

The Ploughman

Solas

Well, a plowman dresses fine, he drinks strong ale and wine
And the best of tobacco he does smoke
Pretty maids, don't think amiss a plowman for to kiss
For his breath is as sweet as the rose, the rose
For his breath is as sweet as the rose

Well, a plowman in his shirt completely does his work
And so loudly to the little boy does call
Saying, "Be nimble and be quick with the swishing of your stick
"
And so merrily he rattles them along, along
And do merrily he rattles them along

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

When our shears are done, to the alehouse we do run
And so loudly to the landlord we do call
Saying, "Bring to us some beer, for while I am here"
A plowman is always running dry, dry
A plowman is always running dry