

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Ploughboy (The Warwickshire R.H.A.)

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I am a jolly ploughboy and I'm ploughing up the fields all day,
'Til a silly little thought came into my head I thought I'd be away,
For I'm tired of the dear old country life since the day that I was born,
So I've been and joined the army and I'm off tomorrow morn.

I'll leave behind my pick and spade and I'll leave behind my plough,
I'll leave behind my old grey mare I shall not need her now,
And no more will I go harvesting or gathering the golden corn,
For I've been and joined the army and I'm off tomorrow morn.

Well there's one thing that I'll leave behind and that's my Nelly dear,
And I've promised I'll be true to her whether I be far or near,
And if ever I return again I'll let you all see me,
For we're going to do the churchyard walk and a sergeants wife she'll be.

Ch: The Ploughboy

And hurrah for the scarlet and the green,
Helmets glistening in the sun,
And the bayonets flash like lightening to,
The beating of the military drum.
And there's a flag in dear old England,
Floating proudly in the sky,
And the watchword of our soldiers is,
We'll conquer or we'll die.

Ch: The Warwickshire R.H.A.

And hurrah for the Horse Artillery,
See the spurs how they glitter in the sun,
And the horses gallop like lightening,
With an fifteen pounder gun,
And when we get to France my boys,
The Kaiser he will say,
Ach Ach Mien Gott what a jolly fine lot,
Are the Warwickshire R.H.A.

Trad: British Army

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