

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH

Mr James Punt lived in a cottage (now gone) by the Old Dog public house East Horndon and was related to John Peacock and James Bloomfield by marriage. Vaughan Williams refers us to his book of ballad sheets for the rest of the words.

Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold
That labour all the winter in stormy winds and cold
To clothe their fields with plenty your farm yards to
renew
To crown them with contentment behold the painful plough

The Painful Plough

Handwritten musical score for "The Painful Plough". The score is written on four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes.

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SOLD BY BENNETT AND BOYES BRIGHTON

Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold
That labour all the winter in stormy winds and cold
To cloath their fields with plenty your farm yards to renew
To crown them with contentment behold the painful plough

Hold ploughmen said the gardener don't count your trade
with ours
Walk thro the garden and view the early flowers
Also the curious border pleasant walks to view
There's none such peace and plenty performed by the plough

Hold gard'ner said the ploughman my calling don't despise
Each man for his living upon his trade relies
Were it not for the ploughman both rich and poor would rue
For we are all dependent upon the painful plough

For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing did begin
The next that did succeed him it was Cain the eldest son
Some of the generation this calling now pursue
The bread that may be wanting remains the painful plough

Samson was the strongest man and Solomon was wise
Alexander for to conquer was all his daily pride
King David was valiant and many thousands slew
Yet none of these brave heroes could live without the plough

Behold the wealthy merchant that trades in foreign seas
And brings him gold and treasure for those who live at ease
With fine silk and spices and fruits too also
They are brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough

Yet the man that brings them will own to what is true
He cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough
For they must have bread, biscuit, rice pudding, flour
and peas
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this
It was not intended for anything amiss
If you consider rightly you'll find what I say is true
All that I can mention depends upon the plough