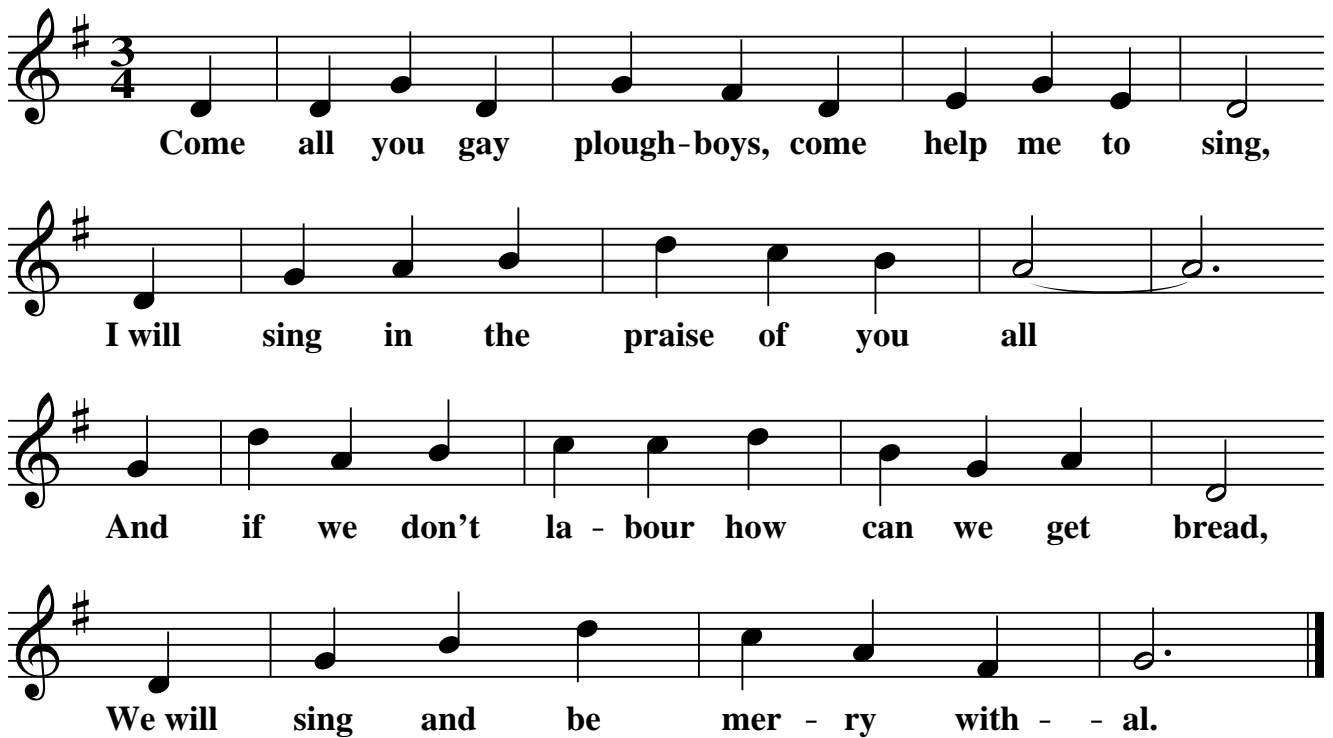


## Ploughboy's Glory



Come all you gay plough-boys, come help me to sing,  
I will sing in the praise of you all  
And if we don't labour how can we get bread,  
We will sing and be merry with - - al.

Come all you gay ploughboys, come help me to sing,  
I will sing in the praise of you all.  
And if we don't labour, how can we get bread,  
We will sing and be merry withal.

O there was two brethren, two brethren born,  
Its there was two b[rethren] born.  
O its one was a shepherd, a tender of sheep,  
And the other a planter of corn.

There is April, there is May, there is June and July,  
What a pleasure to see the corn grow.  
And when August draws nigh, we will reap sheaves and tie,  
Go down with our scythes for to mow.

O its when we had mowed and reaped every sheaf,  
We will carry it safe to the barn,  
We will make no more to do, but to ploughing we'll go,  
And provide for the very next year.

Then at night we retire thro' clods and thro' clay.  
No comfort at all can we find.  
We will sit down and sing, and drive away care,  
We will leave this wide world to repine.