

Foster's Mill

TYG 63

Come, all you Crop - pers stout and bold, Let your faith grow stong - er
still, For the Crop - per lads in the coun - ty of York
Have brock - en the shears at Fost - ers - Mill.

1. Come, all you Croppers stout and bold,
Let your faith grow stronger still,
For the Cropper lads in the county of York
Have brocken the shears at Foster's Mill.
2. Around and around we all will stand
And sternly swear we will,
We'll break the shears and the windows too
And we'll all set fire to tazzlin' mill.
3. The wind it blew and the sparks they flew,
Which alarmed the town full soon,
And out of bed poor folk did leave,
And they run bi the light o' the moon.
4. Around and around they all did stand
And solemnly did swear,
Neither bucket nor kit nor any such thing
Should be of any assistance there.
5. All dark and dreary is the day
When men 'ave to feight for their bread;
Some judgment sure will clear the way
And the coach of triumph shall be led.