## Faithful Plough



Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold That works out in the winter in storm and wind and cold To clothe the fields with plenty, the farmyard to renew And crown it with contentment: behold the faithful plough

'Oh ploughman' says the gard'ner, 'don't count your trade with ours Just walk into the garden and view the pretty flowers Also the curious borders and pleasant walks to view There's no such peace or plenty belonging to the plough'

'Oh gard'ner', says the ploughman, 'my calling don't despise Each workman to his labour, all on his trade relies For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing first began And the next that was succeeding him was Cain his eldest son'

Behold the wealthy merchant, who trades in foreign seas He brings home gold and spices to them that sit at ease And yet the man that brings them will own to what is true He cannot plough the ocean without the faithful plough

I hope there's none offended at me for saying this For nothing was intended for anything amiss Only as I have told you the thing that is quite true All trades that you can mention depends upon the plough.