

We Plow the Fields

Dulcimer tuning - DAD

Matthais Cladius, 1740-1815
tr. by Jane M. Campbell

D

# #	4/4												
		Who will plough the				fields, now and							
T	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0				
A	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0				
B	0 1	2 2	2 2	1 0	4 2	4 5							

3

		A7				D					
		who will sow the				corn? And		who will wash the			
T	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	1 1	1 1	0 0	0 0	0 0		
A	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0		
B	4 4	4 2	0 0	1 0	1 1	2 2	2 2	1 0			

6

		sheep, now and				keep them neat - ly				shorn? The	
T	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0		
A	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0		
B	4 2	4 5	4 2	2 0	0 0	0 0	0 4	5			

9

		G				D					
		stack that's in the				hag - gard, un -		thrashed it may re -			
T	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0		
A	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	3 3	3 3	0 0	0 0	0 0		
B	7 8	7 4	5 4	5 7	5 4	4 4	2 0				

We Plow the Fields

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	A ⁷			D									
	main, Since			John - ny's gone a -					thra - shing all				
T	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
B	1	0	1	2	2	2	1	0	4	2	4	5	

15

	A ⁷						D			
	in the wars of						Spain.			
T	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
B	4	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

We plow the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

Refrain:

All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
 For all His love.

He only is the Maker of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;
 The wind and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then O Father, for all things bright and good,
 The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, and food;
 No gifts have we to offer, for all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.