The Praties

e		D	e	D)	e	
Oh the praties they grow	small	over	her	e, ov	er h	iere,	
e		D	e				
Oh the praties they grow:	small	over	her	e.			
	G			a			D
Oh the praties they grow	small	and	we	dig tl	hem	in the	e fall,
e	C	D	e	D	e		
and we eat them coats and	d all,	over	here	e, ov	er h	ere.	

Oh I wish, that we were geese, night and morn, night and morn.

Oh I wish, that we were geese, night and morn
Oh I wish, that we were geese and could live our lives in
peace
till the hour of our release, eating corn, eating corn

till the hour of our release, eating corn, eating corn.

Oh, we're down into the dust over here, over here, Oh, we're down into the dust over here, Oh, we're down into the dust, but the Lord in whom we trust, will repair us cromb for crust, over here, over here.

Oh the praties they grow small over here, over here, Oh the praties they grow small over here. Oh the praties they grow small and we dig them in the fall, and we eat them coats and all, over here, over here.

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