

# The Farmer Song

Maritime Standard

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(Acappella, almost spoken)

Verse

There was an old farmer who lived by a rock  
He sat in his meadow a shaking his  
**fist** at some boys who were down by the **crick**  
their feet in the water their hands on their  
**marbles** and playthings and in days of **yore**  
there came a young lady, she looked like a  
**pleasant** young creature, She sat on the **grass**  
Then pulled up her dresses to show us her  
**ruffles** and laces and a white fluffy **duck**

She said she was learning a new way to  
**bring** up her children and teach them to **knit**  
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling  
**Refuse** and litter from yesterday's **hunt**  
and the girl in the meadow was rubbing her  
**eyes** at the boys, as girls sometimes **do**

to make it quite clear that she wanted to  
**go** for a nice pleasant stroll on the **grass**  
then hurry right home for a nice piece of  
**ice cream** and cake that was three layers **tall**  
and after desert she'd be ready to  
**go** for another walk down by the **dock**  
with any young man with a sizable  
**roll** of one hundreds and a big bulge in **front**

If he asked her politely she'd show him her  
**little white dog** that was subject to **fits**  
and maybe she'd let him grab hold of her  
**small slender hands** with a movement so **quick**  
and she'd bend on over to suck on his  
**soda** so sweetly till she finished **it**

then pull down her panties to rub on her  
**hip** that she bruised when she ran through the **halls**  
cause he tried to force her to lick on his  
**candy** so tasty made of **butterscotch**  
and then he put whipped cream all over her  
**cookies** that she had been baking all **night**

If you think this song's dirty... **your friggin' well right!**