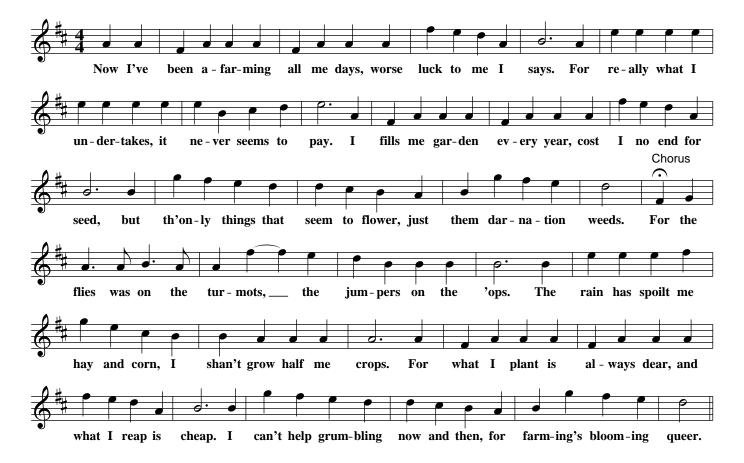
The Flies was on the Turmots and the Jumpers on the Hops



Now if I plant potaters,
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.

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