



Get Off o' My Land! (or Raggedy Mummings)



1. Them ra - gged-y mu - mmers are co - ming to stay all ri - bbons and bells and



strange town - ish ways, but fri - vo - lous plays don't bring in no sheaves: The

Chorus:



whole lot's no be - tter than scoun - drels and theives Get off o' my land, get



off o' my land If you ain't no farm - er and can't lend a hand, Get off o' my



land, get off o' my land Sod off, g - 'won, sling yer hook!

1. Them raggedy mummings are coming to stay
All ribbons and bells and strange townish ways
But frivolous plays don't bring in no sheaves
The whole lot's no better than scoundrels and
thieves, so ..

Chorus:

Get off o' my land,
Get off o' my land
If you aint no farmer and can't lend a hand
Get off o' my land,
Get off o' my land
Sod off... g'won, sling yer hook!

2. Them raggedy mummings have come to the fair
They're cunning and crafty, you'd better beware
All those sinister masks and creepy disguises,
The way that they pull the wool over your eyes-es

Get off o' my land (etc.)

3. Them raggedy mummings fritter away
The good honest hours that make up the day
In place of ploughing they play games of chance
And instead of reaping they'd much rather dance, so..

Get off o' my land (etc.)

4. They come with their tents and their waggons so gaudy
Their comedy veg and their knob-jokes so bawdy
But shirkers and slackers sure make me sick
And vagrants and vagabonds get on my wick, so..

Get off o' my land (etc.)

5. (in a wheedling voice)
O marvellous mummings, before you depart
Bless my humble old farm with your much honoured arts
Fill up my coffers with crowns full, I pray...
Then I'll get out my pitchfork and shoo you away, so..

Get off o' my land (etc.) x2