

Burns Robert

"The Ploughman"

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THE PLOUGHMAN

(Robert Burns)

The Ploughman he's a bony lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
ch. Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry Ploughman;
Of a'the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the Ploughman.
My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary:
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie.
I will wash my Ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin'.
Snaw-white stocking on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O but he was handsome!
Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man;
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.
tune: The Ploughman (205)
filename[PLOUGHMN
play.exe PLOUGHMN
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