THE JOLLY WAGGONER

When first I was a wagg’ner and I wagg’ner I did go,
I filled my parents’ hearts full of sorrow, grief and woe,
I filled my parents’ hearts full of sorrow, grief and woe,
So sing whoa, my lads, sing whoa,
Drive on, my lads, heigh-o,
There is none can lead a life like we jolly wagg’ners do,
So sing whoa, my lads, sing whoa,
Drive on, my lads, heigh-o,
There is none can lead a life like we jolly wagg’ners do.

It’s a cold and stormy night, I was wet to the skin;
I’ll bear it with contentment till we get to the inn,
And then we’ll get a drink with the landlord and our friends,
So sing whoa……

Now summer time is coming, boys, what pleasure we should see;
The small birds are a-whistling on every green tree.
The blackbirds and the thrushes-o are whistling in the grove,
So sing whoa….

Now Michaelmas is coming, boys, what pleasure we shall find,
We’ll make the gold and silver fly like chaff before the wind,
Then every lad shall take his lass and set her on his knee,
So sing whoa….