

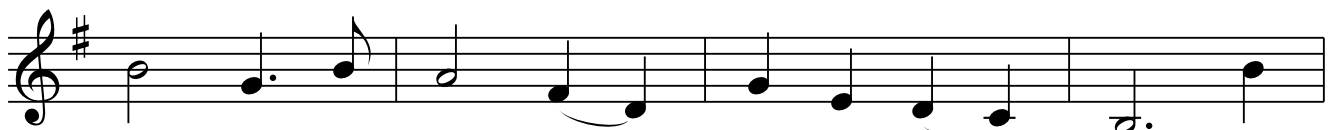
God speed the plough



Dear Jo - seph, dear Jo - seph, why se - ri - ous to - day? O



what have you been think - ing, come tell to me I pray. Have



love just be - gun to play the bo - - peep Or



have you been watch - ing your in - nocent sheep? The



young and the old are all driv - en to the fold They



value not the su - mer heat nor yet the win - ter cold. Now



don't let love tease you or thoughts make you sad, But



drive away all sor - - row and be

