

The Weeders

Thomas Arne

Joan march - ing forth, Joan march - ing forth, Joan march - ing forth, with and
4 old rus - ty knife, Tuck'd up her tail, Tuck'd up her tail,
7 Tuck'd up her tail, in the gar - den to weed; Ralph who an hour had been
10 toi - ling for life, Ralph who an hour had been toi - ling for life,
13 Call'd on the de - vil, Call'd on the de - vil, Call'd on the de - vil, to
16 quick - en her speed: ² Rot you, said he, Rot you, said
19 he, where the duce, where the duce have you been? Plague on your con - science,
22 Plague on your con - science, Plague on your con - science, must I work a - lone;
25 Down with that this - tle, those cole - worts be - tween, Down, Down with that this - tle, those
28 cole - worts be - tween, Mind, mind you old whore, mind you old
31 whore, or I'll tip you, I'll tip you a stone, ³ Oh! she cry'd

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out with a ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - blesquall, I've had such a prick, such a

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prick, such a prick, as will make me run mad: Pox on this this - tle, the

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gar - den and all, Pox on this this - tle the gar - den and all, No

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sting of a hor - net was e - ver so bad, No sting of a hor - net was

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e - ver so bad. Plague on your bawl - ing, Plague on your bawl - ing, what

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ails you, what ails you, come here, come here, come, No prick, no

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prick cou'd havemade you so loud - ly to roar No prick, no

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prick cou'd havemade you so loud - ly to roar; 'Tis sham - ming,

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sham - ming thecrip - ple, for hark in your ear, You ne - ver yet squeak'd at a

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hun - dred or more.