## The Jolly Waggoner

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When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' hearts with sorrow, grief and woe,
And many are the hardsips that we must undergo,
And sing woa! My lads, sing woa!
Drive on, my lads, I, o!
And who can lead a life like the jolly waggoners do?

It is a cold and stormy night and I'm wet unto my skin
I'll bear it with contentment till I come until an inn;
And there I'll sit a-drinking with the landlord and his kin,
And sing woa! My lads, sing woa!
Drive on, my lads, I, o!
And who can lead a life like the jolly waggoners do?

Now summer it is coming, what pleasures we shall see!
Hear all the small birds whistle on every green tree,
The blackbird and the thrushes, whistling in the grove
And sing woa! My lads, sing woa!
Drive on, my lads, I, o!
And who can lead a life like the jolly waggoners do?

Now Michaelmas is coming on, what pleasures we shall find!
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind;
And every lad shall take his lass and sit her on his knee
And sing woa! My lads, sing woa!
Drive on, my lads, I, o!
And who can lead a life like the jolly waggoners do?

(c) Heirs of Alfred Williams, collected circa 1914-16
from David Sawyer, Ogborne, Upper Thames
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