

## Fields

## The Skids

Oh shift thy feet, oh peasant one  
Pull and tug your burden  
Even here the sweat will gain  
The firm belief so Christian  
Evil tide of middle age  
The effort and the struggle  
Will once again devour you  
Carry forth and listen

The work of man upon his land  
Guarantees an altar  
Of kindred psalm  
And flowering spring  
Carry on ne'er falter

Carry on, oh carry on  
The effort and the struggle  
Carry on, oh carry on  
The effort and the struggle

So, carry on, so carry on  
So, carry on, so carry on

If winter comes unseemingly  
Will season mark a rescue  
If winter comes approvingly  
Will childbirth restore you  
If darker days like middle age  
Profiteer hard labour  
If hunger bites the bible chill  
Still these days grow longer

So, carry on, so carry on  
So, carry on, so carry on

Carry, carry, carry on  
Carry, carry, carry on  
Carry, carry, carry on

When fields are clammed in dirty grey  
You know how much they hate you  
To sing a psalm in suffered calm  
Carry on as always  
Carry on, oh carry on  
The effort and the struggle  
Carry on, oh carry on  
The effort and the struggle

So, carry on, so carry on  
So, carry on, so carry on