

Planting Song of the Farmerettes

(to the tune of “Tipperary”)

Nellie was a pedagogue
 And Sue a social light,
But when the Germans sank our boats
 They both set out to fight.
Grabbing up a rake and hoe,
 They joined the food armee,
Now they’re out at Farmingdale,
 A-fighting for the free.

Chorus: It’s a hard job to plant potatoes,
 It’s a darn sight worse to hoe;
It’s a hard job to weed tomatoes,
 When the pesky things do grow.
Farewell to all the bright lights,
 Good-bye old Broadway,
We are all out here to serve our country,
 And you bet we’ll stay. ⁱ

ⁱ Ibid. A version of this verse is also in the Emma George Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress