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Country Hirings

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COUNTRY HIRINGS.

William M'Call, printer, 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom Street, Liverpool.
Shops and hawkers supplied very cheap.

Come all you young blooming country lads, and listen unto me,
And if I do but tell the truth, I know you will agree,
Be of the jelly farmers who servants went to hire,
For to maintain them in their pride, and be to them a slave.

CHORUS.

Servant men stand up for wages, when to the hiring you do go,
For you must work all sorts of weather, both cold, wet, and snow.

The farmer and his wife ni bed so snug and warm can lie,
While you must face the weather, both cold, wet, and dry.
For the rents they are heavy, and the taxes they are high,
And we must pull the wages down, the farmer he does cry.

The farmers, twenty years ago, could their rents and taxes pay;
But now they are so full of pride and increases every day;
Which makes the landlords raise the rent, and the farmers to look cold
On the poor young servant lad, and rob him of his gold.

The farmer and the servant together they used to dine,
But now they're in the parlour with their pudding, beef, and wine;
The master and the mistress, their sons and daughters all alone,
And they will eat the beef, and you may pick the bone.

The farmer's daughters they used to dress, both neat, plain, and brown,
But now with bustles, frills, and furbelows, and flounces to their gowns,
They do get drest, with dandy Bess, and more fitting for the stage,
Which makes the landlords raise their rents, and puts him in a rage.

The descriptions of our living, I'm sure it is the worst:
We have coarse brown bread, rye pudding, and old pie crust.
While the masters they do live, (as you shall understand,)
On butter and good cheese, sir, and the fat from off the land.

Roasted bacon, and grey peas, altogether in one pan,
Such a mess you never did see, so match it if you can.
For treacle, salts, and jelly, you have for to drink,
For to leese you in the belly, and make you f—t and stink.

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I could tell you of a better plan, without either fear or doubt,
If you will but kiss the mistress, when the master he is out;
You may kiss her—you may squeeze—you may roll her round about,
And she will find you better feed, without fear or doubt.