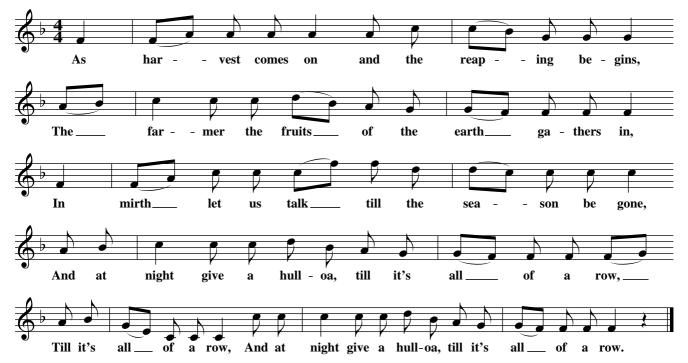
All Of a Row



As harvest comes on and the reaping begins, The farmer the fruit of the earth gathers in; In mirth let us talk till the season be gone, And at night give a holler, till it's all of a row,

Till it's all of a row, at night give a holler till it's all of a row.

The early next morning our hook we do grind, And away to the cornfield to reap and to bind; Our foreman looks back where he leaves well behind, And he gives a loud holler, "Bring it all well behind!"

Oh, then says the foreman, "Behind and before, We will have a fresh edge and a half pint more." So me jolly boys to the end we will go To the end we will go till it's all of a row.

Our wheat it is in, oats and barley are bound, Here's success to the farmer who ploughs through the ground; As for this wheat stubble, into turnips we'll sow And so we'll continue till it's all of a row.

When night comes on to the farm we will steer
To partake a good supper and to drink some strong beer
And wishing the farmer such blessings in life
By drinking a health unto him and his wife.