

## DAYS OF THE THRESHER

C F C  
 As I walk down the road on this fine Autumn morn  
 C G  
 I can see the great combine collecting the corn  
 C F C  
 And my mind wonders back in a moment of joy  
 C G C  
 To the days if the Thresher, when I was a boy

F C C  
 All over the valley, you could hear a strange sound  
 G C G  
 Of that mighty machine on its annual round  
 C F C  
 All the men from the town-land would follow at will  
 C G C  
 And they'd all lend a hand at the old threshing mill.

F C  
**CHORUS** So Boil up the bacon; the cabbage that's green  
 G C G  
 Have plenty of spuds laced with butter between  
 C F C  
 For great empty bellies will soon need a fill  
 C G C  
 For it makes a man hungry; the old Threshing Mill

C F C  
 There were two on the Thresher and two on the stack  
 C G  
 And the man with the fork kept the straw flying back  
 C F C  
 There were bottles of porter and plenty of fags  
 C G C  
 And old Larry Andy looked after the bags  
 F C  
 Then a few of the boys built the straw into rick  
 G C G  
 While the young uns were found playing hide and go seek,  
 C F C  
 And meself and me brother with the dogs and the cats  
 C G C  
 Had the time of our lives chasing after the rats **CHORUS**

C F C  
 But times keeps on changing and nothing stands still  
 C G  
 Larry Andy has gone like his old thrashing mill  
 C F C  
 And most of the workers I'd known as a child  
 C G C  
 Have reaped the great harvest for which they have toiled.

F C  
 No more in the valley will you hear that machine  
 G C G  
 For just like the corncrake, they're gone from the scene  
 C F C  
 But it makes me feel sad as I dream of it still  
 C G C  
 For I love the dear sound of the old threshing mill

**CHORUS in past tense R L L**

