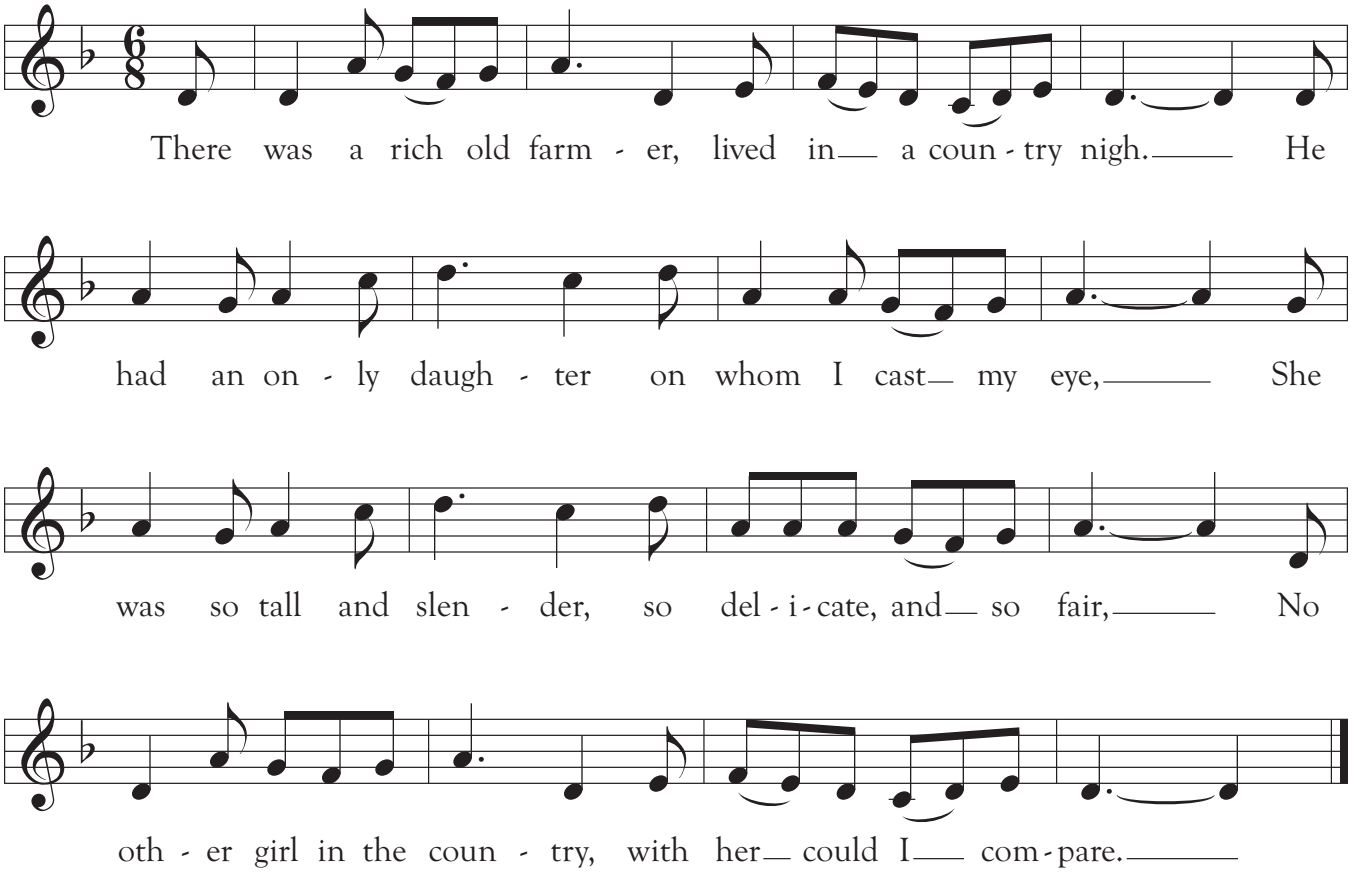
There Was a Rich Old Farmer



2. I asked her if it made any difference, If I crossed over the plain.
She said it made no difference, If I'd come back again.
She promised she'd be true to me, Until death's parting time,
So we shook hands and parted, And I left my girl behind.