

**THERE WAS A RICH FARMER AT SHEFFIELD ( Laws L2)**

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

Oh there was a rich farmer from Sheffield  
And to market his daughter did go.  
His daughter not being afraid though  
She'd been on the highway before.

She met with three bold faced young robbers  
Three pistols they held at her breast.  
Crying, 'Give us your money and clothing,  
Or we'll take your sweet life in distress"

They stripped the poor girl stark naked  
But they gave her the bridle to hold  
But while she stood shivering she noticed  
Their saddlebag filled with bright gold

She put her left leg in the stirrup  
And she mounted her horse like a man,  
It's over hedges and ditches she galloped  
"Now, come catch me, bold rogue, if you can"

She rode to the gate of her father  
And she shouted all over the farm,  
"Dear father, I've been in great danger,  
But those rogues they have done me no harm"

She put the grey mare in the stable  
She spread the white sheet on the floor,  
She counted her money twice over,  
Five hundred bright guineas and more.

Dear daughter, if you have that fortune,  
On top I will give you more,  
And if ever you live to get married,  
It'll keep the cold wind from your door"