

Bill Anderson**"The Farmer and the Lord"**

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(Jim Wilson)

I was resting one evening
By the side of the road
When I saw an old farmer
In a field he had just hoed.

His face was brown and all wrinkled
By the sun and the wind
And he was talking to the Lord
Just like he would be talking to a friend.

"Well sir", he said,
With a voice calm and quiet
"Them corn tassels need sacking
And I ain't got no string to tie it.

Hadn't rained in so long
The fields are mighty dusty
It's been so unbearable hot
That the kids are even getting fussy.

Now that grass down in the pasture
It should be knee high
If we could just have a little shower Lord
It might keep the cow from going dry.

Ah but listen to me talking Lord
You'd think I wasn't grateful
Well you'd probably think
I was down right hateful.

You'd think I forgot about
That new calf that you sent
And the money that came in the mail
That took care of the rent.

Maw's cold is better
And Johnny is home from the navy
Oh, that good Sunday dinner
Of chicken and dumplings and gravy.

And that new preacher you sent us
He sure is a fine young man
Why he is just converting
Them sinners to beat the band.

Well I guess I'll mossy on home now Lord
I'll not take no more of your time
I guess there are plenty of folks there about,
Waiting to ring your line

'Evening to you Lord and watch over us tonight
And don't you worry about us none, Lord
No Sir, because everything is going to be all right...

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