# Poor, Poor Farmer

Keray Regan (as recorded by Stompin’ Tom Connors in 1970 on his album Stompin' Tom Meets Big Joe Mufferaw)

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**< ~[C]~ means tremolo on the [C] chord >**

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C]**

I **[C]** came from the city, many months a-**[G]**go

**[G]** Sold most everything and it gave me quite a stake ya **[C]** know

I **[C]** bought meself a section of the finest farmin' **[G]** land

But **[G]** how they make a fortune, I don't under-**[C]**stand **[C]**

I **[C]** bought new machinery, the very best of **[G]** seeds

But **[G]** always buyin’ new parts, and half me crops is **[C]** weeds

The **[C]** weasel took me chickens, while arsenic killed me **[G]** cow

The **[G]** wife went home to mother, and the black earth got me **[C]** sow

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna **[G]** do?

A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, full of rabbit **[C]** stew

A **[C]** poor, poor farmer, always on the **[G]** go

**[G]** Prayin' to get my farm work, caught up before the **[C]** snow **[C] / [C]**

The **[C]** rabbits ate me garden, the hail took all me **[G]** wheat

It **[G]** seems I'm workin’ round the clock, I'm really gettin' **[C]** beat **[C]**

Grass-**[C]**hoppers came the other day, just like a million **[G]** goats

Be-**[G]**fore I knew just what to do, they cut down all me **[C]** oats **[C]**

Well I **[C]** loaded up with grass seed, and started off to **[G]** town

**[G]** Seems like every mile I made, the price kept goin' **[C]** down

The **[C]** most of it was stuckage, from wild oats to **[G]** flax

And **[G]** when we come to settle up, I owe them for the **[C]** sacks

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna **[G]** do?

A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, full of rabbit **[C]** stew

A **[C]** poor, poor farmer, always on the **[G]** go

**[G]** Prayin' to get my farm work, caught up before the **[C]** snow **[C] / [C] /**

**[C]** I woke up this morning, feelin' mighty **[G]** low

I **[G]** gazed upon the potato field, all covered up with **[C]** snow

**[C]** First me wheat an’ then me oats an’ now me spuds are **[G]** gone

The **[G]** grub box is empty, how will I carry **[C]** on? **[C]**

But **[C]** still I got me freedom, my credit ratin’ is **[G]** high

Don't **[G]** have to pack a lunch box, or heed the whistle's **[C]** cry

I'll **[C]** always be a farmer, I don't care ‘bout a **[G]** thing

And if **[G]** I can get the tractor fixed, I'll combine in the **[C]** spring

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, and I'll always **[G]** be

A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, cause farmin’ is for **[C]** me

I'd **[C]** rather be the farmer, cause farmin's what I **[G]** love

And **[G]** I'll still be a farmer, up in the land a-**[C]**bove

I'm a **[C]** poor, poor farmer, what am I gonna **[G]** do?

A **[G]** poor, poor farmer, I'm full of rabbit **[C]** stew

A **[C]** poor, poor farmer, always on the **[G]** go

**[G]** Prayin' to get me farm work, caught up before the **[C]** snow

And **[G]** that’s the way a poor, poor farmer’s life must **~[C]~** go

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