

# SUCCESS TO THE FARM LABOURERS, AND THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKE.



## Tune:—Work Boys Work.

Come all you farming men and list to what I pen,  
And throw aside the rake and the plough,  
If you wish to free yourselves, from a lot of greedy elves  
You'll find it is the time to do it now.

Strike, boys, strike, for better wages,  
Stand out as long as you can get a meal,  
For farming men I say, will surely win the day,  
If they only keep their shoulders to the wheel

On the farms of Warwickshire the labourers we hear,  
Have risen up, determined to be free,  
With the gallant Mr. Arch, they nobly did march,  
And rallied round the Willsbourne chestnut tree.

Can anyone say why you shouldn't have a try,  
To make the farmers treat you more like men,  
For I'm sure you'll say 'tis true, they think no more of  
you  
Than the sheep or the cattle in the pen.

Then don't give way to grief, for you soon will have relief  
From your brother working men of every trade,  
Every honest working man will lend a helping hand,  
When he sees the hearty courage you've displayed.

Many hours you did work, and starving like a Turk:  
And a holiday to you was something strange,  
It was only twice a year, when you went to — fair,  
That you never got a little bit of change.

The farmer's sons so fine, can live on goose and wine,  
And expect to be treated like a lord,  
The ploughman gets no beef to stick between his teeth  
And a glass of beer he seldom can afford.

Now upon the farmer's land, agriculture's at a stand,  
A famous crop of weeds it will yield,  
The cattle in the sheds, are eating off their heads  
And the ploughs are getting rusty in the fields.

They are in a precious rage, there's no one will engage  
To work like a nigger all the day,  
Their trouble will increase, when the ducks have eat t  
geese,  
And all the little pigs have run away.

Altho' the year around, you cultivate the ground,  
You musn't take a turnip from the land,  
For a farthing's worth of sticks, you would soon be in  
a fix,  
And you mustn't go a poaching, understand

So strike, boys, strike, don't be contented,  
The landlords to you will have to kneel,  
Good wages they will pay, for a fair working day  
If you all put your shoulders to the wheel.

Strike, boys, strike, for better wages,  
Stand out as long as you can get a meal,  
For farming men I say, will surely win the day,  
If they only keep their shoulders to the wheel