mother's will,
 What the young children will
 And when the mother will
 And the father of them all
 And though small, I'll work as hard as I can
 If you will give me pay
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to store,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

The father's word, the mother's will,
 Let him be father, son,
 "Oh, de papa," the boy has cried,
 While the sun called down a hot check,
 For those who still work it is hard for to reap,
 Or to wonder for pay
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to store,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's boy grew to a man
 And when the good old farmer died
 He gave the lad all he had
 And his daughter for a bride
 The boy that was a farmer to
 And prospered now with joy
 The friends of the man he passed that way
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

Bagaduce Music
 Lending Library
 Blue Hill, Maine
 Dates: _____

Vp Me.
 000310
 Anon.

The Farmer's Boy

ANON

The sun had sunk be-hind the hills, O'er the bleak and dreary moor, When
 wet and cold, a boy there came, up to the far-mer's door "Can you
 tell me," said he, "if a-ny there be, who would like to give em-
 ploy-oy-oy, for to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to mow, for to
 be a far-mer's boy-oy-oy, for to be a far-mer's boy."

1

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
 O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
 When wet and cold, a boy there came,
 Up to the farmer's door,
 "Can you tell me," said he,
 "If any there be, who would like to give employ,
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy."

2

My father's dead, my mother's left
 With five young children small.
 And what is worse for mother still
 I'm the eldest of them all.
 But though small, I'll work as hard as I can
 If you will give employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

3

But if no boy you chance to want
 One favor I will ask
 To shelter me to the dawn of day
 From the cold and wintry blast;
 At the dawn of day I will trudge away
 Elsewhere to seek employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

4

The farmer's wife cried, "Try the lad,
 Let him no farther seek."
 "Oh do papa," the daughter cried
 While the tears rolled down her cheek.
 For those who will work it is hard for to want
 Or to wander for employ
 For to plow, for to sow, for to reap, for to mow,
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

5

The farmer's boy grew to a man
 And when the good old farmer died
 He gave the lad full all he had
 And his daughter for a bride.
 The boy that was, a farmer is
 And remembers now with joy
 The break of day when he passed that way
 For to be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

MAINE COUNTY CODE AND THEIR MUSIC
 from My Grandmother's Folk Songs
 (Latham)
 DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC
 MAINE FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS

Vp MeS
 0310
 Anon