

Jolly Ploughboys

Kate Rusby

It was early one morning at the break of the day
The farmer came to us, and this he did say,
Come rise up my fellows with the best of good will,
Your horses need something their bellies to fill

When four o'clock comes, me boys, it's up we do rise
And off to the stables we merrily flies.
With a-rubbin' and scrubbin' our horses we'll go
For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

When six o'clock comes, me boys, at breakfast we'll meet,
And cold beef and pork we'll heartily eat.
With a piece in our pockets, to the fields we do go
For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

The farmer and this he did say,
What have you been doing this long summer's day?
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
You are all lazy fellows that follows the plough!

Then up spoke our carter and this he did cry,
We have all ploughed our acre you tell us a lie.
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
We are all jolly fellows that follows the plough

Then up spoke the farmer and laughed at the joke,
Oh it's gone half past two boys it's time to unyoke,
Unharness your horses and rub them down well,
And I'll give you a jug of my very best ale.

So come all you young ploughboys,
where e're you may be.
Come take this advice and be ruled by me
Never fear any master where e're you may go,
For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

For we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.
(Repeat x 3)