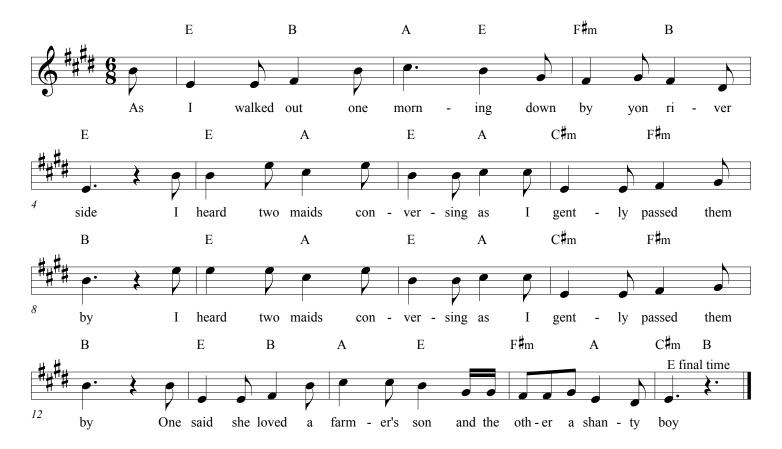
The Farmer's Son & The Shantyboy

Trad. - From the singing of Larena Clark Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



- 2. Oh, how I love my farmer's son, one girl was heard to say
 The reason that I love him, at home with me he'll stay
 He'll stay at home through wintertime, to the woods he will not go
 And when the springtime comes again, his lands he'll plough and sow
- 3. To plough and sow your lands now, the other girl did say
 If crops should prove a failure, your debts you could not pay
 If crops should prove a failure, and the wheat market be low
 I'm sure the sheriff would sell you out, your debts to pay, you know
- 4. As for the sheriff selling you out, that does not need alarm
 There is no need of being in debt, when you are on a farm
 You raise your bread from off the land; you don't work in the rain
 While shantyboys must work each day, their families to maintain
- 5. Oh, how I love my shantyboy, who to the woods does go
 He's ordered out before daylight, he works through storm and snow
 How lovingly I'll embrace him, when his winter's work is through [done? would rhyme with "none"]
 His money with me he'll spend so free, while your mossbacks they have none
- 6. What I've said about your shantyboy, I hope you will excuse And from this blamed old mossback, I'll try to set me free And with some stout young shantyboyboy, I will stand any show I'll leave this blamed old mossback, his lands to plough and sow