

Wealthy Old Farmer

WEALTHY OLD FARMER 4117 30.A

Mrs. Sullivan Shafter, 1940

There lived a wealthy old farmer In Texas near Austin did dwell He had a beautiful daughter Was one whom I love well.

She was so handsome and beautiful Blue eyes and light curly hair There was no other in Texas With her that I could compare.

I went to see this pretty fair maid And I asked her if she'd be mine She hung her head in deep study As if she would decline.

Says I, the question is do you So answer it if you can And, love, if I do not suit you So choose some other man.

She raised her head and while smiling Says, love I'll have to say yes, Your face looks so truthful and honest And will prove so I guess.

If you promise to marry me I'll marry no other man Here is my heart, come and take it And she gave me her right hand.

I asked her then if she'd wait awhile Till I could go away Till I could go and raise a stake I'd return to her some day.

She bowed her head in deep sorrow She looked so mournfully We kissed, shook hands, and parted And I left her to mourn for me.

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I stayed six months in old Mexico And there I changed my mind I dwell back to old Kansas
Where the ladies all treated me kind.

'Twas there I found a fine country A fine people and a fine land But there's none to
compare with the farmer's daughter Who gave me her right hand.

WEALTHY OLD FARMER 4117 30B1

I rode into El Paso One evening bright and fair I stepped into a post office The mail had
just arrived there.

I received a letter from Texas Which I was most proud to see I thought it was from the
farmer's girl Who said she'd marry me.

Post office being crowded I stepped around to one side And opened up this letter Which
was written both long and wide.

And on it was my mother's name And this is what she said: The farmer's girl you loved so
well I'm sorry to tell you she's dead.

It filled my heart with deep sorrow I didn't know what to do And folding up this letter I knew
these words were true.

To drive away all sorrow I taken a few glasses of wine But the farmer's girl I loved so well
Did never leave my mind.

I'll go back to old Texas And I'll live a bachelor's life For the farmer's girl I loved so well
Can never be my wife.

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And when the death angels call me To take me from here and all
And when my friends gather round me I'll ask of them very kind
To bury me beside the farmer's girl Who said her heart was mine.