

## The Reaphook and the Sickle



Come all you lads and lasses, together let us go  
Into some pleasant cornfield our courage for to show;  
With the reaphook and the sickle so well we clear the land,  
The farmer says, "Well done, my lads, here's liquor at your command."

By daylight in the morning, when birds so sweetly sing,  
- They are such charming creatures, they make the valleys ring -  
We will reap and scrape together till Phoebus do go down  
With the good old leathern bottle and the beer that is so brown.

Then in come lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,  
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray;  
See how she gathers it, binds it, she folds it in her arms,  
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill a farmer's barns.

Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,  
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn;  
Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men,  
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.