

## Unknown

### "Crafty Boy"

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THE CRAFTY BOY  
or THE LITTLE YORKSHIRE BOY

There was an old farmer in Yorkshire did dwell  
And a pretty little Yorkshire boy he had for his man  
A pretty little Yorkshire boy he had for his man  
And for to do his business, his name it was John

Timothy right, fol de dol de dol de, right fol dol de

Oh the farmer called down to his man John  
And unto him his man John he came  
Saying, "Take this cow to the fair today  
She's in proper good order and her I can spare"

Oh the boy took the cow and away rode he  
The boy took the cow and away rode he  
He hadn't been long gone till he met two men  
When he sold them the cow for six pound ten  
Oh, the butcher he took the boy in for a drink  
Oh the butcher he paid down the boy his jink  
And turning to the landlord, thus he did say  
"What shall I do with the money, I pray?"

"I will sew it in the linings of my coat, then," says he  
"For I'm afraid on the highway it's robbed I might be"  
Says the man to himself, while drinking up his wine  
Says he to himself, "That money is mine"

Oh the boy took his money and away rode he  
The highwayman followed after him also  
"You're well overtaken, young man," says he  
"How many mile further?" the robber did reply

"Oh four miles further," the boy did reply  
"Then jump on my horseback and jump up behind

...

So the boy jumped the horseback and away rode they  
Oh they rode till they came to some dark lane  
Says the robber unto Jack, "I must tell you plain  
Deliver up your money without any strife

Or instantly I will end your life"

Oh the boy thought it was no time to dispute  
From the linings of his coat all the money he pulled out  
From the linings of his coat all his money he pulled out  
And among the long grass he scattered it about

Oh the robber he unlighted for to gather in his money  
But little did he think it was to his loss  
While gathering the money in his purse  
The boy jumped a-horseback and rode away with his  
horse

"Oh," says the boy to the farmer, "I must tell you plain  
It's robbed I was by a highwayman  
And while he was gathering his money in his purse  
For to make you amends I brought home his horse"

Oh the farmer he laughed whilst his two sides he hold  
"That's for a boy you was very bold  
And as for that villain you served him right  
And your name shall shine truly through Yorkshire  
bright"

In the pocket of the saddle was there to be found  
The gold and the silver of five thousand pound  
Says the farmer to the boy, "I must tell you clear  
Three parts of the money you shall have for your  
share"

"I will give you my youngest daughter to be your sweet  
wife  
Take her and live happy all the days of your life  
And my youngest daughter to be your sweet wife  
Take her and live happy all the days of your life"

Child #283  
from Newfoundland  
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