

The Jolly Ploughboy

TYG 32



I once was a jol - ly plough - boy, plough - ing in the fields all day, When a
ver - y fun - ny thought came a - cross my mind, I thout I'd run a - way, For I'm
sick and tired of the coun - try life and the place where I was born, So I've been and joined the
ar - my and I'm off to - mor - row morn. So hur - rah for the scar - let and the blue, see the
hel - mets glis - ten in the sun, And the bay' - nets flash like light - ning, to the
beat of a mil - i - tar - y drum. There's a flag in dear old Eng - land proud - ly wav - ing in the
sky, And the last words of my com - rades were, "We'll con - quer or we'll die."

Note: The key as sung on the recording was nearer Ab than G.
This may be due to the tape having stretched over time.

verses



1. I once was a jolly ploughboy ploughing in the fields all day,
When a very funny thought came across my mind, I thought I'd run away,
For I'm sick and tired of the country life and the place where I was born,
So I've been and joined the army and I'm off tomorrow morn.

CHORUS:

So hurrah for the scarlet and the blue, see the helmets glisten in the sun,
And the bay' nets flash like lightning to the beat of a military drum.
There's a flag in dear old England proudly waving in the sky,
And the last words of my comrades were, 'We'll conquer or we'll die.'

2. I put aside my old grey mare, I put aside my plough,
I put aside my two-tined fork, no more to reap or mow,
No more will I go harvesting to reap the golden corn,
For I've been and joined the army and I'm off tomorrow morn.

CHORUS:

4. But there's one little girl I must leave behind and that is my Nellie dear;
She said she would be true to me if I be far or near;
And when I come back from the foreign shore how happy I will be,
For I'll march my Nellie off to church and a sergeant's wife she'll be.

CHORUS: