

THE PLOUGHMAN'S GLORY; OR, TOM'S SONG.

As I was a-walking one morning in the spring,
I heard a young ploughman so sweetly to sing,
And as he was singing these words he did say,
No life is like the ploughman's in the month of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
And mounts in the air with the dew on her breast,
And with the jolly ploughman she'll whistle and she'll sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

If you walk in the fields any pleasure to find,
You may see what the ploughman enjoys in his mind;
There the corn he sows grows and the flowers do spring,
And the ploughman's as happy as a prince or a king.

When his day's work is done that he has to do,
Perhaps to some country walk he will go; p. 303
There with a sweet lass he will dance and sing,
And at night return with his lass back again.

Then he rises next morning to follow his team,
Like a jolly ploughman so neat and so trim;
If he kiss a pretty girl he will make her his wife,
And she loves her jolly ploughman as dear as her life.

There's Molly and Dolly, Nelly and Sue;
There's Ralph, John, and Willie, and young Tommy too ;
Each lad takes his lass to the wake or the fair,
Adzooks! they look rarely I vow and declare.