

Harvest

Steeleye Span

The neck, the neck, the neck

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd
Come, boys, come
And we'll roar out our Harvest Home

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again
Why should the blockhead have one in ten?
One in ten

For prating so long like a book learned sot
Till pudding and dumplin burn to the pot
Burn to the pot
We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand
Then Ho for the times of Old England
Old England

Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd
Your barns will be full and your hovels heaped
The neck, the neck, the neck

Hard faced dames in hoods make haste
To cram their lapbags with the barley waste
Before the rout the leveret darts
Bawled at by boys in blundering carts
Scorched there in the heat of the sun
The dinner hour their leisure won

Sweet, now the small beer goes
In hardwood bottles, we all knows

Start of the day the church bell's knell
And fear to hear the gleaning bell
We'll toil all day in the last of the hay
We'll scratch our days away

Beside the hedge the baby sleeps
While far the footsore rabble creeps
Dogs are left to mind the farm
But knaves slouch out to steal the grain

Pigs they all rootle there
Fields are full of din and blare
Time passes, as they glean
The hobby-horse whirls round and round

Stumbling now the gleaning's done
The farmer's fat hares, slung upon his gun
Gives goodnight, as home they pull
In creaking handcarts bursting full

Stacked well out of mischief's way
To thrash and dress another day
Wives full of weary pride
With such small riches satisfied

The neck