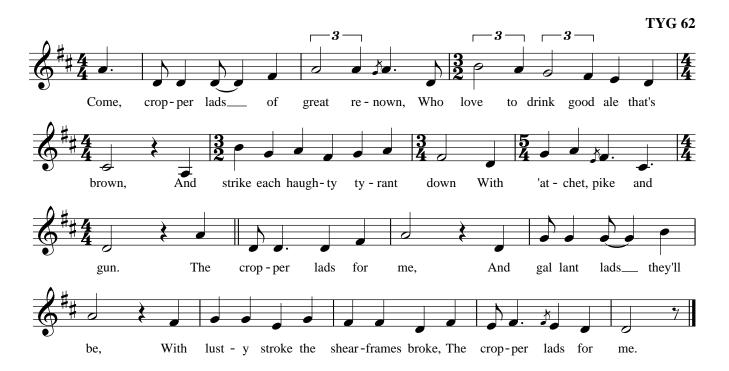
The Cropper Lads



1. Come, cropper lads of great renown, Who love to drink good ale that's brown, And strike each haughty tyrant down With 'atchet, pike and gun.

CHORUS: The cropper lads for me,
And gallant lads they'll be,
With lusty stroke the shearframes broke,
The cropper lads for me.

2. What though the specials still advance, And soldiers nightly round us prance, The cropper lads still lead the dance, With 'atchet, pike and gun.

CHORUS

3. And night by night when all is still, And the moon is hid behind the hill, We forward march to do our will, With 'atchet, pike and gun.

CHORUS

4. Great Enoch he shall lead the van, Stop him who dares, stop him who can, Press forward every gallant man, With 'atchet, pike and gun.

CHORUS