

We Poor Labouring Men

Steeleye Span

Oh, some do say the farmer's best
But I must needs say no
If it weren't for we poor laboring men
What would the farmers do?

They'd beat out all of their old stuff
Until some new come in
There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men

Oh, some do say the baker's best
But I must needs say no
If it weren't for we poor laboring men
What would the bakers do?

They'd beat out all their old stuff
Until some new come in
There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men

Oh, some do say the butcher's best
But I must needs say no
If it weren't for we poor laboring men
What would the butchers do?

They'd beat out all their old stuff
Until some new come in
There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men

There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men

Let every true born Englishman
Lift up his flowing glass
And toast each honest working man
Likewise his bonny lass

And when these cruel days are gone
Good times will come again
There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men

And when these cruel days are gone
There's never a trade in old England
Like we poor laboring men
Like we poor laboring men

And when these cruel days are gone
Good times will come again
Good times will come again
There's never a trade in old England
There's never a trade in old England