

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Rest of the Day

The Rest of the Day

(Jack Lane?)

One day when I was out of work a job I went to seek

To be a farmer's boy

At last I found an easy job at half-a-crown a week

To be a farmer's boy

The farmer said "I think I've got the very job for you

Your duties will be light for this is all you've got to do

Rise at three every morn, milk the cow with the crumpled horn

Feed the pigs, clean the sty, teach the pigeons the way to fly

Plough the fields, mow the hay, help the cocks and hens to lay

Sow the seed, tend the crops, chase the flies from the turnip tops

Clean the knives, black the shoes, scrub the kitchen and sweep the flues

Help the wife wash the pots, grow the cabbages and carrots

Make the beds, dust the coals, mend the gramophone

And if there's no more work to do the rest of the day's your own"

I scratched my head and thought it would be absolutely fine

To be a farmer's boy

The farmer said "Of course you'll have to do some overtime

When you're a farmer's boy"

Said he "The duties that I have given you you'll be quickly through

So I've been thinking of a few more things that you can do

Skim the milk, make the cheese, chop the meat for the sausage-es

Bath the kids, mend their clothes, use your dial to scare the crows

In the milk put the chalk, shave the knobs of the pickled pork

Shoe the horse, break the coal, take the cat for his midnight stroll

Cook the food, scrub the stairs, teach the parrot to say his prayers

Roast the joint, bake the bread, shake the feathers up in the bed

When the wife has the gout rub, her funny bone

And then if there's no more work to do the rest of the day's your own"

I thought it was a shame to take the money, you can bet

To be a farmer's boy

And so I wrote my duties down in case I might forget

I was a farmer's boy

It took all night to write 'em down, didn't go to bed

But somehow I got all mixed up and this is how they read:

Rise at three every morn, milk the hen

Scrub the wife every day, teach the nanny goat to lay

Shave the cat, mend the cheese, fit the tights on the sausage-es

Bath the pigs, break the pots, boil the kids with a few carrots

Roast the horse, dust the bread, put the cocks and the hens to bed

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Boots and shoes,black with chalk,shave the hair on the pickled pork
All the rest I forgot,somehow it had flown
But I got the sack this morning so the rest of my life's my own

Taken from the book "The Song And The Story"
songs of Isla StClair.

A Music Hall song from the singing of Jack Lane 1915.

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