

A Bold Young Farmer

[Eva Cassidy](#)

A bold young farmer courted me
He stole my heart and my liberty
He stole my heart without free goodwill
And I must confess that I love him still I wish, I wish but its all in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I never can be
Since such a young fellow lies still by me There sits a bird in yonder tree
Some say hes blind and cannot see
And I wish it was the same with me
Before I took up with your company I wish my babe so tiny was born
And smiling on his fathers knee
And I poor girl was dead and gone
With the green grass growing all over me

Songwriters

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