

## THE NEW FASHIONED FARMER

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Good people all attend awhile whilst I relate a story  
How the farmers in old England  
Did once support their glory  
When masters lived as masters ought  
And happy in their station  
Until at length their stinking pride  
Has ruined half the nation

Let's pray that hungry bellies may  
Be filled when they are empty  
And where a servant gets ten pounds  
I wish he may get twenty

A good old fashioned long grey coat  
The farmers used to wear sir  
And old Dobbin they would ride  
To market or to fair sir  
But now fine geldings they must mount  
To join all in the chase sir  
Dressed up like any lord or squire  
Before their landlords face sir

In former times both plain and neat  
They'd go to church on Sunday  
And then to harrow, plough or sow  
They'd go upon a Monday  
But now instead of the plough tail  
O'er hedges they are jumping  
And instead of sowing their corn  
Their delight is in fox hunting

The good old dames God bless their names  
Were seldom in a passion  
But strove to keep a right good house  
And never thought of fashion  
With fine brown beer their hearts to cheer  
But now they must drink swipes sir  
It's enough to make a strong man weak  
And give him the dry gripes sir

The farmers' daughters used to work  
All at the spinning wheel sir  
But now such furniture as that  
Is thought quite ungenteel sir  
Their fingers they're afraid to spoil  
With such kind of sport sir  
Sooner than handle mop or broom  
They'd play a piano-forte sir

Their dresses was always plain and warm  
When in their holiday clothes sir  
Besides they had such handsome cheeks  
As red as any rose sir  
But now they're frilled and furbelowed  
Just like a dancing monkey  
Their bonnets and their great black veils  
Would almost fright a donkey

Then wheat was a guinea a strike  
The farmers love the sway sir  
Now with their landlords they will ride  
Upon each hunting day sir  
Besides their daughters too must join  
The ladies to the ball sir  
The landlords say we'll double the rents  
And then their pride must fall sir

I hope no one will think amiss  
At what has here been penned sir  
But let us hope that these hard times  
May speedily amend sir  
It's all through their confounded pride  
That has brought them to reflection  
It makes a poor servant's wages low  
And keeps them in subjection