**Mister Fotheringay**

**words and music by Jan Holdstock**

Voice 1 I work for Mister Fotheringay, I work from morn till night.  
And when you work as a farmer’s boy, you’ve got to get everything right.  
For if the corn gets eaten, he’s sure to stop your pay;  
It’s hard to work as a farmer’s boy for Mister Fotheringay.

Scare the birds! Whee! Scare the birds! Whoo!  
Scare the birds in the cornfield, that’s what I do.  
Scare the birds! Whee! Scare the birds! Whoo!  
Scare the birds in the cornfield, shoo, shoo, shoo!

Voice 2 I work for Mister Fotheringay, I work from morn till night.  
And when you work as a tweeny maid, you’ve got to get everything right.  
For if the floor is dirty, he’s sure to stop your pay;  
It’s hard to work as a tweeny maid for Mister Fotheringay.

Clean the windows, brush, brush the floor,  
Polish up the knocker on the door, till it’s bright and shiney,  
Clean the windows, brush, brush the floor,  
Polish up the knocker on the big front door,

Voice 3 I work for Mister Fotheringay, I work from morn till night.  
And when you work as an odd job boy, you’ve got to get everything right.  
For if his boots are dirty, he’s sure to stop your pay;  
It's hard to work as an odd job boy for Mister Fotheringay.

Polish up the boots till you can see your face in them,  
Bright and shiny, that's the master’s way.  
Polish up the boots till you can see your face in them,  
Spit and polish will do the trick, every day.

All Three cheers for Mister Fotheringay!  
Hip, hip, hooray!  
Hip, hip, hooray!  
Hip, hip, hooray!