

From the British Neptune, Sunday, Sept. 11, 1803.

The Ploughman's Ditty:

BEING AN ANSWER TO THAT FOOLISH QUESTION,

“WHAT HAVE THE POOR TO LOSE?”

To the Tune of—“*He that has the best Wife.*”

1.
BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And slender 's my store,
That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir;
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all such praters the lye, Sir.

2.
Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all
Would sure be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

3.
On Saturday night,
'Tis still my delight,
With my wages to run home the faster;
But, if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
For I never shall find a pay-master.

4.
I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life,
To lose her I should not much like, Sir;
And 'twould make me run wild,
To see my sweet child,
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

9.
Then I'll beat my ploughshare,
To a sword or a spear,
And rush on these desperate men, Sir;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my spear now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

5.
I've my Church, too, to save,
And will go to my grave,
In defence of a church that's the best, Sir;
I've my King, too, God bless him!
Let no man oppress him,
For none has he ever opprest, Sir.

6.
British laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir;
If the 'squire should oppress,
I get instant redress,
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

7.
My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir;
Should Boney come now,
'Tis true, I may plough,
But I'm sure that I never should reap, Sir.

8.
Now do but reflect,
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I should chuse, Sir;
King, Church, Babes, and Wife,
Laws, Liberty; Life,
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

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