

YOUR HAY IT IS MOW'D, AND YOUR CORN IS REAPED

JOHN DRYDEN

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Table of Contents

<u>YOUR HAY IT IS MOW'D, AND YOUR CORN IS REAPED</u>	1
<u>JOHN DRYDEN</u>	1

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COMUS

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

CHORUS

Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

MAN

We ha' cheated the parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
One in ten,
One in ten,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?

For prating so long like a book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.

CHORUS

Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot.
We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.

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CHORUS

Old England,
Old England,
And Hoigh for the honour of Old England.