

# The New-Fashioned Farmer

Good peo-ple all, I pray at - tend And list - en to my  
stor - y How the farm - ers used to live In our na - tive  
count - ry (When mast - ers liv'd as mast - ers ought And hap - py in their  
stat - ion Un - til at length their stink - ing pride Has ruin - 'd half the  
na - tion) Fol del lol lol, fol de lol lol li - do

Good people all, I pray attend  
And listen to my story,  
Of how the farmers used to live  
In our native country.  
[When masters liv'd as masters ought  
And happy in their station  
Until at last their stinking pride  
Has ruined half the nation]

Fol del lol lol, fol de lol lol lido

A good old-fashion'd long grey coat  
The farmers us'd to wear, sir,  
And on 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,  
Dress'd up like any lord or 'squire,  
Before their landlord's 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 of 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 on 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 us'd to work  
All at the spinning wheel, sir,  
But now such furniture as that  
It thought quite ungentle, sir,  
Their fingers they're afraid to spoil  
With any kind of sport, sir,  
Sooner than handle a mop or broom,  
They'd handle a piano-forte, sir

Their dress was always plain and warm,  
When in their holyday clothes, sir,  
Besides, they has such handsome cheeks,  
As red as any rose, sir,  
But now they're frill'd and furbelow'd,  
Just like a dancing monkey,  
Their bonnets and their great black veils  
Would almost fright a donkey.

When wheat it was a guinea a strike,  
The farmers bore the sway, sir,  
Now with their landlords they will ride,  
Upon each hunting day, sir,  
Besides, their daughters they must join  
The ladies at the ball, sir,  
The landlord 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 penn'd, sir,  
But let's hope that these hard times  
May speedily amend, sir,  
It's all through such confounded pride,  
Has brought them to reflection,  
It makes poor servants' wages low,  
And keeps them in subjection.