

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's plenty room in the field,
 And I never could see any reason
 For us to fall out with the yield.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 And I ever did see him the scorner,
 Who looked at the place, and not at the work,
 Round the Centre, on the Square, or the Corner.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's plenty room in the field,
 And if our mind is not right with the giver,
 I am sure he will stint in the yield.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's room wherever I see ;
 And if there 's not room on the level,
 There 's room in the height or the depth to be.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 And one thing I am certain,
 Whether we work or whether we play,
 We all will see ; let down the curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]