

Come all you jolly Hasbandmen, And listen to my song,
And I warrant I'll amuse you, And not detain you long;
At 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 undergo, To Windsor to see the sight, The Agricultural Show.

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

Now what wou'd bonny England do, Without the a is that plough, And cause the ye low gr in 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 Windsor Show,

There is spreeish Jack from, 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 flare up at the Show. There is ploughs and harrows in galore,

AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

And scythes and reap hooks too, With implements of every kind, How glorions to view; There is Hubandmen of every kind, There is some that reap and mow, In jollity will pass their time, At the famed Show.

Such a splendid lot of sheep and pigs, And cows too I declare,
As e'er 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.

Seven Dials, London

1853