

The mountainy farmer John Walker

I am a mountainy farmer I have to work and toil
Through rocks and through the whins to get a living from the soil
I can't afford a holiday nor get myself a wife
For a woman she does not want to share in a mountainy farmer's life.

For a score of years or more I have been a single man
My parents they died suddenly and they left me the land
My sisters emigrated unto a foreign shore
And since the day they went away I've lived here all alone.

I have ten statute acres of land which I can till
I have a horse and cow or two few hens but they are old
And a wee black collie dog he's more dear to me than gold.

When the crops they are all in and the turf I have to save
I haven't time to wash myself nor I haven't time to shave
I go out to the grocer he's always in a rush
For to have a chat with the boys I go down to the rock.

My whole life is a misery hard work and little gain
My legs are bent with climbing hills and my shoulders wrecked with pains
I'll fight no more with mountains nor with these rocks and whins
I'll take the bus I'll make no fuss unto the Nazareth Home.