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The Ploughman (4)

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A ploughman dresses fine, he drinks strong beer ale and wine
And the best of tobacco he do smoke;
"Pretty maids don't think amiss a ploughman for to kiss,
For his breath smells as sweet as a rose, a rose, a rose
For his breath smells as sweet as a rose.

A ploughman in his shirt he completely does his work
And so loudly to the little boy do call,
Saying' "Be nimble and be quick by the swishing of your whip
And so merrily he'll rattle them along, along, along
And so merrily he'll rattle them along,"

When our shears are shod, to the blacksmith off we wad
And so loudly to the blacksmith we do call,
Saying, "Be nimble and be quick, and throw your blows in thick
And so merrily he will swing his hammer round, round, round,
And so merrily he will swing his hammer round.

When our shears are done to the ale-house we will run
And so loudly to the landlord we do call,
Saying, "Bring to us some beer, for while I am here
A ploughman is always a-dry, a-dry, a-dry
A ploughman is always a-dry.

From The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, Williams and Lloyd
Collected from Henry Burstow, Sussex, 1904