

Robert's Farm

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Come ladies and gentlemen, listen to my song,

I'll sing it to you now, but you might think it wrong;
It might make you mad, but I mean no harm;
Just about the renters on Roberts' farm.

Refrain:

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It's hard times in the country, out on Roberts' farm.

You move out to Mr. Roberts' farm,
Plant a big crop of cotton and a little crop of corn,
He'll come round to plan and to plot,
Till he gets a chattel mortgage on everything you got.
It's hard . . . etc.

Yonder comes Paul Roberts with a flattering mouth;
He moves you to the country in a little log house.
You got no windows but the cracks in the wall;
He'll work you all summer and rob you in the fall.

You go to the field and you work all day,
Till way after dark and you get no pay;
Just a little piece of meat and a little turn of corn,
It's hell to be a renter on Roberts' farm.

Roberts' renters, they'll go down town,
With their hands in their pockets,
and their heads hung down.
We'll go in the store and the merchant will say,
"Your mortgage is due and I'm a-lookin' for my pay."

I went down to my pocket with a trembling hand,
"I can't pay you all but I'll do what I can."
The merchant jumped to the telephone call:
"I'm going to put you in jail if you don't pay it all."

Mr. Paul Roberts with a big Overland!
He's a little tough luck but you don't give a damn.
He'll run you in the mud like a train on the track;
He'll haul you to the mountains
but he won't bring you back.