

# FARMERS, DON'T YOU CRY !



YOU Britons bold of each degree,  
Come listen for awhile,  
And when that you have heard it,  
'Twill 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.

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

Spoken. Q. Well my poor man you complain  
very much !

A. Yes, I think it time to complain on six  
shillings a week. For I have not had a belly full  
for six months. And as for any meat, it is a stranger  
to us. So Mister Farmer it be time to cry out.

The Farmers are lamenting,  
They say they're done complete,  
They've lowered poor men's wages now  
To six shillings a week.  
They say that free trade has ruined them,  
And times are very bad,  
Its true there's many thousand Farmers  
Are going raving mad.

The poor man 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

Its very hard for to see men's wives  
And children dear to weep,  
They scarcely know which way to turn,  
Upon six shillings per week.

Q. Well, poor man ! What is your name ?

A. They call me Pauper.

Q. Who gave you that name ?

A. Old Pottle Belly, to whom I applied in the  
time of trouble and distress when I first became a  
Child of Want, a Member of the Workhouse, and  
an inheritor of all the insults that poverty is heir to.

The grumbling Farmers in a mess,  
At last confounded are,  
And now they grunt and growl, just 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.

Q. What did the Board of Guardians do for  
you ?

A. They did promise and vow two things, firstly,  
that I should be treated like a convicted felon,  
being deprived of likerty and fed on prison fare ;  
and lastly, that I should be an object of oppression  
all the days of my life.

They were once for Union Houses,  
As you may understand,  
And they a'ways done their best,  
To starve the poor throughout the land ;  
The Free Trade has 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 corn,  
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.

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