

## The Farmer

### Intro

I can hear the humming still of the opier sweeping mill  
I see my father tying sheaves of corn  
In September in the garden field they kept me home from school  
They needed me to work down on the farm

And my mother she would bake apple pie and currant cake  
And lovely homemade bread from wheaten milled  
And nothing tasted better than the twelve of us together  
Drinking tea out of a bottle in the field

### Chorus

I was a young man when I sowed the fields of barley  
With the Clydesdales when I sprayed the spuds in May  
And a farmer I have lived and a farmer I will die  
And I wouldn't have it any other way

One by one we all left home making new lives on our own  
In Australia, England and America  
And my father shed a tear with every passing year  
Mamma prayed that we'd all come home some day

### Key Change

Settled down to married life with my children and my wife  
And farming ways were changing rapidly  
Now there's silage in the pit, a machine to milk the cows  
And a John Deer where the Clydesdales used to be

### Chorus

### Instrumental

And now my pride and joy are my son's and their wee boys  
Calving cows and laming sheep as day is dawning  
Some things change yet stay the same and they'll carry on the name  
And the big old wheel of life just keeps on turning

### Chorus

### Chorus

No I wouldn't have it any other way