

## Walter Brennan

### "The Farmer and the Lord"

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(Spoken)

While resting one evening  
By the side of the road  
I seen an old farmer  
In a field he's just sowed.

His face was all brown  
And wrinkled by the wind  
And he was a-talkin' to the Lord  
Just like He was talkin to a friend.

Well Sir he said  
In a voice calm and quiet  
Those corn tassles need sackin'  
But got no string to tie it.

Had no rain in so long  
That the fields is mighty dusty  
It's been so unbearable hot  
That the kids are even gettin' fussy.

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

Huh, listen to me talkin'  
You'd think I were ungrateful  
Why if you didn't know me Lord  
You'd think I was down right hateful.

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

Ma's cold is better  
And Johnny's home from the Navy  
And that good Sundy dinner  
Of chicken dumpli's and gravy.

The new preacher you sent us Lord  
He sure is a fine young man  
Why he's just convertin' them sinner  
To beat the band.

Well, guess I'll be mossyin' along Lord  
Won't take no more of your time  
Guess there's plenty of folks hereabouts  
A waitin' to ring your line.

Evenin' of you Lord  
And watch over us tonight  
And don't you worry none about us Lord  
'Cause everything gonna be just alright...

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