

Grandfather was a teamsman true and bold  
Loved his horses more than gold  
He would tend them night and day  
For the sake of the harvest he would say

One for the rook, one for the crow  
One to die and one to grow  
One for the rook, one for the crow  
One to die and one to grow

When Martinmas comes the year turns round  
Time to till the stubbled ground  
He could plough an acre in a day  
But he'd walk eleven miles and say

When winter's o'er it's harrowing time  
Break the clods down nice and fine  
Make a bed for the seed to grow  
And a mawkin stands to scare the crow

There's a boy who walks around the field  
Turn the rattle, increase the yield  
If we catch him sleeping through the day  
Twist his lug and dock his pay

Now the corn is ripe for the harvest mow  
Round with the reaper binder go  
Sails set tight the sheaves to bind  
Stook them up the ears to dry

The stack's growing high all in the yard  
Carting always seems damned hard  
Keep them corners tight and square  
So it stands till the old drum gets round here

The thresher is driven by steam this year  
Plenty of dust so bring on the beer  
Corn's in the sack all to be ground  
And so once more the year turns round

Here's one for the rook, one for the crow  
Success to the seed that lived to grow