

## The Constant Farmer's Son Jimmy Houten and Denis McDaid

There were a farmer's daughter in Limerick town did dwell  
She was neat gentile and handsome and her parents loved her well  
She was admired by lords and squires but all their hopes were vain  
There were only one a farmer's son young Mary's heart could gain.

A long time young Willie courted her appointed the wedding day  
Her parents they had give consent her brothers they did say  
There is one lord who pledged his word and him you will not shun  
For we will slay or else betray your constant farmer's son.

There were a fair not far from home her brothers went straightway  
And asked young Willie's company with them to spend the day  
The fair being gone it's night came on they said your race is run  
With a dagger's knife they took his life the constant farmer's son.

As Mary on her pillow lay she dreamed a dreadful dream  
She dreamed she saw her own true love lying in yon crystal stream  
As she arose put on her clothes to seek her love did run  
'Twas dead and cold she did behold her constant farmer's son.

It's hunger it came on poor girl and home ways straight did go  
And to relieve her troubled mind she kissed him over and o'er  
She gathered the green leaves of the trees to shield him from the sun  
Both night and day I passed that way with my constant farmer's son.