

The Jolly Waggoner

arr M Norman

High
When first I went a wagg'-ning a wagg - on - ing did go, it

Mid
When first I went a wagg'-ning a wagg - on - ing did go, it

Low
When first I went a wagg'-ning a wagg - on - ing did go, it

6
filled my poor old par - ents hearts with sor - row, grief and woe, and

6
filled my poor old par - ents hearts with sor - row, grief and woe, and

6
filled my poor old par - ents hearts with sor - row, grief and woe, and

10
ma - ny were the hard ships that I did un - der - go

10
ma - ny were the hard ships that I did un - der - go Sing

10
ma - ny were the hard ships that I did un - der - go

14
Drive on, me lads drive on, and

14
whoa me lads sing whoa. Drive on, me lads drive on, and

14
Sing whoa me lads sing whoa. Sing whoa me boys and

18

18 who would live a life like a jol - ly wagg - on - er

18 who would live a life like a jol - ly wagg - on - er

who would live a life like a jol - ly wagg - on - er

When first I went a wagg'ning a waggoning did go,
 it filled my poor old parents hearts with sorrow, grief and woe,
 and many were the hard ships that I did undergo
Sing whoa me lads sing whoa.
Drive on, me lads drive on,
and who would live a life like a jolly waggoner

The night is cold and stormy I'm wet unto my skin
 I'll bear it with contentment until I reach an inn;
 And there I'll sit a-drinking with the landlord and his kin,
Chorus

Now summer it is coming, what pleasures we shall see.
 Hear all the small birds whistling on every tall green tree,
 The blackbird and the thrushes are whistling in the grove.
Chorus

Now Michaelmas is coming on, what pleasures we shall find
 We'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind;
 And every lad shall take his lass and sit her on his knee
Chorus

O things have greatly altered now, but then what can us do?
 The folks in power don't take no need of the likes of me and you.
 It's hardship for us waggoning lads and fortune for the few.
Chorus

Yes, things have greatly altered now and waggons few are seen.
 The world's gone topsy-turvey now and things are driven by steam.
 The whole world goes before me just like a morning dread.
Chorus

Source: Mr William Henry Watts (72) at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp on 11 April 1908.

Notes: No words were collected with this tune so words have been supplied from another version

The words have been edited to make it easier to fit them to the tune.

Each part can be taken by men and/or women.