

HARVEST LAND

(Air: Beulah Land)

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,
John Farmer needs a lot of men;
To work beneath the Kansas heat
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is over-drawn.
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage—
“Bull Durum” will not buy our Brawn—
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, John.

You advertise, in Omaha,
“Come. leave the Valley of the Kaw.”
Nebraska Calls, “Don’t be mis-led.”
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”
“We need ten thousand men—or more;”
“Our grain is turning—prices drop!
For God’s Sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if it’s going to rain—
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,
That I will not be here again.