

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind is ever true, Jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, Jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

Up wi't a', &c.

I will wafh my ploughman's hofe,
 And I will drefs his o'erlay :
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.

Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnfton :
 The bonniest fight that e'er I faw,
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

Up wi't a', &c.

Snaw white ftockings on his legs,
 And filler buckles glancin,
 A gude blue bannet on his head,
 And, oh ! but he was handsome.

Up wi't a', &c.

The Ploughman.

Violin

Lively

The Ploughman he's a bonny lad, His mind is ever

6 5 6 5

true jo, His garters knit below his knee, His bonnet it is blue jo.

6 6 5 2 6 5

Chorus

Then up wi't a' my Ploughman lad, and hey my merry Ploughman of

6 2 6 6 5 6

a' the trades that I do ken commend me to the Ploughman.

2 6 5