

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Godspeed the Plow

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Though the wealthy and great  
Live in splendor and state  
I envy them not, I declare it  
For I grow my own hams  
My own ewes, my own lambs  
And I shear my own fleece and I wear it

By plowing and sowing  
By reaping and mowing  
All nature provides me with plenty  
With a cellar well stored  
And a bountiful board  
And my garden affords every dainty

For here I am king  
I can dance, drink and sing  
Let no one approach as a stranger  
I'll hunt when it's quiet  
Come on, let us try it  
Dull thinking drives anyone crazy

I have lawns, I have bowers  
I have fruits, I have flowers  
And the lark is my morning alarmer  
So all farmers now  
Here's Godspeed the plow  
Long life and success to the farmer

MC