The Oxen Ploughing





Prithee lead your jocund voices, For to listen we're agreed; Come sing of songs the choicest, Of the life the plough-boys lead. There are none that live so merry As the ploughboy does in Spring When he hears the sweet birds whistle And the nightingales to sing.

With my Hump-a-long! Jump-a-long! Here drives my lad along! Pretty, Sparkle, Berry Goodluck, Speedwell, Cherry! We are the lads that can follow the plough. O we are the lads that can follow the plough.

For it's, O my little ploughboy Come awaken in the morn, When the cock upon the dunghill Is a-blowing of his horn. Soon the sun above Brown Willy, With his golden face will show; Therefore hasten to the linney Yoke the oxen to the plough. With my Hump-a-long! &c.

In the heat of the daytime It's but little we can do. We will lie beside our oxen For an hour, or for a two. On the banks of sweet violets, I'll take my noontide rest, And it's I can kiss a pretty girl As hearty as the best. With my Hump-a-long! &c. When the sun at eve is setting And the shadows fill the vale, Then our throttles we'll be wetting, With the farmer's humming ale. And the oxen home returning We will send into the stall. Where the logs and turf are burning, We'll be merry ploughboys all. With my Hump-a-long! &c.

O the farmer must have seed, sir's Or I swear he cannot sow. And the miller with his mill wheel Is an idle man also. And the huntsman gives up hunting, And the huntsman stands aside, And the poor man bread is wanting, So 'tis we for all provide. With my Hump-a-long! &c