

An Excellent New

SONG:

CALLED THE

Farmer's Glory.



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THE FARMERS GLORY, &c.

COME all ye merry Plowmen,
Of courage stout and bold,
Who labours all the winter,
Through wind, rain, and cold,
To clothe our fields with plenty
And barn yards to renew
And crowns them with contentment,
That holds the painful plow.

Of all the occupations
And trade of every kind,
Through all manured nation,
There is not one I find,
More useful in their station
You'll find I speak its true,
Nor is there one so antient
As is the painful plow.

Hold plowman said the gard'ner
Count not your trade like ours,
But walk ye through the garden,
And view the early flowers;
See every curious border,
And pleasant walks review?
There's no such piece of pleasure
Performed by the plow.

A paradise of pleasure,
A garden is you know,
In Eden was a garden,
Five thousand years ago;
And Adam was a gard'ner,
Just when he was made new,

our trade is more ancient,
than is the painful plow.

Then said the jolly plowman,
O calling I despise,
For each man has his living,
Upon his trade relies;
And Adam was a gard'ner,
Which he has cause to rue,
For soon he lost the garden,
And went to hold the plow.

He had the whole tutation,
If every thing was there,
Except the tree of knowledge,
Whose fruit appeared so fair,
That nothing else could please him,
Of all the fruit that grew,
For which he lost the garden,
And went to hold the plow
Who' Adam in the garden,
Was set to keep it right,
Let tell me how long staid he,
For I think not one night,
He eat not of his labours,
But what was not his due,
So was put from the garden,
And sent to hold the plow.

Old Adam was the plowman,
Then plowing was begun,
The next that him succeeded;
Was Cain his eldest son,
Some of each generation,
Whose calling doth pursue,

That bread might not be wanting,
I mean the painful plow.

There's none that knows the plowman,
I think will him disdain,
Who toils all kinds of weather,
Each trade for to maintain,
And were it not for the plowman,
Both rich and poor would rue,
For we have all dependance,
Upon the painful plow.

These noble kings and princes,
Who do delight in wars,
Will for some small pretences,
Raise up great blood and jars,
For which they'll raise great armies
Their purpose to pursue,
Yet those you know are maintained,
By virtue of the plow.

Tho' Samson was a strong man
And Solomon was wise,
Alexander for to conquer
Was all that he did prize.
King David he was valiant,
And many thousands slew,
Yet none of these great heroes,
Can live without the plow,

You see the wealthy merchants
Who trades to far countries,
And ventures all their substance,
Upon the roaring seas,
They live like Indian princes,

Who range the roaring seas,
To bring home foreign treasure,
To those who live at ease.
With fine silk from the Indies,
With paper silk and blue,
Yet all these ships for bread depends,
Upon the painful plow.
Tea, paper and tobacco
That's useful in their kind,
Are all brought from the Indies,
By virtue of the wind,
But yet the men that brings them,
Will own to what is true,
They cannot sail the ocean,
Without the help of the plow.
They must have beer and bisket,
Rice pudding flour and pease
To feed the jovial Sailors
Upon the rearing seas.
Likewise they must have cables,
With ropes and sails anew;
And things like those we cannot have,
But by the painful plow,
The gentry of great Britain,
With Ireland, France, and Spain,
The Turk and his Seraglio,
And all his gorgeous train,
And every new plantation,
With Pagan, Turk, and Jew,
There's none of them can live without
The virtue of the plow.

Nor can our own tradesmen live,
If we consider right,
The mason, smith and weaver,
The taylor and the wright,
The miller has no corn to grind,
Nor could he take his due,
But him and thousands you will find,
Depend upon the plow.

You see the curious baker,
Who daily doth supply,
Our cities with great plenty,
Of bread both wheat and rye,
Appearing white like angels,
When in their common hue,
Yet they can get no flour to bake
Without help of the plow,

The maltster and the ale wives,
On other doth depend,
Were't not such occupation,
Excisemen would not send,
But if we had not maltsters,
No ale our wives could brew
Yet none of all those callings
Can live without the plow.

But here's a great vexation,
Which makes our spirits fail,
A heavy new taxation,
Come on our wives's ale,
So thin it only makes us piss,
I mean the ale they brew,
'Tis weak enough, but yet for this,

We need not blame the plow.

For we have malt and barley,
 With plenty of each grain ;
 And if our ale be weakly,
 The less it harms our brain,
 We'll get but little beef or cheese,
 And cloaths we'll get but few,
 So we must learn to be content.

With what springs from the plow
 Such things is now become so dear,
 Beef, mutton, wool, and cheese,
 Great men for such commodities
 Can just have what they please,
 The poor no meat nor cloaths,
 Nor any thing that's new,
 For every thing gives double price,
 But what springs from the plow.

We hear from distant nations,
 Of wars by land and sea,
 Still making preparations,
 Striving for monarchie.
 Still making new encroachments,
 Upon each others due,
 While we are glad to live in peace,
 With what springs from the plow.

Three mighty powers in Europe,
 Against us do advance,
 Led by the crafty motions of
 That restless Fox of France.
 May heavens send assistance,
 To quell that restless crew,

And us the true enjoyment,
 Of what springs from the plow.
 May heavens send prosperity
 And long live our king,
 For we've had many peaceful days
 And plenty in his reign
 And may our foes by George's sword
 Be glad for peace to sue
 And let us say with one accord,
 God speed the painful plow.

I hope there's none offended,
 At me for singing this,
 For it is not intended
 For to be ta'en amiss,
 If ye consider rightly,
 You'll say 'tis all but true,
 All trades that I have mentioned
 Lives by the painful plow.

FINIS.