

# AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NORWICH.



Come all you jolly husbandmen  
And listen to my song,  
And I warrant I'll amuse you,  
And not detain you long ;  
At Norwich Agricultural Show,  
What sport and fun is seen,  
The lads and lasses drest out fine,  
Will dance Jack on the green.

From all parts of England, rich and poor,  
In merry droves will go,  
To Norwich to see the sight  
The Agricultural Show.

For miles around they come in droves  
To see this grand affair,  
Lords and squires, rich and poor,  
Will mix together there ;  
And John to treat his sweetheart Sue,  
Declares he off will go,  
To Norwich for to have a lark  
At the Agricultural Show.

Now what would bonny England do  
Without the lads that plough,  
And cause the yellow grain to grow,  
And reap, and sow, and mow ;  
And pretty little dairy maids,  
With cheeks like the blooming rose,  
Will leave their cows and brush away,  
To see the Norwich Show.

There is spreeish Jack from Norwich,  
Jumped up and left his seat,  
Declared he would not be baulked,  
Of having such a treat ;  
His Kit did go and raise some brass,  
Oh ! what a pretty go,  
He'd pawn his lapstone, wax, and lasts,  
To flareup at the Show.

There is ploughs and harrows in galore,  
And scythes and reap hooks too,  
With implements of every kind,  
How glorious to view ;  
There is husbandmen of every kind,  
There is some that reap and mow,  
In jollity will pass their time,  
At the famed Norwich Show.

Such a splendid lot of sheep and pigs,  
And cows too I declare,  
As 'ere was seen in England,  
Enough to make one stare ;  
And the oxen are so very tall,  
Believe me 'tis no lie,  
If their feet were a mile in the earth,  
Their horns would reach the sky.

Then talk of vegetable plants,  
What is here, would bang them all,  
There is little summer cabbages,  
As big round as St. Paul's ;  
And turnips that are so very large,  
Indeed I'll tell you true,  
Large enough to feed all those  
That fought at Waterloo.

So you farmers and you husbandmen,  
Your voices raise with me,  
May we have an abundant harvest  
Throughout the country ;  
God speed the plough ! my motto is,  
And for ever it shall be,  
So for Norwich's Famous Show,  
Let's shout with three times three !



1845

