



The Ploughman's Ditty

lively When Molly smiles beneath her comb I feel my

Heart I cant tell how I feel my heart I cant tell how When Molly is on

Sunday night on Sunday I can take no rest on Sunday I can take no rest

What can I do on Working-Days
I leave my Work on her to gaze
What shall I say at Sermon I
Forget the Text when Mollys by
Good Master Cantale teach me how
To blind your Preaching & my Plough
And if for this you'll raise a Spell
A Good fat Goose shall thank you well