

Farmer Bill's Question  
by Mary Houseman

Owd farmer Bill is a wonderful chap  
And must rise every day smack on dawn  
For he's niver been used to anything else  
Sin't vary first day e were born

When Monday comes round to't auction he'll go  
A chap you are all glad to meet  
If't trade in't so brisk then go tell old Bill  
And he'll soon put every thing reet

Now some go to sell and some to buy  
Or may be they just like to see  
By gum they are keen to adelle a bob  
How tight can some farmers be

But Bill tells the tale, I, by the score  
Of what he did as a lad  
How hard he worked fre morn till neet  
Cos prices then were so bad

He all -ous can tell what weather'll do  
And when it is barn to rain  
He niver seem wrang you'll be sure o that  
When his knees are giving him pain

What ever ya talk about present or past  
His remarks are both witty and wise  
Like every one else he just can not say  
How much longer the prices will rise