

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer's life is the life for me, get up in the morning at half-past three.

And out at work before I can see, yes, that is the life of glee;
With milking and chores at morn and night, and other things full
of such keen delight,

Of course, I enjoy it with all my might, the life of the farmer's
wight,

Sing ho for the farmer's life!

At morn when I go to the fields I hear the song of the thrush both
loud and clear,

And it fills my heart brim full of cheer, the song of the thrush so
dear;

At night when I'm tired and like a log, I hark to the song of the
blatant frog

As he thunders away to the sedgy bog, and the drowsy grunt of
the hog,

Sing ho for the farmer's life!

The calves are to feed and the pigs to slop, the garden to hoe and
the wood to chop,

From morning till night it is keep on the hop, until I am ready
to drop;

It is late to bed and early to rise, and to see the fields with sleep-
iest eyes,

And what do they get for their enterprise but a paltry little
prize?

Sing ho for the farmer's life!

The farmer's life is the life of toil and spent in tilling the fertile
soil,

And there's nothing in it but hustle and broil,

But a farmer he has an appetite and he eats a good square meal
all right,

And sleeps when he goes to bed at night, and I guess the farm-
er's life's all right,

Sing ho for the farmer's life!