

The Merchant's Daughter

The Constant Farmer's Son

The musical score is written on eight staves in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: It's of a merchant's daughter in London town did dwell So modest, fair and handsome; her parents loved her well; She was admired by lord and squire, but all their thoughts were vain For only one A farmer's son. young Mary's heart did gain.

It's of a merchant's daughter in London town did dwell,
So modest, fair and handsome, her parents loved her well.
She was admired by lord and squire, but all their thoughts were vain,
For only one, a farmer's son. young Mary's heart did gain.

Long time young William courted her, and fixed their wedding day,
Their parents all consented, but her brothers both did say
"There lives a lord who pledged his word, and him she shall not shun;
We will betray and then we'll slay her constant farmer's son."

A fair was held not far from town; these brothers went straightway,
And asked young William; his company with them to pass the day;
But mark - returning home again they swore his race was run,
Then, with a stake, the life did take of her constant farmer's son.

These villains then returning home "O sister," they did say,
"Pray think no more of your false love, but let him go his way,
For it's truth we tell, in love he fell, and with some other one;
Therefore we come to tell the same of the constant farmer's son."

As on her pillow Mary lay, she had a dreadful dream,
She dreamt she saw his body lay down by a crystal stream,
Then she arose, put on her clother, to seek her love did run ,
When dead and cold, she did behold her constant farmer's son.

The salt tear stood upon his cheeks, all mingled with his gore,
She shrieked in vain, to ease her pain, and kiss'd him ten times o'er,
She gathered green leaves from the trees, to keep him from the sun,
One night and day she passed away with her constant farmer's son.

But hunger it came creeping on; poor girl she shrieked with woe;
To try and find his murderer she straightway home did go,
Saying "Parents dear, you soon shall hear, a dreadful deed is done,
In yonder vale lies, dead and pale, my constant farmer's son."

Up came her eldest brother and said "It is not me,"
The same replied the younder one, and swore most bitterly,
But young Mary said "Don;t turn so red, nor try the laws to shun,
You've done the deed and you shall bleed for my constant farmer's son!"

Those villians soon they owned the guilt, and for the same did die;
Young MARY fair, in deep despai, she never ceased to cry;
The parents they did fade away, the glass of life was run,
And Mary cried, in sorrow died for her constant farmer's son.