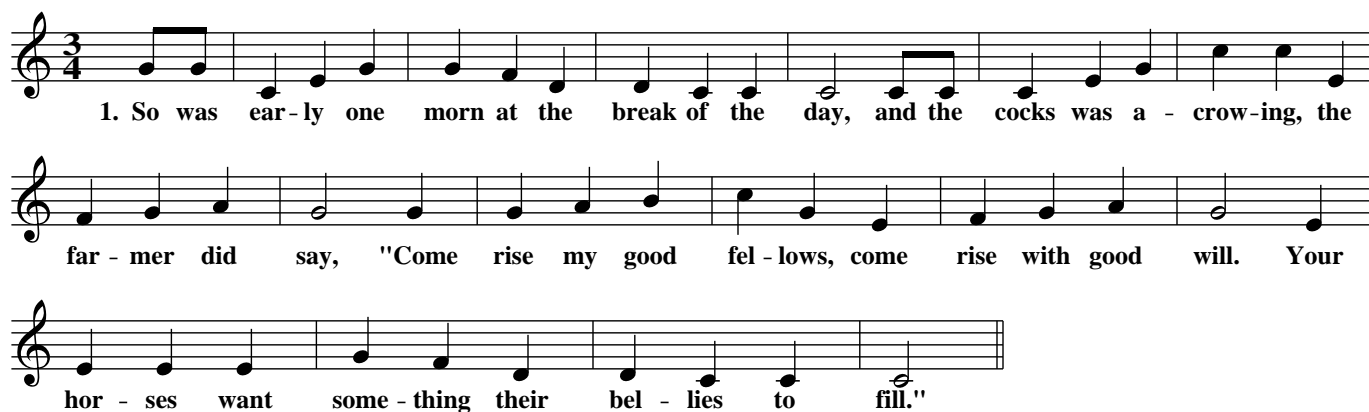


## All Jolly Fellows As Follows The Plough



1. So was ear-ly one morn at the break of the day, and the cocks was a - crow-ing, the  
far - mer did say, "Come rise my good fel - lows, come rise with good will. Your  
hor - ses want some - thing their bel - lies to fill."

2. So when four o' clock comes then up we do rise,  
And into the stable so merrily flies,  
A-rubbing and scrubbing our horses down well,  
We're all jolly fellows as follows the plough.
3. Now when six o' clock comes to breakfast we meet,  
And pork bread and beef boys so heartily eat,  
And a piece in our pocket I'll swear and I'll vow,  
We're all jolly fellows as follows the plough.
4. Now we harness our horses an' away then we go  
Over the hills as nimble as toes.  
And when we gets there so merrily and bold,  
To see which of us the straight furrow can hold.
5. Now the master comes to us and thus he do say,  
"What have you been doing this long summer's day?  
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow!"  
We're all jolly fellows as follows the plough.
6. I steps up to him and I makes this reply,  
"We've all ploughed our acre, you're telling a lie!  
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow."  
We're all jolly fellows as follows the plough.
7. Now he turns himself round and he laughs at the joke,  
"'Tis past two o'clock boys, 'tis time to unyoke.  
Un-harness your horses and rub them down well,  
And I'll gi' you a quart of my bonny brown ale!"

Source: Howard Pritchett, Bibury 1962. Collected by Peter Duddridge