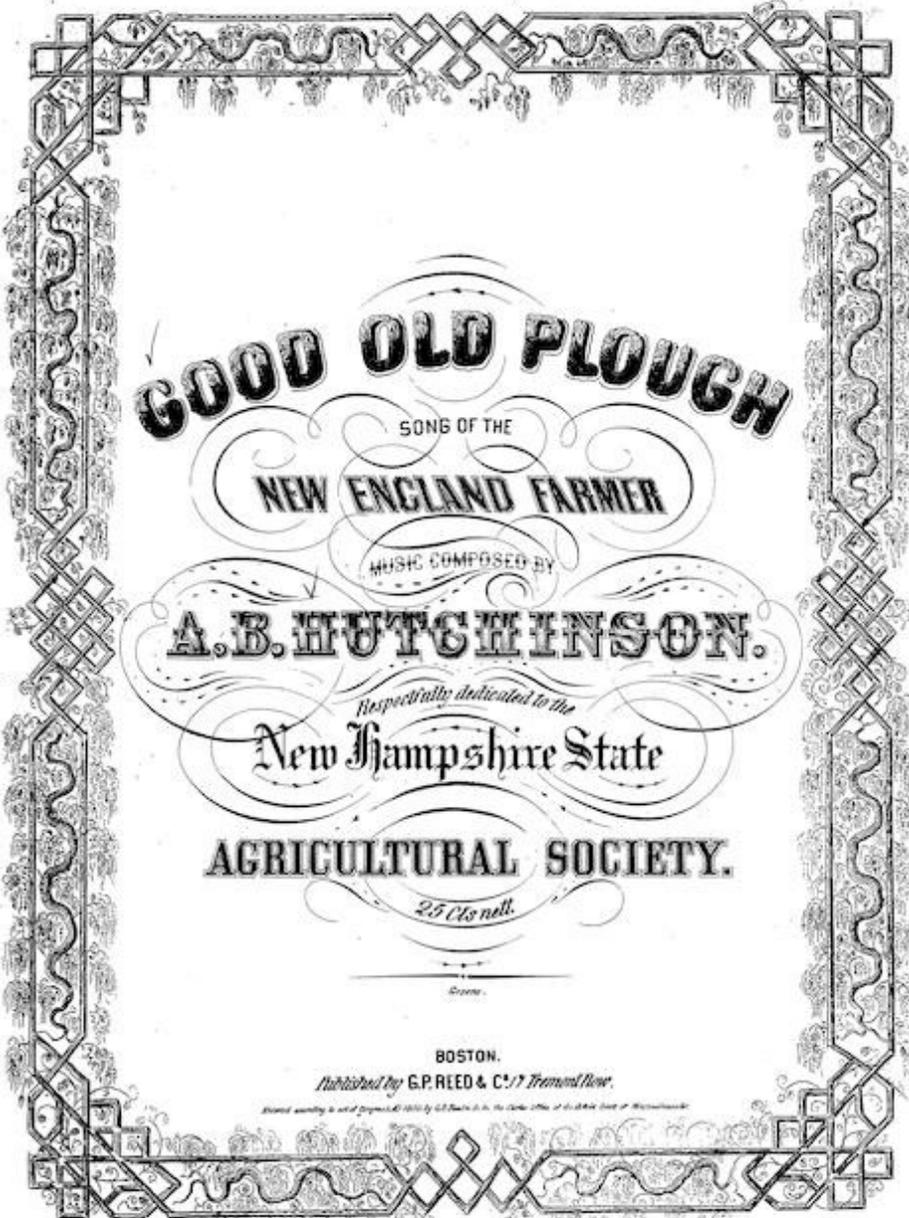


<b>Title:</b>	good old plough, song of the New England farmer
<b>Name(s):</b>	Hutchinson, A. B.
<b>Resource Type:</b>	notated music
<b>Note(s):</b>	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1820-1860 (Microfilm M 3106) In bound volumes: Copyright Deposits 1820-1860
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**GOOD OLD PLOUGH**  
SONG OF THE  
**NEW ENGLAND FARMER**  
MUSIC COMPOSED BY  
**A. B. HUTCHINSON.**  
*Respectfully dedicated to the*  
**New Hampshire State**  
**AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**  
*25 Cts. nett.*

BOSTON.  
*Published by G. P. REED & C<sup>o</sup> Tremont Row.*

Entered according to act of Congress, in 1850, by A. B. Hutchinson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

**"THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH"**

Song of the New England

FARMER

Respectfully Dedicated

to the

New Hampshire State Agricultural Society

*allegro moderato*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'allegro moderato'.

1<sup>st</sup> Tenor.   
Let them sing who may of the bat.tle fray, And the deeds that have long since

2<sup>d</sup> Tenor.   
Let them sing who may of the bat.tle fray, And the deeds that have long since

Bass.   
Let them sing who may of the bat.tle fray, And the deeds that have long since

Piano.   
The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, supporting the vocal parts.

Three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "...more, But I'd give far more from my heart's full store, To the cause of the good old". The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Plough. Ha: ha: ha: the good old Plough, ha: ha: ha: the good old plough Oh, I'd". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, supporting the vocal lines.

past; Let them chant in praise of the Tar whose days Are spent on the ocean

past; Let them chant in praise of the Tar whose days Are spent on the ocean

past; Let them chant in praise of the Tar whose days Are spent on the ocean

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and G major.

vast, I would render to these, all the homage you please, I would honour them ev-er-

vast, I would render to these, all the homage you please, I would honour them ev-er-

vast, I would render to these, all the homage you please, I would honour them ev-er-

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues in 2/4 time and G major.

The musical score consists of five systems. The first three systems are vocal staves (treble clef) with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "give far more from my heart's full store, To the cause of the good, good old Plough!". The fourth system is a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for piano accompaniment. The fifth system is another grand staff for piano accompaniment. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

2

Let them lend the notes that in music floats,  
 Through their bright, and their glittering halls,  
 While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl,  
 'Round the shoulder of beauty falls.  
 Yet, dearer to me is the song from the tree,  
 And the rich and the blossoming bough:  
 Oh! these are the sweets, which the rustic greets,  
 As he follows the good old Plough!

3

Full many there be, whom we daily see,  
 With a selfish and hollow pride,  
 Who the ploughman's lot, in his humble cot,  
 With a scornful look, deride.  
 Yet, I'd rather take, — aye: a hearty shake,  
 From his hand, than to wealth I'd bow: —  
 For the honest grasp, of that hand's rough clasp,  
 Has stood by the good old Plough!

4

All honour be then, to these grey old men,  
 When at last they are lower'd by toil;  
 Their warfare then o'er, — why, they battle no more,  
 For they've conquered the stubborn soil  
 And the chaplet each wears, are his silver hairs,  
 And ne'er shall the victor's brow,  
 With a laurel crown, to the grave go down:  
 Like these sons of the good old Plough!