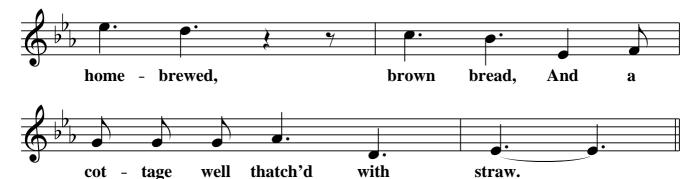
The Cottage thatched with straw.





In the days of yore, there sat at his door,
An old farmer and thus sang he,
'With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class
On the earth were as well as me!'
For he envied not any man his lot,
The richest, the proudest, he saw,
For he had home-brew'd- brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
A cottage well thatch'd with straw,
For he had home-brew'd, brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,

'My dear old dad this snug cottage had,
And he got it, I'll tell you how.
He won it, I wot, with the best coin got,
With the sweat of an honest brow.
Then says my old dad, be careful lad
To keep out of the lawyer's claw.
So you'll have home-brew'd-brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
A cottage well thatch'd with straw & c:

The ragged, the torn, from my door I don't turn, But I give them a crust of brown;
And a drop of good ale, my lad, without fail,
For to wash the brown crust down.
Tho' rich I may be, it may chance to me,
That misfortune should spoil my store,
So-I'd lack home-brew'd-brown bread,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
A cottage well thatch'd with straw, & c:

'Then in frost and snow to the Church I go,
No matter the weather how.
And the service and prayer that I put up there,
Is to Him who speeds the plough.
Sunday saints, i'feck, who cheat all the week,
With a ranting and a canting jaw,
Not for them is my home-brew'd,- brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.
My cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Not for them is my home-brew'd- brown bread,
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.