

# Harvest Home

150e

Purcell (King Arthur 1691)  
in Sandys' Festive Songs 1856

$\text{♩} = 96$

S  
A  
T  
B

Our oats they are hoed, and our bar - ley's reaped, Our hay it is mowed, and our ho - vels heaped.

6

S  
A  
T  
B

Come, boys, come, come, boys, come, And mer - ri - ly roar out Har - vest Home!  
Har - vest Home! Har - vest Home! We'll mer - ri - ly roar out Har - vest Home!

Mike      Our oats they are hoed, and our barley's reaped,  
Our hay it is mowed, and our hovels heaped.  
*Come, boys, come, come, boys, come,  
And merrily roar out Harvest Home!  
Harvest Home! Harvest Home!  
We'll merrily roar out Harvest Home!*

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

*One in ten...*

Terry      We'll sing merry songs on this happy day,  
The fiddles and serpent will lead the way.

*Lead the way...*

Ladies      For preaching while dinner is cold and hot,  
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot?

*Burnt to pot...*

Terry      We'll step and we'll dance and we'll shout and roar,  
And while we have breath we will call for more.

*Call for more...*

Men      We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,  
And hoigh to the honour of Old England!

*Old England...*

## Viola

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