

Threshing Song

It's all ve-ry well to have a mach-ine to thresh your wheat and bar - ley clean
To thrash it and wim it all fit for sale, Then go off to mar-ket so brisk and well.
Sing - ing Rum-ble-dum-dai - ry, flare up Ma-ry and make her old ta - ble shine.

It's all very well to have a machine
To thrash your wheat and barley clean,
To thrash it and wim it all fit for sale,
Then go off to market so brisk and well,
Singing rumble-dum-dairy flare up Mary,
And make her old table shine.

The man who made her he made her so well,
He made every cog and wheel to tell.
While the big wheel runs the little one hums,
And the feeder sits above the drum,
Singing rumble-dum-dairy flare up Mary,
And make her old table shine.

There's old Father Howard the sheaves to put,
While old Mother Howard she does make up.
And Mary she sits and feeds all day,
While Johnny he carries the straw away,
Singing rumble-dum-dairy flare up Mary,
And make her old table shine.

At seven o'clock we do begin
And we generally stop about nine or ten
To have our beer and oil her up,
Then off we go till one o'clock,
Singing rumble-dum-dairy flare up Mary,
And make her old table shine.

Then after a bite and a drink all round
The driver he climbs to his box again
And with his long whip he shouts, All right,
And he drives 'em round till five at night.
Singing rumble-dum-dairy flare up Mary,
And make her old table shine.