

Jolly Farmer

artist:Brendan Shine , writer:Seamus Moore, Brendan Shine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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