

Harvest Land

By:Unknown

Music by John R. Sweney

The harvest drive is on again;
John Farmer needs a lot of men
To work beneath the Kansas heat
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

Oh, Farmer John, Poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is overdrawn;
Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage;
"Bull Durham" will not buy our brawn:
You're out of luck, Poor Farmer John.

You advertise in Omaha,
"Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw."
Nebraska calls, "Don't be misled:
We'll furnish you a feather bed."

Oh, Farmer John, Poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is overdrawn;
Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage;
"Bull Durham" will not buy our brawn:
You're out of luck, Poor Farmer John.

Then South Dakota "lets a roar":
"We need ten thousand men or more;
Our grain is turning; prices drop!
For God's sake, save our bumper crop."

Oh, Farmer John, Poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is overdrawn;
Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage;
"Bull Durham" will not buy our brawn;
You're out of luck, Poor Farmer John.

In North Dakota I'll be darn,
The "wise guy" sleeps in hoosier's barn;
Then hoosier breaks into his snore
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

Oh, Harvest Land, Sweet Burning Sand!
As on the sun-kissed field I stand,
I look away across the plain
And wonder if it's goin' to rain.
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,
That I will not be here again.