

Grandfather was a teamsman true and bold
Loved his horses more than gold
He would tend them night and day
For the sake of the harvest he would say

One for the rook, one for the crow
One to die and one to grow
One for the rook, one for the crow
One to die and one to grow

When Martinmas comes the year turns round
Time to till the stubbled ground
He could plough an acre in a day
But he'd walk eleven miles and say

When winter's o'er it's harrowing time
Break the clods down nice and fine
Make a bed for the seed to grow
And a mawkin stands to scare the crow

There's a boy who walks around the field
Turn the rattle, increase the yield
If we catch him sleeping through the day
Twist his lug and dock his pay

Now the corn is ripe for the harvest mow
Round with the reaper binder go
Sails set tight the sheaves to bind
Stook them up the ears to dry

The stack's growing high all in the yard
Carting always seems damned hard
Keep them corners tight and square
So it stands till the old drum gets round here

The thresher is driven by steam this year
Plenty of dust so bring on the beer
Corn's in the sack all to be ground
And so once more the year turns round

Here's one for the rook, one for the crow
Success to the seed that lived to grow