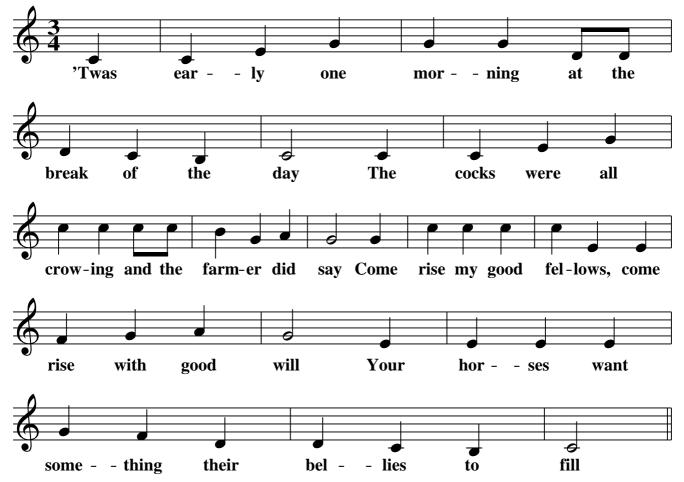
All Jolly Fellows that Follow the Plough



'Twas early one morning at the break of the day The cocks were all crowing and the farmer did say Come rise my good fellows, come rise with good will Your horses want something their bellies to fill.

When four o'clock comes, then up we do rise And off to our stable we merrily flies With rubbing and scrubbing our horses I'll vow That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

When six o'clock comes, for breakfast we meet With bread, beef and pud, boys, we heartily eat With a piece in our pocket, I'll swear and I'll vow That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

We harness our horses and away we do go We nip o'er the plains as nimbly as does And when we get there so jolly and bold To see which of us a straight furrow can hold. Our master come to us and this he did say What have you been doing boys, all this long day? If you've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow That you're damned idle fellows that follow the plough.

I stepped up to him and made this reply We've all ploughed our acre, so you've told a damn lie We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

He turned himself round and laughed at the joke It's past two o'clock, 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 all you brave fellows whoever you be Come take this advice and be ruled by me Never fear your master then I'll swear and I'll vow That you're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.