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The Ploughman (2)

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The ploughman he's a bonny lad
And does his work at leisure,
And aye when he comes home at e'en
He kisses me with pleasure

cho: Then up wi't now my ploughman lad
Up wi't all my ploughman
Of all the lads that I do ken
Commend me to the ploughman

The ploughman he comes home at e'en
He comes both wet and weary
Cast off the wet put on the dry
And come to bed my deary

The ploughman he goes to his bed
And thinks to get the ease o't
But he must yoke the stots again
And brisk about the braes o't.

He has three oxen in his plough
And two of them are blind, jo
The seeing one he goes before
The other two behind, jo

Now the blooming spring's come on
He takes his yoking early
And whistling o'er the furrowed land
He goes to fallow cheerly

I will wash my ploughman's hose
And I will wash his o'erlay
And I will make my ploughman's bed
And cheer him late and early

Merry but and merry ben
Merry is my ploughman
Of all the trade s that I do ken
Commend me to the ploughnan

From Seeds of Love, Sedley

This is a folk version of Burn's song (see PLOUGHMN)