

The Jolly Waggoner



When_ first I was a wagg-'ner And a wagg-'ner I did go, I



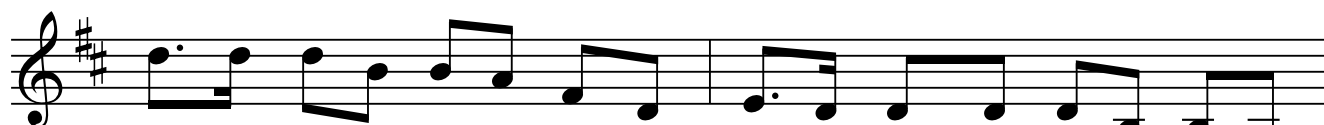
filled my par-ents' hearts_ full of sor-row, grief and woe; I



filled my par-ents' hearts_ full of sor-row, grief and woe _ So sing



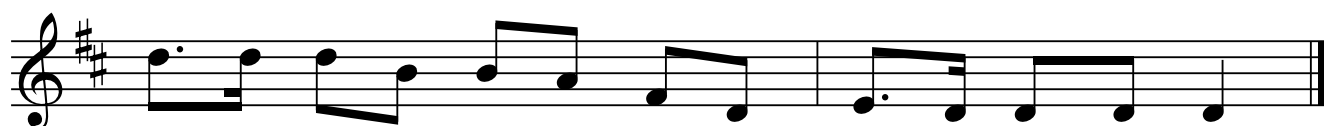
whoa, my lads, sing whoa _ Drive _ on, my lads, heigh-o; There is



none can lead a life _ Like we jol - ly wagg'-ners do. _ So sing



whoa, my lads, sing whoa, Drive on, my lads, heigh-o; There is



none can lead a life _ like we jol - ly wagg - 'ners do

When first I was a wagg'ner
And a wagg'ner I did go,
I filled my parents' hearts
Full of sorrow, grief and woe;
I filled my parents' hearts
Full of sorrow, grief and woe.

Chorus:

So sing, whoa, my lads, sing whoa
Drive on, my lads, heigh-o;
There is none can lead a life
Like we jolly wagg'ners do
So sing, whoa, my lads, sing whoa
Drive on, my lads, heigh-o;
There is none can lead a life
Like we jolly wagg'ners do

It's a cold and stormy night,
I was wet unto the skin;
I'll bear it with contentment
Till we get to the inn
And then we'll get a drink
With our landlord and our friends.

Now summer time is coming, boys,
What pleasure we should see
The small birds are a-whistling
On every green tree.
The backbirds and the thrushes O
Are whistling in the grove.

Now Michaelmas is coming, boys,
What pleasure we shall find,
We'll make the gold and silver fly
Like chaff before the wind
Then every lad shall take his lass
And set her on his knee.