

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Honest Labourer

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It was of an honest labourer,
As I've heard people say,
He goes out in the morning
And he works hard all the day.
And he's got seven children
And most of them are small;
He has nothing but hard labour
To maintain them all.

A gentlemen, one evening,
Walking out to take the air,
He met with this poor labouring man
And solemnly declared,
I think you are that thresherman
Yes sir, said he, that's true
How do you get your living
Just as well as you do?
Sometimes I do reap
And sometimes I do mow
And other times to hedging
And to ditching I do go;
There is nothing comes amiss to me
From the harrow to the plough.
That's how I get my living
By the sweat of my brow.

When I go home at night
Just as tired as I be,
I take my youngest child
And I dance him on my knee.
The others come around me
With their prittle-prattling toys,
And that's the only comfort
A working man enjoys.

"My wife and I are willing,
And we both join in one yoke;
We live like two turtle doves
And not one word provoke,
Although the times are very hard
And we are very poor.
We can scarcely keep the raving wolf

Away from the door."

Well done, you honest labourer,
You speak well of your wife.
I hope you will live happy
All the days of your life.
Here's forty acres of good land
Which I will give to thee,
Which will help to maintain your wife
And little family.

Recorded by the Copper Family
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