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Susannah Don't You Cry

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SWAGGERING

SUSANNAH

FARMERS.

DON'T YOU CRY.

COME all you Swaggering Farmers wherever you may be,
One moment give attention and listen unto me,
It is concerning former times as I to you declare,
So different to the present times, if you with them compare.

For lofty heads and paltry pride I'm sure is all the go,
For to distress poor servants, and to keep their wages low.

If you had seen the farmer's wives about fifty years ago,
In homespun linsey russet were clad from top to toe,
But now a days the farmer's wives are so puff'd up with pride,
In a dandy habit and green veil to market they must ride.

Some years ago the farmer's sons were learn'd to plough & sow,
And when summer time did come, likewise to reap and mow ;
But now they dress like squire's sons, their pride knows no
bounds,

They mount upon a fine blood horse and follow up the hounds.

The farmer's daughters formerly were taught to card and spin,
And by their own industry good husbands they could win ;
But now the card and spinning wheel are forced to take their
chance,

While they hop off to boarding school to learn to sing and dance.

In a decent black bonnet to church they used to go,
Black shoes and handsome cotton gown, stockings white as snow
But now silk gown and coloured shoes they must be bought for
them,

Besides their fizzled furbelows just like a Frizeland hen.

Each morning when at breakfast each master and each dame,
Along with the servants they would eat and drink the same ;
But now with such good old things they've done them quite away
Into the parlour they must go with coffee, toast, and tea.

At the kitchen Table formerly the farmer he would sit,
And carve for all the servants both pudding and good meat,
But now all in the dining room so closely the're box'd in,
If a servant only were to peep it would be thought a sin.

Now in these good old fashion'd days the truth I do declare,
The rents and taxes could be paid, and money have to spare ;
But now to keep the fashions up they look so very nice,
Altho' they cut an outward show, they are as poor as mice.

When Buonaparte was in vogue poor servants could engage
For 16 pounds a year my boys, and that was a handsome wage ;
But now the wages are so low, and what is worse then all,
The master cannot find the cash, which brings them to the wall.

When 50 acres they did rent then money they did save,
But now for to support their pride 500 they must have ;
But if each great farm was taken in and divided into ten,
We might see happy days again among industrious men.

I'm going to Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee,
And I'm going from Louisiana,
My true love for to see,
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather had a dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susannah, don't you cry.
Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee.

I jumped on board de Telegraph,
And floated down de riber,
De electric spark it magnified,
And killed five hundred nigger.
De bulgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susannah don't you cry,
Oh, Susannah, &c.

I had a dream de oder night,
When eberyting was still,
I thought I saw Susannah
Coming down de hill,
De buck-wheat cake was in her mouth,
De tear was in her eye,
Says I, my lub, I'm from the South
Susannah don't you cry,
Oh, Susannah, &c.

Now when I get to New Orleans,
I mean to look around,
And if I see Susannah,
I'll fall down on the ground
But if dat she is married,
De nigger will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susannah, don't you cry.
Oh, Susannah, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.