

The country farmer's vainglory /

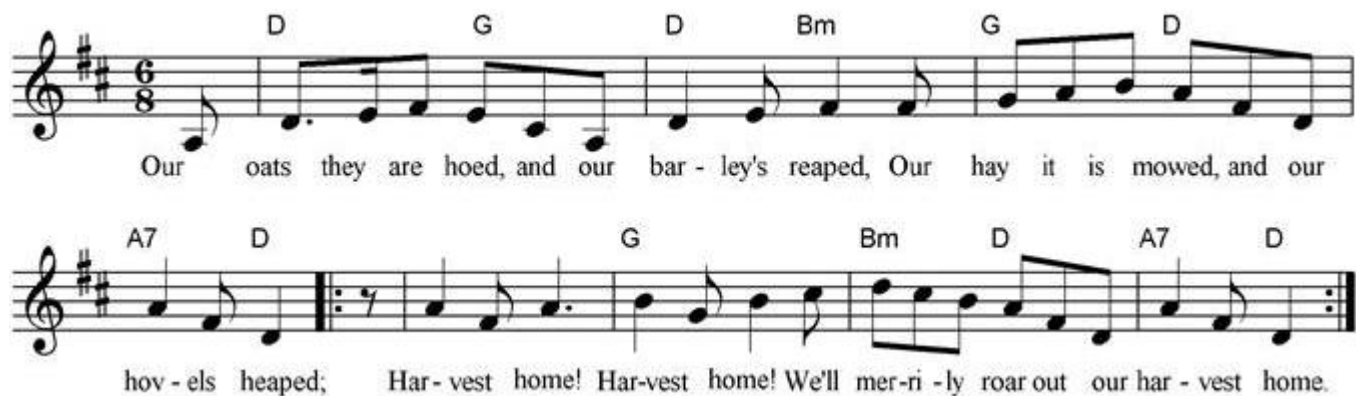
Harvest home

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

This baroque song was written by John Dryden, with music composed by Henry Purcell in 1611. It can be found in 'The gentleman's magazine' published in 1894

https://archive.org/stream/gentlemansmagaz43unkngoog/gentlemansmagaz43unkngoog_djvu.txt

It was customary to deck the last 'harvest load' with boughs of oak and ash, sometimes men were sent to ring the church bell or hand bells were rung on the wagon. Find the last verse in: <https://archive.org/details/englishfolkrhyme00nortuoft>.



Our oats they are hoed, and our bar - ley's reaped, Our hay it is mowed, and our
hov - els heaped; Har - vest home! Har-vest home! We'll mer-ri -ly roar out our har - vest home.

Our oats they are hoed, and our barley's reaped,
Our hay it is mowed, and our hovels heaped;
Harvest home! Harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our harvest home,
Harvest home! Harvest home!
We'll merrily roar out our Harvest home!

We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the Vicar have one in ten?
One in ten, one in ten,
For why should the Vicar have one in ten?

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumplings are burnt to pot;
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot!
Till pudding and dumplings are burnt to pot.

The boughs they do shake and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in,
Our harvest in, our harvest in.
So merrily comes our harvest in.

