

**The Jolly Ploughboys** by Andy Stewart Intro: C Am G C

C G C  
Come all ye jolly plowboys, who labour with the plough

Am D7 G  
And listen to the story that I will tell you now

C F C  
It is nae sung for glory, no it is nae sung for wealth,

G C  
It's just a simple story I will tell you of M'self

(Chorus)

C G F C  
And it's early in the morning, and lately in the gloam'

Am G C C Am G C  
It's weary, weary work until the cows come home.

C G C  
The farmer is a hard man, the farmer he is cruel

Am D7 G  
He feeds the horses rice cakes, but all we get is gruel

C F C  
The pigs are fed on whiskey, the sheep are fed on ale

G C  
But all we get is crusty bread and water in a pale

(Chorus)

C G F C  
And it's early in the morning, and lately in the gloam'

Am G C C Am G C  
It's weary, weary work until the cows come home.

C G C  
The gaffer is an Irishman, he comes from Donegal

Am D7 G  
But I don't think his father came from anywhere at all.

C F C  
His hair is black as coaldust, his heart is black as well

G C  
I think that he's related to the devil down in ..London.

(Chorus)

                  C                  G                  F                  C  
And it's early in the morning, and lately in the gloam'  
  Am  G          C      C  Am  G  C  
It's weary, weary work until the cows come home.

                  C                                  G                  C  
Now the farmer's daughter Mary is beautiful to see  
  Am                  D7                  G  
And I have made my mind up that she is meant for me  
                  C                                  F                  C  
I do not like the farmer, nor the farmer's wife, an' a'  
  G                  C  
But I would dearly love to be the farmer's son-in-law

                  C                  G                  F                  C  
I would kiss her in the mornin', I would kiss her in the gloam'  
  Am  G          C  
I would kiss her, I would kiss her 'til the cows come home.

(Chorus)

                  C                  G                  F                  C  
And it's early in the morning, and lately in the gloam'  
  Am  G          C  
It's weary, weary work until the cows come home.

(Chorus)

                  C                  G                  F                  C  
And it's early in the morning, and lately in the gloam'  
  Am  G          C      C  Am  G  C  
It's weary, weary work until the cows come home.