Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

Now harvest time is here, my boys, so raise a bumper do
The oats and beans and barley, oh, and to the turnips, too
Now early in the morning, oh, we rise up with the quail
A lump of greasy bacon fat and half a pint of ale

CHO: So drink, boys, drink, that is the master's brew
And if you do not drink it there'll be no more work for you

We stagger to the harvest field for to begin our labours
And carry heavy firkins each one bigger than his neighbour's
We've barely started working when we have to stop, I fear
For now that is our duty bound to drind a pint of beer

And at the hour of ten o'clock our progress is cut short
The foreman cries let to my boys, now you must drink a quart
The work is hard, the sun is hot, 'tis hard to keep your balance
Especially in the afternoon when you've had several gallons

When harvest time is over, boys, it's to the pub we'll steer
For there our master doth provide more barrels of strong beer
When closing time is here at last thawnk God we all can stop
For even if he paid us we couldn't drink another drop

Now we will have a holiday before our work's resumption
The doctor says we need the rest, we're suffering from consumption
My back is sore, my arms are stiff, my legs like lumps of lead
But all of that is nothing to the aching in my head