

My Father was a Farmer

1. Me fath - er was a farm - er, Good beef, good corn and plen - ty,
I hoed and mowed and I held the plough And I longed to be two and twen - ty.
[For I had quite a mar - tial turn, And scorned the low - ing ca - ttle;
I burned to wear a un - i - form, Hear drums, and see a battle.]

2. Me birthday came but father said
But stoutly I resisted
Poor mother wept and me sister cried
When I went a-way and 'list-ed.
They marched me out both wet and dry
With tunes more loud than charming
With a baggage box and a knapsack on
'Twas harder work than farming.

3. [We met the foe, the cannons roared
The crimson tide was flowing
The frightful death-groans filled my ears
I wished that I was mowing.
I lost my leg, the foe came on
They had me in their clutches.
I starved in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.]

Source: Charlie Clissold, Morton Valence, collected by Gwilym Davies, April 4th 1977

Notes: Mr Clissold's version was incomplete. Words in brackets provided from the original composition