

Harvest Song - Mr Dade



We gets up in the morn and - sound our har - vest horn, our



mas - ter his or - ders to mind. The first we take in hand is a



horn out of the can, each - man shall drink un - til the bot - tom he -

Refrain



finds. Bot-tom he finds; each - man shall drink un - til the bot-tom he finds.

1
We gets up in the morn, and sound our harvest horn,
our master his orders to mind.
The first we take in hand is a horn out of the can,
each man shall drink until the bottom he finds.
Bottom he finds;
each man shall drink until the bottom he finds.

2
Each man shall take his part, and work both hand
and heart,
while the glorious sun do shine.
We will sing to the full Jubilee, Jubilee,
we will sing to the full Jubilee.
Jubilee;
we will sing to the full Jubilee.

3
There's our mistress quite as good brews us plenty of
strong beer,
which is enough for to cheer up our soul;
each man shall drink and say, 'Heaven bless this happy day,
crown your harvest with a full, flowing bowl!'
Flowing bowl;
crown your harvest with a full flowing bowl!

4
Our master brings the can, being a full hearted man,
'Come my lads, take a glass of the best;
and do not stand and prattle when you hear the wagons rattle,
For bright Phoebe's a drawing to the West.
To the West;
for bright Phoebe's a drawing to the West.

'Jubilee' lines from aw/4/143 as rvw2/7/10 is missing two lines.