4. Farmer's Song

Moderato $\frac{j}{=76}$

Voices

Flute

Bassoon

Violoncello

Harp

Far-mer Tom he

Moderato $\frac{j}{=76}$

vs.

Fl.

Bsn.

Harp

Db C B Eb F G Ab

woke one day to walk to Knigh-ton town He had a fat-tened pig to sell and
Vs. Fl. Bsn. Hp. hoped to make a crown. He saw the gates fallen; he heard the people cry. Smelled the smoke a long way off, saw the flames leap high.
'A fine fat pig you're holding there,' Tom

heard above the noise, 'Give him to the army and feed the soldier.
boys!" 'Old pig - gy's like a child to me,' Tom hid- a man - ly-

'tear 'I raised him like he was- my son, un - til- I brought him here.'
The soldier smiled a crafty smile, held lightly up a mighty flagon. 'Come and take a drink with me, there behind the wagon, We'll play some cards and take a upon a seat of stones. Come smoothly...
rest your pig and sit a while, where the soldiers rest their bones.'

Now old Tom liked a sup o' beer and knew his Queens and

espressivo

D non arp.
Kings' aces, knaves and number cards and a good few other things.

So he drained the soldiers' flagon and he drained the soldiers' purses.
Left them armed but drunk asleep, muttering poor curses.

years ago this all took place, but the old ones tell the tale Tom's
Vs. Fl. Hp.

Vs. Fl. Hp.

pockets full with golden coin, his head with golden ale

how the pig ran up the hill, until the farm he found
from the smoke and the soldier boys trampling Knight town!

\[ \text{Vs.} \]

\[ \text{Fl.} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{H.p.} \]