



Farmers don't you Cry.

You Brittons bold of each degree,
 Come listen for a while,
 And when that you have heard it,
 'I will cause you for to smile,
 Concerning of the Farmers,
 These verses are about,
 They've got their legs fast in a trap,
 And cannot get them out.

CHORUS.

Oh; poor Farmers,
 Don't lament and weep,
 You must not starve the poor, because
 You cannot sell your wheat.

The Farmers are lamenting,
 They say they're done complete,
 They've lower'd the poor man's wages now,
 To six shillings a week,
 They say that Free Trade has ruin'd them,
 And times are very bad,
 Its true there's many thousand Farmers
 Are going raving mad.

The poor man's now to such a pitch,
 Right down is borne with grief.
 He's thought as much of as a dog.
 And look'd on like a thief,
 It's very hard for to see men's wives,
 And children dear to weep,
 They scarcely know which way to turn,
 Upon six shillings a week.

The grumbling Farmers in a mess,
 At last confounded are,
 And now they grunt and growl,
 Like a lot of Russian Bears,
 Some are selling of their hunters,
 They've done the trick complete,
 And many are making poor men work
 For six shillings per week.

They voted once for Union Houses,
 As you now understand,
 And they always done their best,
 To starve the poor throughout the land,
 The Free Trade's gave them such a twist,
 They don't know what to do,
 They hardly know which way to act,
 To keep the poor man low.

So to conclude and make an end,
 The Farmers seem to say,
 They'll sell their Farms, their ploughs
 and barns,
 And then they'll cut away,
 To the land of California,
 Or some other Foreign shore,
 Oh! may the devil take them all,
 For starving of the poor.

WM. BAILEY

