

Harvest Home

1. We fight for the harvest, we work and we toil.
We wait for the crops to come out of the soil.
Out of the soil, out of the soil
We wait for the crops to come out of the soil.
We wait for the crops to come out of the soil.

Chorus:

Out of the soil, out of the soil
We wait for the crops to come out of the soil.
We wait for the crops to come out of the soil.

2. Our hay it is mow'd and our corn it is reap'd.
Our barns will be full and our hovels heap'd
Come, boys, come, Come, boys, come.
And merrily roar out our harvest home.
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

Chorus:

Harvest home, harvest home!
And merrily roar out our harvest home.
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

3. We'll toss down our ale till we cannot stand;
And hey for the honour of Marcher Land;
Marcher land, Marcher land
And hey for the honour of Marcher Land.
And hey for the honour of Marcher Land.

Chorus:

Marcher land, Marcher land
And hey for the honour of Marcher Land.
And hey for the honour of Marcher Land

(adapted from "Your Hay it is Mow'd and Your Corn it is Reap'd" from Purcell's opera "King Arthur")