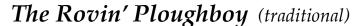
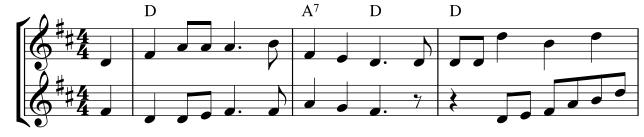
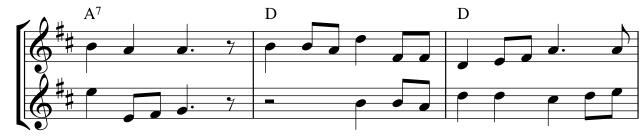
Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

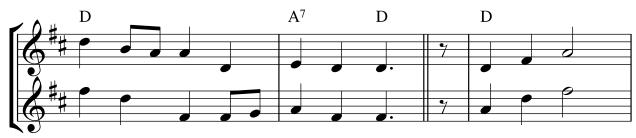




song air









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