

# What Ho, The Jolly Farmer

Crispin Sexi

What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, a life of such ease, Of hus-band-ing live-stock, and  
What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, he ris-es each day, And lugs a-bout man-y a

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What ho, jol-ly farm-er, he ris-es each day, And lugs a-bout man-y a

har-vest-ing peas. What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, the harn-ess he weilds, He  
churn in the dray. What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, so mer-ry this morn, He

har-vest-ing peas. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, the harn-ess he weilds, Yes & then he  
churn in the dray. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, so mer-ry this morn, Yes & then he

har-vest-ing peas. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, the harn-ess he weilds, He  
churn in the dray. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, so mer-ry this morn, He

hitch-es strong ox-en, to plow through the fields. What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, with  
flings out his seed, for to grow good-ly corn. What ho, the jol-ly farm-er, he

hitch-es strong ox-en, to plow through the fields. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, with  
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flings out his seed, for to grow good-ly corn. What ho, jol-ly farm-er, he

bush-el he comes, Down in-to the or-chard, for pluck-ing fresh plums.  
whoops with de-light, With lust-y work done then to bed for the night.

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