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The Light Guitar

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THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

It is of a pretty ploughboy was gazing o'er his plough,
His horses stood under the shade ;
I was down in yon grove he went whistling to his plough
And he chanced to meet a pretty maid.

And this was his song as he walked along,
Sweet maid you are of high degree ;
If I should fall in love and your parents come to know,
The next thing they would send me to sea,

Oh when her loving parents came to know,
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain ;
A pressgang was sent and they pressed her love away,
Then sent him to the wars to be slain.

She dressed herself in all her best,
Her pockets she well lined with Gold ;
To see her walk the streets with tears in her eyes,
When in search of her jolly sailor bold.

The first that she met was a jolly sailor bold,
Have you seen my pretty ploughboy she cried ;
He has just crossed the deep in sailing for the fleet,
Then he said, my pretty maid will you ride ?

She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
Then unto the captain did complain ;
Says she I'm come to seek my pretty ploughboy,
That is sent to the wars to be slain.

One hundred bright guineas she quickly pulled out,
And gently she told them all o'er ;
And when she had got him in her arms,
She hugged him till she got on shore.

When she had got her pretty ploughboy in her arms,
Where oft she had had him before ;
She set the bells to ring and so sweetly she did sing
Because she met with the lad she did adore.

So blessed be the day when all true lovers do meet,
Their sorrows are at an end ;
The last cruel war called many lads away,
And their true lovers will never find *the same* more.



THE Light Guitar

Wm. Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham.

Oh ! leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests green,
Beneath the silent night.
Then as we watch the ling'ring rays
That shine from every star,
I'll sing a song of happier days,
And strike the light guitar.

I'll sing, &c.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain,
And how her gentle spirit slept,
And never woke again.
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar,
But if my tale should make you sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.

But if my tale, &c.