

Harvest War

By:Pat Brennan

Music by Jack Judge and Harry Williams

We're coming home, John Farmer.
We are coming back to stay.
For nigh on fifty years or more,
We've gathered up your hay.
We've slept out in your hay fields.
We have heard your morning shouts.
We've heard you wond'ring,
"Where in hell's them pesky go-a-bouts?"

It's a long way. Now understand me.
It's a long way to town.
It's a long way across the prairie.
And to hell with Farmer Brown!
Up goes labor and wages.
And the hours must come down.
We are out for a winter's stake this summer,
And we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages.
That's what kept us on the bum.
You say you've done your duty,
You chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun.
We've sent your kids to college,
But still you must rave and shout
And call us tramps and hoboes
And pesky go-a-bouts.

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But now the wintry breezes
Are a-shaking our poor frames.
The long-drawn days of hunger
Try to drive us 'boes insane.
It's driving us to action.
We are organized today.
Us pesky tramps and hoboes
Are coming back to stay.

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