

A FARMERS WOOING

(FOUNDED ON FACTS)

As to market I went one Tuesday in May,
I saw a young lass upon the highway,
And, oh! she was dressed so blooming and gay,
And smil'd so sweet as I bid her good day!

'Wo! ho!' said I, to my rattling old mare,
"Just let me speak to this damsel so fair,"
Said I, "are you going to yonder town there?
If so, will you ride, I've room now to spare."

Then she smil'd, and said, "She would with me ride,
And soon the sweet lass sat snug by my side,
Such raptures I felt as on we did glide,
For I felt the fair lass would make a sweet bride.

She admired the flow'rs which sweetly did blow,
In every green field, on every hedge row,
But none of those flow'rs I'd have you to know,
Could vie with the lass who admired them so.

And, O! it was sweet a riding along,
Beholding the flowers, and list'ning the song,
Of the linnet so sweet in the hedge rows among,
And of the sweet mavis so clear and so strong.

The lassie she smil'd, and thus she did say,
"O! what a sweet time is this month of May,
All nature now laughs in her mantle so gay,
That with her delights I'm carried away.

Ah, me; could I in the country but dwell,

In some little cot, in some flowry dell,
For truly my heart seems bound in a spell,
With these rural scenes, I love them so well.”

Said I, “Do you live in yon town, my lass?”
“Ah, yes, it is there my life I do pass,
Tho I hate it, I must endure it, alas,
The charms of the country what art can surpass.”

I said, “If these scenes such sweets hath for you,
Why not bid the town for ever adieu?”
She said, “So I would; but what can I do?”
And her fair face became a ruddier hue.

So wistfully then she gazed upon me,
As much as to say in love he must be,
So at once I confess'd my love to her free,
“O charming sweet lass, I dearly love thee.

And, O! if thou love'st a country life,
Where all is so free from the town's busy strife,
And would fain be away from its danger so rife,
Consent to become a young farmer's wife.”

The tears they did glisten in her soft eyes,
Her bosom did heave with pure loving sighs,
Then close to my breast I press'd the sweet prize,
O! how her sweet charms I did idolize.

Then I courted her from that very day,
And soon to the church I led her so gay,
And ne'er do I regret going to market in May,
When I won my sweet wife upon the highway.