

Jim, The Carter Lad - song lyrics

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JIM, THE CARTER LAD.

My name is Jim, the carter lad, a jolly chap am I,
I always am contented, be the weather wet or dry;
I snap my finger at the snow, and whistle at the rain,
I've braved the storm for many a year, and can do so again.

Chorus.

Crack, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my wagon, I'm as happy as a king;
My horses always willing, as for me I'm never sad,
None can lead a jollier life than Jim, the carter lad.

My father was a carrier many years ere I was born,
He used to rise at daybreak, and go his rounds each morn;
And then he'd take me with him, especially in the Spring,
I'd love to sit upon the cart and hear my father sing:-Chorus.

I never think of politics, or anything so great,
I hate to hear their fly-blown talk about the church and State;
I act upright to all men, and that's what makes me glad,
You'll find there beats an honest heart in Jim, the carter lad.-Chorus.

I think I will conclude my song, 'tis time I was away,
My horses will get weary if I much longer stay;
To see your smiling faces it makes my heart feel glad,
So, drivers, treat your horses kind, like Jim, the carter lad.-Chorus.