A Rustic And Rusty Old Time - song lyrics

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A RUSTIC AND RUSTY OLD TIME.
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Words and Music by Chas. Gardner.

Alas, the unfortunate time,
When allured by sweet romance and rhyme,
I left a gay palace in town
For a rustic and rusty old time.

Chorus.
Oh, it's plough and it's sow, and it's plant and it's hoe,
And it's milk, milk those blasted old cows;
Oh, it's fodder and feed, and it's dig and it's weed,
With oh, such old family rows.

No neat little village would do,
Made ho easy of access to town;
But I sought for true rural delight,
And a place where the "mountains look down."- Chorus.

So I purchased a house and a farm.
With acres abundant and wild;
Appointed an agent to stock It,
And drove out my wife And my child.-Chorus.

Our Bridget went off in a huff
To seek a "more dacentsome place,"
Our Patrick on "ticket of lave"-
'Twas the last that I saw of his face.- Chorus.

At last a respectable man
Brought up where the "mountains look down,"
Gave me half what I paid for my farm,
And I quickly packed off for the town.- Chorus.

A month or two served to remove
Romantic impressions of years.
But a lifetime will scarcely efface
Recollections of family tears.- Chorus.

I blistered my hands, got freckled and tanned,
And frowzy my faded old pate;
I thought of the joys of my palace in town,
And sighed at my pitiable state.- Chorus.

Friend "easy to do," take warning by me,
And stick to your palace in town;
'Tis better to read of "true rural delight"
Than to live where the "mountains look down." - Chorus.