

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The Ploughman appears in Herd's Collection. Subsequently Johnson gave the air in his *Museum*, but with the song thrown into a new form by Burns. There is another version, very much corrupted, in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*. In the present case, the air and the old verses are given together.



The plough - man he's a bon - nie lad, And
a' his wark's at lei - sure; And,
when that he comes hame at e'en, He
kiss - es me wi' plea - sure. Up wi't now, my ploughman lad!
Up wi't now, my plough - man! Of
a' the lads that I do see, Com -
mend me to the plough - man.

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure ;
 And, when that he comes hame at e'en,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.
 Up wi't now,¹ my ploughman lad !
 Up wi't now, my ploughman !
 Of a' the lads that I do see,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring comes on,
 He takes his yoking early,
 And, 'whistling o'er the furrowed land,'²
 He goes to fallow clearly.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's often wet and wearie ;
 Cast aft the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his owerlay,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

Merry but, and merry ben,
 Merry is my ploughman ;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
 Plough yon faugh and fallow ;
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow !

¹ A Scottish phrase of high exultation, which seems to be only used in songs :

Up wi't, Ailie, Ailie,
 Up wi't, Ailie, now !

Old Song.

² MILTON.