Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

I’m a rusty, cold farmer in a cottage well thatched
My rusty, cold cupboard is full
In my rusty, cold garden there’s chickens and ducks
Ane a pig and a sheep and a bull

CHO: I brew home brewed bread and I brew home brewed cheese
I brew home brewed beer and I drink it
My rusty, cold knowledge is second to none
I don’t say a lot but I think it

At four in the morning I rise from my bed
For that is the lot of the farmer
If you saw my missus then you’d understand
I call her my morning alarmer

On Monday and Tuesday I take life quite slow
On Wednesday and Thursday I slack
On Friday and Sarurday I don’t do a sight
And by Sunday I’m flat on my back

In Spring that’s too wet to go on the land
In Summer that’s always too dry
In Autumn that’s cold and the crops get the mould
And that’s how we keep the prices high

There’s April, there’s May, there’s June and July
There’s August, September, October and then
November, December, January, February
And March. Then we all start again