

## We are all Jolly Fellows that Follow the Plough

The musical score is written on five staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: So ear - - ly one morn - ing at the break of the day the cocks were a - - crow - ing the farm - er does say: come a - rise you brave fel - - lows, rise up with good will; your hors - - es want some - thing their bell - - ies to fill. A variant melody for the final phrase is provided below the main score.

So ear - - ly one morn - ing at the break of the day the  
cocks were a - - crow - ing the farm - er does say: come a - rise you brave  
fel - - lows, rise up with good will; your  
hors - - es want some - thing their bell - - ies to fill.  
variant melody for final phrase

2. When four o'clock comes then up we do rise  
And into the stable so merrily flies;  
With rubbing and scrubbing our horses I'll vow  
We are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.
3. When six o'clock comes to breakfast we meet  
With beef, bread and pork boys so heartily eat;  
With a piece in our pocket I'll swear and I'll vow  
We are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.
4. We harness our horses and away we do go,  
We trip o'er the plain, boys, as nimbly as doe;  
And when we get there so jolly and bold  
To see which of us the straight furrow can hold.
5. The farmer he comes round and this he does say,  
What have you been doing this long summer's day?  
You've not ploughed your acre I'll swear and I'll vow,  
You're all idle fellows that follow the plough.
6. I turned round to him and I made this reply -  
All you have been saying sir you have told a lie;  
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,  
For we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

7. The farmer, he turned round and he laughed at the joke,  
It's past two o'clock boys, it's time to unyoke;  
Unharness your horses and scrub them down well;  
I'll give you a jug of my bonny brown ale.
  
8. Now all you brave fellows, whoever you be,  
Take my advice and be ruled by me;  
Don't fear your master; I'll swear and I'll vow  
You are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

Source: Sung at Brize Norton by Thomas Pitts, Carter, formerly of Eastleach, December 1935.  
Collected by H H Albino. In an alternative MS of the same, Albino has "Here are  
all jolly fellows" in place of "We are all jolly fellows" in verses 2 and 3. In verse 7  
"unyoke" is spelled "unjoke" in the MS.

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