

CROPPER LADS

You Cropper Lads Of high renown
That like to drink strong ale that's brown
And strike each haughty tyrant down with hatchet pike and gun

Chorus

*The Cropper Lads for me and gallant lads they be
With lusty stroke the shear frames broke
The Cropper lads for me*

What though the Specials still advance
And soldiers nightly round us prance
The Cropper Lads still lead the dance
With hatchet pike and gun

And night by night when all is still
And the moon is hid behind yon hill
We forward march to do our will
With hatchet pike and gun

Great Enoch he shall lead the van
Stop him who dare stop him who can
Press forward every gallant man
With hatchet pike and gun

Tune: Brian Peters; Words: Trad; Arranged: Coe, Peters, Smyth

Published: Backshift Music PRS MCPS

www.theroadtopeterloo.com

From the CD "The Road To Peterloo"

BACKSHIFT MUSIC BASH CD65 © 2019