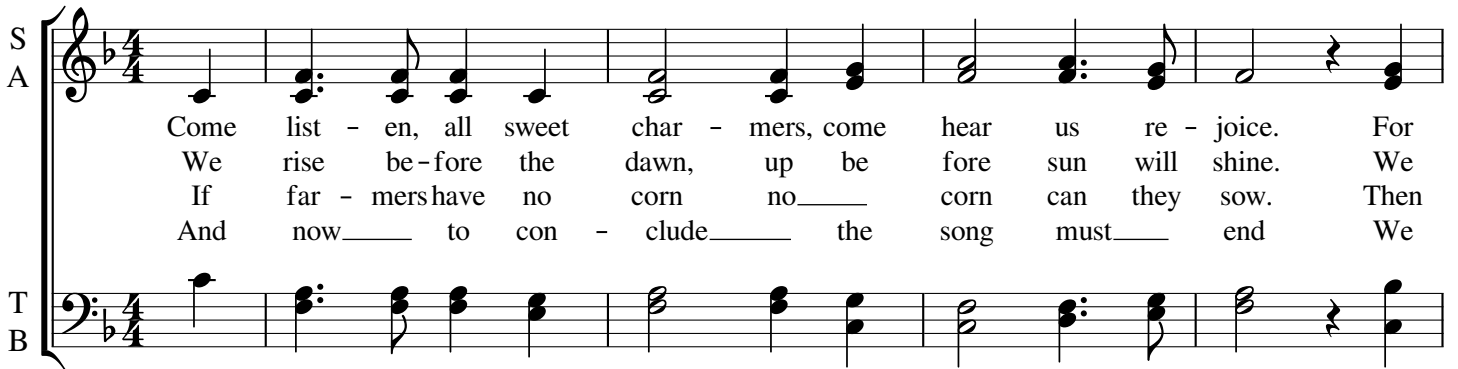


The Ox-Plowing Song

S
A



Come list - en, all sweet char - mers, come hear us re - joice. For
We rise be - fore the dawn, up be fore sun will shine. We
If far - mers have no corn no corn can they sow. Then
And now to con - clude the song must end We

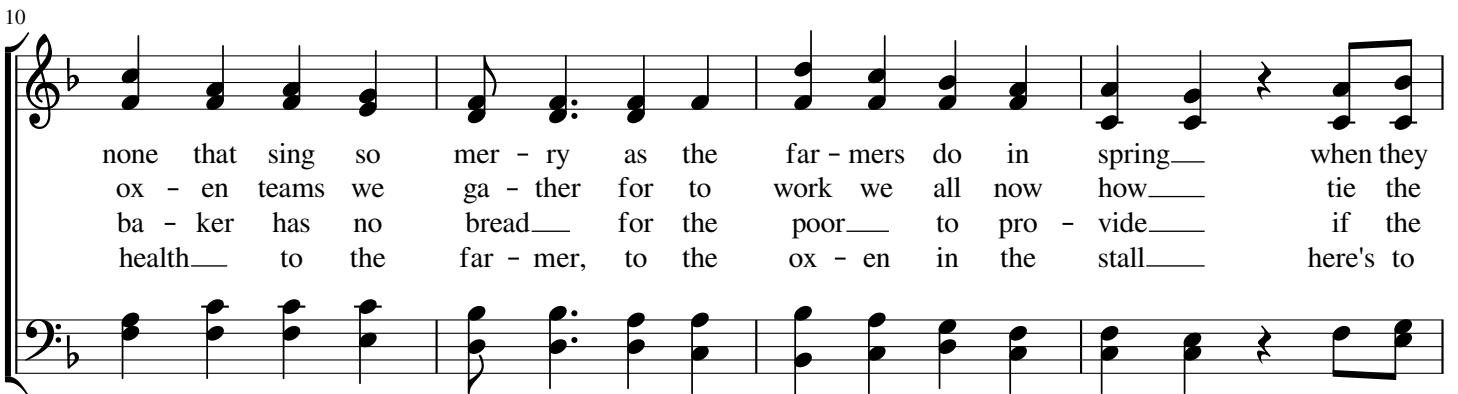
T
B

6



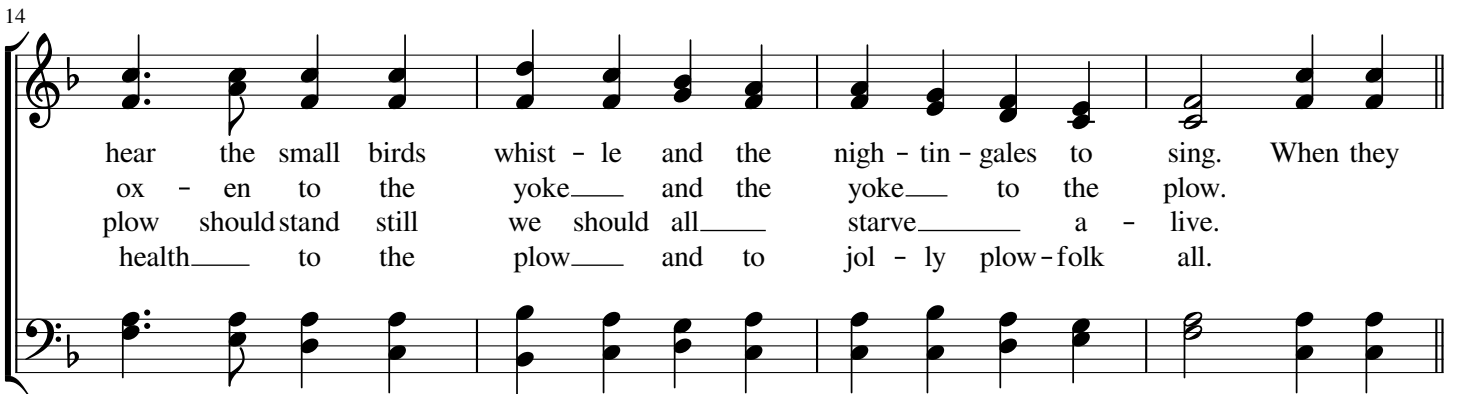
no - thing can com - pare with the plow - folk's voice There's
ra - tle up our chains for to work we climb The
mil - lers have no work for their mills al - so And
know the plow - folk will all have friends So

10



none that sing so mer - ry as the far - mers do in spring when they
ox - en teams we ga - ther for to work we all now how tie the
ba - ker has no bread for the poor to pro - vide if the
health to the far - mer, to the ox - en in the stall here's to

14



hear the small birds whist - le and the nigh - tin - gales to sing. When they
ox - en to the yoke and the yoke to the plow.
plow should stand still we should all starve a - live.
health to the plow and to jol - ly plow - folk all.

18

hump - a-long, jump - a-long, Here, plies my blade a-long. Tuck and Ti - ger

23

lead - ing them on. Ruck and-a Ru - by fol-low-ing a-long, Blubber and Fry now

27

hear me cry-ing hoof a - long! We are the folk_ who can fol - low the plow. Oh_

34

We are the folk_ who can fol - low the plow!