

The Saucy Plough Boy.

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts), Children's Books, Song Books, Memorandum Books, &c.

COME all you pretty maidens gay,
And listen unto me,
Will you wed with a saucy plough boy
Whose heart is light and free.

For the plough boys they are merry lads
To the fields they'll haste away,
While the pretty maids are milking,
Or making of sweet hay.

I'll rise in the morning early,
And trip along with joy,
While the small birds sing so charming
I'm a saucy ploughing boy.

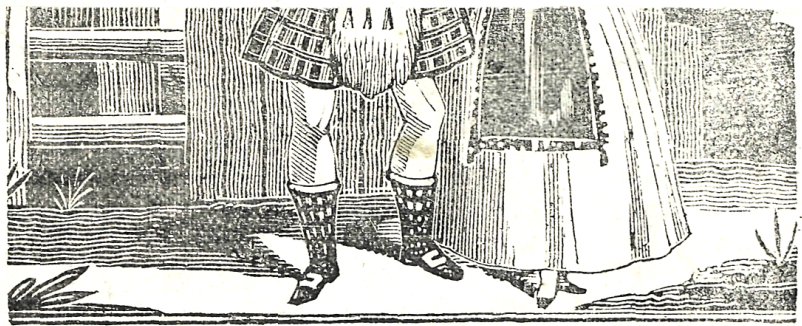
See the lambs how they are sporting,
And we will kiss and toy,
I've silver in my pocket love,
A saucy ploughing boy.

I am kind and free hearted,
No care shall me annoy,
I'm frolicsome and easy,
A saucy farmer's boy.

They love for to be dancing,
They're jovial and so free;
Come along you saucy plough boy,
No other lads for me.

But mark returning home again,
When a milking you have been,
The meadows look so charming love,
Will you wear the gown of green.

Do you tease me, you can please me.
This damsel she would cry,
And with my saucy plough boy
mean to live and die.



MAIDEN I WILL NE'ER DECEIVE THEE.

Maiden I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee, never grieve thee,
Take this hand and we will go,
Where the early violets blow
In the still and shady grove,
Where I dare to tell of love,
Maiden smile or ere we part,
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden I will ne'er, &c.

Happy was I ere I knew thee,
Wherefore should thy chains pursue me,
Like the rainbow's fitful beams,
Like thy image in the stream,
When I think thy bosom won,
Cloud that brow and hope is gone.
Maiden I will ne'er, &c.

MOTHER DEAR.

Oft thou'st told me, Mother dear
Subtle man I'd cause to fear
Thou a saint in yonder steeple,
Still thy warning voice I prize.
But if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

Sadly beats my breaking heart,
From a form so loved to part,
Oh! how hard my lonely lot,
Still to live by him forgot.
Though remembrance wake a sigh,
Though pale sorrow dim mine eye,
Let my silent tears proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

