

The Jolly Waggoner

1. When first I went a - - wag - gon - ing A wag - gon - ing did go, I
 filled my pa - rents' hearts with sor - row, grief and woe, And
 ma - ny are the hard - ships as I have un - der - - g - - o - - ne, Say
 Wo my lad, go on. Drive on my lads, I ho. And
 who can lead the life like us jo - - lly wa - gon - ners do.

Variants
 (a) (b)

2. It is a cold and stormy night and I'm wet unto my skin
 But 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
3. Now summer it is coming, what pleasures we shall see.
 Hear all the small birds whistle on every green tree,
 The blackbird and the thrushes are whistling in the grove.
 Chorus
4. 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
5. 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
6. 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 passes before me just like a morning dread.
 Chorus

Source: Henry Adams (80) at Stroud Union. Collected by Cecil Sharp April 2nd 1912

Notes: Verse 1 and chorus only collected from Mr Adams. Remainder from a similar version.

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