

Fields

The Skids

Oh shift thy feet, oh peasant one
Pull and tug your burden
Even here the sweat will gain
The firm belief so Christian
Evil tide of middle age
The effort and the struggle
Will once again devour you
Carry forth and listen

The work of man upon his land
Guarantees an altar
Of kindred psalm
And flowering spring
Carry on ne'er falter

Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle

So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on

If winter comes unseemingly
Will season mark a rescue
If winter comes approvingly
Will childbirth restore you
If darker days like middle age
Profiteer hard labour
If hunger bites the bible chill
Still these days grow longer

So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on

Carry, carry, carry on
Carry, carry, carry on
Carry, carry, carry on

When fields are clammed in dirty grey
You know how much they hate you
To sing a psalm in suffered calm
Carry on as always
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle
Carry on, oh carry on
The effort and the struggle

So, carry on, so carry on
So, carry on, so carry on