

Tommy, take your axe, lad, an' level yonder
stump ;

Cut it by the ground ; an' we'll roll away the
lump,

An' cover up the root, so it won't be in the
road.

Needs a load o' gravel dumped upon the sod.
Sandy's on the hill top tearin' up the soil ;
We'll move it wi' the shovels an' the jumper
for a while.

Workin' for the Queen, Jack, never think o'
pay !

He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
way.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

Willie, bring your oxen ! us an' Harry Mill
'Ill grub about the stumps that we see upon
the hill.

Buck 'ill have a job, Hal, tuggin' at the
roots ;

Some o' them are green sir, fed by livin'
shoots.

Then on t'other side we'll move a lot o'
stones,

Some o' them are boulders ; ain't they Mr.
Jones ?

But never curse the ground, lest it cover
you, they say.

He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
way.

Sing fal de ral, &c.