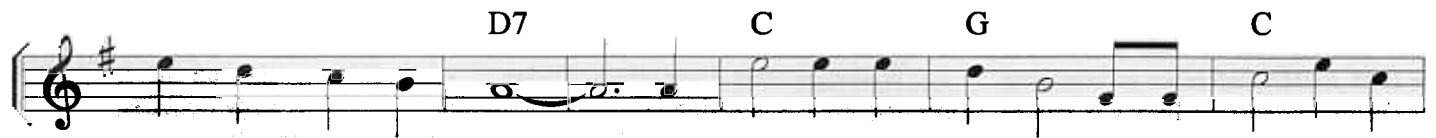


The Apple Picking Man

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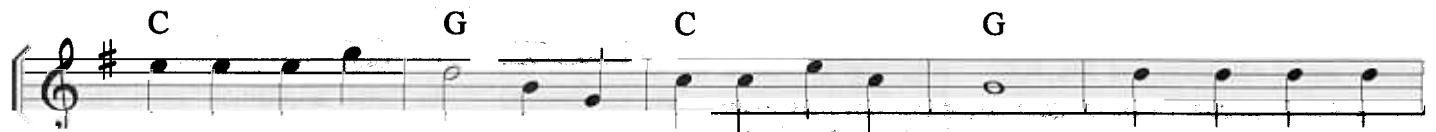
The sun shines down bright-ly on a morn-ing in May, The clouds in the



sky have rolled a - way, And me on my trac - tor rid - ing high in the



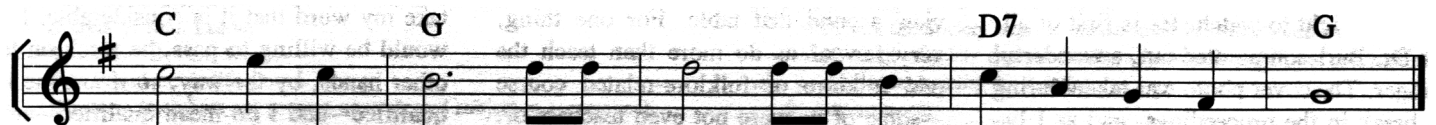
field; Row up - on row, well, I'm start - ing my day. 'Cause it's a



liv - ing that I love and a liv - ing that know, Work - ing with my



hands up - on the land. And I'll do it all my life 'til the



day that I die; I was born to be an ap - ple pick - ing man.

The sun shines down brightly on a morning in May,
The clouds in the sky have all rolled away,
And me on my tractor riding high in the field;
Row upon row, well, I'm starting my day.

My family is here, working hard by my side,
With neighbors and friends, it's apple picking time.
And God willing, give me weather that allows me to gather
The finest apples in the land.

A warm breeze comes blowing down from old Covey Hill,
Blowing through the trees all in blossom.
The stillness is shattered by the tractor's engine song,
Riding through the orchard 'til my working day is done.

And one day it will come, when my job here is done,
And by my Maker will I stand,
And the joy on my face, when he shows me his place,
The most beautiful orchard in the land.

Chorus

'Cause it's a living that I love and a living that I know,
Working with my hands upon the land.
And I'll do it all my life 'til the day that I die;

I was born to be an apple picking man.

Dedicated to the Petch brothers, Bob and Charlie, Hemmingford, Quebec