

The Plough Boy

1. Oh, I'm not so much at singin' as those high-falutin' chaps.
My voice it may be husky and a little loud perhaps,
For I have been a-ploughin' with my lazy team, you see,
And it keeps me pretty busy with my "Git up! Whoa! Haw! Gee!"
But if you pay attention now there's just one word to say
About a great mistake you make, and do it every day.
In dealing out your praises, I want to tell you now,
Too often you forget that man that walks behind the plough.

Chorus: You talk about your learned men, your wit, your wisdom rare;
Your poets and your painters they get praises everywhere.
'Tis well enough to go to school and learn to read and write;
'Tis nicer still to dress up well and court the girls at night.
Your music, paint, and poetry may all be hard to beat,
But tell me what you're going to do for something good to eat,
If honest in your purpose, at your feet the world will bow,
For the greatest of the greatest is the man behind the plough.

2. You talk about your learned men, your wit, your wisdom rare;
Your poets and your painters they get praises everywhere.
'Tis well enough to make a show, but will you tell me how
The world would ever do without the man behind the plough?
So, boys, don't be so anxious to leave the good old farm;
Your father's strength is failing; soon he'll need your youthful arm.
If honest in your purpose, at your feet the world will bow,
For the greatest of the greatest is the man behind the plough.