THE REST OF THE DAY’S YOUR OWN

By Worton David and J.P. Long

Moderato

VERSES

1. One day when I was out of work a job I went to seek, To
be a farmer’s boy.

2. I scratched my head and thought it would be absolutely prime To
be a farmer’s boy.

3. I thought it was a shame to take the money, you can bet, To
be a farmer’s boy.

At last I found an easy job at
The farmer said, “Of course you’ll have to
And so I wrote my duties down in

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half a crown a week, To be a farmer's boy: The case I should forget I was a farmer's boy. It

Em7
G Em A7sus4 A7 D

farmer said, "I think I've got the very job for you; Your he, "The duties that I've given you, you'll be quickly through, So took all night to write 'em down, I didn't go to bed, But

F#7
Bm

duties will be light, for this is all you've got to do: I've been thinking of a few more things that you can do. some how I got all mixed up, and this is how they read:

A B E7 A
"Rise at three every morn,
Milk the cow with the crumpled horn,

"Skim the milk, make the cheese,
Chop the meat for the saus-a-gees.

Do D Do D Do D A7

Feed the pigs, clean the sty,
Teach the pigeons the way to fly;

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

Do D Do D E7 A7 E7 A

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

In the milk, put the chalk,
Shave the nobs off the pick-a-gees.

Do D Do D Do D A7

Shave the cat, mend the cheese,
Fit the tights on the saus-a-gees,

Sow the seed, tend the crops,
Chase the flies from the turnip-tops,

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

Do D Do D E7 A E7 A

Bath the pigs, break the pots,
Boil the kids with a few carrot-tops,