

# Jolly Farmer

artist: Brendan Shine writer: Seamus Moore, Brendan Shine

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tvExTC0Akfl> capo 5 (F)

[C] I am a jolly farmer I've been [F] farming all me [C] life  
I live on 40 acres with me [D] parents and me [G] wife  
We've got [C] two delightful children the [F] eldest one is [C] four  
We're all content and happy and we [G] ask for nothing [C] more.

But me cousins up in Dublin they won't leave us a-[G]lone  
On the [C] telly and the radio you can [F] hear the people [G] moan  
They [C] want to tax the farmers and [F] some of them de-[C]clare  
That the farmers down the country are a [G] bunch of million-[C]aires

Oh it's grand to be a farmer 'till the [F] hens refuse to [C] lay  
And the rains that fall in summer time des-[D]troys your fields of [G] hay  
When the [C] curse of brucellosis it's your [F] lovely herd of [C] cows  
And the queer disease you can't pronounce makes [G] bacon of your [C] sows.

With the prices fluctuatiing and there's nothing guaran-[G]teed  
Sure the [C] farmer has his worries when he's [F] many mouths to [G] feed  
So come all ye [C] loyal Dublin folks the [F] farmer is your [C] friend  
Don't criticise him further or you'll [G] drive him 'round the [C] bend.

[C] The farmer grows potatoes and [F] saves them from the [C] blight  
Then he drives them up to Dublin and he's [D] driving half the [G] night  
His [C] pockets may be poultry but he pays for [F] all his [C] trips  
But he's happy for the city folks they can [G] have their bags of [C] chips.

The pigeons eat his cabbage and the crows devour his [G] wheet  
There's a [C] levy on his creamery and a-[F]nother on his [G] beet  
When he [C] gets a spell of sunshine his [F] grass may turn [C] brown  
And the Carrot fly gets busy on his [G] carrots in the [C] ground [A] [D]

[D] My cousin up in Dublin has a [G] job from 9 'till [D] 5  
But the poor old farmer's working every [E7] minute he's a-[A]live  
When the [D] cows require a midwife or the [G] turkey's start to fight  
He [D] has to don his overalls in the [A] middle of the [D] night.

Of Dublin can be Heaven when you stroll in Stephen's [A] Green  
But the good and [D] bad are everywhere and there's [G] plenty in be-[A]tween  
We need each [D] other badly if we're [G] hoping to sur-D]vive  
So lets learn to live together and thank [A] God we're all a-[D]live.

Oh it's grand to be a farmer 'till the [G] hens refuse to [D] lay  
And the rains that fall in summer time des-[E7]troys your fields of [A] hay  
When the [D] curse of brucellosis it's your [G] lovely herd of [D] cows  
And the queer disease you can't pronounce makes [A] bacon of your [D] sows.

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