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"THE FARMER LADS"

SONG

POEM and © BY JAMES MULVEY. NEW RICKFORD S.D.

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
700 DIVISION ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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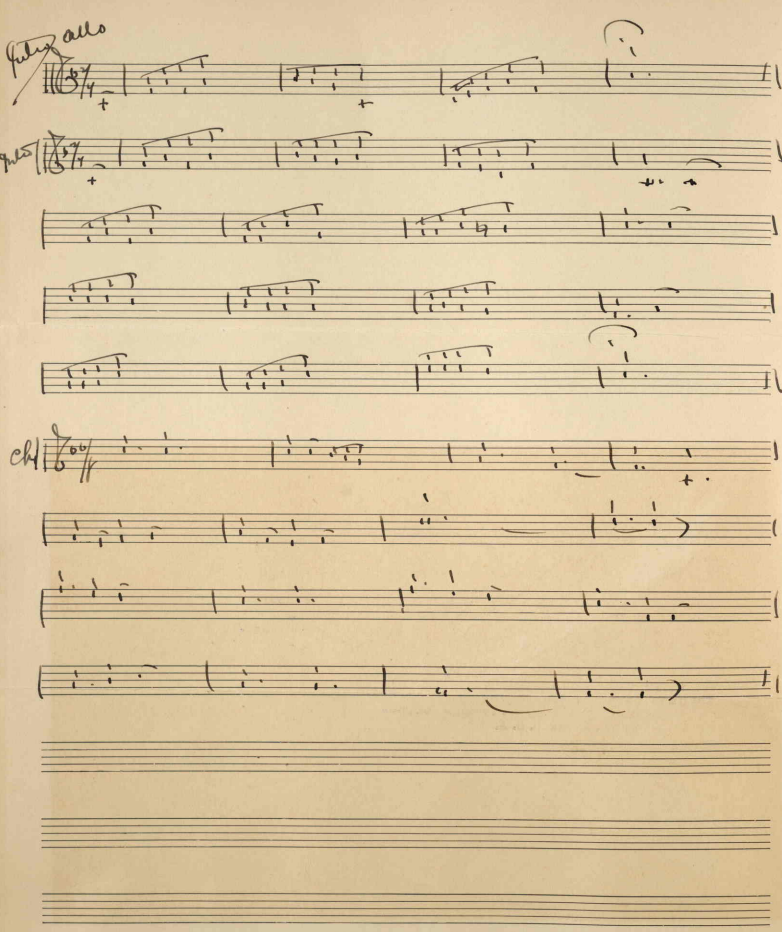
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"The Farmer Lads" James A. Mulvey.

1

I heard a conversation, it was just the other day;
A farmer and his lads who used to make and rake the hay;
And this is what they had to say "Our Dad will have to do
The work for we are going away --our share he must do, too!

2

We wont join Barnum's circus, just remember what we say;
We're going to comb the hayseeds out, and join the U.S.A.
So, Dad must take the old gray horse, and shovel up the hay;
For we are off to take the boat--and go far, far away.

CHORUS.

March! March! March! the Allies are coming!
The Huns have had to get out of their way;
We too a ship and knocked off that chip--
For we come from the U.S.A.

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

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