

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Success to the Farmer

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Come all jolly fellows who delight in being mellow
Attend unto me, I beseech you
For a pint when it's quiet, come lads let us try it
Dull thinking will drive a man crazy

I have lawns, I have bowers
I have fields, I have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
Come jolly boys, now, here's God Speed the Plow
Long life and success to the Farmer

Now all who are able, come sit at my table
And I'll not hear one word of complaining
For the tinkling of glasses all music surpasses
And I long to hear bottles a-draining

For here I am king, I can laugh, drink, or sing
And let no man appear as a stranger
Just show me the ass who refuses a glass
and I'll treat him to hay in the manger

May the wealthy and great roll in splendour and state
I envy them not, I declare it
For I eat my own ham, my chicken and lamb
And I shear my own sheep and I wear it

Mr. Dickens said believed the song originates from the county of Sussex. June
JB