

The Bonny Laboring Boy,,

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Mamma  
Uncle  
Paddy  
Pop

s I rowed out one morning, all in the blooming spring,

(rude)

I overheard a damsel, most grievously did sing, Saying cruel were my parents

Who did me sore annoy, They would not let me tarry, with my bonny laboring boy.

His cheeks were like the roses red, his eyes were like the stars, stoer  
He is meek in his behavior, where ever that he goes,  
He is well sized; both neat and clean like a maiden's chasity,  
If I had my will, I would be still, in my loves company,

Says the mother to the daughter, why do you stoop so low,  
To marry a poor laboring boy, around the world to go,  
Some noble lord might fancy you, great riches to enjoy,  
Sa do not throw yourself away, on a poor laboring boy,,

Says the daughter to the mother, your talk is all in vain,  
For Knights and lords and dukes and earls, their efferes I distain,  
'd sooner live a humble life, where time I would enjoy,  
Still waiting happy prospects, with my bonny laboring boy,

If I had all the riches, new great men have in store,  
'Tis freely I'd bestow them all, on the lad that I adore;  
His beauty bright, entangles me; the same I'll never deny,  
In the arms of my laboring boy, I mean to live or die,,

We'll fill our glasses to the brim, and let the toast go round,  
Here's health to every laboring boy, that ploughs, and sows the ground,  
Who when his work is over, it is home he'll go in joy,  
And happy is the girl who weds, a bonny laboring boy,,

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