

Come Along By Cook version

Warm Milk in the morning straight from the cow
Warm friendly folk, but to no one they'd bow
Was hard work all summer back breaking the nars
But life's rich rewards were in this old farm house

So, what's for tea Grace lass there's pheasants in field
And if I have my way oh their fate is well sealed
So, pass tuther gun Jim there's no time to waste
Lad all in a day lookin' life in the face

Those harvest times are never forgot
When young James he first sang for his supper and pot
At Graces table, a great harvest meal
And the sight of the lads comin' in from the field

Come along by, boys Come Along By
The supper is waiting, the stars in the sky
There'll be plenty more baling, when morning is nigh
So Come Along By boys, Come along by

From Eye Of The Wind

Words & Music by Richard Grainger

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