

Sarah Brightman, The Plough Boy

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy, I whistled o'er the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and whey my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted I'll snip the tradesmen's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my charlot so great a man I'll be,
So great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled o'er the lea.
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.
Whetever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer.
In court or city honour so great a man I'll be,
So great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled o'er the lea.
You'll forget the little plough boy who whistled o'er the lea.