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# The Honest Ploughman

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THE  
**ROBBERS**  
 OF  
**THE GLEN.**

London:—H. Such, Printer & Publisher,  
 177, Union-street, Boro'. —S. E.

**S**TAND ! stranger ! stand ! your jewels  
 give,  
 Your gold we must obtain,  
 It's useless with your fate to strive,  
 Resistance is in vain.  
 Behold my band of mountaineers,  
 All tried and hardy men,  
 At ease they laugh, nor danger fear—  
 The robbers of the glen.  
 Thus forth we steal, in still midnight,  
 Like owls we shun the day,  
 When the tell tale moon has hid her light,  
 Then we secure our prey ;  
 No blood is shed on no pretence,  
 While I command my men,  
 Nor violence used, save self-defence,  
 By the robbers of the glen.  
 When at the festive board we meet,  
 I with my men am gay,  
 While they my welcome loudly greet,  
 My heart's to grief a prey.  
 When ruby wine inflames the scene,  
 And each are happy then,  
 I curse the hour I first became  
 A robber of the glen.  
 For fate my prospects darken'd o'er,  
 I once had wealth and fame,  
 My wealth, alas ! it is no more,  
 And friendship's but a name.  
 Yon stately castle, here below,  
 With all its wide domain,  
 It once was mine ! what am I now ?  
 A robber of the glen.  
 Through dice, my wealth and fame I lost,  
 My friend was once my pride,  
 He, like a traitor played me false,  
 Alas ! seduced my bride.  
 I sought him, and he would have fled,  
 We fought, and he was slain ;  
 Since that hour the life I've led,  
 Is a robber of the glen.  
 Fill, fill, the soul-enlivening glass,  
 Avaunt, dull care, begone,  
 No more I'll dwell o'er scenes that's past,  
 With sorrow now I've done.  
 Come give the song, the toast, the glee,  
 Come, shout, my merry men,  
 Give loud huzzas with three times three  
 For the robbers of the glen.

THE HONEST  
**PLOUGHMAN.**

o o o

**C**OME all you jolly husbandmen and listen to my song,  
 I'll relate the life of a ploughman, and not detain you  
 long.  
 My father was a farmer, who banished grief and woe  
 My mother was a dairy maid—that's ninety years ago.  
 My father had a little farm, a harrow and a plough,  
 My mother had some pigs and fowls, a pony and a cow.  
 They didn't hire a servant, but they both their work did do,  
 As I have heard my parents say, just ninety years ago.  
 The rent that time was not so high, but far as I will pen,  
 For now one family's nearly twice as big as then was ten,  
 When I was born my father used to harrow, plough and sow  
 I think I've heard my mother say, 'twas ninety years ago.  
 To drive the plough, my father did a boy engage,  
 Until that I had just arrived to seven years of age,  
 So then he did no servant want, my mother milked the cow,  
 And with the lark I rose each morn to go and drive the plough.  
 The farmers' wives in every part, themselves the cows did  
 milk,  
 They did not wear the dandy veils, and gowns made out  
 of silk,  
 They did not ride blood horses, like the farmers' wives do  
 now.  
 The daughters went a milking, and the sons went out to  
 plough.  
 When I was fifteen years of age, I used to thrash and sow,  
 I harrow'd, plough'd, and harvest time I used to reap and  
 mow.  
 When I was twenty years of age, I could manage well the  
 farm.  
 I could hedge and ditch, and plough and sow, or thrash  
 within the barn.  
 At length when I was twenty-five, I took myself a wife,  
 Compelled to leave my father's house, as I have changed  
 my life,  
 The younger children in my place, my father's work would  
 do,  
 Then daily as an husbandman, to labour I did go.  
 My wife and me tho' very poor, could keep a pig and cow  
 She could sit, and knit, and spin, and I the land could  
 plough,  
 There nothing was upon a farm at all, but I could do,  
 I find things very different now—that's many years ago.  
 We lived along contented, and banished pain and grief,  
 We had not occasion then to ask parish relief,  
 But now my hairs are grown quite grey, I cannot well  
 engage,  
 To work as I had used to do—I'm ninety years of age.  
 But now that I am feeble grown, and poverty do feel,  
 If for relief I go, they shove me in a Whig Bastille,  
 Where I may hang my hoary head, and pine in grief and  
 woe.  
 My father did not see the like, just ninety years ago.  
 When a man has laboured all his life, to do his country  
 good,  
 He's respected just as much when old, as a donkey in a wood,  
 His days are gone and past, and he may weep in grief and  
 woe.  
 The times are very different now, to ninety years ago.  
 Now I am ninety years of age, if for relief I do apply,  
 I must go in a Whig Bastille, to end my days and die ;  
 I can no longer labour, as I no power have,  
 Then at the last, just like a dog, they lay me in my grave.