

August 2019

My Bonny Labouring Boy

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "My Bonny Labouring Boy" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 806.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/806

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MY BONNY LABOURING BOY.

AS I roved out one morning, being in the blooming spring,
I heard a lovely maid complain and grievously did sing,
Saying cruel was my parents that did me so annoy,
And would not let me marry my bonny labouring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name as you may plainly see
My parent's they employed him as their labouring boy to be,
To harrow, reap, and sow the seed and plough my father's land,
But soon I fell in love with him as you may understand.

mother thought to have wed me to some lord or peer,
being the only heiress for ten thousand pounds a year,
ced my heart on one true love and him I'll still enjoy,
his nation I will ramble for my bonny labouring boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red his eyes as black as sloes,
He's mild in his behaviour wherever that he goes ;
He's manly neat and handsome his skin as white as snow,
And in spite of my parent's malice with my labouring boy I'll go

I courted him for twelve long months but little did I know,
That my cruel parent's would prove my overthrow ;
They watch'd us close one evening whil'st in the shady grove,
Pledging our vows together in the constant bands of love.

My father he stepp'd up to me and seiz'd me by the hand,
And swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foreign land,
He locked me in my bed-room my comforts to annoy,
And kept me to mourn and weep for my bonny labouring boy

My mother came next morning and unto me did say,
Your father he intends to appoint your wedding day ;
nobly made answer, with him I'll ne'er comply,
But single will I still remain for my bonny labouring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother, your trouble is all in vain,
Lord's, Duke's, and Earl's, their riches I disdain,
I'd rather live an humble life my time I would employ,
Increasing nature's prospects with my bonny labouring boy.

Fill your glasses to the brim, let the toast go merrily round,
Here's a health to every labouring boy, that ploughs and
hoes the ground ;

And when his work is over his home he will enjoy,
Happy is the girl that gets a bonny labouring boy.

85.



Mother be Proud OF YOUR BOY IN BLUE !

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer
and Publisher, 177, Union-street, Boro', S.E.

CCHEER up cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh ! why do you sit and weep ?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep ?
Let hope and faith illumine the glance,
That sees the bark set sail,
Look, look at her now, and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale,
'Tis an English ship, and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of the c rsairs wild and free,
And only carries the brave.
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in it's angry roar,
Shames' all your strife on land,
The stern was long but it found me true,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last prayer on his lip,
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard,
A voice in the anchor chain,
That whispers like a fairy bird,
'The bark will come again,'
God bless you, mother, adieu ! adieu !
But never weep for your boy in blue.