

The Praties

(A7) Dm Bb
Oh, the praties they grow small,
Gm Dm
Over here, over here,

Oh the praties they grow small,

Gm A7
And we dig them in the Fall,
Bb Dm
And we eat them coats and all,
Gm Bb Dm
Over here, over here.

Oh I wish that we were geese,
Night and morn, night and morn,
Oh I wish that we were geese,
For they fly and take their ease,
And they live and die in peace,
Eatin' corn, eatin' corn.

Oh we're trampled in the dust,
Over here, over here,
Oh we're trampled in the dust,
But the Lord in whom we trust
Will give us crumb for crust,
Over here, over here.