

**A NEW SONG**  
ON THE  
**LOCK-OUT**  
OF THE  
**FARMER'S LABOURERS !**

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*Tune: "All Round the World."*

Come all you jolly farming men,  
And listen to my lay,  
Altho' we're not on strike again,  
We are lock'd out I say ;  
Our masters they are hard on us,  
They want to keep us down,  
They want ten shillings worth of work,  
For about half-a-crown.

CHORUS.

Then all over the world in search of work  
we'll go,  
Before we'll let the farmers keep the la-  
bourer's wages low.

For many years they've treated us  
Much worse than any slaves,  
Half-starved we pass a wretched life,  
To fill a pauper's grave ;  
But now we've got more sense, my boys,  
The world we'll ramble through,  
With willing hands and honest hearts  
We'll soon find work to do.

They have lock'd the farmer's labourers  
out,  
And many thousands now,  
In idleness must walk about,  
Instead of being at the plough :  
The Agricultural Union says  
To Harry, Bill, and Jack,

Unite yourselves with us, my boys,  
We'll beat them like a sack.

They'll cross the broad Atlantic then,  
Before they will give in ;  
In Canada there's work for all,  
And fortunes there to win :  
Let farmers do the best they can,  
They were always greedy elves,  
If they will not pay the working man,  
Why let them work themselves.

The farmers have a Union now  
To oppose their servant men, !  
But the man who whistles at the plough,  
Is quite as good as them :  
The men are used to hardships,  
And on purpose to get free,  
They all will stand a little more,  
That the Masters soon will see.

The farmers say, we've done our best  
For the men who till the ground,  
If they had to live as labourers do,  
They'd very soon turn round ;  
Altho' they've lock'd their labourers out,  
We tell them to their cheek,  
Their bellies would not be so stout,  
Upon twelve bob a week.

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