

# Farmer Giles

## Spoken Introduction:

That the wealthy and great live in splendour and state,  
I envy them not I declare it.  
I eat my own lamb, my own chickens and ham,  
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.  
I' got fruit, I' got flowers, I' got lawns, I' got bowers,  
A lark is my morning alarmer,  
So jolly boys now, God Speed the Plough,  
Long Life and Success to the Farmer.

1. I'm up from the coun - try my name it is Giles, (I've  
trav - elled a hund - erd and twen - ty odd miles; Now a  
soft sort of coun - try chap I have been took, But I  
tell ee I b'yent such a fool as I look. With a  
too ra li oo ra li oo ra li ay, To  
see all these sights I've come such a long way; It  
cost I best part, two shil - - lings a day, Just a  
too - - ra - - li oo - - ra - - li oo - - ra - - li ay

2. We came up to London, the journey was fine  
 On the Bristol to Paddington Gurt Western line;  
 Now of snails and tor-toises I've heard lots of talk,  
 But if I'm in a hurry to get whome I'll walk.  
 Too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay,  
 'Cos it took I all night and best part of next day ;  
 Now as I rubbed my wish-bone, and all I could say ,  
 Was too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay.
  
3. Now we went to Westminster and zed [see'd] Parliament ,  
 And a very enjoyable time there I spent.  
 There was plenty to laugh at and much to admire,  
 One gentleman he called the t'other a liar.  
 With a too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay,  
 I s'pose that's what they call the up-to-date way,  
 For though they didn't do much they'd plenty to zay,  
 Just too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay.
  
4. Now we zed [see'd] Nelson's Column that day from The Strand,  
 A chap standin' by I said isn't that grand;  
 I said "I can byet [beat] that, I pardons, I begs,"  
 "Down on our farm there's a peg wi' five legs".  
 With a too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay,  
 "I byet 'e [thee] that time, mister, what coust [couldst] 'e say?  
 For thee casn't get five hams off a pig every day,"  
 Wi' a too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay.
  
5. Now the Angels of Islington I've never seen,  
 I took a bus up to Islington Green.  
 Tho' I sed ["see'd"] scores and scores of them dainty young things,  
 They all wore fine feathers but not one had wings .  
 Too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay,  
 They all called for drinks and then axed["asked"] I to pay,  
 I said "if you'm [you're] Angels, go off, fly away",  
 With a too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay.
  
6. Now the War Office blunder makes everyone gape,  
 They tell I 'tis all on account of red tape;  
 But when a yeoman goes fighting, I'll make bold to say  
 That the least wi' can do is to gi' em some pay.  
 Singin' too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay,  
 Just give I a chance with me sheep shears I say,  
 And damn 'em I'll cut all their red tape away,  
 Singin' too-ra-li oo-ra-li oo-ra-li ay.

Source: Sung by David Gardner, Tresham, on 1st February 1997. Collected by Gwilym Davies  
 Notes: The singer accompanied himself on the guitar