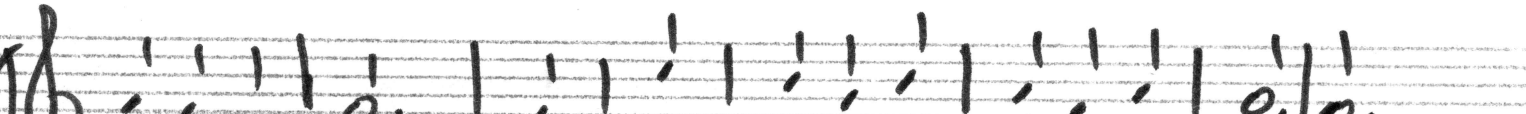
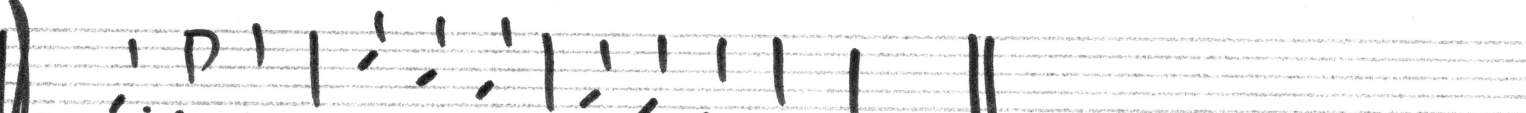


3/4

All the day long in the corn fields so weary Father has toiled in the
lay the white cloth, for he's canning dear mother, Put his arm-chair where he

heat of the sun, Now ^{the} ~~big~~ ^{great} clock in the churchyard is ring-ing,
likes it to be, And you shall sit by his side little brother

Telling the hour of his labor is done.
And I shall sit like a queen on his knee.



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 As far All the day long in the corn field so weary Father has toiled in the
 heat of the sun, Now the great clock in the churchyard is ringing, Telling the
 hour of his labor is done.

ah