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Roger the Plough-Boy

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Roger

THE

Plough-Boy.

John Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

Young Roger the ploughboy was a crafty young swain ;
And as he went whistling o'er the plain,
He met black-eyed Sue with her cheeks so red ;
She was walking along with the pail on her head.

He said, lovely fair one, I have met you in time,
I've a question to ask you, you'll not me deny :
If you will go with me to-morrow to the fair,
I will buy you a ribbon to roll up your hair.

To touch me or tease me is more than you dare,
I want none of your ribbons to roll up my hair ;
This fair one stood gazing, and being content,
For the want of a ribbon she gave her consent.

He led her along until they came to a grove,
Where no one could see but the birds from a cove ;
They sat down gently ; when she was not aware,
He gave her a ribbon to roll up her hair.

When this lovely fair one again did arise,
Her beauty was pleasing, she had pretty eyes :
She said, young man I would have you to know
There are none such ribbons to buy at a show.

This pretty young couple soon after were wed,
And Roger did please her each day, it is said ;
And soon they got married, I vow and declare,
Where Roger continues to roll up her hair.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrow still oppress'd,
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home
That gave a wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-eyed pity gave,
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wanderer's grave.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
A soldier's gratitude.



THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

The op'ning morn dispels the night,
Her beauties to display,
The sun breaks forth in glory bright,
And hails the new-born day ;
Diana like, behold me then
The silver arrow wield,
And call on horses, dogs, and men,
Arise and take the field.
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward tantivy !
Arise, bold hunters, cheerly rise,
This day a stag must die.

O'er mountains, vallies, hills, and dales,
The fleet-foot coursers fly,
Nor heed whate'er the sport assails,
Resolved a stag shall die !
Roads, trees, and hedges, seem to move,
Such joys does hunting yield ;
While health a handmaid deigns to prove,
When huntsmen take the field.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Thus virgins are by man pursued,
And beauty made his aim,
Till by his wily craft subdued,
He hunts for other game ;
And since e'en life is but a race,
We run till forced to yield ;
Ya, ho, tantivy, join the chase,
Arise and take the field,
With a hey ho chivy, &c.