## God speed the plough





Dear Joseph, dear Joseph, why serious today? O what have you been thinking, come tell to me I pray. Have love just begun to play the bo-peep Or have you been watching your innocent sheep? The young and the old are all driven to the fold They value not the summer heat nor yet the winter cold. Now don't let love tease you or thoughts make you sad, But drive away all sorrow and be cheerful and glad And be cheerful and glad.

In old ancient days there was no cursed money, The children of Israel eat milk and good honey, No queen could be seen from the highest degree They milk their brown cows and their sheep they often see. Them lambs give them clothing the cows they give them milk And that's how the farmer played all those good deeds. Them lambs give them clothing the cows they give them milk And that's how the farmer played all those good deeds Played well all those good deeds.

But as for old Adam how he work with the spade And how he planted vineyards and neatly he made. But as for the farmer with his love exposed With beef and good bacon they could keep a good house With a firkin in each corner from his own barley mow He'd welcome in a friend and may God speed the plough With a firkin in each corner from his own barley mow He'd welcome in a friend and may God speed the plough And may God speed the plough.