

**John J. Francis****"Simple Ben"**

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Walkin' on a dusty road in the countryside of ease  
I heard a song driftin' on the gently blowin' breeze  
Sunshine through the Autumn, sweet snow to the Spring  
ing  
Corn by the water of an old mill stream, and you give  
me all, you give me all

A barrow pushed by a little man came rollin' from the  
west  
He sang a song as he stepped along until we drew  
abreast  
Well hello there my friend, I see you're on the road  
here just like me  
Why don't we stop and rest a while and I'll boil a pot of  
tea  
Just give me sunshine through the Autumn, sweet snow  
to the Spring  
Corn by the water of an old mill stream, and you give  
me all, you give me all

He said his name was Simple Ben but not what I'd  
believe  
Christened by the way he thought and not the way he  
lived  
I've seen the best and worst that we have here on our  
earth  
And finally decided on the things that I get worth  
Just give me sunshine through the Autumn, sweet snow  
to the Spring  
Corn by the water of an old mill stream, and you give  
me all, you give me all

I asked if he had seen the great jets fly across the sky  
He said he'd seen the smallest bird learnin' how to fly  
Have you seen the bridges stretched across the bays  
I've seen the smallest fish alive dyin' in the haze  
Have you seen the massive buildin's reached towards  
the sun  
I've seen the fields of barrenness from the work that  
man has done  
What about the dams and weirs that feed the

countryside  
I've seen the brownness of the grass when the dams  
and weirs run -  
Just give me sunshine through the Autumn, sweet snow  
to the Spring  
Corn by the water of an old mill stream, and you give  
me all, you give me all

What about the fertile lands where nothin' once would  
grow  
I've seen the lands to the north and south and the tons  
of ice and snow.  
Have you seen the jungle so thick that a man can't go?  
I've seen a farmer plough a field with nothing but hoe.  
You must admit that the motor was a boom for all  
mankind.  
The air is sweeter here than 100 miles behind.  
Just give me sunshine in the autumn, sweet snow  
through to spring, corn by the water of an old mill  
stream.  
And you give me all.

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