Marching, marching onward,
To the fields we go,
Hands and hearts united,
Strong to meet the foe,
We shall aid our armies,
everywhere they roam,
Fighting on the food front,
in the ranks at home.
With a song of joy
We shall greet the morning sun,
Toiling, ever toiling,
Till the cause of peace is won.

**Refrain**
Gather in the harvest,
Sons of liberty,
Food for freedom's fighters,
Food for victory! (Dr. Walton's verse)

**II. (From official Harrow song)**

Brooklyn marches onward,
Up the hills of hope,
Faces all to sunward,
Feet against the slope;
What the goal or end is,
Time has yet to guess;
But wherever a friend is
Trust a friend to press!
Panting on and up, in the teeming early dew,
Bearing all the old, while they mount toward the new.

Brooklyn marches onward,
New worlds to find;
Brooklyn marches onward,
Who will lag behind?

**III.**
Great the might of number,
Weak the work of one;
One may fall and slumber;
Toils the army on.
Well it knows the tune it
Marches with to fame;
Unit after unit,
We can sing the same!
Rises up the height, where the loyal feet have led,
Chime voices in with the echo of their tread.

Brooklyn marches onward,
New worlds to find;
Brooklyn marches onward,
Who will lag behind?