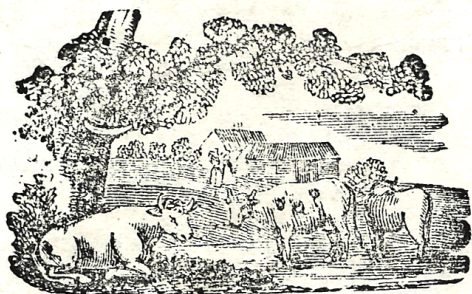


The Farmers Lament.



COME all you good people that live in
this shire,
Attend to these lines and the truth you
shall hear;
Concerning the Free Trade in this British
land,
Now all the poor Farmers are put to the
stand.
Oh! you poor Farmers, don't weep, nor
don't wail,
You are like a poor dog with a tin to his
tail.
Long time the old Farmers have had a
long run
When crossing the fields with a dog and
a gun;
Their sport it is over, they've done it up
brown,
And soon their fat bellies must come to
the ground.
Their wives and their daughters they cut
a fine show,
But soon to the workhouse they'll be forced
to go;
And as for their sons they weep and they
wail,
They are like a poor dog with a tin to his
tail.
Fine tables the Farmers they used for to
have,
While a poor man work'd for them like a
slave;

You fat bellied Farmers you know its no
lies,
The mice in your cupboard have tears in
their eyes.

So now you poor Farmers, don't cry, nor
dout weep,
Free Trade I'm sure has put you to sleep,
To see their fine daughters riding to town,
With a slashing great bustle near touching
the ground!

Their is many a mans wife and children
too,
That starves in the land where plenty
grew;
A labourer wants his family needs.
Then how must he live on six shillings a
week.

Free Trade has served the old Farmers
out,
Sorely it put the old bugs to the rout,
Their days are all over, they'll see them
no more,
The devil will fetch them for starving the
poor!

The Farmers are like rotten eggs that
are bad,
Though markets and fairs they are going
mad;
So neighbours I hope you will be aware,
Get some straight jackets for poor farmers
to wear.

So now to conclude and finish my song,
You know what I've penn'd, it cannot be
wrong;
Success to Free Trade as the people do
say,
And the d — will fetch them on the
railway.

