

The Praties they grow small



Oh, the pra-ties they grow small, O - ver here, o - ver here.



Oh, the pra-ties they grow small and we dig them in the fall.



And we eat them skins and all, O - ver here, o - ver here.

Oh, the praties they grow small,

Over here, over here.

Oh, the praties they grow small

And we dig them in the fall.

And we eat them skins and all,

Over here, over here.

Oh, I wish that we were geese,

Night and morn, night and morn,

Oh, I wish that we were geese,

For they fly and take their ease,

And they live and die in peace,

Eating corn, eating corn.

Oh, we're trampled in the durst,

Over here, over here,

Yes, we're trampled in the dust,

But the Lord in whom we trust

Will give us crumb for crust,

Over here, over here.

Oh, the praties they grow small,

Over here, over here.

Oh, the praties they grow small

And we dig them in the fall.

And we eat them skins and all,

Over here, over here.