

## Eddie From Ohio

# "The Three Fine Daughters Of Farmer Brown"

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(Clem.)

breaking hearts in halifax county  
the three fine daughters  
of Farmer Brown  
turning heads of the boys  
in the schoolyard  
catching whistles from  
the men downtown  
no one knows why they went rowin'  
the three fine daughters  
of Farmer Brown  
they didn't know that  
the rocks on the river  
be the three sisters island  
where they'd all drown  
widower Brown had a girl named nellie  
she was the oldest  
the toughest of three  
she would her daddy's well  
sharpened sickle and carve "kill men"  
in the sycamore tree  
the men come-a-clurtin'  
but she'd keep her distance  
never cracked a smile just played it coy  
some say she's as tender as a petal  
she'd act tough  
"cause her daddy wanted a boy  
old man brown had a girl named Dottie  
the middle button  
and the most vane of the three  
she'd take her daddy's  
fat leather boot strap  
and whip anyone  
who'd call her Dorothy  
the men would fawn her  
and she would repay them  
and peck 'em where they'd  
find it safe to kiss  
like the barn or the porch  
or the upstairs parlor  
anywhere that'd keep 'em  
from her father's fist

CHORUS

Farmer Brown had a girl named becca  
she was the youngest  
and most reverent of all  
she would take her daddy's  
king james bible  
and go study scripture  
at the brethren hall  
the men would avoid her  
"cause she would condemn them  
for cussin' and drinkin'  
and chasin' the browns  
she'd say "repent and join god forever  
the pleasure of sin's  
not as good as it sounds."  
one day the three  
with nothing in common  
spied upon an abandoned row boat  
maybe their sense of adventure had  
pushed the three young girls  
to set the ship afloat  
they didn't know  
the strength of the river  
the merciless current  
that pulled them down  
maybe it was the due to the  
weight of their denim  
but the three girls bodies  
were never found  
some may recall  
the singing of the sirens  
lured in the sailors  
who'd wreck and drown  
some say they still hear the fightin' and  
the flirtin' and the preachin'  
of the daughters of Farmer Brown  
CHORUS

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