My Bonny Laboring Boy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

My Bonny Laboring Boy.

As I roved out one morning,
Being in the blooming Spring,
I heard a lovely maid complain,
And grievously did sing-
Saying, cruel was my parents,
That did me so annoy,
And would not let me marry
My bonny laboring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name,
As you shall plainly see,
My parents they employed him
Their laboring boy to be-
To harrow, reap, and sow the seed,
And plongh my father's land;
But soon I fell in love with him,
As you may understand.

My mother thought to have me wed
Unto some lord or peer,
I being the only heiress
For ten thousand pounds a year-
I placed my heart on one true love,
And he was my only joy,
This nation I will ramble
With my bonny laboring boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red,
His eyes as black as sloes,
He's mild in his behavior,
Wherever that he goes.
He's manly, neat and handsome,
His skin as white as snow,
And in spite of my parents' malice,
With my bonny laboring boy I'll go.

I courted him for twelve long months.
But little did I know
That my cruel parents
Would prove my overthrow.
They watched us close one evening,
Whilst in a shady grove,
Pledging our vows together,
In the constant bands of love.

My father he stepped up to me,
And seized me by the hand,
And gwore he'd send young Johnny
Unto some foreign land.
He locked me in my bed-room,
My comforts to annoy,
And kept me there to weep And mourn
For my laboring boy.

My mother came next morning,
And unto me did Say:

Your father he's intended
To appoint your wedding day;
I nobly made answer,
With him I'd ne'er comply,
But single would I still remain
For my bonny laboring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother,
Your plan is all in vain-
Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
Their riches I disdain;
I'd rather live an humble life,
My time I would employ,
Increasing nature's prospects,
With my bonny laboring boy.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
Let the toast go merrily round,
Here's health to every laboring boy
That plonghs and works the ground-
And when his work is over
To his home he will go with joy-
Happy is the girl that gets
A bonny laboring boy.

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