

The Jolly Waggoner

Sing woah, my lads, sing woah

Drive on, my lads, hi ho

Who wouldn't lead a life just like we jolly waggoners do?

When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning I did go
Well, it filled my poor old parents' hearts with sorrow, grief, and woe
And many are the hardships that since I've undergone

When it's pelting down with rain, my lads, I get wetted to the skin
But I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn
And I sit down a-drinking with the landlord and his kin

Now springtime is a-coming on, how pleasant it will be
The songbirds sing so loud and clear from every greenwood tree
The blackbirds and the thrushes, a-whistling merrily

But things are greatly altered now, but then, what can we do?
The folks in power all take no heed to the likes of me and you
It's hardship for us workers, and fortune for the few