

The Spade, Boys, The Spade - song lyrics

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THE SPADE, BOYS, THE SPADE.

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Give me the spade and the man who can use it,
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand,
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver, the land, boys the land;
There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labor,
The more you deposit the more you shall have,
If there's more than you want you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.

Chorus.

Give me the spade and the man who can use it,
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand,
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver, the land, boys, the land.

Give me the spade, old England's glory,
That fashion'd the field from the black barren moor,
Let us speak in its praise with ballad and story,
While 'tis brighten'd with labor, not tarnish'd with gore;
It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Create A our commerce, extended our trade,
Gave food for our wives, our children and cattle,
But ti e queen of all weapons, the spade, boys, the spade.
Give me the spade and the man who can, &c.

Give me the spade, there's a magic about it,
That 1 urns the black soil into bright shining gold,
What would our father's have done, boys, without it,
When the land lay all bare and the north wind blew cold?
Where the tall forests stood, and the wild beasts were yelling.
When our stout-hearted ancestors shrunk back afraid,
The corn stack is raised, and man claims a dwelling,
Then hurrah! for our true friend, the spade, boys the spade.
Give me the spade and the man who can, &c.