

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Jolly Ploughboy

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Jack, the jolly ploughboy, was ploughing up his land;  
His horses lie beneath the shady tree.  
He did whistle, he did sing, caused the valleys for to ring;  
His intentions were to court a pretty maid.

When thus her old father the news came to hear  
That his daughter was a courting on the plain,  
He rose and oppressed and sent him off to serr,  
And sent him to the war to be slain.

She dressed herself up in full sailor's array  
With a sword and bright pistol by her side.  
She rode down the street, the tears rolled down her cheeks,  
She looked just like a jovial sailor bold.

The first man she met was in sailor's array.  
"O where is my ploughboy?" cried she.  
He is in yonder fleet ploughing up the deep;  
Pass along, my pretty fair maid, pass along!"

She went to the harbour where'er the fleet did lay,  
And thus to the captain did say,  
"You have stolen away my ploughboy to send him off to sea,  
And sent him to the war to be slain.

"O here, O here is my purse full of gold,  
And this I will freely give o'er."  
She threw it on the deck, threw her arms around his neck,  
And she rowed him in her arms to the shore.

O happy are they when true lovers do meet,  
When their troubles, their trials are all o'er.  
She did whistle, she did sing, caused the valleys for to ring,  
When she gained the love of him whom she adore.

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie  
Collected from Mrs. James Campbell

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