

The Jolly Farmer

The farmer sinks into a chair
Beside the fire; his hair is grey,
His face tanned by the open air.
Some children round about him play,
And listen while he's resting there,
To jolly things he has to say.

Miriam Hyde

Piano

Con brio

mf *poco stacc.* **f**

5

mf **mp** **ff**

9

mf **p**

13

LH **mf** **p** **f**