

CONVERSATION

Between a Farmer

AND HIS wife.

I am a farmer sore oppressed,
Free trade has ruined me
You know you have brought
It on yourself in every degree,
me

The cursed free trade has ruined
I have squandered all my wealth
Don't lay the blame on that,
Old boy, you've brought it on
yourself

How could I keep a hunter,
And follow up the hounds,
The case is altered, now old man.
Your paunch it must come down
Where I go, believe tis so,
They laugh at my downfall
Because distress and poverty
You've been the cause of all

My hunters and my hounds are
And now I'm in disgrace, (gone)
I should say you are ashamed
To look a poor man in the face,
There is not a poor man in the lan
Would use a farmer bad
Oh hold your tongue you silly fool
You must be raving mad.

Free trade has played the very
With us poor farmers all (deuce)
You oppressed poor labourers
long enough
through it you had a fall
I sold my farm my ploughs and
barn,
I could not sell my wheat
twas all through starving of the
poor

You see you're nearly beat.
I always paid poor labouring man
When I was on my farm,
You ying rogue you never gave

Half what they did earn
I gave them eight 8s. per week,
I did upon my life.
that was just enough to starve a
man,
His children and his wife.

You know I always done my best
I strove to feed the poor
Dont tell such lies I often see
You drive them from the door
I always was a friend to them
I strove to banish strife
You helped to get the Unions up
to part the man and wife

Oh curse upon the Union houses.
Where they all done away
Yes and all the farmers crammed
in them.

And sent to Botany Bay
I own I'm rather in the fault
So on us do not frown
Your doing speech will soon be
in country and in town (sung

I once could send my lovely daugh-
ters to a boarding school
Oh with a bustle on her r—,
She looked just like a fool
My sons could ride & strut about
Like noblemen. alas
they' have to live on commons
now, Or ride upon an ass

Oh that's a cruel thing to hear
Dont grieve me any more
You know you've been the cause
Of great distress among the poor
the farmer now throughout the
land as you may plainly see
are going to buy a rope
and hang themselves upon a tree.

