

The Crafty Farmer

The Crafty Farmer

I'm gaun to sing ye a sang,
And I hope it'll gie ye content,
It's a' about an auld fairmer
Gaun awa' to pay his rent.

cho: Sing fa la la la la la
Sing fa la la la la lee
Sing fa la la la la la
Sing fa la la la la lee

As he was a-ridin' alang,
A-ridin' upon the highway,
A gentleman robber rode up to him
And then these words did say.

"Whaur are ye gaun, kind sir?"
This made the auld man to smile:
"To tell ye the truth," the auld man said,
"I'm just gaun twa-three mile.

A doited auld carle am I,
Just rentin' a sma' piece o' ground,
And the half-year rent o' it
Amounts to forty pounds.

"My landlord's no' been at hame,
I've no' seen him a year or more;
Which makes the yearly rent o' it
Amount unto fourscore."

"You shouldna hae told me this
When robbers there are so many,
For if they met you upon the way,
They'd rob you of every penny."

The auld man winked his e'e,
Says: "I dont care a fig!
My money is safe into my bags,
Right under my saddle-rig."

The gentleman-robber then said:

"Deliver up your money,
Or else your life will be snuffed oot,
For pistols are nae canny."

The farmer he was crafty,
As, in this world, are many,
He threw the saddle oot owre the hedge,
Says: "Fetch it if ye'll have ony."

The robber he got off his horse
With courage so stout and bold;
Awa' in search o' the saddle he ran,
Gave the auld man his horse to hold.

The robber he flew in a passion,
There was naething but strae in the bags,
He drew oot his rusty auld gully
And hackit the saddle to rags.

The auld man put his foot in the stirrup
And then he got on at the stride,
And syne he set oot at the gallop
Ye needna hae bidden him ride.

As he was a-ridin' hame
And gallopin' through the glen,
He spied auld Maggie, his riding mare
And shouted: "Maggie, come hame!"

And when that he got hame
And tell what he had done
The auld wife she put on her claes
And roond the hoose she ran.

When the robber's bag was opened,
A woderful sicht to behold,
There was five-hundred guineas in siller
And another five-hundred gold.

And aye she danced around
And made a muckle commotion:
"If ever oor dochter gets married," she said,
"It'll help to enlarge her portion."

Child #283

Laws L1

From Folk Songs and Ballads of Scotland, MacColl