

# Let the Rain Come

Trad tune; lyrics & arr. G Pratt

And here's to the jolly farmer, none better in the land  
And here's to the jolly farmer, none better in the land.  
Let the rain come, let the snow come, let the wind blow at the door;  
We have taters, we have turnips, we have corn in good store;  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.

And here's to the jolly brewer, none better in this land.  
And here's to the jolly brewer, none better in this land.  
Let the rain come, let the snow come, let the wind blow at the door;  
We have barley, we have water, we have hops in good store;  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.

And here's to the jolly choir, none better in this land.  
And here's to the jolly choir, none better in this land.  
Let the rain come, let the snow come, let the wind blow at the door;  
We have altos, we have tenors, we have basses to roar;  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.

Let the rain come, let the snow come, let the wind blow at the door;  
We have carols, we have stories, hear the harmonies roar.....!  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.  
And the wintertime will fly away and summer come once more.