

## **Farmer is the Man, The**

The Populists of the 1890s, from Texas to North Dakota, had men's and women's glee clubs that figured prominently in their political rallies. The songs told of hard times and raw deals for farmers and encouraged the people to strike back—politically—at the money-lenders, the middle men, and the corrupt old politicians.

### **LYRICS**

Oh, the farmer comes to town with his wagon broken down,  
But the farmer is the man who feeds them all.  
If you'll only look and see, then I think you will agree  
That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

    The farmer is the man,  
    The farmer is the man.  
    Lives on credit 'til the fall,  
Then they take him by the hand,  
And they lead him from the land,  
And the middleman's the one who gets it all.

When the lawyer stands around  
While the butcher cuts a pound,  
He forgets that it's the farmer feeds 'em all.  
And the preacher and the cook  
Go a-strollin' by the brook,  
They forget that it's the farmer feeds 'em all.

    The farmer is the man,  
    The farmer is the man.  
    Lives on credit 'til the fall,  
With the interest rate so high, it's a wonder he don't die,  
And the middleman's the one who gets it all.

When the banker says he's broke,  
And the merchant's up in smoke,  
They forget that it's the farmer feeds 'em all.  
If he'd only take a rest,  
He could put 'em to the test,  
Cause the farmer is the man who feeds 'em all.

    The farmer is the man,  
    The farmer is the man.  
    Lives on credit 'til the fall,  
His condition it's a sin, 'cause his pants are gettin' thin,  
We forgot that he's the one who feeds us all.

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Banjo

