

*The Rovin' Ploughboy* (traditional)

song air

*The Rovin' Ploughboy*

Come, saddle tae me my old grey mare  
Saddle tae me my pony-o;  
And noo she's on the road and she's far far awa' -  
Awa' wi' her rovin' ploughboy-o.

*Ploughboy-o, ploughboy-o,  
Follow the rovin' ploughboy-o.*

Champion ploughboy her Geordie lad,  
Cups and medals and prizes-o;  
In bonnie Deveron-side there is none can compare  
Wi' the jolly rovin' ploughboy-o. *Ploughboy-o, &c*

Yestreen she lay in a fine feather bed,  
Sheets and blankets sae cosy-o;  
And noo she maun lie in a cauld barn-shed,  
Ro'ed in the arms o' her ploughboy-o. *Ploughboy-o, &c*

Fare thee weel tae auld Huntly toon,  
Fare thee weel Drumdelgie-o;  
And noo she's on the road and she's far far awa' -  
Awa' wi' her rovin' ploughboy-o. *Ploughboy-o, &c*



*Rovin' Ploughboy*