

Sarah Blasko

"The Plough Boy"

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A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy, I whistled oer the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon Ill be a butler, and whey my jolly face.

When steward Im promoted Ill snip the tradesmens bill,
My masters coffers empty, my pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my charlot so great a man Ill be,
So great a man, so great a man, so great a man Ill be,
Youll forget the little plough boy who whistled oer the
lea.
Youll forget the little plough boy who whistled oer the
lea.

Ill buy votes at elections, and when Ive made the pelf,
Ill stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
myself.
WhetEVERS good for me, sir, I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why then Ill sell my
noes.

Ill joke, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm
the ear,
And when Im tired on my legs, then Ill sit down a peer.
In court or city honour so great a man Ill be,
So great a man, so great a man, so great a man Ill be,
Youll forget the little plough boy who whistled oer the
lea.
Youll forget the little plough boy who whistled oer the
lea.

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