

## Song To The Men Of England

New Model Army

Men of England, wherefore plough  
For the Lords who lay you low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?  
Wherefore feed and clothe and save  
From the cradle to the grave  
Those ungrateful drones who  
Drain your sweat - nay, drink your blood  
Have ye Leisure, comfort, calm  
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?  
Or what is ye buy so dear  
With your pain and with your fear  
The seed ye sow another reaps  
The wealth ye find, another keeps  
The robes ye weave, another wears  
The arms ye forge, another bears  
Sow seed - but let no tyrant reap  
Find wealth - let no impostor heap  
Weave robes - let not the idle wear  
Forge arms - in your defence to bear  
With plough and spade and hoe and loom  
Trace your grave and build your tomb  
And weave your winding sheet till fair  
England be your sepulchre