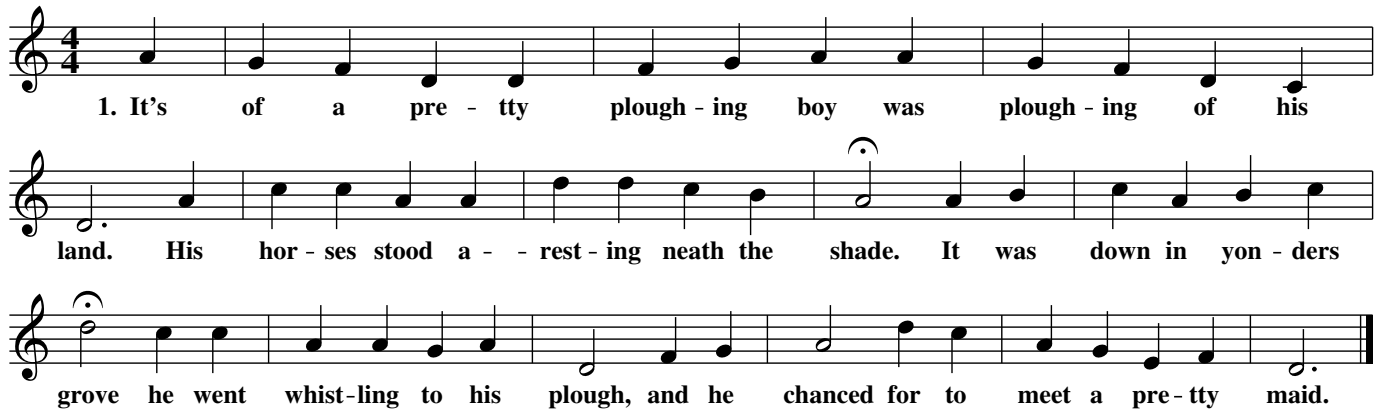


The Pretty Ploughboy



1. It's of a pre - tty plough - ing boy was plough - ing of his
land. His hor - ses stood a - - rest - ing neath the shade. It was down in yon - ders
grove he went whist - ling to his plough, and he chanced for to meet a pre - tty maid.

2. For this was his song as he walk-ed along,
Pretty maid, you are one of high degree
If I should fall in love with you my pretty maid,
Your parents they will have me sent to sea.
3. Now her father overheard it and straight away he goes,
To Johnny the ploughboy on the plain;
He sent for a press gang and press-ed him away,
He was once sent to the wars to be slain.
5. When she had dressed all in her very best,
And her glove it was lined with gold;
She walked the streets with the tears in her eyes,
In search of her ploughing boy so bold.
6. So the first that she met was a jolly sailor bold.
"Have you seen my pretty ploughing boy?" she cried.
"He's just across the deep and he's sailing for the fleet."
And he said, "My pretty maid, will you ride, will you ride?"
7. So she sailed until she came to the ship her love was in
And unto the Captain did complain.
She said, "I'm come in search for my pretty ploughing boy,
Who was sent to the wars to be slain, to be slain."
8. Five hundred bright guineas the fair maid she pulled out,
And so merrily she told them all around;
Saying, "All this I will give for my pretty ploughing boy,
That was once sent to the wars to be slain."
9. And when she'd got her ploughboy in her arms
Where oft times he'd been before
She set the bells to ring, and sweetly to play
Because she met with the lad she did adore.

Notes: Only the first verse of the Carpenter collecting is available so the text has been supplemented with other versions, including that sung by Gloucestershire gypsy Lementina ("Lemmie")Brazil.

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