

## The Ploughboy

### The Ploughboy

Come all you jolly ploughboys, come listen to my lays,  
And join with me in chorus, I'll sing the ploughboy's praise;  
My song is of the ploughboy's fame,  
And unto you I'll relate the same  
He whistles, sings and drives his team,  
The brave ploughing boy.

So early in the morning, the ploughboy he is seen;  
He hastens to the stable, his horses for to clean.  
Their manes and tails he will comb straight,  
With chaff and corn he does them bait,  
Then he'll endeavour to plough straight,  
The brave ploughing boy.

Now all things being ready, and the harness that's put to,  
All with a shining countenance his work he will pursue:  
The small birds sing on every tree,  
The cuckoo joins in harmony  
To welcome us as you may say,  
The brave ploughing boy.

So early in the morning, to harrow, plough and sow  
And with a gentle cast, my boys, we'll give the corn a throw  
Which makes the valleys thick to stand  
With corn to fill the reaper's hand:  
All this, you well may understand,  
Comes from the ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing, and seed time that's all o'er  
Our master he does welcome us and unlocks the cellar door  
With cake and ale we have our fill  
Because we've done our work so well,  
There's none here can excel the skill  
Off a brave ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing, the fields look fresh and gay  
The cheerful lads come in to mow, whilst damsels make the hay;  
The ears of corn they now appear,  
And peace and plenty crowns the year  
So we'll be merry whilst we are here,  
And drink to the brave ploughing boy.

From English Country Songbook, Palmer