

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 aggreivating 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.