

dug it deep, and my du - ty I've done; I've dug them deep thro' the
rich and poor, He will gath-er them in. I've dug them deep, and I've

snow and rain, Death comes and goes, and comes a -gain; My
well been paid, Ah! man - y souls to rest I've laid: My

spade and my pick thro' the church-yard have been, And still I'm left to gather them in.
spade and my pick thro' the church-yard have beer, And still I'm left to gather them in.