

The Cottage thatched with straw.

In the days of yore, there sat at his door, An old
far-mer and thus sang he - 'With my pipe and my glass, I
wish every class On the earth were as well as
me!' For he en-vi ed not a - ny man his lot, The
rich - est, the proud - est, he saw, For he had
home-brewed, brown bread, And a cot-tage well thatch'd with
straw, And a cot tage well thatch'd with
straw, And a cot - -
tage well thatch'd with straw; For he had

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Cottage thatched with straw.' It consists of nine staves of music in a single system. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 9/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and dotted notes. There are some rests and ties in the music. The lyrics are: 'In the days of yore, there sat at his door, An old far-mer and thus sang he - 'With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class On the earth were as well as me!' For he en-vi ed not a - ny man his lot, The rich - est, the proud - est, he saw, For he had home-brewed, brown bread, And a cot-tage well thatch'd with straw, And a cot tage well thatch'd with straw, And a cot - - tage well thatch'd with straw; For he had'.

home - brewed, brown bread, And a
cot - tage well thatch'd with straw.

In the days of yore, there sat at his door,
 An old farmer and thus sang he,
 'With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class
 On the earth were as well as me!
 For he envied not any man his lot,
 The richest, the proudest, he saw,
 For he had home-brew'd- brown bread,
 And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
 A cottage well thatch'd with straw,
 And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
 For he had home-brew'd, brown bread,
 And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

'My dear old dad this snug cottage had,
 And he got it, I'll tell you how.
 He won it, I wot, with the best coin got,
 With the sweat of an honest brow.
 Then says my old dad, be careful lad
 To keep out of the lawyer's claw.
 So you'll have home-brew'd-brown bread,
 And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
 A cottage well thatch'd with straw & c:

The ragged, the torn, from my door I don't turn,
 But I give them a crust of brown;
 And a drop of good ale, my lad, without fail,
 For to wash the brown crust down.
 Tho' rich I may be, it may chance to me,
 That misfortune should spoil my store,
 So-I'd lack home-brew'd-brown bread,
 And a cottage wel thatch'd with straw,
 A cottage well thatch'd with straw, & c:

'Then in frost and snow to the Church I go,
No matter the weather how.
And the service and prayer that I put up there,
Is to Him who speeds the plough.
Sunday saints, i'feck, who cheat all the week,
With a ranting and a canting jaw,
Not for them is my home-brew'd,- brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.
My cottage well thatch'd with straw
My cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Not for them is my home-brew'd- brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.