

All Jolly Fellows that Follow the Plough

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rise with good will Your hor - - ses want
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'Twas early one morning at the break of the day
The cocks were all crowing and the farmer did say
Come rise my good fellows, come rise with good will
Your horses want something their bellies to fill.

When four o'clock comes, then up we do rise
And off to our stable we merrily flies
With rubbing and scrubbing our horses I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

When six o'clock comes, for breakfast we meet
With bread, beef and pud, boys, we heartily eat
With a piece in our pocket, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

We harness our horses and away we do go
We nip o'er the plains as nimbly as does
And when we get there so jolly and bold
To see which of us a straight furrow can hold.

Our master come to us and this he did say
What have you been doing boys, all this long day?
If you've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That you're damned idle fellows that follow the plough.

I stepped up to him and made this reply
We've all ploughed our acre, so you've told a damn lie
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

He turned himself round and laughed at the joke
It's past two o'clock, boys, it's time to unyoke
Unharness your horses and rub them down well
And I'll give you a jug of my very best ale.

So all you brave fellows whoever you be
Come take this advice and be ruled by me
Never fear your master then I'll swear and I'll vow
That you're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.