The Painful Plough

Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold
That labour all the winter in the stormy winds and cold
To clothe your fields with plenty your farmyards to renew
For to crown them with contentment behold the painful plough

Behold the worthy merchant that sails on foreign seas
That brings home gold and silver for those who live at ease
With fine silks and spices and fruits also too
They were all brought from the Indies by the virtue of the plough

Them that brings them over with find what I say true
You cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough
For they must have bread and biscuits, rice-pudding, flour and peas
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail upon the seas

I hope there's non offended with me for singing this
For it was not intended for anything amiss
If you consider rightly you'll own what I say's true
There's no trade I can mention as can live without the plough

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