

The Flies was on the Turmots and the Jumpers on the Hops

Now I've been a - far - ming all me days, worse luck to me I says. For re - ally what I
un - der - takes, it ne - ver seems to pay. I fills me gar - den ev - ery year, cost I no end for
seed, but th'on - ly things that seem to flower, just them dar - na - tion weeds. For the
flies was on the tur - mots, — the jum - pers on the 'ops. The rain has spoilt me
hay and corn, I shan't grow half me crops. For what I plant is al - ways dear, and
what I reap is cheap. I can't help grum - bling now and then, for farm - ing's bloom - ing queer.

Chorus

Now if I plant potatoes,
They're sure to get the blight.
Me pigs and poultry eats I up
And never turns out right.
My best old 'oss have tumbled down
And broke both of his knees.
And now the ship (=sheep) have bin and got
The foot and mouth disease.

Now I've got a wife whose daily chat,
'Tis a job to keep her cool
I said, "Be quiet, you. You aggrevating fool."
Now I knows I shouldn't call her that
For her puddings you can't beat 'em
For her yearly adds to her large stock
Of boys and girls to eat 'em.

Source: Sung by Dave Russell, Stonehouse. Collected by Mike Yates 1980.