

Limestone Harvest

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Some of us are fishers, dragging oysters from the bay
Some of us are farm-hands from along the wagon way
When we see the ships appear, coming round the head
We hurries to the cliff-face, and harvest stone instead
While the oysters rest
Before the fields are mown,
We cut stone

Farmer's fields must have their lime, to keep the soil sweet
Else they won't give all we need, of 'taters, kale and beet
We cart the limestone to the kiln, there we roast it down,
Mix it with the farm-soil and spread it on the ground
While the oysters rest
Before the fields are mown,
We cut stone

The parishes buy chippings, to help maintain the roads
So Mr Taylor's omnibus can rush by with its loads
We sees it coming miles away, raises dust in clouds,
Settles over everything, a thick white dusty shroud
While the oysters rest
Before the fields are mown,
We cut stone

We sells our stone to Bideford, they comes across in ships
The sailors call 'em 'muffies'; beach 'em by the slips
We loads the stone in quickly, 'til the tide begins to flow
Watch the boats begin to float, and cheer 'em as they go
While the oysters rest
Before the fields are mown,
We cut stone

There's limestone in the whitewash that keeps our houses neat
Limestone in the air we breathe and underneath our feet
There's money in the oyster-beds, money in the fields
It's the limestone harvest that gives the greatest yield
While the oysters rest
Before the fields are mown,
We cut stone