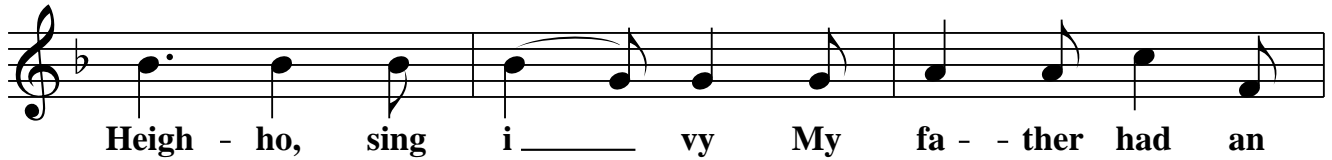
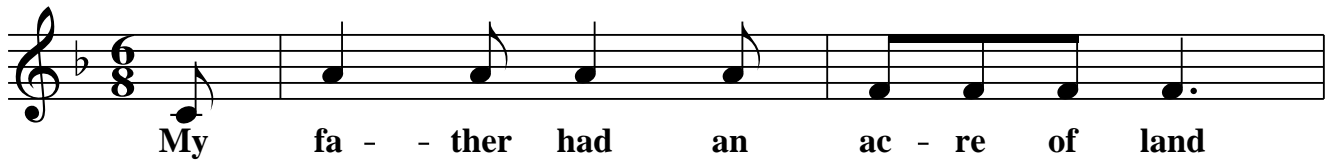


Acre of land

My Father Had an Acre of Land



My father had an acre of land
(Heigh-ho, sing ivy)
My father had an acre of land
(With a bunch of green holly and ivy)

He ploughed it with a team of rats
(Heigh-ho, sing ivy)
He ploughed it with a team of rats
(With a bunch of green holly and ivy)

He sowed it with a pepper box
(etc.)

He harrowed it with a small tooth comb

He rolled it with a rolling-pin

He reaped it with the blade of his knife

He wheeled it home in a wheel-barrow

He trashed it with a hazel twig

He wimm'd it on the tail of his shirt

He measured it up with a walnut shell

He sent it to market on a hedgehog's back

He sold the lot for eighteen pence

(Heigh-ho, sing ivy)

He sold the lot for one and six

(With a bunch of green holly and ivy)

And now the poor old man is dead

(Heigh-ho, sing ivy)

And now the poor old man is dead

(With a bunch of green holly and ivy)

We buried him with his team of rats

(Heigh-ho, sing ivy)

And all his tools laid by his side

(With a bunch of green holly and ivy)