

# The Jolly Ploughboy

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Composer:

$\text{♩} = 120$

There were two lov - ing bro - thers, two bre - thren were — born —

Two bre - - thren whose trades we still keep;

The one was a plough - man, a plant - - er of corn,

The o - - ther a ten - - der of sheep.

There were two loving brothers, two brethren were born  
Two brethren whose trades we still keep;  
The one was a ploughman, a planter of corn,  
The other a tender of sheep.

Come, all jolly ploughboys, come help me for to sing,  
I'll sing in the praise of the plough,  
For though we must labour from summer to spring  
We all will be merry boys now.

We've hir-ed, we've mir-ed, through mire and through clay,  
No pleasure at all could we find;  
Now we'll laugh, dance and sing, and drive care away,  
No more in this world to repine.

Here's April, here's May, here's June and July,  
'Tis a pleasure to see the corn grow;  
In August we moil it, shear low and reap high,  
And bind up our scythes for to mow.

So now we have gathered up every sheaf,  
And scrape-ed up every ear;  
We'll make no more to-do, but to plough and to sow,  
And provide for the very next year.