The Scranky Black Farmer

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At the tap 0' the Garioch, in the lands of Leithhall,
A scranky black farmer in Earlsfield did dwell;
Wi' him I engaged, a servant to be
Which makes me lament I went far frae the sea.

I engaged wi' this farmer to drive cart and ploo;
Hard fortune convenit an ill-fated crew,
I ane of the number, which causes me rue
That e'er I attempted the country to view.

It's early in the mornin' we rise to the yoke,
The storm and the tempest can ne'er make us stop;
While the wind it does beat, and the rain it does pour,
And aye yon black farmer he on us does glowre.

But the time is expiring, and the day it will come,
To various countries we all must go home;
Bonnie Jeannie must travel, bonnie Bawbie also,
Back to the beyont o' Montgomery must go.

So farewell, Rhynie, and adieu to you, Clatt,
For I hae been wi' you baith early and late-
Baith early and late, baith empty and fou,
So farewell, Rhynie, I'll bid you adieu.

So farewell, Bawbie, and adieu to you all,
Likewise to the farmer that lives at Leith-hall;
For to serve this black farmer I'm sure it's nae sport,
So I will be going to my bonnie seaport.

From The Scottish Folksinger, Buchan & Hall
Apr01