Put another log on the fire, Mary
Put another kettle on
The men are coming in from the fields
They've been working all week long

Mary, Mary, know I'll never roam You're the reason for these working hands Your heart is my home

Put another log on the fire, Mary Lay out your heartiest spread Clearing the fields is no easy task And these men, they all need fed

Mary, Mary, know I'll never roam You're the reason for these working hands Your heart is my home

Put another log on the fire, Mary We've come in from the wild And heading out at the break of day Remembering how you smiled

Mary, Mary, know I'll never roam You're the reason for these working hands Your heart is my home

Mary, Mary, know I'll never roam You're the reason for these working hands Your heart is my home